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INDEX TO VOLUME XVII.

SHORT STORIES—Continued.

		PAGE
ROSES AND A MEMORY	LOUISE FISKE BRYSON	720
SIX BRAVE SOLDIERS	MARY TRACY EARLE	357
TOM'S COURTSHIP	MARION AYER	761
WHITE SHIELD, A	MYRTLE REED	558
WILD JUSTICE	GRACE MACGOWAN COOK	235

SERIAL STORIES.

CHRISTIAN, THE	HALL CAINE	97, 251, 417, 577, 737, 883
CORLEONE	F. MARION CRAWFORD	49, 201, 369, 497, 657, 849

POEMS.

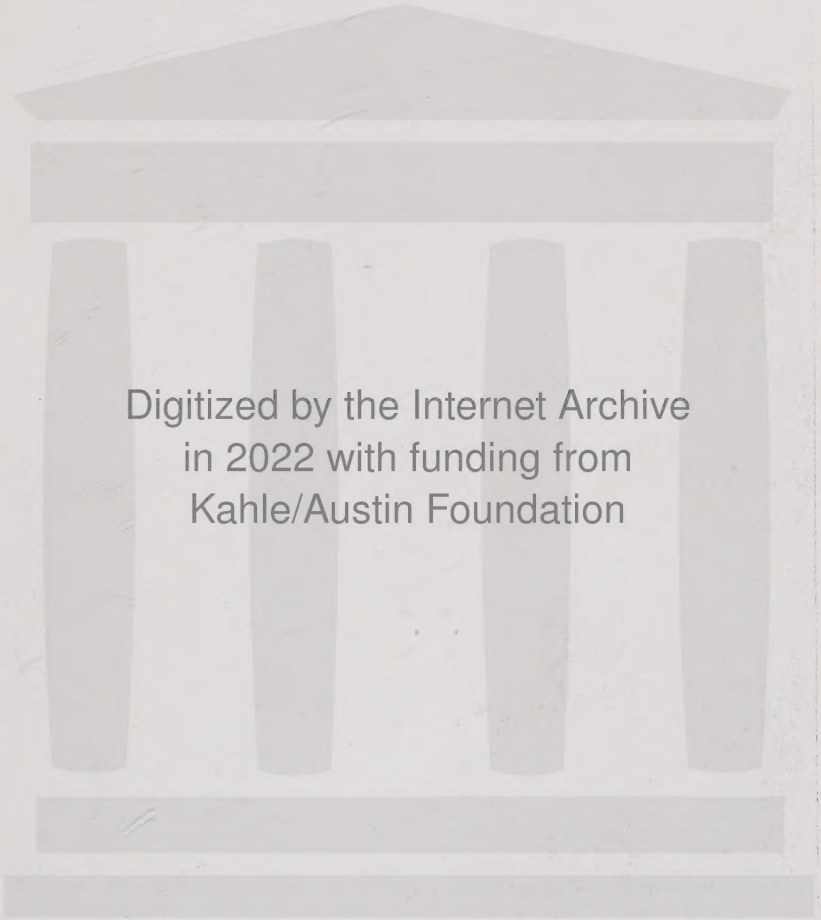
AFTERNOON	HATTIE WHITNEY	841
APRIL MEMORY, AN	HATTIE WHITNEY	119
CLIMB OF LIFE, THE	C. EDWIN MARKHAM	922
DEATH OF CUPID, THE	ELLA WHEELER WILCOX	25
HERMIT, THE	CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS	766
IN DAYS GONE BY	WILL H. WAITT	385
LONG, LONG LANE OF LOVE, THE	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	39
LOW TIDE	ELLA WHEELER WILCOX	704
LUTE OF SPRING	FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN	112
MEMORY, A	ETHEL M. KELLY	273
MUSIC	CHARLES E. MARKHAM	650
OVER THE WAY	KATHERINE E. THOMAS	673
SPECULATIVE FANCY, A	HATTIE WHITNEY	522
TO A VIOLIN	FRANCIS M. EDDY	343
WILLOW STREAM, THE	CLARENCE URMY	832
WORD TO THE WISE, A	JUDSON N. SMITH	490
WORLD WELL LOST, THE	ETHELWYN WETHERALD	250

STORIETTES.

ANGEL IN DISGUISE, AN	GUY WETMORE CARRYL	127
AT THE DINNER TABLE	GERTRUDE E. WATSON	608
AT THE HOTEL BERGEN	EMMA A. OPPER	447
AT THE LAWN FAIR	LAURA S. PORTOR	604
CAROLINE—A MEMORY	JOSEPH S. ROGERS	311
"COMING!"	E. HOUGH	131
DECEIVERS EVER	G. GORDON SATTLER	314
EVENING—MANHATTAN BEACH	CLARENCE HERBERT NEW	767
HER FRIENDSHIP AND HER LOVE	J. BENEDICT CUNNINGHAM	443
HER IDEAL	GERTRUDE MACPHERSON	444
JEAN LESPALIER—WINE FOR SALE	KATHRYN JARBOE	445
MERELY A STORY	ARBA EUGENE POWERS	131
MY DREAMS	ALAN HARRISON	128
No. 9—WALTZ—LA MANOLA	CLARENCE HERBERT NEW	606
PARALLEL CASE, A	TOM HALL	768
POLICE COURT EPISODE, A	ROBERT SHACKLETON	129
RIVALS FOR THE HAND OF WILBUR'S WIDOW, THE	THOMAS W. HALL	312
THAT HUNDREDTH CHANCE	MATTHEW WHITE, JR.	769
THIRD PERSON SINGULAR	GERALD BRENAN	771
TOO LATE!	JEAN M. LAWRENCE	604
WHEN THE NETS CAME IN	KATHRYN JARBOE	767
WINGS LOVE KEPT, THE	MARGUERITE TRACY	603
WOODLAND PATH, A	FRANK WALLER ALLEN	606

DEPARTMENTS.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK	3, 163, 323, 483, 643, 803
ETCHINGS	157, 319, 475, 635, 796, 953
IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY	479, 639, 799, 955
IN THE PUBLIC EYE	65, 274, 433, 593, 681, 873
IN VANITY FAIR	154, 291, 471, 631, 793, 950
LITERARY CHAT	148, 283, 449, 610, 787, 932
PUBLISHER'S DESK, THE	159, 477, 638
STAGE, THE	136, 296, 456, 616, 776, 937
TYPES OF FAIR WOMEN	113, 361, 513, 842
WORLD OF MUSIC, THE	132, 308, 467, 627, 773, 947



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"MAGDALEN AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS."

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII. APRIL, 1897. NO. 1.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Notes on some of the spring exhibitions, and on the progress of local artistic interests, with a series of engravings of representative pictures.

THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY.

In the five hundred and odd pictures which made up the exhibit at the Academy of Design, during February, the water color artists of the country have shown that there was good reason for the asser-

"THE SLEEPING CHILD."

From the painting by Leon Daniel Saubès

"SOLYMAN AND ROXALANA."

From the painting by Paul Bouchard.

tion, made not long ago by a noted New York artist, that the "water color" was to lead American art. The display was especially noteworthy this year, and the critics were unanimous in saying that never before had the average level of the work been so high. Though a few of the foremost men—notably Mr. Chase—were not represented, there was not a picture on the walls unworthy of a place there.

The Academy's purchase of a site at One Hundred and Tenth Street and Amsterdam Avenue does not imply that this will be the last year of exhibitions in its Twenty Third Street building. Its schools, crowded out of their present quarters, are to be moved up town as soon as possible, but it is likely to be some time—perhaps several years—before we shall see the new Academy which is destined to be

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"WHITE ROSES."

From the painting by Emily Hart.

a part of the finest architectural group in New York.

SERMONS IN PAINTING.

In a recent essay on art, more smart than wise, a well known critic enunciated what he probably regarded as a new axiom. "You may not preach a picture," he wrote, "any more than you may paint a sermon." In the glare of his own brilliancy this critic must have forgotten, for a moment, that many of the greatest

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"THE LONE WOLF'S VIGIL."

From the painting by A. von Wierusz-Kowalski—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

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"THE BREADTH OF MY LOVE."

From the painting by E. S. Collier—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

works of art in all ages, the world over, are the ones that *do* preach a sermon—the ones that tell a story.

Such a picture is "Solyman and Roxalana," by Bouchard, engraved on page 4, which was a noted canvas in the Paris Salon of 1889. The scene is from an oft repeated incident in the history of Turkey. Roxalana, a favorite of Solyman II, wishing to be rid of Mustapha, the son of a rival favorite, accuses him of plotting to usurp his father's throne. Solyman summons Mustapha to the palace, and as he enters six eunuchs throw themselves upon him and strangle him. In the picture, Roxalana and the sultan, concealed behind draperies, listen to the struggle.

BOSTON'S STATUES.

In a city so widely famous for its learning and culture as Boston it is a curious fact, but interesting and full of suggestion, that, of the thirty odd statues of note adorning its parks and squares, not one piece preserves in bronze or marble the lineaments of an artist, author, or musician. The effigies of discoverers, patriots, soldiers, reformers, and statesmen rise up here and there about the city, but no statue speaks for the honored memory of the men who once made Boston the intellectual hub of America.

"THREE GOOD FRIENDS."

From the painting by Albert Lynch—Copyright, 1894, by Boussod, Valadon & Company.

WILLIAM McKINLEY, TWENTY FIFTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

From his latest photograph by Courtney, Canton, Ohio

MRS. WILLIAM McKINLEY.

From a photograph by Vignos, Canton, Ohio.

PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

X.—THE McKINLEYS.

The President of the United States, his pioneer ancestry, his remarkable career and personality, and the members of his family who will make up the home circle of the White House.

WILLIAM McKINLEY, the twenty fifth President of the United States, has been a conspicuous figure in the politics of this country for more than twenty five years. He has been called a "typical" American, and he is certainly a representative one. In the usual acceptance of the term, he is a self made man; which means that he owes his success in life to his own exertions rather than to any outside assistance.

His parents were of Scotch Irish extraction. He inherited strength of body and mind from his father, who died five or

MRS. ABNER McKINLEY.

From a photograph by Wilhelm, New York.

six years ago at the age of eighty five. The elder William McKinley was one of the pioneers of the Western Reserve in Ohio, a section of country which has produced a great many public men, among them being Garfield, Hayes, Thomas Corwin, Judge Thurman, and Ben Wade. The President's mother is still living, and although she will celebrate her eighty eighth birthday within a few days, she is enjoying good health, and apparently has an excellent chance of surviving her son's term in the White House. At the time of writing this, she fully expects to be present at his inauguration on the 4th of March, when she is sure to be one of the most interested and most interesting spectators of the ceremony.

During the past twenty five years Major McKinley has seen many ups and downs in politics, and more than once his enemies —for he has enemies—have predicted his complete downfall. Twice, in particular, they have been confident that he would never again be heard of in national politics. The first of these occasions was in 1890, after the passage of the famous tariff law which bore his name. In the next elections, the Republican party was overwhelmingly defeated throughout the country. The Democrats elected more than a two thirds majority in the lower house of Congress,

secured control of the Senate, and of most of the Legislatures, even in States hitherto regarded as Republican strongholds. McKinley himself could not be saved from the wreck. He lost his Congressional district by a small majority, and many of his friends were doubtful whether he would ever again appear as a living force in the political arena. And yet, in their candidate's renomination, and incidentally to discredit Major McKinley in the eyes of the public as a man lacking in honor. As the chairman of the convention, the latter was placed in a very trying and embarrassing position by this flank movement. He did everything he could to keep his name from going before the convention, but upon the roll call he

ABNER McKINLEY.
From a photograph by Vignos, Canton, Ohio.

the following year, he was nominated and elected Governor of Ohio by a substantial majority, and two years later he was reelected by a still more emphatic vote.

Major McKinley's critics read his political obsequies for a second time at the Minneapolis convention of 1892. He was there as a delegate at large from Ohio, instructed to support Benjamin Harrison for a renomination. Under the leadership of Mr. Foraker, now a United States Senator from Ohio, his State's delegation was induced to support McKinley for President. Foraker was not recognized at that time as a friend or political ally of McKinley. The move was made, so it is claimed, to disrupt the Harrison forces and prevent was the only man in the Ohio delegation who voted for Harrison. Of his State's forty six votes, forty five were cast for McKinley.

It is said that General Harrison himself did not fully understand Major McKinley's attitude at the Minneapolis convention. He believed, it has been stated, that if the Ohioan had been absolutely loyal, the movement to nominate him could never have obtained any headway. Major McKinley, however, never attempted or offered any explanation of his course to General Harrison, and for some time the relations of the two men were somewhat strained, to use a polite phrase. After Harrison's defeat at the polls in No-

vember, 1892, a number of prominent Republicans met in New York and discussed the future of their party. Most of them expressed the opinion that the result of the election had put an end forever to Mark A. Hanna, of Cleveland, the present chairman of the Republican national committee, and a life long friend of Major McKinley. Mr. Hanna was undoubtedly influential in securing the nomination,

MISS MABEL McKINLEY, DAUGHTER OF ABNER McKINLEY.
From a photograph by Wilhelm, New York.

McKinley and McKinleyism; but subsequent events have demonstrated anew that prophets, particularly political prophets, are very often mistaken. Less than four years later, the man from Canton was nominated for the Presidency against the combined opposition of half a dozen rival candidates and the united efforts of the leading "bosses" of the Republican organization. Much of the credit of his success has been given to but there can be little doubt that the decisive factor in the situation was the overwhelming desire on the part of the rank and file of his party to have McKinley for their standard bearer. Without the public sentiment which was behind him, he could not have won at St. Louis last June against such trained political warriors as Matthew Stanley Quay, Thomas C. Platt, Joseph H. Manley, James S. Clarkson, and Henry Cabot Lodge.

Major McKinley's early education was obtained in a Methodist academy in the small village of Poland, Ohio. Poland at that time contained a population of between three and four hundred, and it has not grown since. It has never had a railroad. Forty years ago it contained a Presbyterian and a Methodist academy, besides a law college, which made it quite a seat of learning. When the war broke out, McKinley was seventeen, and did not even look his age. He was teaching school, and earning twenty five dollars a month. As soon as Fort Sumter was fired upon, he joined a company formed at Poland, which was inspected and mustered in by General John C. Fremont. General Fremont at first objected to passing young McKinley; but after pounding his chest and looking squarely into his eyes he concluded that the lad was fit to be a soldier. His first service was in the Twenty Third Ohio, and he remained with this regiment throughout the war. He was promoted from sergeant to captain for gallantry on the field, and at the close of the war he was brevetted major for meritorious services.

MISS GRACE McKINLEY, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE JAMES McKINLEY.
From a photograph by Vignos, Canton, Ohio.

After leaving the army, Major McKinley took up the study of law, was admitted to the bar, and in 1869 was elected prosecuting attorney of his county, although it was normally a Democratic district. He did not enter Congress until 1876. It is

MRS. McKINLEY, MOTHER OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.
From a copyrighted photograph by Courtney, Canton, Ohio.

related that when he reached Washington as a member elect, he called on President Hayes and sought advice in the matter of shaping his career. Hayes is reported to have said:

"To achieve success and fame, you must pursue a special line. You must not make a speech on every motion offered, or every bill introduced. You must confine yourself to one thing; become a specialist. Take up some particular branch of legislation, and make that your study. Why not choose the tariff?"

President Hayes may have said this, and he may not; but at all events, McKinley decided, very early in his public service, to become a specialist, and to make the tariff his specialty. Long before he be-

came chairman of the ways and means committee, and framed the McKinley tariff law, he was recognized as an authority upon the question of import duties.

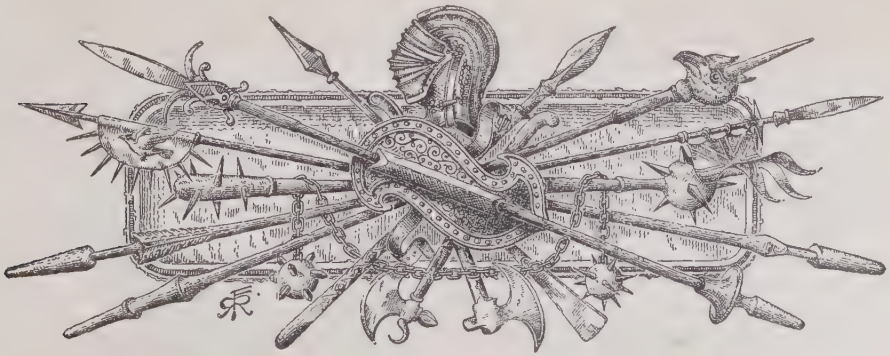
Major McKinley was married a little more than twenty five years ago. Mrs. McKinley was Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of a banker in Canton. She and her husband had been playmates, sweethearts, and lovers from early childhood. The President's devotion to his wife has often been commented on. It is most touching and beautiful. Since the birth of two children, a good many years ago, Mrs. McKinley has been almost a confirmed invalid; yet notwithstanding her poor health, she has not only cheered and brightened the major's life, but has rendered him a great deal of assistance in his public career. Their children died, but the White House will not on that account be without young faces during the McKinley régime. The President's brother, Abner McKinley, who is an able and successful lawyer, with headquarters in New York, has a daughter, Miss Mabel, a pretty and accomplished girl of eighteen. There is also a niece, Miss Grace McKinley, who is a daughter of the late James McKinley, a brother of the President, and who lives with her mother at Canton. Mrs. Abner McKinley was a Miss Endsley, and came from Pennsylvania. She is a clever, intellectual woman, and will undoubtedly render valuable assistance to the President's wife in the social functions which will take place at the White House during the next four years.

Major McKinley has a sister, Helen McKinley, who also lives at Canton. Another sister, Mrs. A. J. Duncan, resides in Cleveland, and has four children—William, John, Sarah, and a married daughter named Mrs. Bowman, who lives at Loraine, Ohio. Another niece of Major McKinley is Mrs. George Morse, of San Francisco; but it is predicted that the two belles of the White House will be Miss Grace and Miss Mabel McKinley.

Abner McKinley strongly resembles his brother, though he is somewhat stouter. He has the President's easy, graceful manner in meeting strangers, and the same faculty for making friends. He has never had any penchant for politics, and says that in his judgment one politician in the family is quite sufficient.

William McKinley has been thus characterized by a prominent man who has known him intimately for a great many years: "Quiet, dignified, modest, considerate of others; ever mindful of the long service of the veterans of his party, true as steel to his friends; unhesitating at the call of duty, no matter what the personal sacrifice; unwavering in his integrity, full of tact in overcoming opposition, yet unyielding on vital principles; with a heart full of sympathy for those who toil, a disposition unspoiled by success, and a private life equally spotless and self sacrificing, William McKinley, Ohio's favorite son, stands before the American people today as one of the finest types of courageous, persevering, vigorous, and developing manhood that this republic has ever produced. More than any other President since Lincoln, perhaps, he is in touch with those whom Abraham Lincoln loved to call the plain people of this country."

Frederick C. Crawford.



MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

A "one sided conversation" in which Mr. Howells reviews the field of American and foreign fiction, confesses his preferences and prejudices, and tells of the development of his literary taste, and of the books that are or have been his favorites.

TO say something concerning novels, and particularly of my favorite among them? That is a difficult thing to do, for one's point of view changes so much from youth to middle age. One's favorite at twenty would not be one's favorite later; but I am pretty sure that throughout my life there has been an increasing preference for what seems to me *real* in fiction as against what seems to me *factitious;* and whilst I have been very fond, from time to time, of the pure romance, I have never cared for the romantic novel, since I was very young.

—I used to be extremely fond of what, perhaps, was a pretty true picture of life in its way—"Handy Andy." It was one of the first novels I read, and it was an early favorite with me; and then I read others of Lover and Lever—their names are so much alike that I confound their novels as well. But before that I had favorite novels: the Indian and pioneer romances of Emerson Bennett, and, the very first of all, a story by Lowell's friend, George F. Briggs, called "The Trippings of Tom Pepper"—I fancy still a pretty good story, though it is fifty years since I read it. It was not necessary, then, however, that a novel should be good in order to be my favorite. In fact, I am rather surprised that "Don Quixote" should have been my favorite about the same time, and that Poe's tales should have been equally my favorites.

As a boy, I liked Captain Marryatt's novels ever so much. I have not read any of them since except "Jacob Faithful"; I read that about ten years ago, and was very much amused to find what hard reading it was, though as a boy I had found it so easy. All this may illustrate what I mean by a changed point of view.

Later, of course, I read Dickens, and with most passionate liking, for a long time. Within a little while past I have read a good part of "Our Mutual Friend," "Bleak House," and "David Copperfield," and liked them still, but not with the old, or young ardor. You are always aware in Dickens, how he is "making it up," but he was a great master; and I suppose that "David Copperfield" is his most representative book, though there are some of his later novels, like the "Tale of Two Cities," which are more shapely; but the English custom of novel publication was always against form, against balance. Dickens issued his novels, until he started *Household Words*, in numbers; George Eliot published hers in the same way, and I believe wrote them from month to month as they appeared, as Mr. Hardy still writes his. A novel was not completed when its publication began. In fact, from number to number the author hardly knew what was going to happen. In a letter to Foster, Dickens tells that he was once in a stationer's shop when a lady came in and asked whether a certain number of "David Copperfield" was out; it was to be the next, and he hadn't put pen to paper, or even imagined it fully. Such conditions are fatal to symmetry. But they were the economic conditions. That was the way

* Under this title MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will print a series of articles in which the leading literary men of the day will discuss a question interesting to all readers of novels.

the author could best make his living, and the way an artist can best make his living always tells upon his art.

—If I should say that I have now no favorite novelist I might be misunderstood, because that is one of those descriptive words that do not describe. I have a great many favorite novelists. But if there is one man who seems to me better than all the rest it is Tolstoy. I mean in his work in the novel, as distinguished from his work in those little moral tales or allegories of his. Those are marred by their extreme intentionality, or what the Spaniards call "tendenciousness"; their purpose is too large for the covering of fiction. But when he has a story to tell, or a condition of things to set forth, or a character to portray—anything of that kind—I don't know anybody who has ever equaled him.

The novelist who was my favorite all through my early manhood was Thackeray, whom I don't now think the great artist I then did; indeed, I find him very much less an artist than Dickens. The plots of Dickens, to be sure, are not such as come out of his characters. The true plot comes out of the character; that is, the man does not result from the things he does, but the things he does result from the man, and so plot comes out of character; plot aforethought does not characterize. But Dickens believed it did, and all the romantic school of writers believed it did. Bulwer, Charles Reade, and even George Eliot, in some measure, thought so; but for all that—all that faking, that useless and false business of creating a plot and multiplying incidents—Dickens was the greater artist, because he could somehow make the thing transact itself. He got it to stand upon its legs and walk off. Thackeray is always holding his figures up from behind, and commenting upon them, and explaining them. In the midst of his narration he stops and writes little essays about his characters. That is the business of the critic, not the novelist. The business of the novelist is to put certain characters before you, and keep them before you, with as little of the author apparent as possible. In a play the people have no obvious interference from the author at all. Of course he creates them, but there is no comment; there can be none. The characters do it all. The novelist who carries the play method furthest is Tourguénief, and for a long time I preferred him to any other; he was the first Russian novelist I read, and on my revulsion from Thackeray, Tourguénief became my greatest favorite.

When I came to read Tolstoy, I modified the extreme preference that I had for the dramatic conduct of the story. Tolstoy shows you that a great deal of drama goes on in the mind all the time, which can never be reported in the character's own words or intimated in his actions, and must be given by the author. He is a man without any artifice at all, so that whatever he permits himself to do in any direction counts for very much. He gives this tacit drama very simply, very ingenuously, and not consciously, with a wink to the reader. "Anna Karénina" was the first novel of Tolstoy's that I read, and I was struck from the very first sentence with the absolute truth of the thing. There wasn't any question in my mind, when I read the book, but that it was the greatest novel I had yet read. I do not know whether I should think so now, but that was my point of view ten years ago. Afterwards I read "War and Peace," which confirmed me in what I had felt concerning Tolstoy. Then I read a good many minor novels of his, like "The Cossacks" (one of his earlier and very best stories), and whatever else of his I could lay my hands on, with an increasing sense of his supremacy.

There are perhaps as great talents as Tolstoy, who have written fiction, but none in such rare combination with conscience. It is an unspeakable comfort to come for once upon a prime talent with no mixture of falsehood in it. He makes you feel that war is always ugly and horrible, and that love itself is hateful when it involves untruth of any kind, as guilty love always does. Tolstoy never preaches, in his novels, but you cannot escape the meaning of his facts. He puts honesty and kindness above all heroism, and while he condemns no sinner, he never for a moment allows you to wish you were this or that kind of sinner. Many novelists do this, and some novelists exalt homicide and adultery.

—One reason, perhaps, why I have no favorite among German novelists is that there do not seem to be any. Looking back into the past, I think that "Wilhelm Meister" gave me a sense of possible largeness and scope in the novel which I had not before, but its art is imperfect and at times even crude. It was once my favorite novel; I liked it as much at one time, as I liked "Japheth in Search of a Father" at another. I cannot explain the fact that a great nation like Germany has no representative novelist at present. It is very curious. There was a German critic whom I met in Florence some years ago—an exceedingly able man, and an editor of one of their chief literary journals—who talked of that very matter. He was inclined to attribute it to the over education of the Germans, which extinguished their originality and incentive in great measure, or so much so that they no longer had the creative impulse. He was inclined, also, to attribute something to the excessive militarism of the German life, which is intensely scientific.

I should not say that a novelist can be over educated, or that he can know too much. In fact, there is nothing a novelist knows that does not "fay in"; he cannot know too much. But he can be over trained. I suppose over training of the mind tells upon its powers just as over training of the muscles tells upon them. The muscularly over trained man is a weak man, and it is quite imaginable that there should be some such result mentally from the system of German training. Still it remains a strange thing that so vast an empire produces no fiction valued now in the literary world. The Germans translate everything, they criticise everything, they know everything; but they don't invent anything. There is that little country, Norway, just north of them, that Germany could take in the hollow of her hand and crush without feeling it more than a man in crushing a mosquito, but Norway is infinitely beyond her in fiction. What splendid things she has done in Ibsen, Kielland, Björnson, Lie!—I speak of the ones I know. Yet there are the Danes, of the same race as the Norwegians, and speaking and writing the same language, but they do not produce great fiction. There is one admirable Danish story I have read lately, but it is the only one I know of. I am told there is a large group of subordinate Danish writers who do very good work, and who feel the influence of the French very deeply, but they do not count as compared with the Norwegians, although they are essentially the same people, living under very nearly the same conditions. There is something—what you may call the new spirit—which tells. Denmark is a conservative country, where people enjoy as high a degree of liberty as we do here, for all I know. But it is quiet; everything is established; there is no change, no struggle. In Norway there has been a great upheaval; they have abolished titles; they have made the structure of society far more democratic even than ours; they are always fighting their king. Their authors went back to the sources of literature—the language of the people. They studied the diction of the peasants. They rebuilt the language from the ground up; and all that is the effect of the new spirit. Norway has become almost a new country—it has been made over.

Oddly enough, though there are no German novelists to speak of, there are very good Dutch ones. Maarten Maartens, who writes in English, is perhaps the first of them; and he is my favorite novelist while I am reading him. If you come to fiction in the form of drama, I have even my German favorites—Sudermann, for instance, and Hauptmann.

—It is rather difficult to say what nation is making the deepest impression today in the world of fiction. The Russians are rather quiescent, and the time of the Norwegian school has passed a little, though Kielland is coming forward, and every now and then Björnson publishes a book, or Ibsen brings out a play which is very important. Just at this moment I suppose the most noticeable novelist is Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian. I haven't read any of his books; but there is one great novelist in Italy, Giovanni Verga, whom I admire extremely. He is as good, in some of his work, as the Norwegians, and as simple. "The House by the Medlar Tree" is one of his best stories. He has written a great deal

about the life of the peasants of Sicily and Naples; and nearly all that I have read of him has gone to make him my favorite.

But no nation is doing better work in fiction today than the Spanish. Of course you will allow for my liking one kind of novel and not the other; the romantic school does not count with me, for what is not true is not artistic, and so I leave out romantic fiction. Luckily for me, the Spaniards are altogether realistic. The one who pleases me best of all is Valdés, but in some respects Galdós is quite as great as he, if not greater. Valdés has much more humor; both picture the modern Spanish life and manners. Some of their stories are intolerably painful; some extremely amusing. They are all very *actual*. The Spanish novelists often touch upon the relation of the church to modern life. In his "Scum," Valdés shows how fashionable life in Spain, as in all countries, is a life of conformity to the church and to the outward observances of religion. Galdós shows you how the old spirit remains in a good many cases, especially with women—the intolerant spirit—the cabined, cribbed, confined spirit of the old religiosity of Spain, of the Catholic Puritanism; and he contrasts that with the modern scientific spirit in some of his young men. You would be surprised at the boldness with which he treats these matters. Then, besides these two, there is a great woman living in Spain who writes excellent novels of the same kind; I mean Emilia Pardo-Bazan. These are all three my favorite novelists. They seem to have the new spirit, but just how, in their moribund country, I should be at a loss to say.

—As to the French school, I can speak only of the realistic side of it, because I do not care for the other French novels, and do not read them. It is in a sort of abeyance. My favorite Daudet does not write any more; my favorite Flaubert is long dead; and my favorite Maupassant is lately dead. My favorite Zola lives, but he has fought his battle, and is not the force he was. The mystical dramas of Maeterlinck have a great charm for me.

Lately I got hold of a novel by a Polish novelist, Sinkiewicz, which instantly became my favorite. It is a novel of modern Polish life, and I imagine pictures very faithfully the society of Poland at this moment. It is altogether non political. It does not inquire whether the Poles are rightfully or wrongfully under the domination of Russia, but has to do with their society life. The scene is principally in Warsaw, but often again in Italy. It is a very strong novel—a huge canvas with a multitude of figures in it, all very life-like, and all acting from real motives. It is quite Russian in its artistic and ethical spirit, and it is still a favorite novel of mine. I suppose I am rather impulsive about things I like. I value them very much or not at all, and that story I liked vastly.

—I think Thomas Hardy is the greatest novelist, by all odds, living today in England, and next to him, or with him, I should put George Moore. I found "Esther Waters" one of the truest novels I had read. If you have read it, and like it, you will understand what I mean by a *real* thing as compared with a *made up* thing. As to "Trilby," it is *sui generis*. Two thirds of the story were charming, but the last third of it was impossible—I mean as to what would probably have grown out of such a character. I do not object to the hypnotism; I like the mystical very much; what I do object to is making church and state and society bow down to *Trilby*, and making her die in the odor of sanctity! She was simple, honest, and natural, but nothing of that would have happened. Till it came to that "Trilby" was my favorite novel, as "Peter Ibbetson" was before it. I like Thomas Hardy's "Jude." It deals very daringly with life, but it seems to me it deals honestly; it ventures far, but I believe, with Tolstoy, that anything which treats faithfully of life cannot be immoral, no matter how far it ventures.

—The novels of incident, of adventure, do not interest me. But I do not believe their authors write simply for popularity, or for the moment. I believe they do the thing they like to do; but the thing they do is worthless, as far as I am concerned. I am not sure that I am quite logical in not caring for novels of adventure, for I am very fond of the circus, and like to see people flying through the air; and I would go to a fire, any day.

—As to what I once said about our not being able to throw off the yoke of England intellectually, although we had long ago done so politically, I did not mean so much our fiction as our criticism. American fiction is as free as it can very well be. We do not take the word from anybody; but English taste influences our criticism. If you had a vote of the critics in the United States today, it would declare by a large majority for the romantic novel, which is distinctly a second rate novel, judging it by the quality of the men who produce it. It would be the same in England, where the novel of that sort continues to be taken seriously, though there is no other country in Europe where it could possibly be taken seriously. But the English are so far behind that they prefer a novel of that sort. They are a very romantic people.

I should say that America was still coming, in fiction. Certainly it is not such a long time since we began to come that we should have stopped already. After the war there was a prodigious impulse in every direction, and it was felt in the arts as well as in affairs. We began to do new things, and, I think, some greater things than had been done here before, though not such perfect things. There has never been anything more perfect, and I doubt if there ever will be, in its way, than the romance of Hawthorne. The romance—which is not at all the romantic novel—has just as good right to be as the realistic novel, because it is just as true in its kind. The romance and the poem are of the same blood. I always liked Hawthorne because he seemed to me to be true, and to wish always to be so. I suppose I should be considered rather odd if I said that I preferred the "Blithedale Romance" to his other books, but I do.

Until after the war we had no real novels in this country, except "Uncle Tom's Cabin." That is one of the great novels of the world, and of all time. Even the fact that slavery was done away with does not matter; the interest in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" never will pass, because the book is really as well as ideally true to human nature, and nobly true. It is the only great novel of ours before the war that I can think of. The romances of Hawthorne I do not call novels; but they are my favorite romances.

—I hardly know how much the age of a country affects fiction, but the novel does not come first in any civilization. Spain is an old country, and England is an old country, and Norway and Russia; they are all old countries, but they all have in some sort the new spirit. As I have said before, we are a condition of the English people in literature—a branch of them, just as Australia is, or as India is, so far as Kipling represents it. What we have here today, after all, is a fresh impulse of a kind in English fiction that has always existed. For instance, we haven't anything more realistic in the work of today than Defoe's novels. They are as real as anything can be; even "Robinson Crusoe" is realistically worked out. The tradition of the realistic novel has never been lost in England. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," up to the point where he has to make it "end well," is realistic. By the way, that is my favorite novel, up to the point in question.

When you come to Jane Austen, there is nothing more faithful than her work. She is one of the very greatest of English novelists, for that reason, and decidedly my favorite. She wrote very few books, but every one of them was very good. All were of the quietest, and you might say the narrowest life, the life of the small country gentry; but every fact was perfectly ascertained, every phase truthfully reflected.

—There is always a question, you know, as to what is the "great world." Of course there are certain novelists who prefer to deal with very poor, common people, and they are sometimes so great themselves that they make you feel that the great world is among such people. Tolstoy makes you think it is. The books of Thomas Hardy deal mostly with country life, and often with poor, common people, and when they do rise above that level they do not rise very high. He has very few lords and ladies in his books; but farmers and peasants, and tradesmen and artisans, and all kinds of people who are not of the finer world, abound; and yet I should think meanly of a man's mind who does not appreciate Hardy's books or who does not feel that he is a great novelist.

Barrie, in that little village of Thrums of which he wrote, makes you feel that the great world is there, while you are reading. There is really nothing larger than the human interest. The rest of the Scotch school *is* somewhat because Barrie *was*. I do not mean to say that the others imitated him, but his was the voice that called them into voice. They have all a dry humor at times that is very relishing. But what strikes me chiefly about all the Scotch is their extreme sentimentality, and I believe that is what makes them liked. We suppose the Scot to be a very hard headed person, but along with his hard headedness he is sentimental, just as the Englishman is romantic. We Americans are not a very sentimental people of ourselves. Only the cheaper sort of us talk sentiment, but every man likes to have his heart strings wrung, and to be made to cry; if he has cried over something he respects himself; he thinks he must be a man of very fine feelings when he cries, and it must be a fine thing that makes him cry. The Scotchmen deserve their success in a certain way, although they have not achieved all of it; a certain mood has lent itself to them. Barrie's short stories are mighty good; they have form; they have almost as good form as the American short story. But when you come to compare the short stories of the Scotch generally with those of the Americans, I don't think the Scotch are "in it."

—That group of our American writers is very extraordinary, and to me delightful. Their faculty—their art, their kind of writing—shows itself in every part of the country. It is not in New England alone—although they survive with great strength in New England—that you find it, but everywhere. Their forte lies in their ability to see large or little aspects of life, and to represent them on small canvases. I was talking lately with a man who has written some excellent short stories, and is always hoping to write a large story—a novel—because he thinks that he does not get himself or his subject all in; and I asked him what was his feeling about it. I said, "Is the short story a statuette?" "Yes," he said, "it is a statuette." But we make wonderfully good statuettes. Our short story gives an impression in literature as adequate as those little things the Russians do in sculpture.

—I do not mean Bret Harte's. He belongs to the romantic period. He is a poet of rare quality, and a delightful humorist, but as a novelist he is of the time when it was felt that people must have something extraordinary happen to them or through them. The best writers recognize now that what interests us in a fellow being is some property of his mind or character. This does not appear through his dying all over the place, to save some one's life or reputation, or being taken out and hanged, or getting the drop on his neighbor. Still, Mr. Harte is a most uncommon talent, and when I think over his best work, I find him always my favorite.

—By the way, there is a kind of interest that seems, now, to be rather dropped out of the novels, except for Du Maurier's recent use of it. I mean the supernatural. Perhaps this has happened from the general decay of faith in the supernatural. Ghosts are not employed any more because people so largely disbelieve in the other life. If you do not believe men live again, where are you to get your ghosts from? Even if people still believe, they do not conjecture so much as formerly about a future life, and consequently the supernatural that used to come into fiction, comes seldom now. In the plays of Shakspere ghosts are brought in as simply as living men. The ghost of *Hamlet's* father appears; there is nothing extraordinary about that! Why not? Then in "Macbeth," and in "Julius Cæsar," how natural all the supernatural business is! It is done—not with artlessness, because Shakspere knew what he was about every moment—but with perfect singleness and entire faith. No doubt Shakspere himself thoroughly believed in ghosts. Most people at that time did, just as now they do not. I wish it could come again—the supernatural. I should welcome the ghosts back, though spiritualism has made them so cheap and vulgar. They ought to be some subjective sort of ghosts, though faith in the life hereafter will come again in some form or other; we are really so deeply concerned in it that we cannot give it up; and then it will be the ghosts' turn.

—I will tell you of some novels I have

been recently reading, and like very much. I like "The Damnation of Theron Ware." I think that a very well imagined book. It treats of middle New York State life at the present day, such as Mr. Frederic had treated of before, in "Seth's Brother's Wife," and in "The Lawton Girl." I was particularly interested in the book, for when you get to the end, although you have carried a hazy notion in your mind of the sort of man *Ware* was, you fully realize, for the first time, that the author has never for a moment represented him anywhere to you as a good or honest man, or as anything but a very selfish man. And there is a fresh and probable type of the Irish girl of the second or third American generation very well divined, who is the heroine of the novel, so far as there is one. I should not think the book would please either Catholics or Protestants, as such, and yet it is a book of great power, and, as I say of all realistic books, I think it is a very moral book. It makes you wish to be quite clean and honest if you can.

I am just now reading over again some stories of Mark Twain. There are no better books in their way than "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." They are about the honestest boys' books I know; and "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" is delicious. I was thinking this morning that one of the differences between the romantic and realistic was that the realistic finds a man's true character under all accidents and under all circumstances, while romanticism, even when it takes ordinary circumstances, seems to miss character; and in reading this romance of Mark Twain's—it is a pure romance—the "Connecticut Yankee," I feel under all its impossibilities that it is true to the character of that man and true to all the conditions. You know how he imagines him—a Yankee from East Hartford, who finds himself, by some witchery, in the England of King Arthur's time. He always distinctly belongs to this period, and the Arthurian people are always their own kind of Britons. The book is not consecrated by time or by consensus of the world's liking, as "Don Quixote" is, but in its imaginative quality I find the two curiously equal. The scheme of carrying a contemporary Yankee into the age of chivalry is just as delightful as Cervantes' conception of bringing a knight errant into his own period. In fact, it merely reverses the process.

—As to the future of this country in the field of fiction, I always say that I am no prophet, but I do not see why we should not go forward. I rather fancy that the chances are in favor of novelists who come up remote from literary centers, and who stay away from them. Partly for that reason, I think the man who has one of the best chances now, having caught the ear of the best public, is Henry B. Fuller, who wrote my favorite novels, "With the Procession," and "The Cliff Dwellers." I have heard that the Chicago people do not like his books, but the question with them ought to have been whether he did what he attempted truly, instead of whether he portrayed all of Chicago, or Chicago as they would have preferred to see it. It seems to me that he is distinctly part of the future, and also a very considerable part of the present.

According to my way of thinking there is no section of the United States that can claim to be the real literary center. We have two or three publishing centers, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and Chicago is growing to be a publishing center; but I should not call them literary centers, for if you count up the literary people that live away from those cities, you will find there are very many. There is no especial incentive to literature in any of them. Of course I do not expect anybody to agree with my speculations, and I must say I find usually that people do not agree with them in the least. One man's guessing is as good as another's when it comes to prophecy, and there is no telling but we may have a literary center tomorrow.

I do not think there is any danger of the United States falling behind in literature. There were some obvious effects of the international copyright law against us, at first, but they were temporary. There was a period of two or three years when our people preferred English authors, but the time seems to have come again now for Americans. What we want is good work, no matter where it is from. I like good work that comes from England, and

I like good work that comes from Kansas or Georgia; I like it just as well as I like the good work that comes from New York, not more and not less, though it sometimes interests me a little more because it is fresher, if it comes from far.

—If I must return to the question of my favorites in fiction, "The Damnation of Theron Ware" is just now my favorite, and so is "The Connecticut Yankee." So, for that matter, are Miss Furman's "Stories of a Sanctified Town." So is Stephen Crane's "Maggie," so is Abraham Cahan's "Yekl," so is Miss Jewett's "Country of the Pointed Firs." But I change, or else it is the books that change, and I cannot say what my favorite will be tomorrow.

THE DEATH OF CUPID.

A SOUND like the rumble of distant thunder,
Or the swelling tide of a stormy sea;
The dull world halted to hear and wonder—
Lo, woman had risen and sworn to be free!
Free from oppression and free from evil,
From moss grown custom and man made law;
And the stars looked down on a strange upheaval,
And the moon grew pallid with sights she saw.

The voice of woman swelled louder and bolder;
Like a turbulent river through space it ran.
From the sweet sex bondage to which God sold her,
In the very first covenant made with man,
She rose, and shattered each time worn fetter,
And flung them behind her. "Now all shall see,"
She cried, "how the world will be purer and better,
And life will be broader because of me!"

She shone like a strange star newly risen;
Mankind, astonished, stood still to gaze;
But she shunned, as a freed man shuns a prison,
The home, and old time habits and ways.
She looked on romance as a fairy story,
She flung off the garments that gave her grace;
She outstripped men on the road to glory,
And pushed them back in the market place.

She cries, from the summit of great achievement,
"Behold the truth of the things I said!"
And she seems not to know of her own bereavement,
And the whole world's loss—for Love is dead.
Battered and bruised in the market places,
He fled to the home from whence she passed;
And there, with his lips pressed close to her laces
And cast off garments, Love breathed his last.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE INTRODUCTION.

BY VICTOR MAPES.

A clever story of an ocean steamer episode—How Thorndyke Allan met the heiress, and the unexpected turn of events that led up to a singular situation.

TEN o'clock at night on board the Majestic. Four bells were just sounding, and nearly all the passengers had gone below. The great expanses of shadowy deck seemed silent and deserted.

A door opened from the smoking room, and a young man, of fashionable appearance, stood a moment in the flood of light. Then he closed the door behind him, and, after pausing at the rail to scrutinize the aspects of the sea and sky, he started forward on a lonely promenade, walking with slow, exaggerated strides.

Thorndyke Allan was slender of figure and rather below the medium height, but he bore an air of conscious superiority that never forsook him on even the most trivial occasions. His manner was studiously deliberate and impressive.

His face might be called aristocratic looking. It was long and sharp and very pale, with an arched nose and thin, bloodless lips, which curled readily into an almost imperceptible sneer. His sparse hair, growing high off the forehead, was almost colorless, and brushed down flatly from a part in the middle. The eyes were of a faded, almost transparent blue, rather small than large, and possessed of a peculiar restlessness.

He belonged to an exclusive set in New York's social world. Having no special occupation to interest him, he had learned to derive his chief pleasure in life from a sort of secret satisfaction with himself. It had become a second nature with him to pose. His real character, moreover, was in many respects the very opposite of his assumed one. Beneath the surface, for instance, he was extremely nervous and shy. At the slightest emergency, his heart would flutter violently; cold perspiration moistened his hands, and a helpless sensation overcame him. On such occasions, he was conscious of appearing stiff, and the possibility of being ridiculous frightened him. In short, like many people who have been pressed into the social mold, he was continually ashamed of his inherited feelings, and endeavored to suppress the smallest trace of them in his actions. He desired, above all things, to be considered an experienced and accomplished man of the world, the quintessence of social etiquette.

The Majestic had left New York on the previous afternoon, and for more than a day Thorndyke Allan had been living in a state of tremulous anticipation. The night before his departure, Delancey Drake had found him at the club, and announced the news: the Van Rensselaer Browns were booked for his ship.

Miss Van Rensselaer Brown was a well known Washington belle, strictly good form and very exclusive, with a widespread newspaper reputation for her brilliant accomplishments. Her father's fortune, variously estimated and commented upon, was a matter of public concern, entitling the family, as it did, to an unquestioned position in America's aristocracy. The success of Miss Van Rensselaer Brown's début had naturally found its accompaniment in the usual rumble of small talk. Not the least important of the conjectures thus set afloat was her prospective engagement to a foreign nobleman of distinguished lineage, who had been a guest of her father's while on a diplomatic mission to our country.

Delancey Drake was an ardent admirer of the Washington heiress. He congratulated Thorndyke Allan on his good luck, and gave him a letter of introduction. The talk of a foreign marriage, he

said, was nothing but newspaper calumny. Miss Van Rensselaer Brown herself had confided to him her sentiments in the matter. If ever she contemplated a change of residence, she had affirmed, her inclination would carry her no farther than New York. Thereupon Delancey Drake drew his own conclusion.

"A week on an ocean steamer, my boy, is a deuced good place for persuasion, and—and, you know—well, I envy you the chance."

And so saying, he had thumped Thorndyke Allan emphatically on the back, while they ordered drinks.

The first twenty four hours of the trip had been rough and foreboding, and as far as Thorndyke Allan could discover, neither Miss Van Rensselaer Brown nor her father had appeared on deck. That afternoon, however, a change had taken place; the storm waves were gradually left behind, and, with the rising of the moon, had come a beautiful evening. The indications seemed to assure the continuance of fair weather. As Thorndyke Allan scanned the horizon, he looked forward with a mingled feeling of impatience and hesitation to his official introduction on the morrow.

Little by little, as he paced to and fro, he fell to silent musing. He thought back on the words of Delancey Drake, and added a luster to their meaning. He pictured to himself the exchange of formalities with Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown, the scene of his subsequent meeting with the daughter, and the gratifying impression his appearance must produce. Then, his imagination gradually spreading its wings, he passed through a charming series of tête-à-têtes in secluded corners of the deck, in which his dignified behavior found ready response in the eyes of the Washington beauty, until gradually she assumed in his presence an attitude of unbounded admiration. And as the fanciful visions floated by, his mood grew more and more romantic, until finally his beating heart allowed him to believe that he was on the eve of an adventure—a quiet, sentimental adventure whose sequel was filled with delicious episodes.

Half an hour had passed, and Thorndyke Allan, still in the midst of his musing, was following his promenade toward the stern, when all at once, as he traversed the shadow of a life boat, he became aware of a feminine silhouette standing out plainly in the moonlight. He slackened his pace unconsciously, to observe the slender figure as it bent down gracefully over a steamer chair. She was evidently attempting to disengage her rug, which had caught in a hinge, and held fast obstinately.

Meanwhile, Thorndyke Allan, not yet quite free from the influence of his meditations, hesitated with a movement of discreet curiosity, and awaited developments. The young woman bent over with renewed efforts; then, desisting momentarily, she stood up and glanced about her with a show of helplessness. A second later, she seemed suddenly aware of his presence. At the same instant, he awoke to a sense of the situation. Removing his cap, he stepped forward, with an air of extreme formality, and proffered his assistance.

"Can't I help you?"

"Oh, thank you! You are very kind."

He leaned over, and, pulling the chair toward him with great precision, pushed it together a little so as to open the joint. The rug came free.

"How awfully stupid I was! Thank you very much." There was a wrap on the back of the chair, and a book lay under it on the deck. He picked up the book, and, handing it to her, began to fold the rug in his consciously deliberate manner. She glanced down until he had finished. Then, as she looked up with her hands outstretched, the soft light of the moon fell upon her face. For the first time he saw her distinctly, and hardly knowing what he did, he paused.

At another time, or amid other surroundings, the effect could not possibly have been the same; but the chords of romance within him had already been set vibrating by his fanciful dreaming. The absence of onlookers, who might have diverted his attention, the simple unconventionality of the situation, and the lonely grandeur of the night, all conspired in her favor. For an instant he forgot himself in a shock of delight, as he gazed upon her.

Her large blue eyes, the oval of her face, the timid, delicate mouth, her grace-

ful figure, and the little gloved hands, were all characterized by a tenderness and modesty that wafted through him like a perfume. Her skin was very fair, but now a bashful tinge overspread it, and added to a general air of embarrassment. The veil she wore, drawn up beneath a dark blue yachting cap, half concealed a pure low forehead of marble whiteness, and tiny ears which nestled softly on a background of abundant brown hair.

It was with effort that Allan recovered himself, and, taking refuge in an artificial attitude, addressed her again. But there came into his voice a tone of sweetness and simplicity that surprised her.

"Won't you let me carry the rug for you to the head of the stairs? You weren't going to take it below, were you?"

"It's very kind of you—I was only going to hang it over the bannisters."

She had regained her composure, and smiled as she spoke. Her teeth glistened prettily in two little rows. And together they walked forward on the deck, he with the slightest swing of importance in his steps, she quietly and naturally by his side.

"What a delightful night it is," he said at length, turning as he spoke toward the dark waves where they stretched out trembling in the moon path.

"Yes, it is beautiful," she answered, with a low tremor in her words.

It was indeed a night to be remembered, one of those rare moments when the beauty of nature seems unsurpassed as it rises up over the boundless immensity. Earlier in the evening, heavy, threatening clouds had obscured the full moon, and cast an inky aspect upon the water. Remnants of the clouds were still left; but now they floated gently in the heavens, while those about the moon had melted away into fleecy masses which only served to catch the light and heighten its varying splendor. A nimble breeze raced with the steamer's progress, rolling the surface of the sea into a long, regular swell. Meanwhile, the distant noise of the engines and the steady swash from the bow chimed in with the vaster motion, and completed the enchantment of a summer night on the deep.

Allan sought for something to say—something that might sound impressive, in keeping with the scene. But he could find nothing, and made a remark which seemed to him hopelessly commonplace.

"What a mistake it is for people to go below so early! They miss the pleasantest time."

Before he had finished speaking, they had reached the door. He held it open for her; and, as he did so, he looked again upon her face. His state of mind was such that with a little more courage, he would have dared to tempt her back into the moonlight.

She turned her head slightly, as if to aggravate his longing, and hesitated a moment, with her foot upon the sill. Then she stepped in. Following her through the door, he placed the rug he had been carrying with the pile on the bannister.

"Thank you very much."

Again he searched vainly for a reply in tune with his feelings.

"Not at all. Great pleasure, I assure you."

He stared at her and felt foolish. Then, removing his cap abruptly, he backed off toward the door.

No sooner was he on deck, however, than he perceived in the distance an excuse for new found courage. In an instant he was before her again on the landing.

"A vessel is signaling us," he said, "and we are getting ready to answer back."

In the midst of his words, a sudden confusion came over him, and he regretted his effrontery. The girl looked up at him in a frightened way, and cast a timid glance about her, while tell tale crimson flushed hurriedly over her cheeks. He made an effort to be reassuring.

"I—I thought perhaps you might enjoy seeing it. It won't last but a minute."

She moved forward without speaking, and passed on before him into the night.

"See the lights off there?" he said, pointing out over the water. "One might think she was in distress. Here come our sailors with the signals. I think we could see better if we went up forward a little. Let me take your wrap, won't you?"

She allowed him to take the wrap, and once or twice, in going forward, as they

stepped over a chain or rope, she felt his hand upon her arm. Then, with a word, he guided her to the rail, where they leaned over, side by side.

The ship they were passing was far off in the distance, almost abreast of the Majestic on the starboard side. Her signal lights illuminated the horizon for miles, and the surface of the water reflected the colors in long resplendent lines, which flickered and glimmered under the ruffling breeze, like polished gems. Suddenly the lights were extinguished, as simultaneously and completely as if a mighty breaker had rolled over the ship and dragged her to the deep.

For a minute their blinking eyes saw nothing but phantoms of black and white, which whirled through the air bewilderingly. Then gradually the horizon reappeared. Far away on the boundless waves a tiny speck of yellow light, a pinhead of fire, was all that remained of the passing ship.

As Thorndyke Allan turned toward his silent companion, a hurrying form stationed itself at the railing not far from where they stood. The captain was on the quarter deck in company with two of his officers, while an air of bustle and excitement prevailed among the sailors. Three of them had been distributed along the ship's side, where they stood waiting for the boatswain's whistle. Each carried a short black stick of signal powder and a lantern with which to light it. Thorndyke Allan pointed out the men, and made a display of his nautical wisdom in explaining their maneuvers.

"All ready?" demanded the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the boatswain from his position on the deck below.

"Let her go, then."

A piping whistle was the answer, and, in a twinkling, the ship seemed staggered by the sudden radiance that burst forth to heaven with blinding intensity. The powder spattered and sizzled, and for a few seconds the great light covered all. Then the whistle shrieked out a second time, and the signal fires, dropping as from a single hand, splashed into the water with a smothered hiss.

"How very bright they were—I can't see anything at all," Allan said after a momentary pause.

"Yes, very bright."

They stood looking out at the water until their eyes could see, and then walked back, as they had come, to the companionway.

He opened the door in silence and held out the girl's wrap.

"I hope the sight interested you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! Thank you very much."

"Good night."

"Good night."

Thorndyke Allan walked up and down the deck many, many times. He stood for a while in the bow of the ship, and gazed at the silvery moon. Then he paced to the stern, and leaned over to watch the scurrying water, as it foamed and churned in the night with its myriad flecks of phosphorescence. And it never occurred to him that the rug that he had folded was Miss Van Rensselaer Brown's.

The rays of the midday sun were beating down on the cleanly scrubbed deck with summer intensity. The sea was flat and sluggish, with a murky, vaporous haze, which hung over its surface and obscured the horizon. Not a breath of air was stirring, and a heavy odor of gas and smoke clung to the steamer while she monotonously plowed along on her way.

Thorndyke Allan had left his stateroom early, looking as immaculate and admirable as a fashion plate. His gray homespun suit was of a curious and striking pattern, anything but commonplace. It was built by a London tailor with especial pains to conceal the bony, angular effect his diminutive proportions were apt to produce. The shoulders, padded out beyond the usual English custom, the loose, easy flow of the short coat, the coarse texture of the homespun goods, and the minute peculiarities of cut, were all designed to create an illusion. The cap, of like material, was also the result of careful and painstaking attention, though it presented no feature of originality noticeable to an inexperienced eye. The costume was completed by shoes of darkly polished Russian leather, and by a black pearl of imposing dimensions resting on a model silk tie.

A murmur of admiration had reached his ears from an adjoining table as he took his place for breakfast. He was as-

suredly on the best of terms with himself that morning. And while touching his roll and coffee with an air of supercilious indifference, assumed for the benefit of onlookers, he smilingly recollected his emotions of the previous evening, and congratulated himself that his conduct had been unobserved.

In the smoking room, after breakfast, he had met Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown and had formally introduced himself with the aid of his letter. Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown had declared himself delighted to make the acquaintance of a friend of Delancey Drake's, expressing, at the same time, the great pleasure he would take in presenting Mr. Allan to his daughter as soon as occasion offered. Then, after a few minutes of conventional talking, with remarks on the weather, Mr. Brown had, of a sudden, remembered some matters to be arranged with the purser, and excused himself.

An hour had since passed by, and Thorndyke Allan, conscious of the approving glances his elegance inspired, was parading, with an affected air of preoccupation, along the rows of steamer chairs. On one of his countless turns he happened to carry his steps a little farther aft than usual, when all at once there passed through him the faintest thrill of trepidation, like an echo of his feelings on the night before. He looked again to make sure.

The slender, willowy figure, which he recognized without difficulty, was standing alone at the stern, the little gloved hands on the railing, the face bent down toward the water.

Allan looked away and smiled at the thought of his weakness, now that he was in the presence of a blazing sun and the humdrum bustle of the world. Then, without apparent hesitation, he obeyed a secret impulse and continued his march toward her.

She was clad in a blue serge gown, with a little jacket to match, the essence of simplicity. Her yachting cap was the same as on the night before, but now the veil was down, and as he drew near it was possible for him to distinguish only the vague outline of her features. But there was nothing to conceal the lustrous dark hair that gleamed in the sunshine, the graceful pose of her head, and the tip of a tiny white ear.

He approached her wholly unawares, and stood a moment at her side, while she still looked out over the expanse of rolling water.

"Good morning; isn't the weather beautiful?"

As he spoke, she turned with a timid start, and seemed half inclined to save herself without a word. His manner, however, was reassuring, and with a tremulous little smile she answered him.

"Good morning."

Allan talked to her about the weather and then about the water, about a sailor's life, about soldiers, and the European armies, of icebergs, whales, and other incidents of his many previous trips. She answered for the most part in monosyllables, smiling sweetly from time to time when he made a point, and following all he said with what was evidently a modest, girlish interest.

He was more than content with himself as he passed from subject to subject, in his deliberate, hesitating way. With flattered vanity, he smiled back in answer to her smiles, and listened deferentially to her low, short replies. And now and then, as the talk went on, he found occasion to steal soft glances deep down into her limpid blue eyes.

They had been standing there together for some time, when a dance began among the steerage passengers on the deck below. The notes of an accordion attracted a crowd of spectators, who left their steamer chairs to press about the railings that commanded a view from above.

"The steerage passengers are amusing themselves," Allan suggested. "Would you like to watch them a minute?"

Again a look of distress flitted over her countenance, and for an instant she held back dubiously, as though fearful of accepting his invitation. Then, in the absence of a plausible reason, she allowed herself to consent, and they walked forward to the crowd that was looking down on the deck below.

"I always like to see them dance," he volunteered, with a touch of disdain in his voice, after they had taken in the scene. "They seem to enjoy themselves so much."

They were leaning against the railing, his head quite close to hers, and he saw her nod, while he was speaking, to some one across the bridge. Following the direction of her eyes, he perceived a tall blonde girl, smartly dressed and of rather haughty demeanor, who stood at the railing opposite. As she was smiling back at his companion, Thorndyke touched his cap with a stolid dignity that would have done him credit on the most fashionable avenue of New York. Then, by chance, he noticed Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown, who also happened to be stationed opposite; and it was not altogether with displeasure that he found himself observed in conversation with the winsome creature at his side. Mr. Brown raised his hat respectfully, as their eyes met, and was answered with another composed salute.

Thorndyke Allan was readjusting his cap to its exact position on his carefully arranged head, when he became conscious of a movement at his shoulder. His companion had slipped away quietly from the railing, and seemed to be hurrying to get beyond his sight. He was surprised and confused at this discovery, and instinctively turned to follow her. But he checked himself at the thought of appearing ridiculous, and leaning over the railing with an assumption of renewed interest, he pretended to take no notice of the desertion.

There was a lull in the dancing below, and the crowd of spectators had gradually dispersed, some to take up again the interrupted promenade, while others returned to the torpor of their steamer chairs. Thorndyke Allan remained for a while at the railing, and attempted to think himself amused by his thrilling adventure. Then, as he began his measured strides once more, he came upon Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown, who seemed to be seeking him.

"Mr. Allan, my daughter is on deck, and I should be happy to present you, if I may."

"You are very kind, I assure you, Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown," responded Allan. "Nothing in the world could please me more."

Mr. Brown touched his arm and guided him forward, along the deck, and across in front of the cabin to the other side of the ship.

"She's right here," he said, as they turned the corner.

A slender figure in a blue serge gown was standing by a steamer chair just in front of them. It was she! Allan's heart gave a mighty leap and started beating madly, while his thoughts swam round like a man who suddenly finds himself overboard, struggling with the waves. Mingled with the consciousness of being a fool, there came a flush of wild elation that carried him back to his romantic visions. What would she say? And what should he?

A girl in the steamer chair was saying something to her, as they approached, and she was attempting to answer. But she had evidently caught sight of him, and, looking quickly away, she blushed violently.

"My daughter, let me present Mr. Thorndyke Allan." His eyes were on the slender girl in blue, but her crimson face was still bent down. Then he glanced at the other in the steamer chair. It was the tall blonde who had nodded when they were watching the steerage passengers, and *she* was Miss Van Rensselaer Brown!

Allan made a worthy effort to cover the error, by twisting his bow to the steamer chair. Then, with the greatest presence of mind, he straightened himself formally and half turned, smiling, to the standing figure in blue. He was expecting to be presented to her also, and for a minute the pause was awkward. The smile hardened on his face and distorted his features. Mr. Van Rensselaer Brown and Miss Van Rensselaer Brown seemed suddenly deprived of the power to speak.

It occurred to Allan that, inasmuch as he and the girl in blue had been seen talking together on the deck, it was natural to suppose them already acquainted. So he bowed to her deferentially, wishing that he knew her name. Then, with an assumed assurance, he addressed Miss Van Rensselaer Brown.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, "to find you and Miss—to find you two acquainted;" and with a graceful sweep he glanced at them in turn. One was blushing violently, while the other's

face was filled with haughty surprise. The father moved restlessly. No one spoke.

The conviction dawned on Thorndyke Allan that something was wrong, but he succeeded in retaining his self composure, and waited inquiringly for the mystery to be solved.

Miss Van Rensselaer Brown looked at him with a strange expression; she looked at her father, and finally at the girl in blue. The silence continued until it became embarrassing. Then an unpleasant smile came over her face.

"You've made a mistake, I think, Mr. Allan. That's my maid."

LAST YEAR.

Last year
We walked together, you and I,
Beneath a sky
As cloudless and as blue
As were your eyes—so sweet, so true!

Last year
We thought the world
A sweet abiding place
For love and happy lovers,
And their sweet exchange
Of wedded thought.

Last year
The flowers bloomed about your feet,
And one, more blest
Than all the rest,
Lived out its life upon your breast;
And running rills and rippling brooks
Repeated all our happy looks.

Today
A frowning sky, and overcast,
Reflects the sea's perturbèd face;
And stormy banners, wide unfurled,
Flaunt from cloud bastions pilèd high.
A screaming seamew hurls and hovers
Upon its far extended range
Above the sea's unnumbered graves.
The surging wind goes sweeping past,
And raves as one by grief distraught;
And sky, and sea, and moaning waves
But speak my sore and ceaseless thought
Of how no more together we
Shall walk beneath God's fair, blue sky
For all life's sad infinity.

Julia Neely Finch.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS CAPTAIN GENERAL AND COLONEL OF THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON.

Drawn by V. Gribayédoff from a photograph.

OUR OLDEST MILITARY COMPANY.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, its history and personnel, and the remarkable expressions of international good will evoked by its fraternal relations with its London namesake.

THE Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston has the distinction of being the oldest military organization on this continent. Its charter is dated March 17, 1638, its founder being Robert Keayne, an ex member of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, which was chartered by King Henry VIII just one hundred years before. The Boston organization was first known as the "Military Company of Massachusetts." It was designed to care for the public weal and advance military art and exercise in arms, and the application for a charter asked "that such liberties and privileges be granted them as the court should think meet for their better encouragement and furtherance in so useful an employment."

Keayne brought into his work in the new company the experience he had acquired in the regiment of King Henry, and the new organization took high rank at once. Its officers became the instructors of all the military bodies in the colony. There was a marked likeness between the English and American com-

panies. The manner of their inception was similar, the purposes for which they were formed identical, while the peculiar powers, privileges, and exemptions conferred upon them made the younger seem

rights; and now it consists of a company of cavalry, a full battery of artillery of six guns, and six companies of infantry. Charles II and his brother James, Duke of York, joined the company, the duke as

COLONEL HENRY WALKER, COMMANDER OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON.

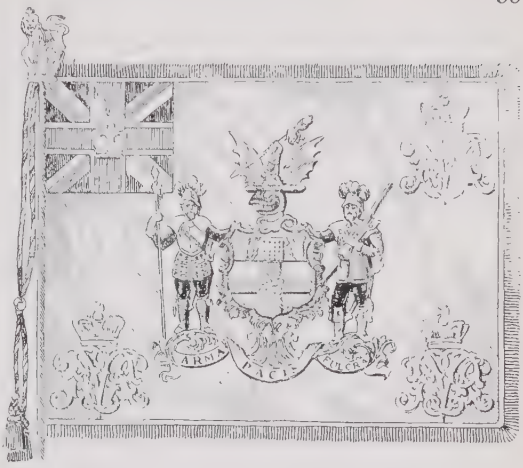
From a photograph by Speaight, London.

but an outgrowth of the older. The London company was chartered as "the Fraternitie or Guilde of St. George, for the better increase of the defence of this realme and mayntenence of the science and feate of shooting in long bowes, cross bowes, and hand gonnes." Three and a half centuries have somewhat altered its name, its uniform, its arms, and its chartered

its commander, in 1660, and since that time royalty in the person of a sovereign, a prince, or a royal duke, has constantly stood at its head.

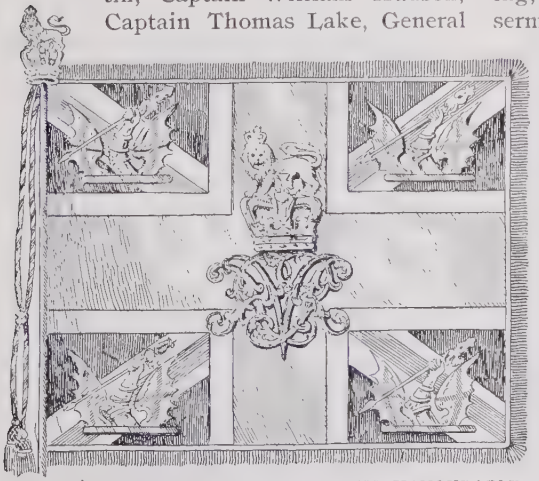
For the first hundred years of its existence, the members of the Boston company regarded themselves as loyal subjects of the British sovereign, and took their cue largely from the parent organi-

zation. Even today the two companies have much in common. Each has a double organization, each has peculiar privileges, and each enrolls the names of more distinguished men than any other military body in its respective country. Each was esteemed of sufficient importance to have public lands granted for its maintenance. The Honourable Artillery Company of London still holds its grants, which form its present armory grounds, but its Boston namesake long since disposed of its original possessions. Each, as occasion demanded, has stood to arms in defense of its country and the enforcement of law, and it may be said that each has taken part in every important war that England or the United States has waged. The Honourable Artillery Company of London exists by royal warrant. The Boston organization points to the official recognition of its peculiar character and privileges by the city of its birth and by the executive and legislative departments of both the State and national governments.



REGIMENTAL COLOR OF THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON.

In the roster of this old Boston company appear the names of the most distinguished sons of New England for the past two hundred and sixty years. Beginning with Captain Robert Keayne, its commanders have been such men as Major General Robert Sedgwick, Major General Sir John Leverett, Captain Francis Martin, Captain William Hudson, Captain Thomas Lake, General John Walley, Colonel John Phillips, Colonel Adam Winthrop, Major General William Heath, Captain Samuel Barrett, Major William Bell, General William Hull, General John Brooks, Captain William Howe, Colonel Benjamin Loring, Colonel Josiah Quincy, General N. P. Banks, and its present chief officer, Colonel Henry Walker.



QUEEN'S COLOR OF THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON.

The Revolutionary War interrupted the interchange of personal amenities between the London and Boston companies. Indeed, for eleven years, between 1775 and 1786, the American artillerymen failed to hold their annual meeting. It was the custom of the organization to make a social event of this yearly gathering, a serious function of which was a sermon by the chaplain of the company. During the Revolutionary period, however, the meetings were dispensed with, and the members listened only to the sermons that were being preached at Bunker Hill and Concord.

Although Boston, in some respects, was the center of the Revolutionary spirit, it nevertheless was the home of a great many supporters of King George. At the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, however, not a single member of its artillery company hesitated for a moment in his choice of sides. There was not a Tory in its ranks, and the breach with its former allies in London

was inevitable. The war of 1812 only accentuated the feeling of personal hostility which existed between the two countries, and it was not until close upon the time of the civil war that friendly communications were renewed between the two military organizations.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

In 1857 Colonel Marshall P. Wilder, then the commanding officer of the Ancient and Honorable organization of Boston, reëstablished relations with the London company. He addressed a letter to Prince Albert (the Prince Consort), the commanding officer of the London body, requesting "any facts concerning the history of either company which the prince might deem of sufficient interest for publication." This correspondence led to the interchange of many documents of mutual interest, and Prince Albert was made a special honorary member of the Boston organization. Twenty years later, the Prince of Wales, who succeeded his father, was also enrolled among its honorary members.

In 1887 the Honourable Artillery Company of London celebrated its three hundred and fiftieth anniversary, and among its guests were representatives of its Boston offshoot. For the first time in the history of the world a military company, in full uniform, and carrying arms, was entertained in a foreign country. The visit of the Ancient and Honorables of Boston to London formed one of the most dramatic, if not the most significant, features of Queen Victoria's jubilee of that year. Colonel Walker and the members of his command were royally welcomed. Honors were showered upon them at every point, and their journey through England, from Marlborough House to Land's End, was one grand ovation. Colonel Walker remarked at the time

CAPTAIN A. A. FOLSOM, PAST COMMANDER OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON.

Drawn by V. Gribayédoff from a photograph.

CAPTAIN GEORGE E. LOVETT, SECOND LIEUTENANT OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON.

Drawn by V. Gribayédoff from a photograph.

that it was not necessary to have an arbitration treaty to preserve the peace between the United States and Great Britain; there were too many common ties uniting the two countries, he said, to admit of their ever becoming involved in any controversy at arms.

The following year, when the Boston company celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, the English artillerymen returned the visit of their brethren. Among the representatives of the London company were Major Alfred Durrant, Captain C. Woolmer Williams, Major William H. Baker, Captain Robert H. Nunn, Lieutenant Richard Birkett, Lieutenant William Evans, and a dozen others. They were met in New York by a committee from Boston, and for several weeks were passed from city to city in an unbroken round of entertainments. At the final banquet in Boston, which was the special occasion of the English delegation's visit, Commander Walker read the following letter:

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,
PALL MALL, S.W.,
May 5, 1888.

SIR: I thank you for your kind letter of the 9th of April inviting me to the approaching anniversary at Boston, and I much regret that my engagements in this country will not allow me to take advantage of it. As an honorary member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, I beg to express my good wishes through you to the members of the corps, on the occasion of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their incorporation.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
ALBERT EDWARD,
Captain General and Colonel.

Many notable speeches were made at the dinner, among them a stirring address by Robert C. Winthrop, a direct descendant of the Governor John Winthrop who signed the charter for the incorporation of the Ancient and Honorable Company in 1638.

Last year the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston made a second visit to London. On this occasion nearly every member of the organization crossed the sea, to find in England a welcome no less warm than that of nine years before. Colonel Walker thus voiced the travelers' appreciation of the courtesies they received:

"To her majesty, whose gracious act in reviewing us at Windsor was all the more gracious because unexpected; to their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, for an entertainment at Marlborough House, and other courtesies, personal and official; to their royal highnesses the Duke of York and the Duke of Connaught, and other members of the royal family, for attentions paid us; to the Marquis of Lansdowne, secretary of state for war, and Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, for the honor of witnessing the superb army of Britain's soldiery at Aldershot; to the Earl of Derby, lord mayor of Liverpool, the authorities, the citizens, and the volunteer soldiery of that city, for their warm welcome to us as we set foot upon their soil; to the volunteer officers' association of Manchester and district, who sent their representatives with an address of congratulation and good wishes on board the Servia as we left their shore; to Lieutenant Colonel the Earl of Denbigh and the officers and members of the Honourable Artillery Company, who emulated each other in personal and public attentions; to General Lord Methuen and to the officers of the Royal Artillery at Wool-

MAJOR LAWRENCE N. DUCHESNEY, ADJUTANT OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON.

Drawn by V. Gribayédoff from a photograph.

wich, for courtesies extended; to the mayor, aldermen, burgesses, and townspeople of the borough of Windsor, who in their official address of welcome echoed

people of Liverpool and London, who thronged the streets for hours, anxious to see and greet us; to all who joined in that welcome, whole souled and universal,

THE EARL OF DENBIGH, LIEUTENANT COLONEL OF THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON.

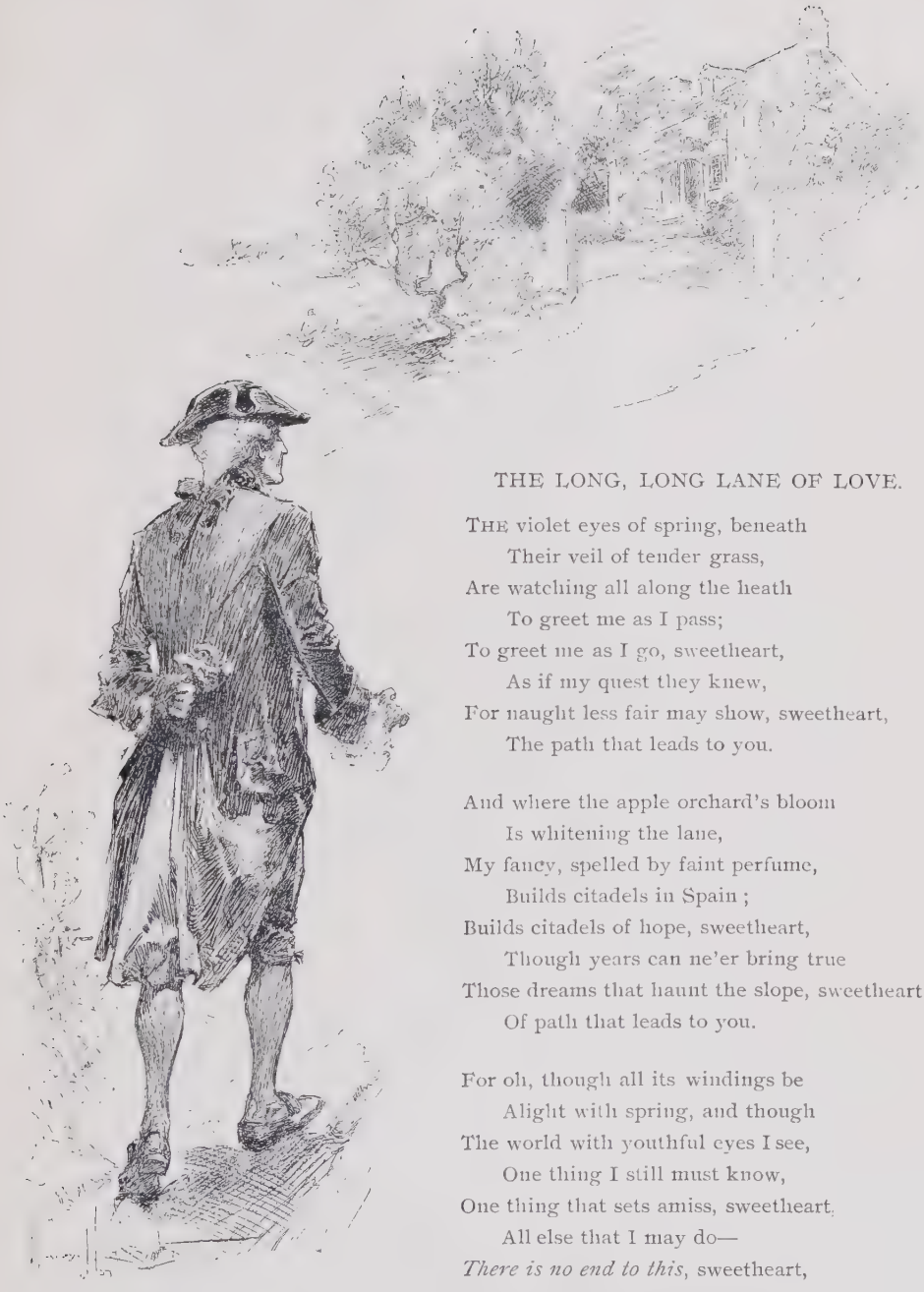
From a photograph by Barraud, London.

the sentiments of the citizen soldiers who stood as a guard of honor to receive us; to the many clubs in Liverpool and London; to the theaters and other places of interest or amusement which opened wide their doors to us; to the press, which faithfully mirrored public opinion and increased it by powerful influence and commendation; to the great public, which throughout the United Kingdom gave us its good wishes, and especially to the

which touched our hearts and made us proud of our kith and kin, we tender our sincerest thanks."

There is no doubt that the interchange of visits between these historic and influential bodies of Englishmen and Americans has been productive of good results. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it opened the way for the arbitration treaty now before the United States Senate.

John Alden Torrington.



THE LONG, LONG LANE OF LOVE.

THE violet eyes of spring, beneath
Their veil of tender grass,
Are watching all along the heath
To greet me as I pass;
To greet me as I go, sweetheart,
As if my quest they knew,
For naught less fair may show, sweetheart,
The path that leads to you.

And where the apple orchard's bloom
Is whitening the lane,
My fancy, spelled by faint perfume,
Builds citadels in Spain;
Builds citadels of hope, sweetheart,
Though years can ne'er bring true
Those dreams that haunt the slope, sweetheart,
Of path that leads to you.

For oh, though all its windings be
Alight with spring, and though
The world with youthful eyes I see,
One thing I still must know,
One thing that sets amiss, sweetheart,
All else that I may do—
There is no end to this, sweetheart,
The path that leads to you.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.
Drawn by V. Gribayédoff from a photograph.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST IN LONDON.

Arthur Jule Goodman, the young American who has made one of the artistic hits of the day in England—His clever portrait work, his "War Notes," and his series of contemporary types.

IF Arthur Jule Goodman were an Englishman who had made his London reputation some ten years ago, he might easily have stood for that most captivating of Kipling's characters, *Dick*, in "The Light That Failed." He has all of the energy, force, and independence of Kipling's hero, without the overbearing masculinity and the intellectual pugilism with which the English author invests so many of his types. Goodman made his London success just as *Dick* did. He drew a series of soldier sketches called "War Notes," and published them in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Kipling's story, however, could have been little more than a prescience, for while he was writing in India, Arthur Jule Goodman was struggling for a living in America without any definite idea of ever seeing

"MADELINE."

From a water color by Arthur Jule Goodman—Published by the courtesy of "The Sketch."

THE MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE.

From a charcoal sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman—Published by the courtesy of "Madame."

the other side of the world, or of winning a place among the men known there for their artistic achievement. He was born in Detroit, of Puritan parents. When he was sixteen, his father, having vaguely discovered his tendency toward art, determined to develop it by sending him to the Boston School of Technology to study architecture.

Now Goodman, even as a boy, could draw anything that had life, in or outside of a house—live animals and human beings were his hobby—but he was as restive over the straight lines and Corinthian columns of architecture as a young zebra confined in the shafts of a New York cab. The artist's pent up energies found an odd relief from the straight pencil of the architect. He ran away and went on the stage; and it is told how a Detroit uncle came and captured him, how the boy was duly cursed, as the theatrical situation required, and then how the uncle gave him his blessing and carried him back to the West, where he was apprenticed to a lithographer in Cincinnati. Goodman liked the work, especially the making of portraits from life on stone, and did fairly well at the lithographic craft; it was not until he met Matt Morgan, his last master, that his real talents began to develop. Under Morgan he made many portraits on stone that still stand as examples of his best work. Among these were studies

from life of Adelaide Neilson, Rosina Vokes, Mary Anderson, and Victoria Woodhull Martin.

When young Goodman became of age he found himself in the front rank of

ADA REHAN AS "HELENA."

From a charcoal sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman—Published by the courtesy of "St. Paul's."

American lithographers, and second to none save his master. Not only did Mr. Morgan direct and form Goodman's artistic bent, but, with the foresight of the frugal and practical Englishman that he was, he made this rather erratic boy save all his money, so that at the end of his term he might go to Paris to perfect his education. In the French capital, in the Julien studio, and under the direction and insistence of Bouguereau, he learned the importance of drawing a long time before he was allowed to dabble in color. He made himself a master of that faultless line in figure drawing which London critics consider his chief claim for high distinction.

To tell of Mr. Goodman's hard struggle in Paris, and the harder struggle that came to him upon his return to New York, when he went boldly forth to win fortune with brush and pencil, would be but repeating the tale of many another ambitious artist. Like the man in the Bible, "he had married a wife," but like

the wives of most successful men, she was a help instead of a hindrance. She had been a clever journalist in San Francisco, and at a time when Goodman had grown tired of painting the quantity of stage scenery that the success of his first order of all.'' With his wife and little girl, the artist traveled in the wake of the circus, slept beneath its tents at night, and shared its meals in the morning.

Mr. Goodman confesses to a bit of Indian blood, and this, with the vital cur-

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.
From a charcoal sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman.

—the drop curtain of the Broadway Theater in New York—had thrown in his way, she suggested that they should combine forces and start forth on a venture wherein he should do the illustrations and she furnish the text. Acting upon this suggestion, they went to the editor of *Harper's Weekly* and proposed a series of illustrated articles on the country circus, which was readily accepted.

''This experience,'' says Mr. Goodman, ''was the most inspiring and invigorating rent of his pioneer ancestors, must have made a riot of enthusiasm in his veins on such a trip as this. To see the simple, athletic life of these people, to watch their games at early morning, and note their fine physical proportions, was a real delight to the roving artist.

For a year or so Mr. Goodman worked mainly in black and white for New York magazines, and then concluded to try his fortunes in London. In slang parlance, ''luck pressed the button'' in his first

LADY EDEN.

From a charcoal sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman—Published by the courtesy of "Madame."

venture, and the artist's talents did the rest. The English soldier is the Britisher's dearest and most patriotic possession, and to draw the fine lines of his legs and shoulders, to set him properly on his feet, and place his head in that splendid poise that tells of his deathless courage, was the artistic prerogative which forever endeared Goodman to her majesty's subjects. But "my lady's" heart throbbed with no greater warmth over a pictured captain of the Guards than did Mary Ann's over her equally well proportioned and dauntless corporal. The artist's series of military types linked the inhabitants of England together in a stronger sympathy than could ever be forced from our American doctrines of social equality.

London editors began asking who Goodman was, and, looking him up, they gave him more orders than he could execute.

During his two years of residence in England he has probably turned out more work than any illustrator in London. Though his soldier series will stand as his strongest work in illustration, his name will probably go down in art history as that of a draftsman inimitable in the portrayal of feminine loveliness—as great, indeed, in depicting such subjects in pastel, water color, and charcoal, as was Romney on canvas or Cosway in miniature.

During the past summer Goodman made a series of pencil sketches in red and black of the famous London beauties. These

were executed for *St. Paul's*, and included twenty sketches made from sittings at the homes of their subjects. It is no wonder that the artist, after indulging in such a serious, hard working feast of loveliness, had to run off to the seaside for a short spell of nervous prostration. While doing these portraits, he was also contributing the series of "Women of the Bible" which for some months formed the frontispiece to the *Idler*. It is needless to say that these biblical ladies were chosen for their beauty rather than their virtues, and Judith and Jael, Suzannah and Delilah, were admitted on the line with such heroines as Ruth, Jephtha's daughter, and Rebecca, by the common right of physical loveliness.

Mr. Goodman prefers to make his sittings in the surroundings most familiar to his subjects, rather than in his studio. He has painted Booth in his private room at the Players', Gounod in his studio, President Cleveland in his library at Gray Gables, William Winter in his den, and Ellen Terry in her dressing room. At last reports he was painting, for his Academy portrait, the beautiful Countess of Westmoreland. Her costume, with its shimmering silks and laces, and its picturesquely expansive hat, suggests the toilet of those lovely ladies who sat for Reynolds and Gainsborough.

Mr. Goodman is happy when he can like the people he pictures, but declares that this makes no difference in the execution of the portrait. He will show, to a caller at his studio, the pictures of var-

THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN.

From a charcoal sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman—Published by the courtesy of "Madame."

"MARK TWAIN."

From a charcoal sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman.

ious famous women he has painted, and it is amusing to see how often he picks out the least lovely as his favorite, "because," he will say enthusiastically, "she has such a good, kind heart, such delicacy and perceptiveness of feeling, and I can see it all in her sweet eyes and in the gentle look that hovers about her lips." It is Mr. Goodman's faith that great people are greater than their works, and he says that the finest compensation his art has to offer lies in the fact that it brings him to know noble people personally.

Several exhaustive articles have appeared about Mr. Goodman and his work in the English papers and magazines, but the illustrations we give in this article are the most representative and original series yet offered to the American public. Some of them have been made from photographs taken from pictures in his studio that have never been reproduced before, and the others have never been printed in this country. Their appearance here is due to the courtesy of the various English papers and magazines in which they were first published.

Mr. Goodman lives at a little place on Hampstead Heath, appropriately called "The Wigwam." If you drop in there any afternoon for tea, you may find him busy sketching in his studio; or he may come bustling in for the cup that cheers, with a big bundle of bristol board in his

ELLEN TERRY AS "CORDELIA."

From a pencil sketch by Arthur Jule Goodman—Published by the courtesy of "Black and White."

hand. He is rather small of figure, with straight, dark brows and gray blue eyes that look at you with candid kindliness. He is not conceited, he doesn't pose, and he talks as good American as he did the day he left home. He seems a sort of invigorating antidote to everything morbid in art or nature; and after all, though America may be loath to relinquish him, she may do so with the charitable consideration that new, red blood in art is needed more in England than in a country not yet old enough to have reached artistic decadence

Maude Andrews.

CORLEONE.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Corleone" is the latest of Mr. Crawford's remarkable stories of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the modern society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of an old Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of true love and of exciting adventure.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I—X.

CORLEONE is the title of the Pagliuca d'Oriani family, to whom a sadly diminished estate descends at the death of the spendthrift prince who had been head of the house. Besides the widow of the dead nobleman's brother, Donna Maria Carolina, there are her three sons—Tebaldo, Francesco, and Ferdinando—and a daughter, Vittoria, who has spent the greater part of her seventeen years in a convent at Palermo. Brought up in obscurity and almost in poverty, the brothers are ill fitted to assume their new station in life, but with the exception of Ferdinando, who remains at Camaldoli, their Sicilian homestead, the family move to Rome, where they are received in the society of the Italian capital.

In Rome Vittoria meets and loves Orsino Saracinesca, who is the eldest son of Giovanni, Prince of Sant' Ilario, and his wife Corona. The monotony of this young patrician's existence has palled on him, however, and he gladly accepts the chance of employment offered by his cousin, the Marchese di San Giacinto, who purchases Camaldoli, in order to further a scheme for a new railroad, and asks Orsino to take charge of the property. Vittoria, who knows that her brother Ferdinando objected to the sale of Camaldoli and is determined to prevent its occupancy, is greatly alarmed for her lover's safety when she learns of his destination. In spite of her pleadings, however, Orsino accompanies San Giacinto to Sicily. As they are nearing the Corleone homestead they are shot at by concealed foes. Orsino returns the fire, killing a man who is identified by the soldiers of their escort as Ferdinando Pagliuca.

XI (CONTINUED).

ORSINO made a great effort and straightened himself, and walked away a few paces.

"This is a bad business," said San Giacinto, in a preoccupied tone. "We shall have the whole mafia against us for this. Has the other man escaped?"

"Clean gone," said the sergeant. "You had better luck than we, for we never saw him. He must have fired his shots from his horse and bolted instantly. We could not have got through the brush with our horses."

Orsino went and leaned against the carriage, shading his eyes with his hands, while San Giacinto and the soldiers talked over what had happened. The sergeant set a couple of men to work on the brambles with their sabers, to cut a way for the carriage on one side of the pitfall that covered the road.

"Put the body into the carriage," said San Giacinto. "We can walk. It is not far." He roused Orsino, who seemed to be half stunned.

"Come, my boy!" he said, drawing him away from the carriage as the soldiers were about to lay the body in it. "Of course it is not pleasant, but it cannot be helped, and you have rendered the government a service, though you have got us into an awkward position with the Corleone."

"Awkward!" Orsino's voice was hoarse and broken. "You do not know!" he added.

San Giacinto did not understand, but made him fall back behind the carriage, which jolted horribly with its dead occupant, as Tato forced his horses to drag it

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round the end of the ditch. The carabineers, still distrustful of the thick trees and the underbrush, carried their rifles and led their horses, and the whole party proceeded slowly along the drive towards the ancient house. It might have been a quarter of a mile distant. Orsino walked the whole way in silence, with bent head and set lips.

They emerged upon a wide open space, overgrown with grass, wild flowers, and rank weeds, through which a narrow path led straight up to the main door. There had been a carriage road once, following a wide curve, but it had long been disused. Even the path was not much trodden, and the grass was beginning to grow in it.

The front of the house presented a broad, rough plastered surface, broken by but few windows, all of which were high above the ground. The tower was not visible from this side. From the back, the sound of water came up with a steady, low roar. The door was, in fact, a great oak gate, studded with big rusty nails, paintless, gray, and weather beaten. Regardless of old Basili's advice, San Giacinto walked straight up to it, followed by the notary's man with the bunch of keys.

The loneliness of it all was beyond description, and was, if possible, enhanced by the roar of the water. The air was damp, too, from the torrent bed, and near one end of the house there were great patches of moss. At the other side, towards the sun, the remains of what had been a vegetable garden were visible, rank broccoli and cabbages thrusting up their bunches of pale green leaves, broken trellises of cane, half fallen in, and overgrown with tomato vines and wild creeping plants. A breath of air brought a smell of rotting vegetables and damp earth to San Giacinto's nostrils, as he tried one key after another in the lock.

They got in at last, and entered under a gloomy archway, beyond which there was a broad courtyard, where the grass grew between the flagstones. In the middle was an ancient well; on the right a magnificently carved doorway led into the old chapel of the monastery. On the left, opposite the chapel, a long row of windows, with closed shutters in fairly good condition, showed the position of the habitable rooms.

"Is that a church?" asked San Giacinto of Basili's man. "Take the dead man in and leave him there," he added, as the man nodded and began to look for the key on the bunch.

They took Ferdinando Pagliuca's body from the carriage, which stood in the middle of the courtyard, and carried it in and laid it down on the uppermost step of one of the side altars, of which there were three. Orsino followed them.

It was a very dilapidated place. There had once been a few frescoes, which were falling from the walls with age and dampness. High up, through the open windows from which the glass had long since disappeared, the swallows shot in and out, bringing a dark gleam of sunshine on their sharp, black wings. Although the outer air had free access, there was a heavy death-like smell of mold in the place. The altars were dismantled and the gray dust lay thick upon them, with fragments of plaster here and there. Only on the high altar a half broken wooden candlestick, once silvered, stood bending over, and a little glazed frame still contained a moldering printed copy of the canon of the mass. In the middle of the floor a round slab of marble, with two greenish bolts of brass, bore the inscription, "Ossa R R. P P." covering the pit wherein lay the bones of the departed monks who had once dwelt in the monastery.

The troopers laid Ferdinando's body upon the stone steps in silence, and then went away, for there was much to be done. Orsino stayed behind alone, for his cousin had not even entered the church. He knelt down for a few moments on the lowest step. It seemed a sort of act of reverence to the man whom he had killed. Mechanically he said a prayer for the dead.

But his thoughts were of the living. The man who lay there was Vittoria d'Oriani's brother, the brother of his future wife, of the being he held most dear in the world. Between him and her there was her own blood, shed by his hand. The shot had done more than kill Ferdinando Pagliuca; it had mortally wounded his own life.

He asked himself whether Vittoria, or any woman, could marry the man who had killed her brother. In time she

might forgive, indeed, but she could not forget. No one could. And there were her other brothers, and her mother, and they were Sicilians, revengeful and long pursuing in their revenge. Never, under any imaginable circumstances, would they give their consent to his marriage with Vittoria, even supposing that she herself, in the course of years, could blot out the memory of the dead. He might as well make up his mind that she was lost to him.

But that was hard to do, for the roots of growing love had struck deep and burrowed themselves in under his heart almost unawares, from week to week since he had known her, and to tear them up was to tear out the heart itself.

He went to the other side of the dim chapel and rested his dark forehead against the moldering walls. It was as if he were going mad then and there. He drew himself up and said, almost aloud, that he was a man and must act like a man. No one had ever accused him of being unmanly, and he could not tamely bear the accusation from himself.

All the old hackneyed phrases of cynical people he had known came back to him. "Only one woman, and the world was full of them"—and much to that same effort. And all the time he knew that such words could never fit his lips, and that though the world was full of women, there was only one for him, and between her and him lay the barrier of her own brother's blood.

He turned as he stood, and saw the straight, dark figure, with its folded hands, lying on the steps of the altar opposite—the outward fact, as his love for Vittoria was the inward truth.

The horror of it all came over him again like a surging wave, roaring in his ears and deafening him. It could have been but one degree worse if Vittoria's brother had been his friend, instead of his enemy, and if he had killed him in anger.

He remembered that he had expected to send his mother a long and reassuring telegram on this day, and that he had told Vittoria that she should go to the Palazzo Saracinesca and hear news of him. There was a telegraph station at Santa Vittoria, three quarters of a mile from Camaldoli, but he was confronted by the difficulty of sending any clear message which should not contain an allusion to Ferdinando Pagliuca's death, since the carabineers would be obliged to report the fact at once, and it would be in the Roman papers on the following morning.

There was a new and terrible thought. There would be the short telegraphic account of how Don Orsino Saracinesca had been attacked by brigands in a narrow road and had shot one of the number, who turned out to be Ferdinando Corleone. Her mother, who always read the papers, would read that, too. Then her brothers —then Vittoria. And his own mother would see it—his head seemed bursting. And there lay the fact, the source of these inevitable things, cold and calm, with the death smile already stealing over its white face.

San Giacinto stalked in, looking about him, and the sound of his tread roused Orsino.

"Come," he said, rather sternly. "There is much to be done. I could not find you. The man is dead; you did right in killing him, and we must think of our own safety."

"What do you mean?" asked Orsino, in a dull voice. "We are safe enough, it seems to me."

"The sergeant does not seem to think so;" answered San Giacinto. "Before night it will be known that Ferdinando Pagliuca is dead, and we may have half the population of Santa Vittoria about our ears. Fortunately this place will stand a siege. Two of the troopers have gone to the village to try and get a reinforcement, and to bring the doctor to report the death, so that we can bury the man. Come—come with me! We will shut the church up till the doctor comes, and think no more about it."

He saw that Orsino was strangely moved by what had happened, and he drew him out into the air. The carriage was being unloaded by Tato and the notary's man, and the horses had all disappeared. The sergeant and the two remaining troopers were busy clearing out a big room which opened upon the court, with the intention of turning it into a guard room. Orsino looked at them indifferently. A renewed danger would have roused him, but nothing else could. San

Giacinto led him away to show him the buildings.

"Your nerves have been shaken," said the older man. "But you will soon get over that. I remember once upon a time being a good deal upset myself, when a man whom I had caught in mischief suddenly killed himself almost in my hands."

"I shall get over it, as you say," answered Orsino. "Give me one of those strong cigars of yours, will you?"

He would have given a good deal to have been able to confide in San Giacinto and tell him the real trouble. Had he been sure that any immediate good could come of it, he would have spoken; but it seemed to him, on the contrary, that to speak of Vittoria might make matters worse. They wandered over the dark old place for half an hour. At the back, over the torrent, there was one long wall with a rampart, terminating in the evil looking Druse's tower. The trees grew thick over the stream, and there was only one opening in the wall, closed by double low doors with heavy bolts. The whole building was, in reality, a tolerably strong fortress, built round the four sides of a single great court yard, to which there was but one entrance, besides the little postern over the river.

"I should like to send a telegram to Rome," said Orsino suddenly. "It is not too late for them to get it tonight."

"You can send it to Santa Vittoria by the doctor, when he goes back."

Orsino went down into the court and got a writing case out of his bag. It seemed convenient to write on the seat of the carriage, but just as he was going to place his writing things there, he saw that there were dark red spots on the cushions. He shuddered and turned away in disgust, and wrote his message leaning on the stone brink of the well.

He telegraphed that San Giacinto and he had arrived and were well, that they had met with an attack, and that he himself had killed a man. But he did not write Ferdinando's name. That seemed useless.

The doctor arrived, and the carabineers brought a couple of men of the foot brigade to strengthen the little garrison. As they entered, San Giacinto saw that four rough looking peasants were standing outside the gate, conversing and looking up to the windows; grim, clean shaven, black browed men of the poorer class, for they had no guns and wore battered hats and threadbare blue cloaks. San Giacinto handed the doctor over to the sergeant and went outside at once. The men stared in silence at the gigantic figure that faced them. In his rough dark clothes and big soft hat, San Giacinto looked more vast than ever, and his bold and somber features and stern black eyes completed the impression he made on the hill men. He looked as though he might have been the chief of all the outlaws in Sicily.

"Listen!" he said, stepping up to them. "This place is mine now, for I have bought it and paid for it, and I mean to keep it. Your friend Ferdinando Pagliuca is dead. After consenting to the sale, he dug a pitfall in the carriage road to stop us, and he and a friend of his attacked us. We shot him, and you can go and look at his body in the chapel, in there, if you have curiosity about him. There are eleven men of us here, seven being carabineers, and we have plenty of ammunition, so that it will not be well for any one that troubles us. Tell your friends so. This is going to be a barrack, and there will be a company of infantry here before long, and there will a railway before two years. Tell your friends that also. I suppose you are men from the Camaldoli farms."

Two of the peasants nodded, but said nothing.

"If you want work, begin and clear away those bushes. You will know where there are tools. Here is money, if you will begin at once. If you do not want money, say what you do want. But if you want nothing, go, or I shall shoot you."

He suddenly had a big army revolver in one hand, and he pulled out a loose bank note with the other.

"But I prefer that we should be good friends," he concluded, "for I have much work for everybody, and plenty of money to pay for it."

The men were not cowards, but they were taken unawares by San Giacinto's singular speech. They looked at each other, and at the bushes. One of them

threw his head back a little, thrusting out his chin, which signifies a negation. The shortest of the four, a broad shouldered, tough looking fellow, stepped before the rest.

"We will work for you, but we will not cut down the bushes. We will do any other work than that. You will not find anybody here who will cut down the bushes."

"Why not?" asked San Giacinto.

"Eh—it is so," said the man, with a peculiar expression.

The other three shrugged their shoulders and nodded silently, but kept their eyes on San Giacinto's revolver.

"We are good people," continued the man. "We wish to be friends with every one, and since you have bought the estate, and own the land on which we live, we shall pay our rent, when we have anything wherewith to pay, and when we have not, God will provide. But as for the bushes, we cannot cut them down. We wish to be friends with every one. But as for that, signore, if you have no axes nor hedging knives, we have them. We will bring them, and then we will go away and do any other work for you. Thus we shall not cut down the bushes, but perhaps the bushes will be cut down."

San Giacinto laughed a little, and the big revolver went back into his pocket.

"I see that we shall be friends, then," he said. "When you have brought the hatchets, then you can come inside and help to clean the house. Then I will give you this money for your work this evening and tomorrow."

The men spoke rapidly together in dialect, so that San Giacinto could not understand them. Then the spokesman addressed him again.

"Signore," he said, "we will bring the hatchets to the door, but it is late to clean the house this evening. We do not want the money tonight. We will return in the morning and work for you."

"There are three hours of daylight yet," observed San Giacinto. "You could do something in that time, I should think."

"An hour and a half," replied the man. "It is late," he added. "It is very late."

The other three nodded. San Giacinto understood perfectly that there was some other reason, but did not insist. He fancied that they were suspicious of his own intentions with regard to them, and he let them go without further words.

As he turned back, the village doctor appeared under the arch, leading his mule. He was a pale young fellow from Messina, who had been three or four years at Santa Vittoria. San Giacinto offered him an escort back to the village, but he refused.

"If I could not go about alone, my usefulness would be over," he said. "It is quite safe now. They will probably kill me the next time there is a cholera season."

"Why?"

"They are convinced that the government sends them the cholera through the doctors, to thin the population," answered the young man, with a dreary smile.

"What a country! It is worse than Naples."

"In some ways, far worse. In others, much better."

"In what way is it better?" asked San Giacinto, with some curiosity.

"They are terrible enemies," said the doctor, "but they can be very devoted friends, too."

"We have had a taste of their enmity first. I hope we may see something of their friendship before long."

"I doubt it, signor marchese. You will have the people against you from first to last, and your position is dangerous. Ferdinando Corleone was popular, and he had the outlaws on his side. I have no doubt that many of the band have been hidden here. It is a lonely and desolate house, full of queer hiding places. By the bye, you are going to bury that poor man here? Shall I send people down from Santa Vittoria with a coffin, to carry him up to the cemetery?"

"You know the country. What would you advise me to do? We must give him Christian burial, I suppose."

"I should be inclined to lift up the slab in the church and quietly drop him down among the monks," said the doctor. "That would be Christian burial enough for him. But you had better consult the sergeant about it. If he is taken up to Santa Vittoria, there will be a great public funeral, and all the population will follow, as though he were a martyr. If

you bury him without a priest, they will say that you not only murdered him treacherously, but got rid of his body by stealth. Consult the sergeant, signor marchese. That is best."

The doctor mounted his mule and rode away. San Giacinto closed and barred the great gate himself before he went back into the court. He found Orsino in the midst of a discussion with the sergeant, regarding the same question of the disposal of the body.

"I know his family," Orsino was saying. "Some of them are friends of mine. He must be decently buried by a priest. I insist upon it."

The sergeant repeated what the doctor had said, namely, that a public funeral would produce something like a popular demonstration.

"I should not care if it produced a revolution," answered Orsino. "I killed the man like a dog, not knowing who he was, but I will not have him buried like one. If you are afraid of the village, let them send their priest down here, dig a grave under the floor of the church, and bury him there. But he shall not be dropped into a hole like a dead rat without a blessing. Besides, it is not legal —there are all sorts of severe regulations——"

"There is one against burying any one within a church," observed the sergeant. "But the worst that could happen would be that you would have to pay a fine. It shall be as you please, signore. In the morning we will get a priest and a coffin, and bury him under the church. I have the doctor's certificate in my pocket."

Orsino was satisfied, and went away to be alone again, not caring where. But San Giacinto and the carabineers proceeded to turn the great court into something like a camp. There were all sorts of offices, kitchens, bake houses, oil presses, and store rooms, which opened directly upon the paved space. The men collected old wood and kindling stuff to make a fire, and prepared to cook some of the provisions which San Giacinto had brought for the night, while he and the sergeant determined on the best positions for sentries.

Orsino wandered about the great rooms up stairs. They were half dismantled and much dilapidated, but not altogether unfurnished. Ferdinando had retired some days previously to the village and had taken what he needed for his own use, but had left the rest. There was a tolerably furnished room immediately above the great gate. Orsino opened the window wide, and leaned out, breathing the outer air with a certain sense of relief from oppression. Watching the swallows that darted down from under the eaves to the weed grown lawn, and up again with meteor speed, and catching in his face the last reflections of the sun, which was sinking fast between two distant hills, he could almost believe that it had all been a bad dream. He could at least try to believe it for a little while.

But the sun went down quickly, though it still blazed full on the enormous snowy dome of Etna, opposite the window; and the chill of evening came on while it was yet day, and with it came back the memory of the coldly smiling, handsome face of dead Ferdinando Pagliuca, and the terrible suggestion of a likeness to Vittoria, which had struck at Orsino's heart when he had found him in the bushes, shot through the head. It all came back with a sudden, drowning rush that was overwhelming. He turned from the window, and, to occupy himself, he went and got his belongings and tried to make the room habitable. He knew that it was in a good position for the night, since it was not likely that he would sleep much, and he could watch the gate from the window, for his share of the defense.

XII.

As was perhaps to be expected, considering the precautions taken, the friends of Ferdinando Pagliuca gave no sign during the night. The carabineers, when they are actually present anywhere, impose respect, though their existence is forgotten as soon as they move on.

Orsino lay down upon a dusty mattress in the room he had chosen. He had been down to the court again, where San Giacinto ate his supper from the soldiers' improvised kitchen, by the light of a fire of brush and scraps of broken wood, which one of the men replenished from time to time. But Orsino was not hungry, and

presently he had gone up stairs again. About the middle of the night, San Giacinto, carrying a lantern, opened his door, and found him reading by the light of a solitary candle.

"Has all been quiet on this side?" asked the big man.

"All quiet," answered Orsino.

San Giacinto nodded, shut the door, and went off, knowing that the young man would rather be alone. An hour later, Orsino's book dropped from his hand, and he dozed a little, in a broken way. Outside, the waning moon had risen high above the shoulders of Etna, not a breath was stirring, and only the distant roar of the water came steadily up from the other side of the old monastery. Orsino dreamed strange, shapeless dreams of vast desolateness and empty darkness, in which he had no perception by sight, and heard only the unbroken rush of water far away. Then, in the extreme blackness of nothing, a dead face appeared, with wide and sightless eyes that stared at him, and he woke and turned upon his side with a shudder, to doze again, and dream again, and wake again. It was a horrible night.

Towards morning the dream changed. In the darkness, together with the sub bass of the torrent, a voice came to him, in a low, long drawn lamentation. It was Vittoria's voice, and yet unlike hers. He could hear the words:

"*Me l'hanno ammazzato! Me l'hanno ammazzato!*" ("They have killed him for me!")

It was Vittoria d'Oriani wailing over her brother's body. Orsino heard the words and the voice distinctly. She was outside his door. She had dragged the corpse up from the church in the dark, all the long, winding way, to bring it to him, and reproach him and to weep over it. He refused to allow himself to awake, as one sometimes can in a dream, for he knew, somehow, that he was not altogether dreaming. There was an element of reality in the two sounds of the river and the voice, interfering with each other, and the voice came irregularly, always repeating the same words, but the river roared on without a break. Then there was a sound of moaning without words, and then the words began again, always the same.

Orsino started and sat up, wide awake. He was sure that he was awake now, for he could see that the light outside the window was gray. The dawn was beginning to drink the moonlight out of the air. He heard the voice distinctly.

"*Me l'hanno ammazzato!*" it moaned, but much less loudly than he heard it in his dream.

Orsino sprang from the bed, and opened the door, which was opposite the window. The long corridor was dark and quiet, and he turned back and opened the casement, and looked out.

The words were half spoken again, but suddenly ceased as he threw the window open. In the dim gray dawn he saw a muffled figure crouching on the stones by the gate, slowly swaying forwards and backwards. The wail began again, very soft and low, and as though the woman half feared to be heard and yet could not control herself.

Orsino watched her intently for a few moments, and then understood. It was some woman who had loved Ferdinando Pagliuca, and who came in the simple old way to mourn at the door of the house wherein he lay dead. Her head was covered with a black shawl, and her skirts were black, too, but her hands were clasped about her knees, and visible, and looked white in the dawn.

The young man drew back softly from the window, and sat down upon the edge of the bed. He, of all men, had no right to silence the woman. She did no harm, wailing for the dead man out there in the cold dawn. She was not the only one who was to mourn him on that day. In a few hours his sister would know, his mother, his brothers, and all the world besides, though the rest of the world mattered little enough to Orsino. But this woman's grief was a sort of foretaste of Vittoria's. She was but a peasant woman, perhaps, or at most a girl of the small farmers' class, but she had loved him, and would hate forever the man who had killed him. How much more would the slayer be hated by the dead man's own flesh and blood!

The light grew less gray by quick degrees, and there were heavy footsteps in the corridor. Then came a knock at the door, and a trooper appeared in his forage cap.

"We have made the coffee, signore," he said, on the threshold.

He held out a bright tin pannikin from which the steam rose in fragrant clouds. The physical impression of the aromatic smell was the first pleasant sensation which Orsino had experienced since he had pulled the trigger of his rifle on the previous afternoon. If we could but look at things as they are, we should see that there is neither love nor hate, neither joy nor grief, nor hope nor fear, that will not at least efface itself for a moment before hunger and thirst; so effectually can this dying body mask and screen the undying essence.

Orsino drank the hot coffee with keen physical delight, though the woman's wailing came up to his ears through the open window, and though he had known a moment earlier that the stealing dawn was the beginning of a day which might end in a broken heart.

But the trooper heard the voice, and went to the window and looked out, while Orsino drank.

"Ho, there!" he cried roughly. "Will you go on or not?" He turned to Orsino. "She has been there since two o'clock," he explained. "We heard her through the closed gate."

"Let her alone," said Orsino authoritatively. "She is only a woman, and can do no harm; and she has a right to her mourning, God knows."

"There will be a hundred before the sun has been up an hour, signore," answered the soldier. "The people will collect about her, for they will come out of curiosity, from many miles away. It will be better to get rid of them as fast as they come."

"You might let that poor woman in," suggested Orsino. "After all, I have killed her lover—she has a right to see his body."

"As you wish, signore," answered the trooper, taking the empty pannikin.

Orsino got up and looked out again, as the man went away. The girl had risen to her feet, and stood looking up to the window. Her shawl had fallen back upon her shoulders, and disclosed a young and disheveled but beautiful head, of the Greek type, though the eyes were somewhat long and almond shaped. There was no color in the olive pale cheeks, and little in the parted lips; and the hand that gathered the shawl to the bosom was singularly white. The regular features were set in a tragic mask of grief, such as one very rarely sees in the modern world.

When she saw Orsino, she suddenly raised both hands to him, like a suppliant of old.

"They have killed him!" she cried. "They have killed my bridegroom! Let me see him! Let me kiss him! Are they Christians, and will not let me see him?"

"You shall see him," answered Orsino. "I will let you in myself."

"God will render it to you, signore. And God will render also to his murderer a bad death."

She sat down upon the stones, thinking, perhaps, that it would be long before the gate was opened; and she began her low moan again.

"They have killed him! They have murdered him!"

But Orsino had already left the window and the room. He had understood clearly from her words and face that she was no light creature, for whom Ferdinando had conceived a passing fancy. He had meant to marry her, perhaps within a few days. There was in her face the high stamp of innocence, and her voice rang fearless and true. Ferdinando had never been like his brothers. He had meant to marry this girl, doubtless a small farmer's daughter, from her dress; and he would have lived happily with her, sinking, perhaps, to a lower social level, but morally rising far higher than his scheming brothers. Orsino had guessed from his dead face, and from what he had heard, that Ferdinando had been the best of the family; and in a semi barbarous country like the interior of Sicily, the young Roman did not blame him overmuch for having tried to resist the new owners of his father's house when they came to take possession.

San Giacinto and the sergeant objected on principle to admitting the girl, but Orsino insisted, and at last opened the gate himself. She had covered her head and face again, and followed him swiftly and noiselessly across the court to the door of the church. As though by instinct she

turned directly to her lover's body, where it lay before the side altar, and with a low wail like a wounded animal, she fell beside it, with clasped hands. Orsino left her there alone, closing the door softly, and came out into the court, where it was almost broad daylight. The men had drunk their coffee, and were grooming their black chargers, tethered to rusty rings in the wall. The old stables were between the court and the rampart. The two infantry carabineers were despatched to Santa Vittoria to get a coffin for the dead man and a priest to come and bury him.

From the church came every now and then the piteous echo of the girl's lamentations. Then there was a knocking at the gate, and some one called from without. One of the troopers looked out through the narrow slit in the stone, made just wide enough to let the barrel of a gun pass. Half a dozen peasants were outside, and the soldiers could see two more coming down the drive towards the house. He asked what they wanted.

"We wish to speak with the master," said one, and two or three repeated the words.

They were the men who had brought the tools on the previous evening, with a number of others, the small tenants of the little estate. San Giacinto went and spoke with them, assuring them that he would be a better landlord than they had ever had, if they would treat him well, but that if he met with any treachery, he would send every man of them to the galleys for life. It was his way of making acquaintance, and they seemed to understand it.

While he was speaking a number of men and women appeared in the drive, headed by the two soldiers who had gone to the village. Close behind them, swaying with the walk of the woman who carried the load upon her head, a white deal coffin caught the morning light. Then more people, and always more, came in sight, up the drive. Amongst them walked a young priest in his short white "cotta" over his shabby cassock, and beside him came a big boy bearing a silver basin with holy water, and the little broom for sprinkling it. The two trudged along in a businesslike way, and all the people were talking loudly. It seemed to San Giacinto that half the population of the village must have turned out. He stepped back and called to the troopers to keep the gate, and prevent the crowd from entering. Then he waited outside. The people became silent as they came near, and he looked at them, scrutinizing their faces. Some of the men had their guns slung over their shoulders, but many were only laborers, and had none.

Many scowling glances were turned on San Giacinto as the crowd came up to the gate, and he began to anticipate trouble of some sort. The troopers had their rifles in their hands, as they formed up behind him. The tenants of Camaldoli mixed with the crowd, evidently not wishing to identify themselves with their new landlord.

"What do you want?" asked San Giacinto, in a harsh, commanding voice.

The priest came close to him, and bowed and smiled, as though the occasion of meeting were a pleasant one. Then he stood aside a little, and a strapping woman who carried the coffin on her head marched in under the gate between the soldiers, who made way for her. And behind her came her husband, a crooked little carpenter, carrying a leathern bag from which protruded the worn and blackened handle of a big hammer. The third comer was stopped by the sergeant. He was a ghastly pale old man, with a three days' beard on his pointed chin, and he was dressed in dingy black.

"Who are you?" asked the sergeant sharply.

"I am one without whom people are not buried," answered the old man, in a cracked voice. "You have a carpenter and a priest, but there is a third—I am he, the servant of the dead, who give no orders."

The sergeant understood that the man was the parish undertaker, and let him pass also. Meanwhile San Giacinto repeated his question.

"What do you all want?" he asked in a thundering tone, for he was annoyed.

"If it please you, signor marchese," said the priest, "these, my parishioners, desire the body of Don Ferdinando Corleone, in order to bury it in holy ground, for he was beloved of many. Pray do not

be angry, excellency, for they come in peace, having heard that Don Ferdinando had been killed by accident. Grant their request, which is a proper one, and they will depart quickly. I answer for them."

As he spoke the last words in a tone which all could hear, he turned to the crowd, as though for their assent.

"He answers for us," said many of them, in a breath. "Good, Don Niccola! You answer for us. We are Christians. We only wish to bury Don Ferdinando properly."

"I have not the slightest objection," said San Giacinto. "On the contrary, I respect your wish, and I only regret that I have not the means of doing more honor to your friend. You must attend to that. Be kind enough to wait here while the priest blesses the body."

The priest and the boy with the holy water passed in, and the gate closed upon the crowd. While they had been talking, the carpenter and his wife had entered the court. Basili's man led them to the door of the church and opened it. The woman marched in with her swinging stride, and one hand on her hips, while the other steadied the coffin.

"Where is he?" she asked in a loud, good natured voice, for the church seemed very dark after the morning light outside.

She was answered by a low cry from the steps of the side altar, where the unhappy girl lay half across her lover's body, looking round towards the door, in a new horror.

The woman uttered an exclamation of surprise, and then slowly swung her burden round so that she could see her husband.

"Help me, Ciccio," she said, in a matter of fact way. "They are always inconvenient things."

The man held up his hands and took the foot, while his wife raised her hands also and shifted the weight towards him little by little, until she got hold of the head. The loose lid rattled as they set the thing down on the floor. Then the woman took from her head the rolled towel on which she had carried the weight, undid it, wiped her brow with it, and looked at the girl in some perplexity.

"It is the apothecary's Concetta," she said, suddenly recognizing the white features in the gloom. "Oh, poor child!" Poor child!" she cried, going forward quickly, while her husband took the lid from the coffin and began to fumble in his leathern bag for his nails.

As the woman approached the step, Concetta threw her arms wildly over her head, stiffened her limbs straight out, and rolled over and over upon the damp pavement, in one of those strange fainting fits which sometimes seize women in moments of intense grief. The carpenter's wife tried to lift her, and to bend her arms, so as to get hold of her; but the girl was as rigid as though she were in a cataleptic trance.

"Poor child! Poor Concetta!" exclaimed the carpenter's wife softly.

Then, bending her broad back, she raised the girl up by main strength, getting first one arm and then the other, till she got her weight up and could carry her. Her crooked little husband paid no attention to her. Women were women's business at such times. The big woman got the girl out into the morning sunshine in the court, meeting the eccentric undertaker and the priest, who were talking together outside. San Giacinto came forward instantly, followed by Orsino, who had been wandering about the rampart over the river when the crowd had come. San Giacinto took the unconscious girl's body from the woman with ease.

"Come," he said, carrying her before him on his arms. "Get some water."

He entered the room where the men had slept on some straw and laid Concetta down, her arms still stiffened above her head. One of the troopers brought water in a pannikin. San Giacinto dashed the cold drops upon the white face, and the features quivered nervously.

"Take care of her," he said to the woman. "Who is she?"

"She is Concetta, the daughter of Don Atanasio, the apothecary. She was to marry Don Ferdinando next week. But now that they have killed him, she will marry some one else."

"Poor girl!" exclaimed San Giacinto compassionately, and he turned and went out.

Orsino was standing by the door, look

ing in, and he had heard what the woman had said. It confirmed what he had guessed from the girl's own words. He wondered how it was possible that the action of one second could really cause such terrible trouble in the world.

From the open door of the church came the sound of the regular blows of a hammer. The work had been quickly done, and the carpenter was nailing down the lid of the coffin. The priest, who had stayed in the early sunshine for warmth, hung a shabby little stole round his neck, and took the holy water basin and the little broom from the boy, and entered the church to bless the body before it was taken away.

As it was not advisable to let in the crowd, the six soldiers lifted the coffin and bore it out of the gate. Then the peasants laid it on a bier which had been brought after them and covered it with a rusty black pall. The priest walked before it, and began to recite the psalms for the dead. The women covered their heads, and some of the men uncovered theirs, and a few joined in the priest's monotonous recitations. A quarter of an hour later, San Giacinto, watching from the gate, saw the last of the people disappear up the drive. But the carpenter's wife had stayed with Concetta.

"Decidedly it is a bad business," said the old giant to himself, as he turned and went inside.

XIII.

THE taking possession of Camaldoli had turned out much more difficult and dangerous than even San Giacinto had anticipated, for the catastrophe of Ferdinando Pagliuca's death had at once aroused the anger and revengeful resentment of the whole neighborhood. He made up his mind that it would be necessary for himself or Orsino to return to Rome at once, both in order to see the minister of the interior, with a view to obtaining special protection from the government, and to see the Pagliuca family, in the hope of pacifying them.

The latter mission would not be an easy nor an agreeable one, and San Giacinto would gladly have undertaken it himself. On the other hand, he did not trust Orsino's wisdom in managing matters in Sicily. The young man was courageous and determined, but he had not the knowledge of the southern character which was indispensable. Moreover, he was not the real owner of the lands, and would not feel that he had the authority to act independently in all cases. It was, therefore, decided that Orsino should go back to Rome at once, while San Giacinto remained at Camaldoli to get matters into a better shape.

It was a dreary journey for Orsino. He telegraphed that he was coming, found that there no steamer from Messina, crossed to Reggio, and traveled all night and all the next day by the railway, reaching Rome at night, jaded and worn.

He found, as he had expected, that all Rome was talking of his adventure with the brigands, and of the death of Ferdinando Pagliuca, and of the probable consequences. But he learned to his surprise how Tebaldo had been heard to say at the club on the previous afternoon that Ferdinando was no relation of his, and that it was a mere coincidence of names.

"Nevertheless," said Sant' Ilario, "we all believe that you have killed his brother. Tebaldo Pagliuca has no mind to have it said that his brother was a brigand and died like a dog. He says he is not in Sicily, but left some time ago. As no one in Rome ever saw him, most people will accept the statement for the girl's sake, if not for the rest of the family."

Orsino looked down thoughtfully while his father was speaking. He understood at once that the story being passably discreditable to the d'Oriani, he had better seem to fall in with their view of the case, by holding his peace when he could. His father and mother, as well as the old prince, insisted upon hearing a detailed account of the affair in the woods, however, and he was obliged to tell them all that had happened, though he said nothing about the fancied resemblance of Ferdinando to Vittoria, and as little as possible about the way in which the people had carried off the man's body with a public demonstration of sorrow. After all, no one had told him that Ferdinando was the brother of Tebaldo. He had taken it for granted, and it was barely

possible that he might have been mistaken.

"There may be others of the name," he said, as he concluded his story.

His mother looked at him keenly. Half an hour later he was alone with her in her own sitting room.

"Why did you say that there might be others of the name?" she asked gravely. "Why did you wish to imply that the unfortunate man may not have been the brother of Don Tebaldo and Donna Vittoria?"

Orsino was silent for a moment. There was reproach in Corona's tone, for she herself had not the slightest doubt in the matter. He came and stood before her, for he was a truthful man.

"It seemed to me," he said, "that I might let him have the benefit of any doubt there may be, though I have none myself. The story will be a terrible injury to the family."

"You are certainly not called upon to tell it to every one," said Corona. "I only wished to know what you really thought."

"I am sorry to say that I feel sure of the man's identity, mother. And I want you to help me," he added suddenly. "I wish to see Donna Vittoria alone. You can manage it."

Corona did not answer at once, but looked long and earnestly at her eldest son.

"What is it, mother?" he asked, at last.

"It is a very terrible thing," she answered slowly. "You love the girl, you wish to marry her, and you have killed her brother. Is not that the truth?"

"Yes, that is the truth," said Orsino. "Help me to see her. No one else can."

"Does any one know? Did you speak about it to her mother, or her brothers, before you left? Does Ippolito know?"

"No one knows. Will you help me, mother?"

"I will do my best," said Corona thoughtfully. "Not that I wish you to marry into that family," she added. "They have a bad name."

"But she is not like them. It is not her fault."

"No, it is not her fault, and she has not their faults. But for her brothers—well, we need not talk of that. For the sake of what there has been between you two, already, you have a sort of right to see Vittoria."

"I must see her."

"I went there yesterday, after we read the news in the papers," said Corona. "Her mother was ill. Later your father came in and said he had seen Don Tebaldo at the club. You heard what he said. They mean to deny the relationship. In fact, they have done so. I can therefore propose to take Vittoria to drive tomorrow afternoon, and I can bring her here to tea, in my own sitting room. Then you may come here and see her, and I will leave you alone for a little while. Yes—you have a right to see her and to defend yourself to her, and explain to her how you killed that poor man, not knowing who he was."

"Thank you—you are very good to me. Mother"—he hesitated a moment—"if my father had killed your brother by accident, would you have married him?"

He fixed his eyes on Corona's. She was silent for a moment.

"Yes," she answered presently. "The love of an honest woman for an honest man can go farther than that."

She turned her beautiful face from Orsino as she spoke, and her splendid eyes grew dreamy and soft, as she leaned back in her chair beside her writing table. He watched her, and a wave of hope rose slowly to his heart. But all women were not like his mother.

Early on the following morning she wrote a note to Vittoria. The answer came back after a long time, and the man sent up word that he had been kept waiting three quarters of an hour for it. It was written in a tremulous hand, and badly worded, but it said that Vittoria would be ready at the appointed time. Her mother, she added, was ill, but wished her to accept the princess' invitation.

Vittoria had grown thin and pale, and there was a sort of haunted look in her young eyes as she sat beside Corona in the big carriage. Corona herself hesitated as to what she should say, for the girl was evidently in a condition to faint, or break down with tears, at any sudden shock. Yet it was necessary to tell her

that Orsino was waiting for her, and it might be necessary also to use some persuasion in inducing her to meet him.

"My dear," said Corona, after a little while, "I want you to come home with me when we have had a little drive. Do you mind? We will have tea together in my little room."

"Yes—of course—I should like it very much," answered Vittoria.

"We shall not be quite alone," Corona continued. "I hope you will not mind."

Corona Saracinesca had many good qualities, but she was not remarkably clever, and when she wished to be tactful she often found herself in conflict with the singular directness of her own character. At the same time, she feared to let the girl at her side see how much she knew. Vittoria looked so pale and nervous that she might faint. Corona had never fainted. The girl naturally supposed that Orsino was still in Sicily.

They were near the Porta Salaria, and there was a long stretch of lonely road between high walls, just beyond it. Corona waited till they had passed the gate.

"My dear," she began again, taking Vittoria's hand kindly, "do not be surprised at what I am going to tell you. My son Orsino——"

Vittoria started, and her hand shook in her companion's hold.

"Yes—my son Orsino has come back unexpectedly and wishes very much to see you."

Vittoria leaned back suddenly and closed her eyes. Corona thought that the fainting fit had certainly come, and tried to put her arm round the slight young figure. But as she looked into Vittoria's face, she saw that the soft color was suddenly blushing in her cheeks. In a moment her eyes opened again, and there was light in them for a moment.

"I did not know how you would take it," said Corona simply, "but I see that you are glad."

"For him—that he is safe," answered the young girl, in a low voice. "But——"

She stopped, and gradually the color sank away from her face again, and her eyes grew heavy once more. The trouble was greater than the gladness.

"Will you see him, in my own room?" asked the elder woman, after a pause.

"Oh, yes—yes! Indeed I will—I must see him. How kind you are!"

Corona leaned forward and spoke to the footman, and the carriage turned back towards the city. She knew well enough how desperately hard it would be for Vittoria to wait for the meeting. She knew also, not by instinct of tact, but by a woman's inborn charity, that it would be kind of her to speak of other things, now that she had said what was necessary, and not to force upon Vittoria the fact that Orsino had revealed his secret, still less to ask her any questions about her true relationship to Ferdinando Pagliuca, which might put her in the awkward position of contradicting Tebaldo's public statement. But as they swept down the crowded streets, amongst the many carriages, Vittoria looked round into Corona's face almost shyly, for she was very grateful.

"How good you are to me!" she exclaimed softly. "I shall not forget it."

Corona smiled, but said nothing, and ten minutes later the carriage thundered under the archway of the gate. Corona took Vittoria through the state apartments, where they were sure of meeting no one at that time, and into her bed room by a door she seldom used. Then she pointed to another at the other side.

"That is the way to my sitting room, my dear," she said. "Orsino is there alone."

With a sudden impulse, she kissed her on both cheeks and pushed her towards the door.

XIV.

Orsino heard the door of his mother's bed room open, and rose to his feet, expecting to see Corona. He started as Vittoria entered, and touched the writing table with his hand as though he were unsteady. The young girl came forward towards him quickly, and the color rose visibly in her face while she crossed the little room. Orsino was white, and did not hold out his hand, not knowing what to expect, for it was the hand that had killed her brother but two days ago.

Vittoria had not thought of what she should do or say, for it had been impossible to think. But as she came near,

both her hands went out instinctively, to touch him. Almost instinctively, too, he drew back from her touch a little. But she did not see the movement, and her eyes sought his, as she laid her fingers lightly upon his shoulders and looked up to him. Then the sadness in his face, that had been almost like fear of her, relaxed toward a change, and his eyes opened wide in a sort of hesitating surprise. Two words, low and earnest, trembled upon Vittoria's lips.

"Thank God!"

In an instant he knew that she loved him in spite of all. Yet, arguing against his senses that it was impossible, he would not take her at her word. He took both her hands from his shoulders and held them, so that they crossed.

"Was he really your brother?" he asked slowly.

"Yes," she answered faintly, and looked down.

Perhaps it seemed to her that she should be ashamed of forgiving, before he had said one word of defense or uttered one expression of sorrow for what he had done. But she loved him, and since she had been a little child she had not seen her brother Ferdinando half a dozen times. It was true that when she had seen him she had been drawn to him, as she was not drawn to the two that were left, for he had not been like the others. She knew that she would have trusted Ferdinando if she had known him better.

Orsino began his defense.

"We were fired upon several times," he said. Her hands started in his, as she thought of his danger. "I saw a man's coat moving in the brush," he continued, "and I aimed at it. I never saw the man's face till we found him lying dead. It was not an accident, for bullets cut the trees overhead and struck the carriage." Again her hands quivered. "It was a fight, and I meant to kill the man. But I could not see his face."

She did not speak for a moment. Then, for the first time, she shrank a little, and withdrew her hands from his.

"I know—yes—it is terrible," she said in broken tones; and she glanced at him, and looked down again. "Do not speak of it," she added suddenly, and she was surprised at her own words.

It was the woman's impulse to dissociate the man she loved from the deed, for which she could not but feel horror. She would have given the world to sit down beside him and talk of other things. But he wished the situation to be cleared forever, as any courageous man would.

"I must speak of it," he answered. "Perhaps we shall never have the chance again——"

"Never? What do you mean?" she asked quickly. "Why not?"

"You may forgive me," he answered earnestly. "You know that I would have let him shoot me ten times over rather than hurt you——"

"Orsino——" She touched his arm nervously, trying to stop him.

"Yes—I wish I were in his grave today! You may forgive, but you cannot forget—how can you?"

"How? If—if you still love me, I can forget——"

Orsino's eyes were suddenly moist. It seemed as though something broke, and let in the light.

"I shall always love you," he said simply; as men sometimes do when they are very much in earnest.

"And I——"

She did not finish the sentence in words, but her hand and face said the rest.

"Sit down," she said, after a little silence.

They went to a little sofa and sat down together, opposite the window.

"Do you think that anything you could do could make me not love you?" she asked, looking into his face. "Are you surprised? Did you think that I should turn upon you and accuse you of my brother's death, and say that I hated you? You should not have judged me so—it was unkind!"

"It has all been so horrible that I did not know what to expect," he said. "I have not been able to think sensibly until now. And even now—no, I have not judged you, as you call it, dear. But I expected that you would judge me, as God knows you have the right."

"Why should I judge you?" asked Vittoria softly and lovingly. "If you had lain in wait for him and killed him treacherously, as he meant to kill you, it would have been different. If he had

killed you, as he was there to kill you—as he might have killed you if you had not been first—I—well, I am only a girl, but even these little hands would have had some strength! But as it is, God willed it. Whom shall I judge? God? That would be wrong. God protected you, and my brother died in his treachery. Do you think that if I had been there, and had been a man, and the guns firing, and the bullets flying, I should not have done as you did, and shot my own brother? It would have been much more horrible even than it is, but of course I should have done it. Then why are you in such distress? Why did you think that I should not love you any more?"

"I did not dare to think it," answered Orsino.

"You see, as I said, God willed it—not you. You were but the instrument, unconscious and innocent. It is only a little child that will strike the senseless thing that hurts it."

"You are eloquent, darling. You will make me think as you do."

"I wish you would, indeed I wish you would! I am sorry, I am grieved, I shall mourn poor Ferdinando, though I scarcely knew him. But you—I shall love you always, and for me, as I see it, you were no more the willing cause of his death than the senseless gun you held in your hand. Do you believe me?"

She took his hand again, as though to feel that he understood. And understanding, he drew her close to him and kissed her eyes, as he had done that first time, out on the bridge over the street.

"You have my life," he said tenderly. "I give you my life and soul, dear."

She put up her face suddenly, and kissed his cheek, and instantly the color filled her own, and she shrank back, and spoke in a different tone.

"We will put away that dreadful thing," she said, drawing a little towards her own end of the sofa. "We will never speak of it again, for you understand."

"But your mother, your brothers," answered Orsino. "What of them? I hear that they do not acknowledge——" he stopped, puzzled as to how he should speak.

"My mother is ill with grief, for Ferdinando was her favorite. But Tebaldo and Francesco have determined that they will act as if he were no relation of ours. They say that it would ruin us all to have it said that our brother had been with the brigands. That is true, is it not?"

"It would be a great injury to you," answered Orsino.

"Yes. That is what they say. And Tebaldo will not let us wear mourning, for fear that people would not believe what he says. This morning when the princess' note came, Tebaldo insisted that I should accept, but my mother said that I should not come to the house. They had a long discussion, and she submitted at last. What can she do? He rules everybody—and he is bad, bad in his heart, bad in his soul! Francesco is only weak, but Tebaldo is bad. Beware of him, for though he says that Ferdinando was not his brother, he will not forgive you. But you will not go back to Sicily?"

"Yes, I must go. I cannot leave San Giacinto alone, since I have created so much trouble."

"Since poor Ferdinando is dead, you will be safer—I mean——" she hesitated. "Orsino!" she suddenly exclaimed, "I knew that that he would try to kill you—that is why I wanted to keep you here. I did not dare tell you—but I begged so hard—I thought that for my sake, perhaps, you would not go. Tebaldo would kill me if he knew that I were telling you the truth now. He knew that Ferdinando had friends among the outlaws, and that he sometimes lived with them for weeks. And Ferdinando wrote to Tebaldo, and warned him that although he had signed the deed, no one should ever enter the gate of Camaldoli while he was alive. And no one did, for he died. But the Romans would think that he was a common brigand; and I suppose that Tebaldo is right, for it would injure us very much. But between you and me there must be nothing but the truth, so I have told you all. And now beware of Tebaldo; for, in spite of what he says, he will some day try to avenge his brother."

"I understand it all much better now," said Orsino thoughtfully. "I am glad you have told me. But the question is, whether your mother and your brothers will ever consent to our marriage, Vittoria. That is what I want to know."

"My mother—never! Tebaldo might, for interest. He is very scheming. But my mother will never consent. She will never even see you again, if she can help it."

"What are we to do?" asked Orsino, speaking rather to himself than to Vittoria.

"I do not know," she answered, in a tone of perplexity. "We must wait, I suppose. Perhaps she will change, and see it all differently. We can afford to wait—we are young. We love each other, and we can meet. Is it so hard to wait a while before being married?"

"Yes," said Orsino. "It is hard to wait for you."

"I will do anything you like," answered Vittoria. "Only wait a little while, and see whether my mother does not change. Only a little while!"

"We must, I suppose," said Orsino reluctantly. "But I do not see why your mother should not always think of me as she does today. I can do nothing to improve matters."

"Let us be satisfied with today," replied Vittoria, rather anxiously, and as if to break off the conversation. "I was miserably unhappy this evening, and I thought you were in Sicily; and instead, we have met. It is enough for one day—it is a thousand times more than I had hoped."

The handle of Corona's door turned very audibly just then, and a moment later the princess entered the room. Without seeming to scrutinize the faces of the two, she understood at a glance that Vittoria had accepted the tragic situation, as she herself would have done; and that if there had been any discussion, it was over.

Vittoria colored a little, when she met Corona's eyes, realizing how the older woman had, as it were, arranged a lovers' meeting for her. But Corona herself did not know whether to be glad or sorry for what had happened.

Nor was it easy for any one to foresee the consequences of the present situation. It was only too clear that the young people loved each other with all their hearts; and Corona herself was very fond of Vittoria, and believed her to be quite unlike her family. Yet at best she was an exception in a race that had a bad name; and Corona knew how her husband and his father would oppose the marriage, even though she herself should consent to it. She guessed, too, that Vittoria's mother would refuse to hear of it. Altogether Orsino had fallen in love very unfortunately, and Corona could see no possible happy termination to the affair.

Therefore, against her own nature and her affection for her son, she was conscious of a certain disappointment when she saw that the love between the two was undiminished, even by the terrible catastrophe of Ferdinando's death. It would have been so much simpler if Vittoria had bidden good by forever to the man who had killed her brother.

(*To be continued.*) at page 501

IN A CATHEDRAL.

HALF blinded by the sunset's sanguine fire,
I seek a vast, dim church, where straggling shine
Of silver lamps about the Virgin's shrine
Accentuates the darkness, and the choir
Voices in wingèd chant life's vain desire.
Here oft I come, and in a shadowy line
Troop pilgrims, priests, with thousand eyes on mine.
Today I see nor palmer, prince, nor friar,
For, as I enter'd, one was there who press'd
These tawny jonquils in my hand—and all
The world is but a background where is set
That face I cross'd two oceans to forget;
That face, star pale 'twixt golden coronal
And gold narcissus swooning on her breast.

Bessie Gray.

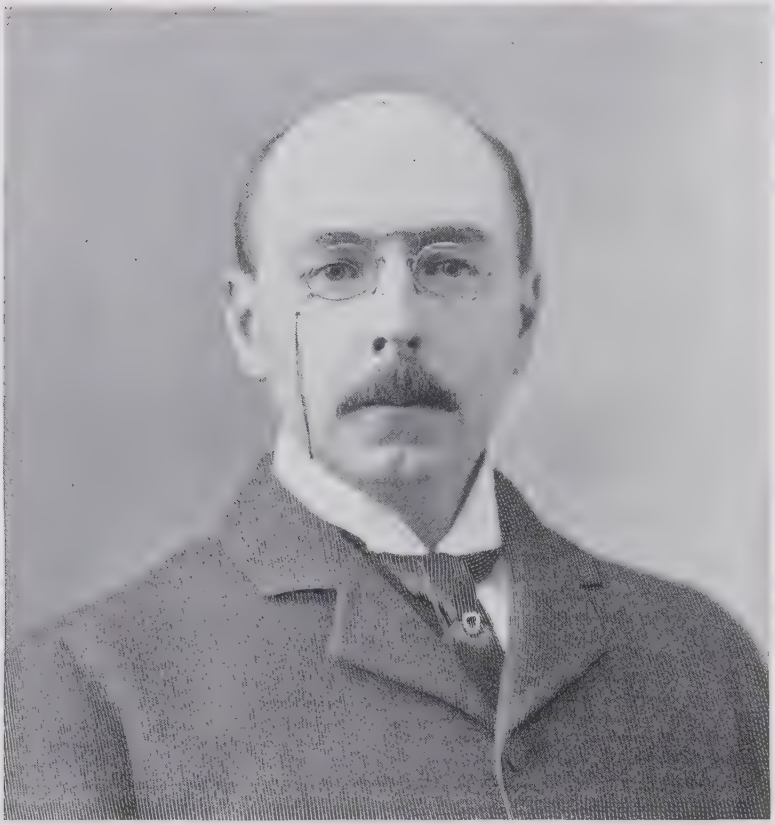
IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE SCANDINAVIAN MONARCH.

His majesty King Oscar II of Sweden and Norway is one of the most interesting rulers of Europe, apart from the attention recently attracted to him in this country by the proposal to put into his hands the selection of a possible arbitrator of disputes between the United States and Great Britain.

King Oscar entered the Swedish navy as a midshipman at the age of eleven, and rose, through all the grades, to be a commander. He has read and traveled a great deal, and is a scholar and a poet of real merit. It is said that he accepted the crown, upon the death of his brother, about twenty five years ago, with reluctance. King Oscar is an athlete in build and life. He is more than six feet tall and is well proportioned, looking every inch a king. He is very democratic in his tastes. It is said that were he an American, he would be voted a "jolly good fellow," and he has frequently shown

OSCAR, KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.
From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.



CHARLES F. SPRAGUE, CONGRESSMAN FROM MASSACHUSETTS.
From a photograph by the Notman Photographic Company, Boston.

a truly royal courtesy to transatlantic travelers who have visited Stockholm.

A MILLIONAIRE CONGRESSMAN.

The richest member of the new Congress is probably Charles F. Sprague, of the eleventh Massachusetts district. Mr. Sprague belongs to one of the old New England families, and is a grandson of Peleg Sprague, United States Senator from Maine and afterwards a district judge in Massachusetts. His other grandfather was William Lawrence, brother of the Abbott Lawrence who served as American minister in London during Taylor's administration. Most of his wealth came from his marriage to Miss Pratt, of Brookline, who was one of the greatest heiresses in the country when she married Mr. Sprague six years ago.

Mr. Sprague proved himself a true Bostonian by graduating at Harvard. Not long afterward, he entered public life by serving in the common council of the New England city, whence he passed successively to the State Assembly, to the State Senate, and to Congress—this last success being won by the largest majority scored by any Massachusetts member. At Washington he has leased the house which Levi P. Morton occupied as Vice President. It is one of the finest in the capital, and its tenants are likely to make their mark socially. Time will show whether further political promotion awaits Mr. Sprague, or whether he will suffer the disappointment that seems to attend nearly all the very rich men who essay a public career.

INDIANA'S NEW SENATOR.

Charles W. Fairbanks, who has just succeeded Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana, in the United States Senate, will, in the judgment of his friends, take a high place as a member of that body. Mr. Voor-

hees, familiarly known as the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," has been a conspicuous figure in Washington for more than thirty years. Under ordinary circumstances his successor would have difficulty in maintaining Mr. Voorhees' place in the public estimation. Mr. Fairbanks, however, might equally well lay claim to his predecessor's euphonious sobriquet, for he measures shoulders as well as intellect with Mr. Voorhees. He was born on a farm in Ohio, taught school, and worked his way through college. While studying law he learned telegraphy, and acted as agent of the Associated Press near Pittsburgh. When he was admitted to the bar, he soon made his mark and took a high rank in his profession. He is now said to be worth several millions.

"I believe that the happiest days of my life," said Senator Fairbanks recently, "were those when I was struggling along, trying to make both ends meet, and scarcely knowing whether I should succeed in doing it or not. I like to look back on those days now. Did I work hard? Yes; but the man who is not willing to work does not deserve to succeed in anything."

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM INDIANA.
From a photograph by Marceau & Bassett, Indianapolis.

In national politics Mr. Fairbanks is one of the comparatively new figures, his first prominent appearance in that arena being at the St. Louis convention of last

JOHN D. LONG.

From his latest photograph—Copyrighted, 1897, by William Taylor, Hingham.

year, where he was selected as temporary chairman.

A SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

John D. Long of Massachusetts, who at the time of writing this is understood to have accepted the navy portfolio in Major McKinley's cabinet, may be characterized as the most scholarly man among the President's advisers. He is an accomplished linguist, a polished speaker, and a very ready and graceful debater. It is said of Mr. Long that had he been educated in the field of diplomacy, he would have taken the very highest rank. He served several terms in Congress, and it was while in that body that he made Mr. McKinley's acquaintance. On leaving Congressional life, he served three terms as Governor of Massachusetts. Some years ago Mr. Long announced his intention of retiring from politics and devoting a few years to making money. It is understood that this purpose has been successfully carried through, and that he goes into the cabinet a rich man, as the result of a Boston law practice that is said to have given him an income of something like fifty thousand dollars a year.

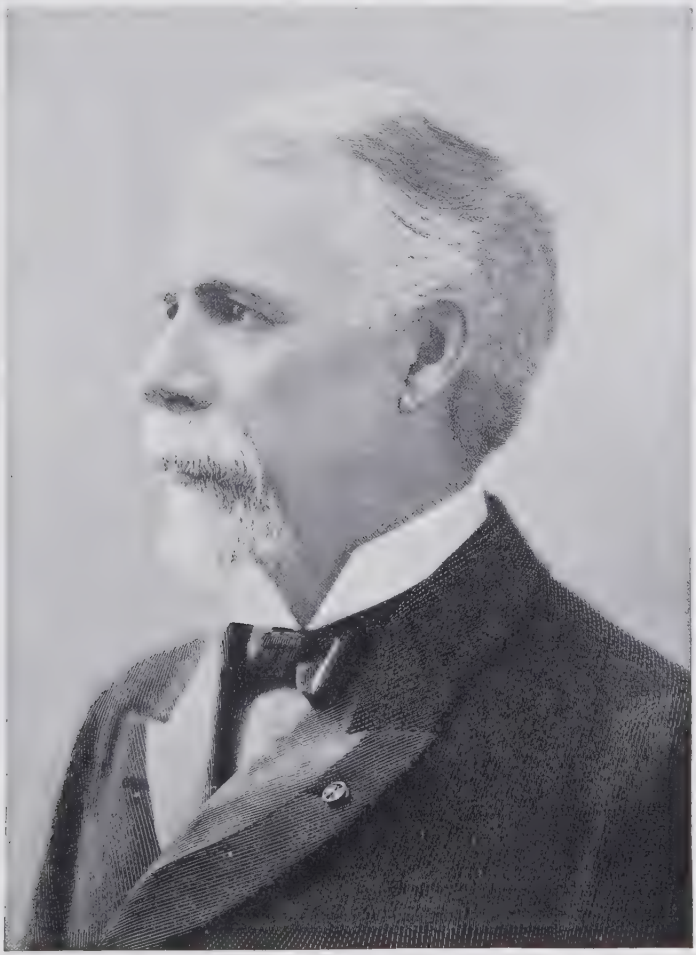
THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.

General Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, Mr. McKinley's secretary of war, is an example of Western development of sturdy New England stock. Born in Ohio, and reared on a farm in Michigan, he had few early advantages, and so poor were his parents that when Alger was a lad in his teens he often worked for the neighbors for sixpence a day, or even for a few cupfuls of flour. And yet he managed to save enough money to enable him to spend several terms at the Richfield Academy, besides rendering assistance to a brother and sister.

At nineteen young Alger entered a law

office at Akron, Ohio, and two years later, though in poor health, he was admitted to the bar. At the outbreak of the civil war, though he had but just married Miss Annette H. Henry, he tendered his services to the government, and in August, 1861, he was made a captain in the Second Michigan Cavalry. Philip H. Sheridan was a captain in the same regiment, and the relations between Alger and Sheridan were of the closest throughout the war. Alger served under Sheridan, Kilpatrick, and Custer. In 1864 he was brevetted brigadier general of volunteers for his bravery at Treville Station, and one year later he received the brevet rank of major general for "gallant and meritorious service during the war."

When peace was declared General Alger returned to Michigan, where, in the lumber and railroad business, he amassed a considerable fortune. It was not until 1884, when he was elected to the governorship, that he became actively interested in politics. He declined a renomination, but in 1888 he was conspicuous as a Presidential possibility, receiving more than a hundred votes in the Republican convention that nominated General Harrison. Secretary Sherman, who was also a candidate, conceived the idea that Alger or his friends had used improper methods in



GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER.
From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

JOHN H. HOLMES.
From the painting by F. Harvey Young.

securing the support of delegates from the South who had been instructed to vote for the Ohio Senator. In a book of personal memoirs published a few years ago, Mr. Sherman referred to this circumstance with some apparent bitterness. It is said, however, that the differences between these two statesmen have been amicably arranged, Sherman acknowledging that he had done Alger an injustice.

General Alger is personally very popular wherever he is known. He has been commander in chief of the Grand Army, is a member of the Loyal Legion, and is a warm friend of the old soldier. The new secretary of war has a very interesting family of two daughters and one son, and his home in Washington will doubtless be one of the social centers of the capital during the next four years.

THE EDITOR OF A GREAT DAILY.

John H. Holmes, the editor of the Boston *Herald*, has been called the Horace Greeley of New England journalism. For more than twenty five years Mr. Holmes has controlled the destinies and shaped the policies of his paper, and, since the death of Samuel Bowles, of Springfield, he has unquestionably stood at the head of his profession in his State.

When Mr. Holmes took editorial charge of the *Herald* it was a sheet of small influence and limited circulation, but under

his management it has become one of the great newspaper properties of the country. With the majority of successful editors, Mr. Holmes started at the foot of the ladder, working his way up from the composing room to the editorial chair. Although a veteran journalist, he is apparently just in the prime of his manhood. Elsewhere in this magazine Mr. Holmes contributes an interesting paper on the old and new journalism, in which he opens a discussion likely to attract general attention.

FRANK THOMSON, PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

THE PENNSYLVANIA'S NEW PRESIDENT.

The president of a great railroad corporation is not selected by accident. He must be a man of ripe experience, exceptional capacity, and thorough knowledge of his business. Such a man is Frank Thomson, the new head of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mr. Thomson's post is one of great traditions in the railroad world. In thirty years the Pennsylvania had but two presidents, and those two were among the famous names of our railway history—Thomas A. Scott and George B. Roberts. Both of these men may be said to have grown up in the company's service, and to have devoted their lives to developing it into the great system it is today. Their successor has served an equally long and thorough apprenticeship, and knows from practical experience every detail of the vast business now under his control. He began his career in the car shops at Altoona, and has worked his way up. During the civil war, when Colonel Scott was superintending the transportation of troops and supplies, Mr. Thomson proved so valuable as his chief's assistant that his subsequent rise was rapid. As general manager of the company's lines east of Pittsburgh, he was identified with the introduction of the block signal system, and with the perfecting of the Pennsyl-

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.
From a photograph by Cox, New York.

vania's track and roadbed. His success is a signal testimony to the value of the rule that governs all promotions in the company's service, where merit is the sole test of eligibility—a plan adopted long before "civil service reform" became an issue in politics.

Mr. Thomson is a man of fifty five, a widower with two children—a son at Harvard, and a daughter who is well known in Philadelphia society. Outdoor sports—usually fishing or hunting—are his amusements. He is a patron of art, literature, and music, and his home at Corkerhill shows evidences of taste and culture.

A LEADER OF AMERICAN FICTION.

If a dozen people were asked to name the best known living American author, ten would probably select William Dean

Howells. While such a declaration does not of necessity make Mr. Howells pre-eminent, it declares his prominence. He undoubtedly stands at the head of the school of realistic writers in this country.

Mr. Howells was born in Ohio, the starting place of so many distinguished men. He began his literary career by setting type on a small country newspaper. In those days he believed himself a poet; but while he has produced some very creditable verses, his reputation was made, and will be sustained, as a writer of prose. Novelists, as a rule, do not care to discuss the work of their colleagues, but in an article printed elsewhere in this magazine Mr. Howells writes of his literary favorites with great frankness.

ABOUT PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Mrs. Mark A. Hanna will be one of the social leaders at the national capital during the next four years. Mrs. Hanna has never had any previous Washington experience, and until last year her personal acquaintance with politicians was very limited. She is, however, a woman who is destined to win a reputation in official society comparable to the fame her husband has gained in the political arena.

Mrs. Hanna comes of a literary family. Her brother, whose name is Rose, lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. A few years ago he was employed in Mr. Hanna's private office in Cleveland, but he did not display any particular talent for a business career, and resigned his position, to undertake the writing of a "Constitutional History of the United States." The first volume of his work was published about a year ago, and it has been very favorably received by the critics. His sister, Mrs. Hanna, has written short stories, which have been read with approval by her friends. No doubt it would not be a difficult matter for her to find a publisher for her work, if she so desired.

* * * *

Judge Nathan Goff of West Virginia, who is understood to have had the refusal of a place in the McKinley cabinet, has had a remarkable career. Judge Goff was one of the youngest brigadier generals in the Union army during the war, reaching that rank before he was twenty four. He went through one especially trying experience, when for several months he was held at Richmond as a prisoner of war, and practically under sentence of death. A Confederate officer who had been captured in Baltimore—a young man named Kenna, afterwards a United States Senator from West Virginia—had been convicted as a spy, and sentenced to be hanged. When the news of Kenna's fate reached Richmond, General Lee, in retaliation, issued an order that a Federal prisoner of the same rank should be executed on the same day and in the same manner. The officers confined at Richmond were permitted to draw lots, and Goff was selected as the victim. He had acquaintances in the Confederate capital, who sent word of his plight to President Lincoln, and the execution of Kenna was postponed; but for more than six weeks Goff did not know, from day to day, whether he had twenty four hours to live. Through the influence of friends on both sides of the line, however, the two officers were finally exchanged, each returning to his respective command; and after the war they became personally good friends. Senator Kenna was a brilliant man, and his untimely death, a few years ago, was deeply regretted on all sides, irrespective of politics.

It is said that Judge Goff hopes to go to the Senate some day, and declined to enter the cabinet for that reason. He has already held a cabinet post, having served as secretary of the navy during the closing months of Hayes' administration.

* * * *

James Wilson, of Iowa, the new secretary of agriculture, was a member of the Forty Ninth Congress. His seat was contested, but the House elections committee did not report on his case until the closing days of the session. The report was against Wilson, and, if adopted, would seat his opponent. The Republicans had resorted to filibustering tactics to prevent any action on the case. There was every indication that they would be successful, as the session expired at noon on the 4th of March. The hands of the clock pointed to fifteen minutes to twelve. The Democrats were exasperated at not being able to get their man in, and the Republicans were increasing their bad temper by chaffing.

Sam Randall, of Pennsylvania, arose in his place and asked consent to take up and pass the bill placing General Grant on the retired list with the rank of general. It could only be considered by unanimous consent, as the election case had the right of way. Every one realized that the famous commander was on his death bed, and that if the bill retiring him was not passed then, it would be too late to be of any service. There was a hush in the proceedings. Then the voice of the chairman of the elections committee was heard saying: "Mr. Speaker, I object." There were cries of "Shame!" and "Withdraw it!" from all over the House, but the objector remained firm. Mr. Wilson obtained

the floor, and declared that if the objection to the Grant bill were withdrawn he would request his Republican friends to permit a vote on his case. The proposal was accepted, and inside of five minutes the Grant bill became a law and Mr. Wilson was unseated. A ringing cheer went up from both sides, and Mr. Wilson was congratulated on his generosity.

* * * *

When Senator Elkins became secretary of war in President Harrison's cabinet, General Schofield was the "major general commanding the army." There is always more or less friction between the secretary of war, the representative of the civil power, and the senior officer of the army, who represents the military department. "There were personal reasons," Mr. Elkins said recently, in discussing some of the incidents of his career, "why I might have hesitated to call General Schofield to account for any invasion of my official prerogatives. When the civil war opened, I was a boy, and a very green country boy, in Missouri. My father and two of my brothers sympathized with the Confederates, but I decided to join the Union army, and enlisted in a local company. I had not been in the service very long when General Schofield, who was then a major general of volunteers, came out to our neighborhood on a tour of inspection. It was the first time that I, or any of my regiment, for that matter, had seen a major general. Schofield made his headquarters in a house on the outskirts of the town, and I remember what curiosity there was among the members of my company to get a glimpse of the distinguished man. Officers and privates struggled with each other for the privilege. I climbed up on the shoulders of my captain, and peeped through a window at the general, who made a very deep impression upon me. Even after I became secretary of war, I found myself standing in awe of Schofield. I made up my mind, however, that it would not do to disclose my feelings, or to permit any army officer to ride over the civil head of the department.

"Upon my arrival in Washington, General Schofield was among my first callers. I recalled the Missouri incident to him—of course he had forgotten it—and said, 'General, I shall never outlive the awe which you inspired in me on that occasion; but at the same time, as secretary of war, I am now your superior. I do not intend to interfere with you in strictly military matters; but where any question may arise, I hope that you will not forget that the secretary of war, next to the President, is the head of the army.' General Schofield and myself never had any friction; but unless the secretary of war is very careful, his department may be seriously embarrassed by conflicts between his authority and that of the commanding general."

* * * *

Thomas C. Platt, who has returned to the Senate in triumph after an absence of sixteen years, will doubtless be more or less in evidence during the McKinley administration. Mr. Platt has several peculiarities. One of them is never to destroy a letter or scrap of writing that may be sent to him. For ten years or more his mail has averaged from one hundred to two hundred letters and telegrams a day, but each one has been preserved and filed away for future reference.

Perhaps some of the Senator's correspondents would write to him less freely if they knew that their letters would not be destroyed. One of his friends asked him if he preserved his documentary collection with a view to writing a book of memoirs later on in life. "I hope not," was the emphatic reply. "When I arrive at the reminiscent stage, and feel tempted to write a book, I shall go to bed with a bottle of laudanum and not wake up; and yet," he added pensively, "I dare say that I could write some things that might interest a large number of people."

* * * *

Senator James T. Morgan, of Alabama, is one of the veterans of the United States Senate, in which he is now serving his fourth term. The late Justice Woods of the Supreme Court once said that Mr. Morgan was as clever a lawyer as any in the upper house of Congress, though at the time that body contained such men as Thurman, Edmunds, Matt Carpenter, and Roscoe Conkling. A good many stories of Senator Morgan's legal battles are told in the cloak rooms. Here is one which he tells himself, with every indication of satisfaction:

Twenty years or more ago Morgan was retained by three sisters. Their mother had died, and no will could be found, although it was believed that she had made one. In fact, the three sisters claimed to have seen their mother draw up her last testament. The women were placed on the stand, but their testimony was conflicting, and they did not agree on some of the main points. The opposing counsel, Judge Boyles, was quick to take advantage of this important fact. In summing up, he said dramatically, "We fortunately put these ladies on the stand, and no two of them agreed as to how that will was written. They had it on all sorts of paper, and written with all kinds of ink and pencils."

When it came Morgan's turn to reply, he

stepped to the front with a Bible in his hand, and said, "I hold in my hand a book that I was taught to believe and reverence at my mother's knee. Gentlemen of the jury, I know that every one of you learned to look upon this sacred volume with respect when a mother's holy love guided your youthful footsteps. In this book I studied the life of the Master, and let me tell you why I believe that the four gospels have recorded the truth. It is because they differ in some of the minor details. If Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John got together to frame a fictitious history, they would have been careful to fix the details so as to exclude any discrepancies.

"Now, in Matthew we read that Christ when on trial was clothed with a scarlet robe. In Mark, Luke, and John it is recorded that He wore a purple robe. In Matthew, Mark, and Luke we read that one Simon of Cyrene bore the cross to the place of crucifixion. In John it is written that Jesus bore the cross Himself. All differ as to the words written above the cross. Matthew has it, 'This is Jesus, the King of the Jews'; Mark, 'The King of the Jews'; Luke, 'This is the King of the Jews'; John, 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.'

"I say to you that these very differences stamp the gospels with divine truth. Now if these young ladies had gotten together in collusion to tell a story of the writing of a will that never existed, they would have agreed on all the details. This would have been their first thought. Their recollections differ because the act of which they have testified occurred when their souls were troubled at the death bed of their beloved mother. As with the gospels, the discrepancies of their evidence are a testimony to the truth of what they utter."

Senator Morgan won his case.

* * * *

William M. Evarts has disappeared almost as completely from public view as if he had passed out of the world. As a political factor Mr. Evarts has ceased to exist; but he is still living at his old residence, which faces Stuyvesant Square, New York. The house is old fashioned, but of the solid, substantial kind upon which a century more or less seems to make little impression. When first built, it stood in the center of metropolitan fashion; today, the great world has moved far up town.

A writer recently called on Mr. Evarts to interview him on the past and the present. "My son," said the venerable statesman kindly, "the story of my life has been written. I have nothing to add to it."

"Do you not wish to say something about the changes that have taken place since you retired from public life?" said his visitor.

Mr. Evarts shook his head slowly.

"No," he whispered, "nothing."

He was seated in front of an open grate fire, with his gaze fixed upon the embers, and his thoughts evidently turned toward the past. He has not been down town to his law office for several years. The topics of today have no interest for the veteran who for thirty years helped to make American history.

* * * *

At a recent reunion held in Atlanta, Captain E. P. Howell, the proprietor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, was asked by a Northern visitor, "What would the old Confederate soldiers do in the event of a war with Spain?"

"If there are any Confederate soldiers," said Captain Howell, "who, after serving through four years of the civil war, are still hankering after a fight, I have yet to hear of them. But in the event of a brush with a foreign country, I believe that the South would furnish as many troops for the defense of the old flag as any section of the country.

"I entered the Confederate army myself," Captain Howell continued, "under a misapprehension. I had been at a meeting in Atlanta, at which Robert Toombs, the Vice President of the Confederacy, was the principal speaker. Mr. Toombs delivered a very eloquent speech. I can almost repeat it word for word today, so deep was the impression it made on me. Among other things he said that the people of the North did not intend to fight, so entirely were they engaged in the pursuit of the almighty dollar; and that they did not know one end of a gun from the other, and could not hit the side of a barn. 'You sons of the South,' cried Mr. Toombs eloquently, 'know how to shoot and to ride, and no Yankees will ever be able to stand against your impetuous valor.'

"The next day I enlisted, and a few weeks later found my company and myself engaged in a skirmish with the aforesaid Yankees. The fire was pretty hot, and we gracefully retired to a patch of woods, where every man selected a tree most suitable to his proportions, for protection. The Federals were intrenched behind a bluff, less than a hundred yards away, and whenever a man indiscreetly ventured from behind his tree he was pretty sure to receive a bullet. The sergeant of our company occupied a tree adjoining mine, and after the firing had been going on for half an hour or more, he remarked to me, 'Lieutenant, do you remember the speech Bob Toombs made the other day in Atlanta?' I said, 'Yes, sergeant, I have a very distinct remembrance of it. He said these Yankees didn't know how to shoot.' 'Well, it seems to me,' answered the sergeant, ducking his head, 'that they are learning pretty blamed fast!'"

THE NEW JOURNALISM AND THE OLD.

BY JOHN H. HOLMES.

The editor of the Boston "Herald" surveys existing conditions in the newspaper world, summarizes the methods and the influence of the great American daily journals, and estimates the value and importance of the so called "new journalism."

THE American newspaper grows out of the national life. Divide the continent into kingdoms and empires, and the great journals we see today would cease to exist. Give us kings and emperors and immense standing armies, and capitals with antagonistic interests, and the papers which today command huge circulations would be destroyed forever. It is because we have no Napoleons, no Alexanders, no Bismarcks, and no Von Moltkes that American editors are able to create the sheets which pour with such amazing rapidity from the press. With all its defects, therefore, the American newspaper testifies to the political happiness of the American people.

What is the modern American newspaper? It is not a daily record of strife between peoples, it does not concern itself with the doings of ambitious and unscrupulous statesmen of rival countries, but it reveals, for the most part, incidents in the daily life of unimportant individuals. An army of reporters goes forth from the various offices of the metropolitan press in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, as do multitudes of agents in the minor cities and towns, and they compress and enlarge their accounts of the work of the police, the courts, the hospitals, and the educational and religious institutions; they concern themselves with events in the worlds of amusement, art, charity, business, finance, and politics. Fortunate are the people when the attention of journalists is concentrated upon such themes, rather than upon international strife, dynastic quarrels, and foreign policies.

The day of the small newspaper is probably gone forever. The modern editor must have space in which to turn. Space to him is what floor room is to the shopkeeper. It makes the difference between mammoth establishments and puny ones. The department stores exist only because they have room. That modern hotel is preëminently successful which has, not cramped, but spacious quarters, fitted with every modern appliance for saving trouble to its guests. So is it with newspapers. Complaint is frequently made that the daily and Sunday issues are too bulky, but the fact is that they could not be so profitably published were they reduced in size. For in journalism as well as in trade, you must have counter room to accommodate and display your goods—here linens, there prints, in another part laces, and in still another silks.

It is not to be presumed that every customer who enters the astonishing dry goods establishments of New York visits all the departments therein. The shopper inspects and buys mainly the articles of which she is in search, stopping by chance at such other counters as may arrest her attention. Patrons of fashionable restaurants do not attempt to partake of all the dishes on the menu, or all the brands on the wine card. It is precisely the same with the reader of newspapers. No one is expected to devour the entire sheet.

The criticism of size is the cheapest and shallowest that is made on the newspaper issues of the day. Successful editors well understand that they must create variety if they would secure great circulations. But the methods which were employed in

the old time folios are just as true and applicable today. While night editors can make orderly arrangements of news, economizing the reader's time, desk editors can work to the same end through the noble art of condensation, thereby giving managing editors the opportunity to introduce features that will vitally affect the value of the property. The duties of desk editors should not be limited to the punctuation of dispatches, or the writing of headlines. No error is more common. Unnecessary consumption of space often tends not to business success, but to disaster.

Upon space economy as a foundation, the work of the managing editor begins. Here it is that his creative power is manifested. Journals there are, and journals of large circulation, too, which would live in their present form were the directing minds to be withdrawn, so long as news gathering associations and the "city force" were permitted to exist and present the fruit of their labors in attractive form. But the true editor impresses upon his journal the personality that makes it unique. He studies to condense the items which are common to his contemporaries. He economizes space that he may get variety.

When two or three or four papers present substantially the same news, and frequently in the same words, it is obvious that one editor has an advantage over others only in so far as he is able to give something which his competitors have not provided. In the newspaper, as in the commercial world, it is the specialty that attracts and insures permanency. Apart from news which, unforeseen by man, springs up from the soil at night, in police, hospital, and fire records; apart from departments limited to transactions in commercial and financial markets; apart from marine news snatched from the telegraph wires and cables, the creative work of the editor has its scope and influence.

The editor does his best work in seclusion. Time spent in the great newspaper offices is usually time frittered away. A thousand trivial interruptions consume morning, afternoon, and evening, and the wearied chief retires conscious that his duties have been most imperfectly performed. But in the quiet of his own library the eye of imagination can survey all the vast concerns of earth. No country is so remote that he cannot put his agents at work there; no cabinet so guarded that he cannot penetrate its secrets; no ruler so omnipotent that his call will find no response. But to accomplish all these things, to follow foreign statesmen in their daily walks, to put special and pertinent questions to leaders of public life; to outline fiscal policies; to keep a watchful eye on governors of States and mayors of cities; to ferret out abuses in asylums and institutions of charity; to throw the lime light of publicity upon educational systems; to initiate and promote wise legislation—to do any and all these things requires thought; and no man in a newspaper office, from attic to basement, is so valuable as he who in retirement simply sits and thinks, and then by note of local suggestion, or telegraphic letter of instruction, starts into life and activity all those wonderful agencies that contribute to the making of the modern newspaper.

Nor does the power of the editor stop here. He knows not journalism who does not control a forceful editorial page. He knows not shoals or rocks who does not, by suggestion or approval, direct or sanction the utterances of thoughtful men. He who does not this is like the captain of a vessel which always sails upon smooth waters and under favorable winds. He is merely a trader in information, and not in the true sense of the term a journalist. To be free from corporate control; to be emancipated from the will of selfish individuals; to be so far above personal considerations that he is able to speak in the sole interest of the public welfare, influencing the national life by the creation of sound public sentiment—that is a gratification which the mere purveyor of news knows not. And it is on this foundation that the pillars of the republic must always rest.

It would be interesting could we hear the comments of the elder Bennett, and Greeley, and Raymond, and the elder Bowles, upon the "new journalism," of which we hear so much. Its features are not altogether bad. Many of the ideas that characterize it are not new. To be sure, attention is arrested and circulation demanded by devices not known a few

years ago. The purpose is to catch the eye by printer's tricks and startling pictures. Simplicity is not one of the strongest attributes of the "new journalism." To present an item simply is, in the opinion of the "new journalist," an act which robs a paragraph or an article of more than half its value. Consequently head lines, which ordinarily would have been confined to one column in width, are extended across two or three or four columns, or an entire page; telegraph despatches are set in double measure; important communications from noted men are surrounded with borders. But the assertion of "enterprise" thus made is not always sustained by the subject matter.

Another feature characteristic of the "new journalism" is the liberality with which its promoters expend money in the furtherance of their aims. Its conquests are costly. The services of its ministers in this country have been secured by purses of more than ordinary length and fullness; and while its domestic expenditure has been large, its foreign outlay must have been appalling. Many journalists conceive great undertakings, but refrain from executing them on account of the expense involved. The "new journalist" is not troubled with hesitation on that score. Like the general who orders guns to be trained in position where effective service can be rendered, he does not stop to count the cost.

The cost of producing the modern newspaper has been greatly enhanced by the free use of illustrations. It requires no inconsiderable sum to meet the weekly requirements of the art department, which is now as much a portion of a newspaper outfit as are the presses themselves. Every event has to be set off with "cuts," the more numerous and the more startling the better. The photographer and the artist have full scope for their skill. Half page and full page illustrations are the rule. With every report of a thrilling event, an artist has to be commissioned; with every correspondent, a clever artist is sent. What this means in the annual total of expense cannot easily be guessed.

Additional expense is, of course, incurred by the introduction of color presses and color printing. The process is expensive, but from the experience of the old world, and of the most prosperous journals of the new, it seems as if the future line of development lay in this direction. The magazines point the way. The enormous circulations attained by the great American monthlies go to show how essential a feature illustrations are in the successful production of periodical literature. News carries the Sunday papers only a part of the way toward success; the "magazine features" double their popularity.

He who is asked to make a newspaper simply to satisfy the tastes of a class has a comparatively easy task. It is when distribution reaches to hundreds of thousands of copies that the editor's real difficulties begin. Individual criticism often neglects to take this into account. The resident of Fifth Avenue has little in common with the denizen of Grand Street and its tributaries. Yet the director of a daily paper whose circulation reaches the half million mark must put all of those localities under contribution, and must cover not only the metropolitan but also the rural districts. The tax upon ingenuity is, therefore, exceedingly onerous, and it becomes heavier when evening editions are added to the morning and Sunday issues.

In the production of a daily journal which is not distinctly a class newspaper, the modern editor is often criticised for attempting too much. But why should the journalist be condemned for doing in his own line what every successful merchant does in his? There is, for example, in New York a great dry goods firm which fills a building in upper Broadway with lines of goods adapted to the wants of the people who naturally congregate in that locality. The same firm has in Grand Street another establishment filled with goods adapted to east side patronage. If this firm should transfer to its Broadway establishment the stock of its Grand Street house, and vice versa, the censorious would be justified in predicting bankruptcy for both shops. The journalist has his Broadway business and his Grand Street business, but he must, and can, conduct them under one roof; his paper must circulate in upper localities and lower localities.

Huge circulation is exceedingly profit-

able. It produces a revenue from the sale of the paper, and a still greater revenue from the volume of advertising, which naturally seeks such an avenue to publicity. Vast circulation and vast revenue are the incentives which spur the "new journalist" to action. But the aim of the true journalist has a longer range. He cannot ignore commercial results; they are, of course, essential; but beyond them he has another purpose—power. Yet, in the achievement of this end, he is confined to a very limited space in his own journal. To produce revenue he gives up twenty columns of space; to gain influence, he is circumscribed to three. But if he does not have revenue, if he does not give up the twenty columns, then he can have no influence, because he cannot get the circulation without supplying what circulation demands.

On the other hand, the power of a newspaper is not necessarily proportionate to the extend of its circulation. Character determines the influence of a journal, as it determines the influence of a man. The *Times* has probably the smallest circulation of the London morning newspapers, but it is the most powerful and one of the most profitable in the world. A certain New York daily, which claims a phenomenal sale, had, twenty years ago, under another management, a circulation of but fifteen or twenty thousand copies. But its editor deeply impressed himself on the democratic thought of this country. His editorials were rewritten and his ideas were turned over in a thousand Democratic newspaper offices; and in that way the ideas presented in his columns had perhaps a larger circulation, and certainly a far greater influence, than the utterances of the same paper have today, in spite of its colossal sale.

Seven eighths of any American newspaper is perishable stuff; it is the other eighth that leavens the whole mass. In the whole range of American journalism there are today probably not more than seven or eight thinking newspapers. All the rest are echoes. A man who reads the daily exchanges of the country may see an idea travel from the Atlantic slope to the Pacific, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic, as visibly as a train of freight cars runs over the Vanderbilt System.

A few men sitting in a few editorial rooms, launch the ideas that create public opinion. They do not go out into the street to ascertain the sentiment of the country. They make the sentiment of the country. Their thought will come back to them in railroad cars, in hotels, in clubs, in drawing rooms, at dinner tables, in casual conversation; and they can recognize it. Their business is to make this country think as they think, and they do it just as effectively as a Carlyle, sitting in the obscurity of a Scottish farm house, can, through his printed page, influence the thought and movement of the world.

AN EASTER PASTORAL.

WHEN the sturdy cowslips blow,
And the sedges sprout,
Chloe's eyes are full of shine
While her red lips pout.

Ere the crocus opes again,
You will not discover
Such a sonsy little maid—
Such an ardent lover.

Tho' the robin be a-wing,
Shamed his cheery note;
Hopeless to outvie, in sooth,
Chloe's lyric throat.

Snowdrops white and daffodils,
Drop your blooms together
O'er the pathway of her life—
Make it heartsome weather.

Elizabeth Alden Curtis.

EN PASSANT.*

BY VIVANTI CHARTRES.

"Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

Viviane's Diary.

PASQUIER has sent me my dress. I look as if I had been born in it. I can circle my waist with my two hands, adding four fingers of Jack's. Jack's fingers *are* rather broad. The price is atrocious. I shall break it to Jack by instalments of ten pounds at a time. I wore it today to go to see Earle Bright, the man who is illustrating my story for the *Planet*. It was rank waste. He is an old man, forty or fifty, and does not know the difference between Pasquier and ready made. He was quite patronizing, and said that my story was weakly immoral. The only thing he took pleasure in illustrating was the dog, he said; the one decent character in the book. I was not at all brilliant or witty. I suppose he thinks Jack writes my stories for me.

Earle Bright's Diary.

My poor Louise's health is not good. She worries too much over senseless things: the house, the servants, the expenses. It tells on her nerves, and makes her cross and miserable. She was very trying when I left her this morning to go down to the studio. Yet she knows I cannot work at home.

I am working well. The full page picture for Mrs. Jack Carson's "Exit Mary" is a little masterpiece, and the dog careering all over the story is quite a *trouvade*. The authoress called on me today. She is impertinent and not pretty.

Viviane's Diary.

"Exit Mary" is a huge success. How did I write it? I must be horribly clever. The pictures are poor. That man has not understood the spirit of the story. He has made the husband broad and good looking, instead of a little, fat, impossible man. I ought to have sent Jack to him, to show.

I went to his studio to tell him so and to find fault with him, but somehow, when I got there, I did not. We talked about me the whole time. I wish I had not worn that grandmotherly velvet cape. I suppose I looked hideous. I *am* hideous, with my curved nose and sulky under lip. I am glad I look passable when I laugh. I am going to see him again tomorrow, about illustrating "Ethel."

Earle Bright's Diary.

The little authoress called again. She seems very silly. She laughed the whole time, irrelevantly, at whatever was said. I am to illustrate a new story for her.

Viviane's Diary.

It is six o'clock, and I have just come home. I sat in the dirty studio two hours, talking to that dingy man. He irritates me. He is not at all polite. I stayed because I wanted to, not because he asked me. I missed three afternoon teas and a musicale, and I forgot all about Mrs. Clarence's esthetic Rossetti reading, which I had promised faithfully to grace.

This man Bright is a bore. He talks so slowly, he almost sends me to sleep. I do not know why I volunteered to go and see him again tomorrow. I did *not* volunteer. I asked permission. I have never known myself so meek. His eyes disturb me. They are as slow as his speech, and they wander all over my face, finding faults.

I wish I were pretty.

Earle Bright's Diary.

She has nice, strong teeth, and pretty hands, and wide, deep eyes. I believe she touches them up with burnt cork or a

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match, or whatever women use. Poor Louise is much more natural and simple than other women I see.

Viviane's Diary.

I do not know what is the matter with me. I suppose it is the weather. My mother's Italian nerves and my father's German dreaminess fight in my soul, and make me what I am. I am very happy and excited and wild. Jack is ill. I wish he were not. I hate ill things.

I am going to have tea at Mr. Bright's studio. I asked if I might, and he said yes, if I brought the tea with me and made it myself. I make vile tea. Now I am going with two pounds of English Breakfast, some spoons, two of our Dresden cups and saucers, a spirit lamp that I use for curling my hair, and a kettle—all in Jack's little traveling bag.

Jack is cross and vulgar. When I went in just now for the bag, with my hat on, he asked me whether I was going away to stay the night—stupid thing!

* * * *

There! Now I shall be late. That tiresome Markowsky called with his violin and ten pounds of sheet music under his arm. It seems I had invited him for this afternoon. What could I have been thinking about? I remember that when I heard him last week at the Altas' I thought him so painfully beautiful. His tall frailty and his wild Hungarian eyes haunted me all the next day. That is why I wrote to him and told him to call. Now, I have sent him in to Jack. I have told him to play his violin to Jack. Dear Jack! He has such a bad sick headache. Well, I'm off.

Earle Bright's Diary.

Of course she will not come. Of course I never expected she would. In fact, it would inconvenience me greatly if she did. She upsets the place, and crumples the pictures, and adds little men smoking pipes to all the sketches she lays hands on. She has no respect for art, or for anything else.

She tells me her father was an Italian brigand and her mother a German princess. She tells dreadful falsehoods, and I find myself believing them. Now, her father being an Italian brigand would explain many peculiarities about her—her insolent, sensuous eyes, her warm, wild mouth, her lack of propriety and reserve—while she might have inherited her curving nose and patrician hands and dreamy, thorough bred intellect from the German princess.

I am a fool. Here she is.

Viviane's Diary.

I hate young people. I am tired of them. They jar on my nerves with their violence and their harshness and shrillness and quickness. I like old men; gentle, slow, restful, old men with gray hair and kind, quiet eyes; old men of about forty or fifty. I should like them to be older still. Earle Bright must be a hundred, by the way he talks and drinks his tea. I like him. How I ever could put up with Jack's brisk vulgarity, and cousin Italo's passionate excitability, and the loudness of that ill bred young Frenchman—the man I thought I was going to fall in love with a month ago—I do not comprehend.

Earle Bright soothes and rests me. I should like to spend the rest of my life sitting at his feet, listening to his slow voice, and feeling the weight of his large hand on my forehead. He has large, white hands; calm hands, that I should like to lay my face against. And he has brown eyes with clouds in them.

Earle Bright's Diary.

A brilliant offer from the *Art World*. I am most pleased and gratified.

I have given orders that I am not to be disturbed. I cannot see any one.

Viviane's Diary.

I have been to his studio three times, and hung about his door like a beaten dog. If he had come out and seen me, I should have died of shame, and fainted for joy. What does he mean by not letting me in? Has any one ever dared to treat me like this before? Has any one ever wished to do so?

I am going to write a story in which the heroine kills herself, and I shall have it sent to him, to illustrate, together with the announcement of my death. Then he will cry, with his horrible placid eyes and straight, calm mouth.

I shall write it at once. The *Planet* would take it; and after the success of "Exit Mary," they would pay me any-

thing I asked. I shall insist upon twopence halfpenny a word.

Earle Bright's Diary.

Ars longa, vita brevis. I am tired. I wish I had some of that tea. I believe in tea. It is a powerful stimulant and tonic.

Viviane's Diary.

I have seen him again. I went into his rooms and threw all his sketches in the air, and his pencils on the floor, and his objections out of the window. I made him some of that dreadful tea. I sat on a dilapidated divan and played a guitar that had only two strings to it. I sang Italian street songs and German *liebeslieder* to him. He understands German. He is not so stupid as one would think.

When I saw how glad he was to see me, I wondered why I had wanted so much to come. When I left he did not ask me to come back. I do not understand him. I think of him all day and all night.

Earle Bright's Diary.

I wish she would leave me to my work. What does she want of me? I try to find a note of mockery in her voice, or a gleam of laughter in her eyes, and can find neither. She is sincere, perhaps! But she is not pretty, and she is not good.

I wonder why I think of her so much!

Viviane's Diary.

I love him! I love him! I love him! I told him so, suddenly, today. He turned very pale, and looked hideous for two or three minutes. Then he put his heavy hand on my head and told me to go away. He says he has a wife. I never thought of asking him about it. It makes no difference in the face of love such as mine. Have I not Jack—poor Jack, who works so hard all day with his stocks and his bonds, and whose heart will break when I tell him of my love for Earle? He nearly died two months ago when I told him I loved Adolphe Reynaud. I was mistaken. I did not love that silly Frenchman. I never have loved before today. Never! *Mio Dio!* How pale he was! My heart leaps into my throat every time I recall that clouding look in his eyes, and the kindly touch of his fingers on my hair.

I love him! I love him! I love him! How can I live till tomorrow without seeing him again? It is only nine o'clock. Jack is lying on the sofa, asleep, with his mouth open. He is disgusting. I wonder what Earle looks like when he is asleep. Horrible, I suppose. I hate people to be asleep.

I am going out. I cannot stay indoors, listening to Jack's wheezing snore; and this white dress is the prettiest thing I have ever worn—rather low in the neck, and with no sleeves worth mentioning, but what can one expect of a bodice that consists of two large bows in the front and a small one in the back? I shall put on a long, dark cloak, and a melodramatic lace veil round my head,

When I knock at the door of his studio, he will say "Come in," in his every day voice. Then I shall open the door, and he will raise his stern, pale face. How I know his face!

Just listen to that brute Jack!

* * * *

He was not in his studio. I might have known it. The whole place was shut up and dark. I remembered the address of his house, and told the cabman to drive me there. The man grumbled, and said his time was up and his horse tired, so I gave him five shillings, and promised him more. We drove miles. Why *will* people live in Chelsea?

He lives in a flat. The cabman lit a match for me to see the names, and said, "Here's Bright. Here you are. This one's Bright," so loud that I thought the whole house would hear. Then he spat on the steps, and went back to his horse.

I rang the bell. The door clicked and clicked, and I pushed it open and went in. On the second landing a servant girl was holding a door open. I went up slowly, very much out of breath.

"Whom do you wish?" said the servant girl. I looked past her down the lighted hall of the apartment. There was an open door to the right, and voices of men, laughing.

"Does Mrs. Thomas live here?" I asked.

"No, she don't," said the girl. "This is Mrs. Bright's. There ain't no Thomas on this floor."

Just then Mr. Bright came out of the room to the right, and turned down the

passage towards us. He had no waistcoat on, and looked large and stout. I turned my back and ran away, panting, down the stairs and into the carriage.

Earle Bright's Diary.

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt.

Viviane's Diary.

He is as cool, and serious, and reserved as if I had never said anything. I detest him. I adore him. I shall never be satisfied until I see him broken and vanquished, at my feet. I have never been so ignored and insulted in my life. I think of nothing but this stupid, middle aged man. I cannot work or read or speak. I do not eat anything, and am looking like an ugly little skeleton. I write to him three times a day, and send the letters by messenger. He never answers, and the messenger boys cost me a small fortune, I keep them waiting so long, while I change my mind, and tear up letters, and write them over again.

I have almost finished the story in which the heroine dies. I feel as if it were my own sentence of death. This morning I told Jack I could live with him no longer. He lit his cigar and said:

"Who is it this time? Not Bright?"

I went out of the room and slammed the door. One could hear his vulgar laugh all over the house.

Earle Bright's Diary.

All my women figures look alike, with their thin Italian profiles. My magazine story heroines, my Empress Josephines, my Virgin Marys—all have curving noses and pouting under lips. The result is modern, but startling.

The condition of my spirit is as incoherent as my art. My moods are sullen and impatient. No wonder my poor Louise—— Another messenger boy!

Viviane's Diary.

I have seen him again. He looked pale and puffy. I had gone to him to say that I could not live without him any longer—to ask him to leave all, and come to Italy with me. I had thought of some very pretty phrases about Italy and leaving all, so I said them. The result was astounding. He caught hold of my hands; his eyes were bloodshot and his mouth trembling. He could not say a word but, "Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" Then he put his head down on my hands and began to cry. His hair is very gray, and there is not much of it.

I was moved. I never thought he cared about me. That is what made me so wild over him. So the tears came into my eyes too.

He said that he hardly believed it; that he could not see why I should love him. I said, "No more can I," and then he laughed and pressed my hands to his eyes. They were disagreeably wet. Poor fellow! How he loves me!

I am going to the Van Heuvens' ball tonight. I hope I shall not look a fright. I am taking malt and cod liver oil to fatten up again. My elbows look so peaky.

Earle Bright's Diary.

Alea jacta est. I will do as she wishes, go where she bids. Her overmastering passion has conquered my will. She is right, right a thousand times! Life is too short for us to murder our wishes, and strangle our joys. I have lived like a miserable fool the forty five years of my life. I will live like a god for what remains. Italy and Viviane! Rome—and her mouth! Naples—and her laughter! Venice—and her arms! How have I lived all these wretched, wasted years in the ditch of conventionality, in the mud of commonplace!

Forty five years of imbecile respectability, of stagnant idiocy! How have I stood it? How could I ever stand it again? Oh, my sunshine, my wild bird of passion! To what dazzling lands of joy will you lead me? My God! What has she found to love in me? I never thought I should be loved like this.

Viviane's Diary.

He sends me so many roses that they can hardly get into the house. I dislike these large, impudent flowers. They look like red cabbages. I shall send them to Mrs. Van Heuven. She will think it a pretty, foreign way of being polite. He has sent me a lot of sketches; all Italian landscapes—Vesuviuses, and Capris, lagunas, and Maremmas, with two small figures on each of them, hand in hand. I suppose they are meant to be himself and me. How puerile!

If I did go to Italy with him—and

really, for all that Jack seems to care, I might as well go as not—I should insist upon his dressing better than he does. He looks positively shabby. A man of his age must be particularly careful about the way he dresses. That man Markowsky wears his clothes well, although he is a mad Hungarian violinist. But then he is so tall and slender. Very good looking, too. He says I sent him away two weeks ago, when he came with his music. I wonder what I did that for! He is such a magnificent musician, and such an ornament to one's drawing room.

That cat of a Mrs. Van Heuven would give her eyes to have him.

She shan't.

Earle Bright's Diary.

All the vile, little details of my past life—the life I have led until two days ago—offend me. The vulgar chatter, the sordid worries, the stupid little satisfactions—I am already as far removed from them all as if I were in a sunny southern land, wandering through the art galleries of Florence and the wonders of Rome with her hand upon my arm. When I think of it, the blood rushes to my eyes and blinds me.

She is coming today. She was to have been here at four. It is a quarter past. Poor little bird! What is detaining her? How she must beat her bright wings against the restraint that keeps her from me even these few minutes! My wild, impatient bird!

Viviane's Diary.

If there is one thing in the world that enraptures me, it is music. I ought to have been a musician and not a writer. Raff, for instance! Is there anything like Raff's Canzone except Raff's Cavatina? I picture Music to my soul as a tall and slender seraph with dark eyes, long, curling hair, and a young, young mouth.

Oh, dear me! It is nearly five o'clock. I ought to have been at the studio ages ago.

But such weather! I do not suppose he expects me in such weather.

Earle Bright's Diary.

I wish she would come. Her eyes haunt me, her voice pursues me, her smile obsesses me. I think of her night and day. What God given wonder is this that has come into my life? I cannot live without her any longer. Oh, my love, my love! Let us go away together—away!

Viviane's Diary.

My *grandes passions* are like those Spanish inns where you find nothing but what you bring with you. My soul, like a huge Gladstone bag, has enough passion and tenderness and joy and glory in it to decorate a palace and live on for a year. I carry it all with me, and unpack it in some dingy hovel—Bright's studio, for instance—and say, "What a beautiful place! How I should like to live here forever!" Then, one day, while I am out, a little devil comes and packs the passion and the tenderness and the glory and the joy all up again; and when I come in and see the desolate, shabby place, I wonder how I ever came.

Poor, dingy Spanish inns!

Earle Bright's Diary.

She did not come yesterday. She has not been today. I am wretchedly anxious and unhappy.

Viviane's Diary.

Dear old Jack is taking me to the great Wagner festival at the German embassy. Markowsky is going too. I have ordered two dresses from Pasquier, by telegraph. One is a ball dress of silver *crêpe de Chine*. Dear, good Jack! He says he does it as a reward because I finished my story so well. It is quite true. The heroine's death is a *chef d'œuvre*. I cried while I was writing it.

I shall post it off to the *Planet* tomorrow.

Earle Bright's Diary.

She has not been, or written, for five days. I called, and they told me she was out. I heard her laughing, up stairs.

Viviane's Diary.

The *Planet* has taken my story. I am to have threepence a word. I have sent it to Grandon Vane to illustrate. He is wonderfully clever, Markowsky says. One of the young school. There's nothing like the young school.

The dresses are here—dreams! They cost eighty pounds each. Dear, *good* Jack! How he spoils me! How I love him!

F. MARION CRAWFORD AND HIS WORK.

An interesting conversation with one of the Leaders of our contemporary literature—Mr. Crawford tells how he became a novelist, draws comparisons between his books, and relates the personal experiences that suggested his latest story, "Corleone."

AMONG readers of present day fiction it is conceded that F. Marion Crawford stands at the head of the school of romanticist writers. His success has been remarkable. He is one of the few novelists who have leaped into instant fame and a comfortable income by the product of his pen.

Ordinarily the most successful writers of fiction wait for years to obtain recognition from a discriminating public, but in Mr. Crawford's case it was different. From the day of the appearance of his first book, "Mr. Isaacs," fifteen years ago, his position as a writer has been assured. His initial novel made an enviable reputation for its author, and Mr. Crawford has added to this fame by each of his subsequent productions. He now has twenty nine novels to his credit, to say nothing of numerous magazine and special articles. This is about an average of two novels a year.

Some of the astute critics have attempted to poke fun at Mr. Crawford and his work by accusing him of having invented a patent process for grinding out books by the yard, and saying that it was a bad year with him when he did not produce four or five novels. This is not only not true, but it creates a false impression in the minds of those who have not read Mr. Crawford's books. They are far from having the appearance of being hastily or crudely prepared.

Two novels a year is not a remarkable record for a man in good health and in the prime of life. Indeed, there may be writers who have produced less who would have produced more had there been any urgent demand for their writings.

Although Mr. Crawford was born in Italy, and has lived much abroad, he is of American parentage, and is considered an American novelist. His early education was obtained here, and he is a thoroughly patriotic disciple of Uncle Sam. Much of his time, however, is passed in Italy, which is the scene of so many of his novels. During the winter he was in this country for several months, superintending the production of the dramatization of "Dr. Claudius."

Speaking of "Corleone," Mr. Crawford's novel now running in this magazine, the author said recently:

"I regard 'Corleone' in some respects as my very best effort. It contains chapters which I think are better than anything I have ever written. Upon the whole, I think I am better satisfied with 'Corleone' than any of my other books. Of course, I have not reached my ideal. But then, did you ever hear of any one who ever did? I never have, I am sure.

"'Corleone' tells a great deal about the interior of Sicily, brigandage, and the mafia. The mafia in Sicily is not the mafia as it is understood in this country. The mafia in Sicily is not a secret society, but a general disposition, or state of mind, common to all the middle and lower classes of Sicilians. The truth is, as I have explained in detail in 'Corleone,' all Sicilians are banded together to resist the government or any constituted authority. It is second—I was about to say first—nature with them. An evidence of this is found in the fact that the Italian government has never even attempted to impose the salt tax, which is one of the burdens of the mainland. The authorities can make but little

headway in governing Sicily, as any native who undertakes to help them is regarded as a traitor, and it becomes the solemn duty of his fellows to 'remove' him forthwith.

"I have had exceptional advantages for studying Sicily, as I have spent a good deal of time in the island. Two years ago I was the guest of an Englishman who is one of the heirs to a large estate upon Mt. Ætna. You may form some idea of the size of the estate when I tell you that it is more than eighty miles round it. My friend lives in an old monastery which I have fully described in the book under another name.

"Life at this castle or monastery was certainly exciting enough. My friend was very unpopular with the mafia owing to the fact that he had undertaken to resist brigandage and blackmail in the vicinity of his estate, which was a dangerous thing to attempt. One had to be constantly on guard. It was hardly safe to go out into the garden, for instance, without the protection of a pistol, and we never thought of driving or riding any distance about the place without a battery of Winchesters and pistols. My friend is receiving the sympathy and encouragement of the Italian government, and he is gradually getting the upper hand of the brigands in his immediate locality.

"The brigands of Sicily and the brigands on the mainland of Italy have no points of resemblance to speak of. Of course there are comparatively few brigands now on the mainland, but where they exist they are no better than common footpads, dirty and ragged, who would not hesitate to cut a throat for five cents; in fact, they never were anything but highwaymen. But the brigand of Sicily is in most cases an outlaw who has been driven into the bush owing to some little indiscretion, such as the killing of a friend in a quarrel. He is generally well dressed and may be highly educated. He would not hold you up to take your watch or any loose change that you might happen to have about you. Far from it. But if he knew, or had reason to believe, that you were a rich prize, he would seize you if he could and hold you for a ransom. The ambition of the true brigand is to make a "ten strike" and then get away to South America.

"There is a great scarcity of weapons among the peasantry or poorer classes in Sicily. Only the well to do are permitted to carry arms. The penalty for carrying concealed weapons among the poorer classes is very severe, and it is rigorously enforced.

"It has always seemed to me that the city of Naples is perhaps from a moral point of view the center of gravity of wickedness in Italy. I account for it from the fact that Naples was originally a Greek colony. It was only under Augustus Cæsar that it was annexed to Rome, but of course some trace of the Greek element remains, and we all know what a degenerate the average Greek is today. If you want further proof go to the far east and study him in his native lair. In some villages of Sicily today, Greek is practically the only language spoken. The aristocracy of Naples has no longer the strength nor the wealth to hold a leading position, and the bad character of the middle and lower classes in Naples is a proverb.

"The real Italian Italy begins south of Florence. North of Florence there is such a large descent from other nationalities that the native or original Italians are almost lost sight of. Northern Italy was overrun centuries ago by Gauls, Goths, Lombards and other tribes from the north of Europe, and their descendants predominate in that section of Italy today.

"It would hardly do for me to anticipate all the details and incidents developed in 'Corleone.' That would not be fair to the readers of your magazine. I can speak of a number, however, without divulging the plot of the story. The chapter, for instance, where one brother chases the other on horseback is probably the best piece of descriptive writing I have ever done.

"Non Catholics will hardly understand or appreciate the part which relates to the inviolable sacredness of the confessional. A priest discovers a man in his church who has just committed a murder. The priest catches him red handed. The murderer immediately confesses his crime to the priest, and the latter under the rules of the church must hold the confession sacred. Subsequently the murderer accuses the priest of the very crime which he himself committed. The priest

is tried for the crime. He is only safe at last when the real murderer reveals the truth on his death bed."

"Is it a fact that the Catholic church would not sustain a priest in breaking the rule regarding confessions in a case like the one you describe?"

"Yes. The church holds that it would be better for the priest to suffer in silence rather than to violate the seal of confession. No exceptions can be made; were they permitted, the value of confession itself would be destroyed."

"Would the rule hold good in this country?"

"Certainly. Catholics will understand it. I am a Catholic myself, and if I had committed the worst crime known I should not hesitate to confess it to any priest in this country in good standing, as I should know that he would not divulge it."

"Have you ever known of an actual incident in real life such as the one you have mentioned?"

"Yes. A case almost similar happened in Poland a number of years ago. The priest was sent to Siberia, and was there for many years before the truth was revealed by the death bed confession of the real criminal. But, fortunately, such cases do not happen very often. Still, they are not impossible, nor even improbable."

Mr. Crawford's books have always sold well. His publishers in this country put the sales at fully six hundred thousand copies. Altogether, more than a million copies of his books have been printed and sold, besides the numerous translations into foreign languages.

Mr. Crawford writes his novels by hand. "I once tried dictating," he said, "but did not find it satisfactory. In working I sit with my right side to my desk, keep my body erect, and write with my whole arm. Some writing teachers tell their pupils to sit facing the desk, but experience has taught me that that is not the correct position.

"One of the questions most frequently asked me," Mr. Crawford added, "is how I became a novelist, or discovered that I had any aptitude for fiction. It happened in this way. I had returned from India, and was dining with my uncle, Sam Ward, at the New York Club. It goes without saying that it was a good dinner, as Uncle Sam had a world wide reputation for that sort of thing. Over the coffee and cigars I began telling my experiences in India. Among other things I told a story about a most interesting man I had met in Simla, the summer resort in the Himalayas. I suppose I became interested in my subject, and the story did not lose anything in the telling. When I had finished the tale, Uncle Sam slapped his hand on the table and said, 'You must write that one. It will at least make a good short story for a magazine. If you will write out the story,' he added with a smile, 'I will promise to find a publisher.' Somehow the idea caught my fancy, and I began at once. Before I went to bed that night, I had written part of the first chapter of 'Mr. Isaacs.' I kept at it steadily every day, and very soon what I had expected to make into a magazine article took the proportions of a full sized novel. In due time the book was finished. Its success surprised me; it was far beyond anything that I had ever dreamed of.

"Having tasted blood, it was not difficult for me to persuade myself to become a novelist. I began at once my second book—'Dr. Claudius.' When 'Dr. Claudius' appeared some of the critics were good enough to say that it was a rank failure, and that it was quite evident that I was a 'one book man.' 'Dr. Claudius' now stands fourth, I believe, in the statement of sales of my novels, which shows that criticism is not always infallible. But I am not one to find fault with the critics. Upon the whole, they have treated me more than well, and I have obtained many good suggestions from them."

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS

II.—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

(*Second Paper.*)

Lawrence's career of social and artistic triumphs, his popularity and notoriety, and his portrait gallery of the beautiful women and famous men of the nineteenth century's first three decades.

LAWRENCE'S social gifts had as much to do with his success as his talent as an artist. He had an extraordinary faculty of endearing himself to the men and women who have become the historical characters of his day. It does not appear to have been the result of anything particularly fine in his character, but came from an irresistible charm of manner, which attracted even in his earliest youth. He went everywhere and knew everybody, and even George III, who had been declaring that there was only one painter in the world, and that there never had been but one painter in the world—the American, Benjamin West—intrusted Lawrence with dozens of commissions, although he had never given one to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Sir Joshua twice painted the king and queen, but it was at his own request and expense. In contrast to this treatment of a man who had so widely diverged from the traditions of English art that he had practically created a school, the boy Thomas Lawrence, not yet twenty three, was made painter in ordinary to the court.

The admission of Lawrence to the Royal Academy was the subject of a great deal of talk, and formed the topic of the day for the wits. He was young, he was self taught, he had never traveled in Italy—a fact which, the critics urged, made his work impossible. Peter Pindar published a poem which he called "The Right of Kings," after the Academy had first rejected Lawrence, and then, at the king's command, had elected him:

Go, sirs, with halters round your wretched necks—
Which some contrition for your crime bespeaks—
And much offended majesty implore;
Say, piteous, kneeling in the royal view,
"Have pity on a sad abandon'd crew,
And we, great king, will sin no more;
Forgive, dread sir, the crying sin,
And Mr. Lawrence shall come in!"

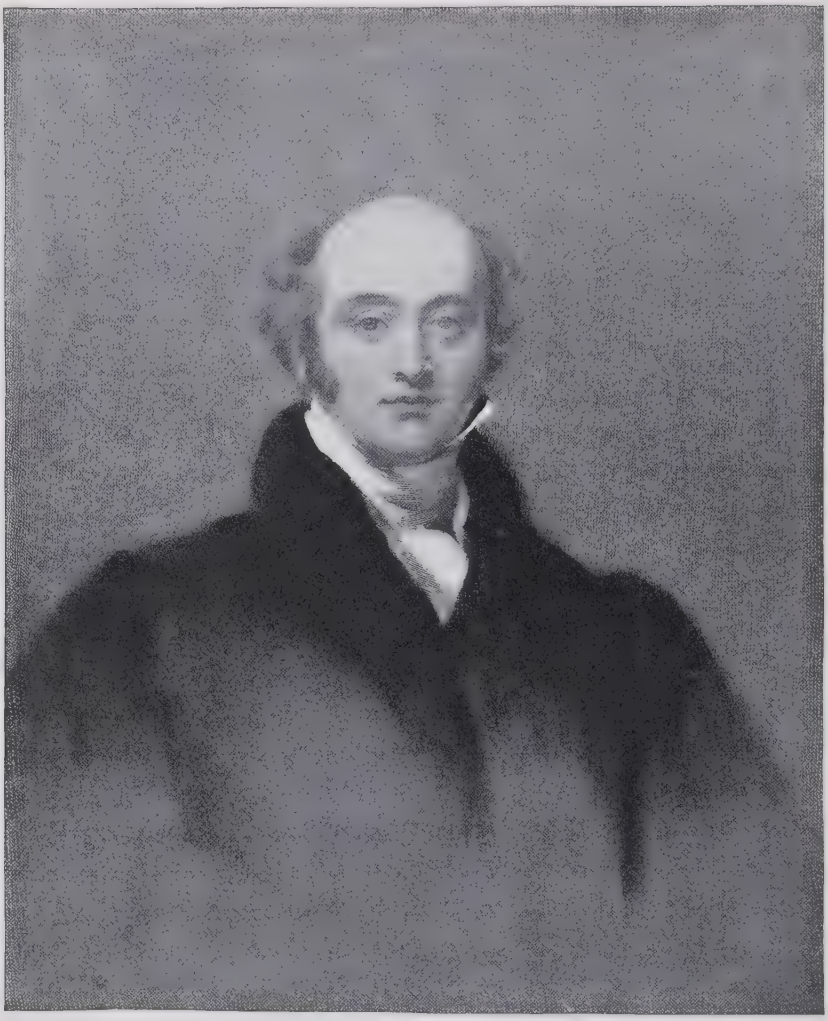
Lawrence's great success began when he was asked to paint full length portraits of the king and queen, to be sent as presents to the Emperor of China. Lord Macartney was to go to Pekin to present them. The idea of the gift was ridiculed all over Europe, and young Mr. Lawrence received an advertisement which made his name widely known and sent more orders to him than he could fill. Although at this time he received only about a hundred dollars for a portrait, he painted so rapidly, and received so many commissions, that he considered himself a rich man, and began the course of extravagance which kept him always in debt. A handsome young fellow who was so popular personally, and who was received with intimacy in high places, had to be a trifle more prudent than Lawrence to escape criticism. If an astrologer had been called upon to draw the painter's horoscope, it would doubtless have been said that he was born under a planet which insisted upon notoriety; for while his friends always regarded him as a man

MRS. WOLFFE.

From an engraving by Samuel Cousins after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

of blameless life, if sometimes weak, he was perpetually in the midst of a storm of talk.

In the opening years of the nineteenth century, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were in the midst of their quarrels, the latter stayed with her daughter at Blackheath, where Mr. Lawrence entered the royal household on a very intimate footing. He taught the princess to model in clay, and often spent several days at Montague House. This resulted in what has been called the "delicate investigation," when the king sent a commission to look into the conduct of his daughter in law. The investigators brought back a report which was something like the Scotch verdict of "not proven." They thought that at any rate the princess had been guilty of "levity." Then did Law-



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

From an engraving by J. Sartain after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

rence show that talent and charm of manner do not make a complete gentleman, by publishing a statement that gave solemn particulars of the occasions upon which he had been alone with her royal highness. He asserted that he never was with her "behind a door which was locked, bolted, or fastened, otherwise than in the common or usual manner, which leaves it quite in the power of any person on the outside to open it, so help me God, Thomas Lawrence." One William Cole, a servant, was Lawrence's accuser. The king ordered the man indicted for perjury, but he was never brought to trial.

Lawrence was on terms of the greatest intimacy with the families whose seats were near Montague House. One of these was William Lock, of whose wife and children he painted portraits. Mr. Lock was one of the best known collectors in England, and was considered at that time the most enlightened judge of art. Dr. Johnson, who was one of his early friends, left a tribute to his scholarship, and Lawrence, writing of him, said: "I am the better for his life and for his death." It was his constant friendship that brought Lawrence through the trouble of the "investigation."

The friendship of the Kemble family was one of the earliest of the advances which Lawrence made. He painted John Philip Kemble many times, and was particularly successful with the famous tragedian; but although he admired Mrs. Siddons more than any woman of her time, his portraits of her were not strong. One of his great pictures was of Kemble as *Hamlet*. Another, painted much earlier, caused a great deal of criticism. It was in the character of *Rolla* in "Pizarro." Only the face was Kemble's, the figure being taken from that of a pugilist named Jackson. It is gigantic and most theatric, and at the same time it has more genius than most of Lawrence's works. The picture, of which we give an engraving, is or recently was the property of Sir Robert Peel.

MASTER LOCK.

From an engraving by W. Humphrys after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

In 1814 Lawrence made his first visit to the continent, whence the prince regent called him home to paint the portraits of the series of princes and generals, statesmen and diplomats, that fill the Waterloo chamber at Windsor Castle.

MISS MURRAY.

From an engraving by George H. Phillips after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The exhibition of 1815 showed a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, and one of the pictures of Mrs. Wolffe, a lady who came to have the greatest influence upon the life and fortunes of Lawrence. She was the wife of the Danish consul, Jens Wolffe, who was a patron of the arts, and entertained at his home, Sherwood Lodge, all the eminent artists in London. Lawrence became a constant visitor there, and he and his sister became the close friends of Mrs. Wolffe. Later, she separated from her husband. She went to reside in Kent, about fifty miles from London; but this did not prevent the *Literary Gazette* from writing articles which kept Lawrence's friends always on the defensive. But the best evidence that her friendship for the

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE AS "ROLLA" IN "PIZARRO."

From an engraving by S. W. Reynolds after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

"Who moves one step to follow me, dies upon the spot!"

LORD DURHAM.

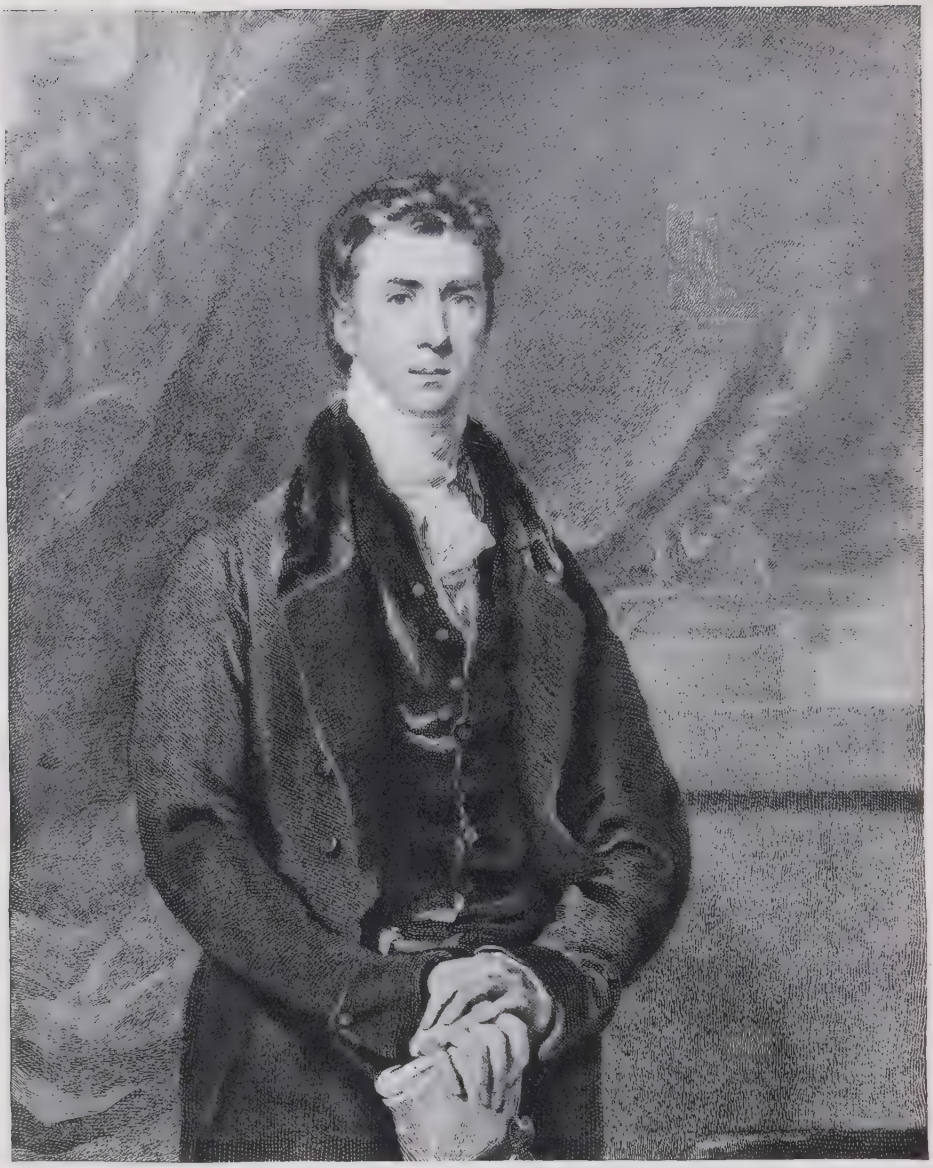
From an engraving by Samuel Cousins after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

painter was upon the highest plane comes from their correspondence, which neither ever expected to be made public. Lawrence wrote to her as he wrote to no other person, giving her his ideas concerning his work, and his most intimate thoughts. The public crowded about his portraits of Mrs. Wolffe as they had before those of the Princess of Wales, with an interest far beyond their merits as paintings.

In 1818, Lawrence exhibited his famous picture of Wellington on the horse that the Iron Duke rode at Waterloo. This picture is at Windsor. During the congress of that year, at Aix la Chapelle, he received orders to paint all the allied sovereigns who had not already sat for him—a commission which delighted a man who had an innate love for finery, and was never happier than when he had a uniform before him. He wrote home an account of his work which fairly bristles with imperial and royal titles. But though he had an unequaled opportunity

"THE PROFFERED KISS."

From an engraving by E. Abot after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.



LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

From an engraving by William Walker after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

to produce an immortal series of portraits, the results do not compare with what he did after he had studied in Rome. It makes us regret as much as those early critics that he took his education at the wrong end of his life.

Of his last works, some show real genius. One of these is the child portrait of Miss Murray, the little daughter of the Right Hon. G. Murray, M.P. It has a lightness and charm which Lawrence put into all his portraits of children, and an intangible atmosphere which we call great art.

His death came suddenly in January, 1830, while he had in his hands an engraving of a portrait of Mrs. Wolffe, which he was retouching. He was interred with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral, where he rests by the side of his predecessor, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THE CHRISTIAN.*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

THE central figures of the story are John Storm and Glory Quayle, and its opening scene is laid in the Isle of Man. John Storm is the only son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, prime minister of England. The two noblemen are estranged through jealousy, both having loved John's mother. Lord Storm brings up his son for a career in public life, and is bitterly disappointed when the young man decides to enter the church.

Near Lord Storm's place in the Isle of Man is the house of Parson Quayle, whose only son marries a Frenchwoman, the daughter of an actress. Both the young people die, leaving a little girl, Glory, to the care of her grandfather. At twenty Glory determines to earn her own living, and when young Storm, whom she has known since she was a baby, goes to London to his curacy at All Saints', Belgravia, she accompanies him and obtains a position as hospital nurse. In London Glory forms associations which cause Storm much uneasiness. Polly Love, an associate of hers at the hospital, comes to grief through Lord Robert Ure, whose friend Drake proves to have been Glory's playmate years ago. The directors dismiss Polly, but ignore Lord Robert's complicity, in spite of John Storm's emphatic protest. The utter worldliness of Canon Wealthy, the vicar of All Saints', is a severe shock to the earnest young curate. Disillusioned and sorely distressed at his apparent inability to accomplish any good in such an environment, he resigns and enters a conventual institution known as the Society of the Gethsemane. But even here, he fails to find the spiritual refuge he seeks. A lay brother, Brother Paul, is tormented by fears as to the fate of his sister, Polly Love. When these are confirmed by an incautious admission of John Storm, he goes to the father superior and begs to be allowed to make an effort to reclaim the erring girl. His petition is refused. John Storm, who has been made guardian of the gate, cannot endure the sight of Brother Paul's suffering, and offers to allow him to leave the convent secretly at night, and to admit him in the morning.

On learning of John Storm's determination to enter the monastery, Glory breaks the hospital rules in a fruitless attempt to see him, and is dismissed in consequence. She bravely resolves to win a place for herself yet, and seeks the assistance of Drake. The latter misinterprets her motives, however, and she flees from him in grief and shame. She tries to obtain an engagement to sing or recite, but fails, and is glad to accept the offer of employment in a small tobacco shop kept by a Mrs. Jupe.

XXIX.

AT the end of the fourth week, after Glory had paid her fee to the agent, she called on him again. It was Saturday morning, and the vicinity of his office was a strange and surprising scene. The staircase and passages to the house, as well as the pavement of the streets, as far as to the public house at the corner, were thronged with a gaudy but shabby army of music hall artists of both sexes. When Glory attempted to pass through them she was stopped by a cry of "Tyke yer turn on treasury day, my dear," and she fell back and waited.

One by one they passed up stairs, came down again with cheerful faces, shouted their adieux, and disappeared. Meanwhile they amused themselves with salutations, all more or less lively and familiar, told stories and exchanged confidences, while they danced a step or stamped about to keep away the cold.

Copyright, 1897, by Hall Caine.—This story began in the November, 1896, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

"You've chucked the slap on with a mop this morning, my dear," said one of the girls.

"Have I, my love? Well, I was a bit thick about the clear, so I thought it would keep me warm."

"It ain't no use facing the donna of the casa with that," said a man who jingled a few coins as he came down stairs, and away went two to the public house.

Sometimes a showy brougham would drive up to the door, and a magnificent person in a fur lined coat, with diamond rings on both hands, would sweep through the lines and go up stairs. When he came down again his carriage door would be opened by half a dozen loafers who would call him "dear old cully," and tell him they were "down on their luck" and "hadn't done a turn for a fortnight." He would distribute shillings and half crowns among them, cry "Ta ta, boys," and drive away; whereupon his pensioners would stroke the threadbare edges of their astrakhan collars, tip winks after the carriage, and say, "That's better than crying cabbages in Covent Garden, ain't it?" Then they would all laugh knowingly, and one would say, "What's it to be, cully?" and somebody would answer, "Come along to Poverty Point then," and a batch of the waiting troop would trip off to the corner.

One of the gorgeous kind was coming down the stairs when his eye fell on Glory, as she stood in a group of girls who were decked out in rose pink and corresponding finery. He paused, turned back, reöpened the office door, and said in an audible whisper,

"Who's the pretty young ginger you've got here, Josephs?"

A moment afterwards the agent had come out and called her up stairs.

"It's salary day, my dear, vait there," he said, and he put her into an inner room, which was tawdrily furnished in faded red plush, with a piano, and colored prints of ballet girls and boxing men, and was full of the odor of stale tobacco and bad whisky.

She waited half an hour, feeling hot and ashamed and troubled with perplexing thoughts, and listening to the jingle of money in the adjoining room, mingled with the ripple of laughter and sometimes the exchange of angry words. At length the agent came back, saying, "Vell, vhat can I do for you today, my dear?"

He had been drinking; his tone was familiar, and he placed himself on the end of the sofa upon which Glory was seated.

Glory rose immediately. "I came to ask if you have heard of anything for me," she said.

"Sit down, my dear."

"No, thank you."

"Heard anything? Not yet, my dear. You must vait——"

"I think I've waited long enough, and if your promises amount to anything you'll get me an appearance, at all events."

"So I vould, my dear—I vould get you an extra turn at the Vashington, but it is very expensive, and you've got no money."

"Then why did you take what I had, if you can do nothing? Besides, I don't want anything but what my talents will earn. Give me a letter to a manager—for mercy's sake do something for me!"

There was the shrug of the ghetto as the man rose and said, "Very vell, if that's it, I'll give you a letter and velcome."

He sat at a table and wrote a short note, sealed it carefully in an envelope which was backed with advertisements, then gave it to Glory and said, "Daddle doo. You'll not require to come again."

Going down stairs she looked at the letter. It was addressed to an acting manager at a theater in the farthest west of London. The passages of the house and the pavements outside were now empty; it was nearly two o'clock, and snow was beginning to fall. She was feeling cold and a little hungry, but making up her mind to deliver the letter at once, she hastened to the Temple station.

There was a matinée, so the acting manager was "in front." He took the letter abruptly, opened it with an air of irritation, glanced at it, glanced at Glory, looked at the letter again, and then said in a strangely gentle voice, "Do you know what's in this, my girl?"

"No," said Glory.

"Of course you don't—look," and he gave her the letter to read. It ran:

Dear ——, This wretched young ginger is worrying me for a shop. She isn't worth a ——. Get rid of her, and oblige.

JOSEPHS.

Glory flushed up to the forehead, and bit her lip; then a little nervous laugh broke from her throat, and two great tears came rolling from her eyes. The acting manager took the letter out of her hands and tapped her kindly on the shoulder.

"Never mind, my child. Perhaps we'll disappoint him yet. Tell me all about it."

She told him everything, for he had bowels of compassion. "We can't put you on at present," he said, "but our saloon contractor wants a young lady to give out programs, and if that will do to begin with——"

It was a crushing disappointment, but she was helpless. The employment was menial, but it would take her out of the tobacco shop, put her into the atmosphere of the theater, and bring fifteen shillings a week as well. She might begin on Monday, if she could find her black dress, white apron, cap, and cuffs. The dress she had already, but the apron, cap, and cuffs would take the larger part of the money she had left.

By Sunday night she had swallowed her pride with one great gulp and was writing home to Aunt Anna:

I'm as busy as Trap's wife these days—indeed that, goddess of industry is nothing to me now; but Christmas is coming, and I shall want to buy a present for grandfather (and perhaps for the aunties as well), so please send me a line in secret saying what he is wanting most. Snow! snow! snow! The snow it snoweth every day.

On the Monday night she presented herself at the theater and was handed over to another girl to be instructed in her duties. The house was one of the best in London, and Glory found pleasure in seeing the audience assemble. For the first half hour the gorgeous gowns, the beautiful faces, and the distinguished manners excited her and made her forget herself. Then little by little there came the pain of it all, and by the time the curtain had gone up her gorge was rising, and she crept out into the quiet corridor where her colleague was seated already under an electric lamp reading a penny number.

The girl was a little tender black and white thing looking like a dahlia. In a quarter of an hour Glory knew all about her. During the day she served in a shop in the Whitechapel Road. Her name was Agatha Jones—they called her Aggie. Her people lived in Bethnal Green, but Charlie always came to the theater to take her home. Charlie was her young man.

In the intervals between the acts Glory assisted in the cloak room, and there the great ladies began to be very amusing. After the tinkle of the electric bell announcing the second act she returned to the deserted corridor, and before her audience of one gave ridiculous imitations in dead silence of ladies using the puff and twiddling up their front hair.

"My! It's you that oughter be on the styge, my dear," said Aggie.

"Do you think so?" said Glory.

"I'm going on myself soon. Charlie's getting me on the clubs."

"The clubs?"

"The foreign clubs in Soho. More nor one has begun there."

"Really?"

"The foreigners like dancing best. If you can do the splits and shoulder the leg it's the mykings of you for life."

When the performance was over they found Charlie waiting on the square in front of the house. Glory had seen him before, and she recognized him immediately. He was the young Cockney with the rolled fringe who had bantered the policeman by Palace Yard on Lord Mayor's Day. They got into the underground together, and when Glory returned to the subject of the foreign clubs Charlie grew animated and eloquent.

"They give ye five shillings a turn, and if yer good for anythink ye may do six turns of a Sunday night, not ter speak of special nights and friendly leads and sech."

When Glory got out at the Temple Aggie's head was resting on Charlie's shoulder and her little gloved fingers were lightly clasped in his hand.

On the second night Glory had conquered a good deal of her pride. The grace of her humor was saving her. It was almost as if somebody else was doing

servant's duty and she was looking on and laughing. After all, it was very funny that she should be there, and what delicious thoughts it would bring later! Even Nell Gwynne sold oranges in the pit at first, and then some day when she had risen above all this——

It must have been a great night of some sort. She had noticed red baize and an awning outside, and the front of one of the boxes was laden with flowers. When its occupants entered the orchestra played the national anthem and the audience rose to their feet. It was the prince with the princess and their daughters. The audience was only less distinguished, and something far off and elusive moved in her memory when a lady handed her a check and said in a sweet voice:

"A gentleman will come for this seat."

Glory's station was in the stalls, and she did not go out when the lights went down and the curtain rose. The play was a modern one—the story of a country girl who returned home after a life of bitterness and shame.

It moved her and thrilled her, and stirred the smoldering fires of her ambition. She was sorry for the actress who played the part, the poor thing did not understand, and she would have given worlds to pour her own voice through the girl's mouth. Then she was conscious that she was making a noise with her hands, and looking down at them she saw the crumpled programs and her white cuffs, and remembered where she was, and what, and she murmured, "O God, do not punish me for these vain thoughts!"

All at once a light shot across her face as she stood in the darkness. The door of the corridor had been opened, and a gentleman was coming in. He stood a moment beside her, with his eyes on the stage, and said in a whisper:

"Did a lady leave a seat?"

It was Drake! She felt as if she would suffocate, but answered in a strained voice:

"Yes, that one—program, please."

He took the program without looking at her, put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, and slid something into her hand. It was sixpence.

She could have screamed. The humiliation was too abject. Hurrying out, she threw down her programs, put on her cloak and hat, and fled.

But next morning she laughed at herself, and when she took out Drake's sixpence she laughed again. With the poker and a nail she drove a hole through the coin, and then hung it up by a string to a hook over the mantelpiece, and laughed (and cried a little) every time she looked at it. Life was so funny! Why did people bury themselves before they were dead? She wouldn't do it for worlds. But she did not go back to the theater for all that, and neither did she return to the counter.

Christmas was near, the shops became bright and gay, and she remembered what beautiful presents she had meant to send home out of the money she had hoped to earn. On Christmas Eve the streets were thronged with little family groups out shopping, and there were many amusing sights. Then she laughed a good deal, she could not keep from laughing.

Christmas day opened with a rimy, hazy morning, and the business thoroughfares were deserted. They had sucking pig for dinner, and Mr. Jupe, who was at home for the holiday, behaved like a great boy. It was afternoon before the postman arrived with a bag as big as a creel, and full of Christmas cards and parcels. There was a letter for Glory. It was from Aunt Anna.

We are concerned about the serious step you have taken, but trust it is for the best, and that you will give Mrs. Jupe every satisfaction. Don't waste your savings on us. Remember there are post office savings banks everywhere, and that there is no friend like a little money.

At the bottom there was a footnote from Aunt Rachel:

Do you ever see the queen in London, and the dear prince and princess.

She went to service that night at St. Paul's Cathedral. Entering by the west door, a verger in his cloak directed her to a seat in the nave. The great place was dark and chill and half empty. All the singing seemed to come from some unseen regions far away, and when the preacher got into the curious pulpit he looked like a jack in the box, and it seemed to be a drum that was speaking.

Coming out before the end she thought she would walk to the Whitechapel Road, of which Aggie had told her something. She did so, going by Bishopsgate Street, but turning her head away as she passed the church of the Brotherhood. The motley crowd of Polish Jews, Germans, and Chinamen, in the most interesting street in Europe, amused her for a while, and then she walked up Houndsditch and passed through Bishopsgate Street again.

At the Bank she took an omnibus for home. The only other fare was a bouncing girl in a big hat with feathers.

"Going to the market, my dear? No? I hates it myself, too, so I goes to the 'alls instead. Come from the country, don't ye? Same here. Father's a farmer, but he's got sixteen besides me, so I won't be missed. Live? I live at old Nan's dress house now. Nice gloves, ain't they? My hat? Glad you like the style. I generally get a new hat once a week, and as for gloves, if anybody likes me——"

That night in her musty bedroom Glory wrote home while little slyboots slept:

"The best laid plans o' mice and men,
Gang aft agley."

Witness me!

I intended to send you some Christmas presents, but the snow has been so industrious that not a mouse has stirred if he could help it. However, I send three big kisses instead and a pair of mittens for grandfather, worked with my own hands, because I wouldn't allow any good Brownie to do it for me. Tell Aunt Rachel I *do* see the prince and princess sometimes. I saw them at the theater the other night. Yes, the theater! You must not be shocked—we are rather gay in London—we go to the theater occasionally. It is so interesting to meet all the great people. You see I am fairly launched in fashionable society, but I love everybody just the same as ever, and the moment the candle is out I shall be thinking of Glenfaba and seeing the "Waits," and "Oiel Verree," and "Hunting the Wren," and grandfather smoking his pipe in the study by the light of the fire, and Sir Thomas Traddles, the tailless, purring and blinking at his feet. Merry Christmas to you, my dears! By by!

XXX.

"'WHERE'S that bright young Irish lady?' the gentlemen's alwis sayin', my dear," said Mrs. Jupe, and for very shame's sake, having no money to pay for board and lodgings, Glory returned to the counter.

A little beyond Bedford Row, in a rookery of apartment houses in narrow streets, there lives a colony of ballet girls and chorus girls who are employed at the lighter theaters of the Strand. They are a noisy, merry, reckless, harmless race, free of speech, fond of laughter, wearing false jewelry, false hair, and false complexions, but good boots always, which they do their utmost not to conceal.

Many of these girls pass through the Turnstile on their way to their work, and towards seven in the evening the tobacconist's would be full of them. Nearly all smoked, as the stained forefinger of their right hands showed, and while they bought their cigarettes they chirruped and chirped until the little shop was like a tree full of linnets in the spring.

Most of them belonged to the Frailty Theater, and their usual talk was of the "stars" engaged there. Chief among these were the "Sisters Bellman," a trio of singers in burlesque, and a frequent subject of innuendo and repartee was one Betty, of that ilk, whose name Glory could remember to have seen blazing in gold on nearly every hoarding and sign.

"Says she was a governess in the country, my dear."

"Oh, yus, I dare say. Came out of a slop shop in the Mile End Road, though, and learned 'er steps with the organ man in the court back of the jam factory."

"Well, I never! She's a wide un, she is!"

"About as wide as Broad Street, my dear. Use ter sell flowers in Piccadilly Circus till somebody spoke to 'er, and now she rides 'er brougham, doncher know."

Then the laughter would be general, and the girls would go off with their arms about one another's waists, and singing, in the street substitute for the stage whisper, "And 'er golden 'air was 'anging dahn 'er back!"

This yellow haired and yellow fingered sisterhood saw the game of life pretty clearly, and it did not take them long to get abreast of Glory.

"Like this life, my dear?"

"Go on! Does she look as if she liked it?"

"Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't," replied Glory.

"Tell that to the marines, my dear. I use ter be in a shop myself, but I couldn't

a-bear it. Give me my liberty, I say; and if a girl's got any sort o' figure—unnerstand, my dear?"

Late that night one of the girls came in breathless and cried, "Hooraa! What d'ye think? Betty wants a dresser, and I've got the shop for ye, my dear. Guinea a week and the pickings, and you go tomorrow night on trial. By by."

Glory's old infirmity came back upon her, and she felt hot and humiliated. But her vanity was not so much wounded by the work that she was offered as her honor was hurt by the work she was doing. Mrs. Jupe's absences from home were now more frequent than ever. If the business that took her abroad was akin to that which had taken her to Polly Love——

To put an end to her uneasiness Glory presented herself at the stage door.

"You the noo dresser, miss?" said the doorkeeper. "Collins has orders to look after you. Collins!"

A scraggy, ugly, untidy woman who was passing looked back and listened.

"Come along of me, then," she said, and Glory followed her, first down a dark passage, then through a dusty avenue between stacks of scenery, then across the open stage, up a flight of stairs, and into a room of moderate size which had no window and no ventilation, and contained three cheval glasses, a couch, four cane bottom chairs, three small toilet tables with gas jets suspended over them, three large trunks, some boxes of cigarettes, and a number of empty champagne bottles. Here there was another woman, as scraggy and untidy as the first, who bobbed her head at Glory and then went on with her work, which was that of taking gorgeous dresses out of one of the trunks and laying them on the couch.

"She told me to show you her first act," said the woman called Collins, and throwing open another trunk she indicated some of the costumes contained in it.

It was a new world to Glory, and there was something tingling and electrical in the atmosphere about her. There were the shouts and curses of the scene shifters on the stage, the laughing voices of the chorus girls going by the door, and all the multitudinous noises of the theater before the curtain rises. Presently there was a rustle of silk, and two young ladies came bouncing into the room. One was tall and pink and white, like a scarlet runner, the other was little and dainty. They stared at Glory and she was compelled to speak.

"Miss Bellman, I presume?"

"Ye mean Betty, dwon't ye?" said the tall lady, and at that moment Betty herself arrived. She was a plump person with a kind of vulgar comeliness, and Glory had a vague sense of having seen her before somewhere.

"So ye've came," she said, and she took possession of Glory straightway. "Help me off of my sealskin."

Glory did so, the others were similarly disrobed, and in a few moments their three ladyships were busy before the toilet tables with their grease, and rose pink, and black pencils.

Glory was taking down the hair of her stout ladyship, and her stout ladyship was looking at Glory in the glass.

"Not a bad face, girls, eh?"

The other two glanced at Glory approvingly. "Not bad," they answered, and then hummed or whistled as they went on with their making up.

"Oh, *thank* you," said Glory with a low curtesy, and everybody laughed. It was really very amusing. Suddenly it ceased to be so.

"And what's its nyme, my dear?" said the little lady.

A sort of shame at using in this company the name that was sacred to home, to the old parson, and to John Storm, came creeping over Glory like a goosing of the flesh, and by the inspiration of a sudden memory, she answered, "Gloria."

The little lady paused with the black pencil at her eyebrows, and said:

"My! What a nyme for the top line of a bill!"

"Ugh! Mykes me feel like Sundays, though," said the tall lady, with a shudder.

"Irish, my dear?"

"Something of that sort," said Glory.

"Brought up a lydy, I'll be bound?"

"My father was a clergyman," said Glory, "but——"

A sudden peal of laughter stopped her, whereupon she threw up her head and her eyes flashed, but her stout ladyship patted her hand and said:

"No offense, Glo, but you re'lly mustn't

—they're *all* clergymen's daughters, doncher know."

A sharp knock came to the door, followed by the first call of the call boy, "Half hour, ladies." Then there was much bustle and some irritation inside the dressing room, and the tuning up of the orchestra outside. The knock came again, "Curtain up, please." The door was thrown open, the three ladies swept out—the tall one in tights, the little one in a serpentine skirt, the plump one in some fancy costume—and Glory was left to gather up the fragments, to listen to the orchestra, which was now in full power, to think of it all and to laugh.

The ladies returned to the dressing room again and again in the course of the performance, and when not occupied with the changing of their dresses they amused themselves variously. Sometimes they smoked cigarettes, sometimes sent Collins for brandy and soda, sometimes talked of their friends in front—"Lord Johnny's 'ere again. See 'im in the prompt box? It's 'is sixtieth night this piece and there's only been sixty nine of the run"—and sometimes they discussed the audience generally: "Don't know what's a matter with 'em tonight; ye may work yer eyes out and ye can't get a 'and."

The curtain came down at length, the outdoor costumes were resumed, the call boy called "Carriages, please"; the ladies answered "Right ye are, Tommy"; her plump ladyship nodded to Glory, "You'll do middling, my dear, when ye get yer 'and in"—and then nothing was left but the dark stage, the blank house, and the "Good night, miss," of the porter at the stage door.

So these were favorites of the footlights! And Glory Quayle was dressing and undressing them and preparing them for the stage! Next morning before rising Glory tried to think it out. Were they so very beautiful? Glory stretched up in bed to look at herself in the glass, and lay down again with a smile. Were they so much cleverer than other people? It was foolishness to think of it, for they were as empty as a drum. There must be some explanation, if a girl could only find it out.

The second night at the theater passed much like the first, except that the ladies were visited between the acts by a group of fellow artists from another company, and then the free and easy manners of familiar intercourse gave way to a style that was most circumspect and precise, and, after the fashion of great ladies, they talked together of morning calls and leaving cards and five o'clock tea.

There was a scene in the performance in which the three girls sang together, and Glory crept out to the head of the stairs to listen. When she returned to the dressing room her heart was bounding, and her eyes, as she saw them in the glass, seemed to be leaping out of her head. It was ridiculous! To think of all that fame, all that fuss about voices like those, about singing like that, while she—if she could only get a hearing——

But the cloud had chased the sunshine from her face in a moment, and she was murmuring again, "O God, do not punish a vain, presumptuous creature!"

All the same she felt happy and joyous, and on the third night she was down at the theater earlier than the other dressers, and was singing to herself as she laid out the costumes, for her heart was beginning to be light. Suddenly she became aware of some one standing at the open door. It was an elderly man with a bald head and an owlish face. He was the stage manager; his name was Sefton.

"Go'on, my girl," he said. "If you've got a voice like that why don't you let somebody hear it?"

Her plump ladyship arrived late that night, and her companions were dressed and waiting when she swept into the room like a bat with outstretched wings, crying, "Out o' the way! Betty Bellman's coming! She's lyte."

There were numerous little carpings, back bitings, and hypocrisies during the evening, and they reached a climax when Betty said,

"Lord Bobbie is coming round tonight, my dear."

"Not if *I* know it, my love," said the tall lady. "We are goin' to supper at the Nell Gwynne club, my dearest."

"Surprised at ye, my darling."

"*You* are a nice one to preach, my pet!"

After that encounter two of their ladyships, who were kissing and hugging on the stage, were no longer on speaking terms in the dressing room, and as soon

as might be after the curtain had fallen, the tall lady and the little one swept out of the place with mysterious asides about a "friend being a friend," and "not staying there to see nothing done shabby."

"If she don't like, she needn't, my dear," said the boycotted one, and then she dismissed Glory for the night with a message to the friend who would be waiting on the stage.

The atmosphere of the dressing room had become oppressive and stifling that night, and, notwithstanding the exaltation of her spirits since the stage manager had spoken to her, Glory was sick and ashamed. The fires of her ambition were struggling to burn under the drenching showers that had fallen upon her modesty, and she felt confused and compromised.

As she stepped down the stairs the curtain was drawn up, the auditorium was a void, the stage was dark, save for a single gas jet that burned at the prompter's wing, and a gentleman in evening dress was walking to and fro by the extinguished footlights. She was about to step up to the man when she recognized him, and turning on her heel she hurried away. It was Lord Robert Ure, and the memory that had troubled her at the first sight of Betty was of the woman who had ridden with Polly Love on the day of the Lord Mayor's Show.

Feeling hot and foolish and afraid, she was scurrying through the dark passages when some one called to her. It was the stage manager.

"I should like to hear your voice again, my dear. Come down at eleven in the morning sharp. The leader of the orchestra will be here to play."

She made some confused answer of assent, and then found herself in the back street, panting audibly and taking long breaths of the cold night air. She was dizzy, and was feeling, as she had never felt before, that she wanted some one to lean upon. If anybody had said to her at that moment, "Come out of the atmosphere of that hotbed, my child, it is full of danger and the germs of death," she would have left everything behind and followed him, whatever the cost or sacrifice. But she had no one, and the pain of her yearning and the misery of her shame were choking her.

Before going home she walked over to the hospital; but no, there was still no letter from John Storm. There was one from Drake, many days overdue:

DEAR GLORY,—Hearing that you call for your letters, I write to ask if you will not let me know where you are and how the world is using you. Since the day we parted in St. James' Park I have often spoken of you to my friend Miss Macquarrie, and I am angry with myself when I remember what remarkable talents you have, and that they are only waiting for the right use to be made of them. Yours most kindly,

F. H. N. DRAKE.

"Many thanks, good Late-i'-th'-day," she thought, and she was crushing the letter in her hand when she saw there was a postscript:

P.S.—This being the Christmas season I have given myself the pleasure of sending a parcel of yuletide goodies to your dear old grandfather and his sweet and simple household; but as they have doubtless long forgotten me, and I do not wish to embarrass them with unnecessary obligations, I will ask you not to help them to the identification of its source.

She straightened out the letter and folded it, put it in her pocket and returned home. Another letter was waiting for her there. It was from the parson:

So you sent us a Christmas box after all! That was just like my runaway, all innocent acting and make believe. What joy we had of it! Rachel and myself, I mean, for we had to carry on the fiction that Aunt Anna knew nothing about it, she being vexed at the thought of our spendthrift spending so much money. Chalse brought it into the parlor while Anna was up stairs, and it might have been the ark going up to Jerusalem, it entered in such solemn stillness. Oh, dear! oh, dear! The bun loaf, and the almonds, and the cheese, and the turkey, and the pound of tobacco and the mull of snuff! On account of Anna everything had to be conducted in great quietness, but it was a terribly leaky sort of silence, I fear, and there were hot and hissing whispers. God bless you for your thought and care of us! Coming so timely it is like my dear one herself, a gift that cometh from the Lord; and when people ask me if I am not afraid that my granddaughter should be all alone in that great and wicked Babylon I tell them, "No; you don't know my Glory; she is all courage and nerve and power, a perfect bow of steel, quivering with sympathy and strength."

XXXI.

CHRISTMAS had come and gone at the Brotherhood and yet the project was unfulfilled. John himself had delayed its fulfilment from one trivial cause after another. The night was too dark or not dark

enough; the moon shone or was not shining. His real obstacle was his superstitious fear. The scheme was very easy of execution, and the father himself had made it so. This and the father's trust in him had almost wrecked the enterprise. Only his own secret anxieties, which were interpreted to his consciousness by the sight of Brother Paul's wasting face, sufficed to sustain his purpose.

"The man's dying. It cannot be unpleasing to Providence."

He said this to himself again and again, as one presses the pain in one's side to make sure it is still there. Under the shadow of his difficulty his character was going to ruin. He grew cunning and hypocritical, and could do nothing that was not false in reality or appearance. When the father passed him he would drop his head, and it was taken for contrition, and he was commended for his humility.

It was now the last day of the year, and therefore the last of his duty at the door.

"It must be tonight," he whispered, as Paul passed him.

Paul nodded. Since the plan of escape had been projected he had lost all will of his own and become passive and inert. But John's energy was active enough, and he watched his opportunity like a thief.

How the day lingered! And when the night came it dragged along with feet of lead. It seemed as if the hour of evening recreation would never end. Certain of the brothers who had been away on preaching missions throughout the country had returned for the Feast of the Nativity, and the house was bright with fresh faces and cheerful voices. John thought he had never before heard so much laughter in the monastery.

But the bell rang for compline and the brothers passed into church. It was a cold night, the snow was trodden hard, and the wind was rising. The service ended and the brothers returned to the house with clasped hands and passed up to their cells in silence, leaving Brother Paul at his penance in the church.

Finally the father put up his hood and went out to lock the gate, and the dog, who took this for his signal, shambled up and followed him. When he returned he shuddered and shrugged his shoulders.

"A bitter night, my son," he said. "It's like courting death to go out in it. Heaven help all homeless wanderers on a night like this." He was wiping the snow from his slippers. "So this is the last day of your penance, Brother Storm, and tomorrow morning you will join us in the community room. You have done well; you have fought a good fight and resisted the assaults of Satan. Good night to you, my son, and God bless you!"

He took a few steps forward and then stopped. "By the way, I promised you the 'Life of Père Lacordaire,' and you might come to my room now and fetch it."

The father's room was on the ground floor to the left of the staircase, and it was entered from a corridor which cut the house across the middle. The rooms that opened out of this corridor to the front looked on the courtyard, and those to the back looked across the city to the Thames. The father's room opened to the back and faced the river. It was as bare of ornament as any of the cells of the religious, but it had a small fire and a writing table on which a lamp was burning. The window was before you as you entered, the fire was to the right, and the bed was directly facing it. Over the bed there was a little shelf where the father kept his spectacles and the book he was reading, and under the shelf there was a line of hooks for keys.

As they entered the room together, the father hung the key of the gate on one of these hooks above the bed. It was the third hook from the end nearest the window, and the key was an old one with very few wards. John watched all this, and even observed that there were books on the floor, and that a man might stumble if he did not walk warily. The father picked up one of them.

"This is the book, my son. A most precious document, the very mirror of a living human soul. What touched me most perhaps were the father's references to his mother. A monk may not have his mother to himself, and if the love of a woman is much to him he is miserable indeed until he has fixed his eyes on the most blessed among women."

As John was coming out of the father's room he met Brother Andrew going into it with clean linen over one arm and a ewer of water in the other hand.

He threw the book on his bed in the alcove, and sat down on the form at the door and tried to strengthen himself in his purpose.

"The man is dying for the sight of his sister. He can save her soul if he can only see her. It cannot be displeasing to God Almighty."

When he lifted his head the house was silent, except for the wind that whistled outside its walls. Presently there was a scarcely perceptible click, as of a door closing, and Brother Andrew came from the direction of the superior's room. John called to him and he stepped up on tip toe, for the monk hates noise as an evil spirit. The sprawling features of the big fellow were all smiles.

"Has the father gone to bed?" said John.

"Yes."

"Just gone?"

"No—half an hour ago."

"Then he will be asleep by this time."

"He was asleep before I left him."

"So he doesn't lock his door on the inside?"

"No, never."

"Does the father sleep soundly?"

"Sometimes he does and sometimes a cat would waken him."

"Brother Andrew——"

"Yes."

"Would you do something for me if I wanted it very much?"

"You know I would."

"Even if you had to run some risk?"

"I'm not afraid of that."

"And if I got you into trouble perhaps?"

"But you wouldn't. *You* wouldn't get anybody into trouble."

John could go no farther. The implicit trust in the simple face was too much for him.

"What is it?" said Brother Andrew.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," said John. "I was only trying you, but you are too good to be tempted, and I am ashamed. You must go to bed now."

"Can I put out the lights for you?"

"No, I'm not ready yet. Ugh! what a cruel wind. A cold night for Brother Paul in the church."

"Tell me, Brother Storm, what is the matter with Brother Paul? He makes me think of my mother, I don't know why."

John made no answer, and the lay brother began to go up stairs. Two steps up he stopped and whispered:

"Won't you let me do something for you, then?"

"Not tonight, Brother Andrew."

"Good night, Brother Storm."

"Good night, my lad."

John listened to his footsteps until they stopped far overhead, and then all was quiet. Only the whistling of the wind broke the stillness of the peaceful house. He slid back the grating and looked out. All was darkness except for the tiny gleam of colored light that came from the church, where Brother Paul sat to say his "Hail Mary."

This fortified his courage, and he got up to put out the lamps in the staircase and corridors. He began at the top, and as he came down he listened on every landing and looked carefully around. There was no sound anywhere except the light fall of his own deadened footstep. His superstitious fears came back upon him, and his restless conscience created terrors. The old London mansion, with its mystic cells, seemed full of strange shadows, and the wind howled around it like a fiend. One by one he extinguished the lamps. The last of them hung in the hall under the picture of Christ in His crown of thorns. As he put it out he thought the eyes looked at him and he shuddered.

It was now half past ten, and time to carry out his project. The back of his neck was aching and his breath was coming quick. With noiseless steps he walked to the door of the father's room and listened again. Hearing nothing, he opened the door wide and stepped into the room.

The fire was slumbering out, but it cast a faint red glow on the ceiling and on the bed. A soft light rested on the father's face and he was sleeping peacefully. There was no sound except the wind in the chimney and a fog horn blowing on a steamer in the river.

To reach the key, where it hung above

the bed, it was necessary to step between the fire and the sleeping man. As John did so his black shadow fell on the father's face. He stretched out his hand for the key and found that a bunch of other keys were now hanging over it. When he removed them they jingled slightly, and then his heart stood still; but the father did not stir, and he took the key of the gate off the hook, put the other keys back in their place, and turned to go.

The dog began to howl—somebody was playing music in the street—and the open door made the wind to roar in the chimney. The father sighed, and John stood with a quivering heart and looked over his shoulder. But it was only a deep human sigh, uttered in sleep.

At the next moment John had returned to the corridor and closed the door behind him. His throat was parched, his eyelids were twitching, and his temples were beating like drums. He went gliding along like a thief, and as he passed the picture of Christ in the darkness the wind seemed to be crying "Judas!"

Back in the hall he dropped on to the form, for his knees could support him no longer. Conscience, love, humanity, and religion clamored loud in his heart and tore him in pieces. "Traitor!" cried one. "But the man's dying," cried another. "Judas!" "She is hovering on the brink of hell, and he may save her soul from death and damnation!" When the struggle was over, conscience and religion were worsted, and he was more cunning than before.

Then the clock chimed the quarter, and he raised his head. The streets, usually so quiet at that hour, were becoming noisy with traffic. There was the shuffling of many feet on the hard snow, and the sharp crack of voices.

He opened the great door of the house with as little noise as possible, and stepped out into the courtyard. The bloodhound started from his quarters and began to growl, but he silenced it with a word, and the creature came up and licked his hand. He crossed the court with quick and noiseless footsteps, lifted the latch of the sacristy and pushed through to the church.

There was a low droning sound in the empty place. It ran a space and was then sucked in like the sound of the sea at the harbor steps. Brother Paul was sitting in the chancel, with a lamp on the stall by his side. His head leaned forward, his eyes were closed, and the light on his thin face made it look pallid and lifeless. John called to him in a whisper:

"Paul!"

He rose quickly and followed John into the courtyard, looking wild and weak and lost.

"But the lamp—I've forgotten it," he said. "Shall I go back and put it out?"

"How simple you are!" said John. "Somebody may be lying awake in the house. Do you want him to see that you've left your penance an hour too soon?"

"True."

"Come this way—quietly."

They passed on tip toe to the passage leading to the street, where some flickering gleams of the light without fell over them.

"Where's your hat?" said John.

"I forgot that too—I left it in the church."

"Take mine," said John, "and put up your hood and button your cassock—it's a cruel night."

"But I'm afraid," said Paul.

"Afraid of what?"

"Now that the time has come I'm afraid to learn the truth about her. After all, uncertainty is hope, you know, and then——"

"Tut! Be a man! Don't give way at the last moment. Here, tie my handkerchief about your neck! How helpless you are, though! I've half a mind to go myself instead."

"But you don't know what I want to say, and if you did you couldn't say it."

"Then listen! Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Go to the hospital where your sister used to be a nurse."

"Martha's Vineyard?"

"Ask for Nurse Quayle—will you remember?"

"Nurse Quayle."

"If she is on night duty she will see you at once. But if she is on day duty she may be in bed and asleep, and in that case——"

"What?"

"Here, take this letter. Have you got it?"

"Yes."

"Give it to the porter. Tell him it comes from the former chaplain—you remember. Say it concerns a matter of great importance, and ask him to send it up to the dormitories immediately. Then——"

"Well?"

"Then *she* must tell you what to do next."

"But if she is out?"

"She may be—this is New Year's Eve."

"Ah!"

"Wait in the porch till she comes in again."

John's impetuous will was carrying everything before it, and the helpless creature began to overwhelm him with grateful blessing.

"Pooh! We'll not talk of that. Have you any money?"

"No."

"Neither have I. I brought nothing here except the little in my purse, and I gave that up on entering."

"I don't want any—I can walk."

"It will take you an hour, then."

A clock was striking somewhere. "Hush! One, two, three—eleven o'clock. It will be midnight when you get there. Now go!"

The key was grating in the lock of the gate. "Remember lauds at six in the morning."

"I'll be back at five."

"And I'll open the gate at half past five. Only six hours to do everything."

"Good night, then."

"Wait!"

"What is it?"

Paul was in the street, but John was in the darkness of the passage.

"Very likely you'll cross London in a cab with her."

"My sister?"

"Your sister went to live somewhere in St. John's Wood, I remember."

"St. John's Wood?"

"Tell her"—John was striving to keep his voice firm—"tell her I am happy—and cheerful—and looking strong and well, you know."

"But you're not. You're too good, and you're wearing yourself away in my——"

"Tell her I am often thinking of her, and if she has anything to say—anything to send—any word—any message—it can't be displeasing to the Almighty—but no matter! Go, go!"

The key had grated in the lock again, the lay brother was gone, and John was left alone.

"God pity and forgive me!" he muttered, and then he turned away.

The traffic in the streets was increasing every moment, and as he stumbled across the courtyard a drunken man going by the gate stopped and cried into the passage, "Helloa, there! I'm a-watchin' of ye!" The bloodhound leaped back and barked, but John hurried into the house and clashed the door.

He sat on the form and tried to compose himself. He thought of Paul as he had seen him at the last moment—the captured eagle with the broken wing scudding into the night, the night of London, but free, free!

In his mind's eye he followed him through the streets—down Bishopsgate Street into Threadneedle Street and along Cheapside to St. Paul's Churchyard. Crowds of people would be there tonight, waiting for the striking of the clock at midnight that they might raise a shout and wish each other a happy New Year.

That made him think of Glory. She would be there, too, for she loved a rich and abounding life. He could see her quite plainly in the midst of the throng with her sparkling eyes and bounding step. It would be so new to her, so human, and so beautiful. Glory! Always Glory!

He thought he must have been dreaming, for suddenly the clocks were all striking, first the clock in the hall, then the clocks of the churches round about, and finally the great clock of the cathedral. Almost at the same moment there was a distant sound like the rattle of musketry, and then the church bells began to ring.

The noises in the streets were now tumultuous. People were shouting and laughing. Some of them were singing. At one moment it was a Salvation chorus, at the next a music hall ditty. With measured steps over the hardened snow of the pavement there came tramping along a line of boys and girls crying—

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
D'ye ken John P-e-e-l——

Their shrill trebles broke like a rocket on the topmost note, and there was loud laughter.

Glory again! Always, always Glory!

Then the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw himself as he was, a self deluded man and a cheat. The impulses that had prompted him to this night's work had really centered in Glory. It had been Glory first and Glory last, and his pity for Brother Paul and his fear for the fate of Polly had been only a falsehood and pretense.

The night wind was still howling about the house. Its noise mingled with the peal of the church bells, and together they seemed to utter the voices of mocking fiends: Judas! Traitor! Fool! Fool! Traitor! Judas!

He covered his ears with his hands, and his head fell into his breast.

XXXII.

THE LITTLE TURNSTILE,
New Year's Eve.

HOORAA! Hooraa!

Feeling like bottled yeast this evening and liable to go off, I thank my stars I have three old babies at home to whom I am bound to tell everything. So lizzen, lizzen for all! Know ye then, all men (and women), by these presents that there is a gentleman in London who predicts wonderful things for Glory. His name is Sefton, and I came to know him through three ladies—I call them the Three Graces—whose acquaintance I have made by coming to live here. He is only an old mushroom with a bald, white head; and if I believed everything their ladyships say I should conclude that he is one of those who never sin except twice a year, and that is all the time before Christmas and all the time after it. But their Graces belong to that saintly sisterhood who would take away the devil's character if they needed it (they don't), and though the mushroom's honor were as scarce as the middle cut in salmon, yet in common loyalty Glory would have to believe in it.

It is all about my voice. Hearing it by accident when I was humming about the house like a bluebottle fly, he asked me to let him hear it again in a place where he could judge of it to more advantage. That turned out to be a theater—yes, indeed, a theater—but it was the middle of the morning, and nobody was there except ourselves and a couple of cleaners, so Aunt Anna needn't be afraid. Yes, the chief of the orchestra was present, and he sat before a piano on the edge of the maelstrom, in what we should call the high bailiff's pews—but they call them the stalls—while the mushroom himself went back to the cavernous depths of the body, which in a theater they have properly christened the pit, and this morning it looked like the bottomless one.

Lor' a massy! Ever see the inside of a theater in the daytime? Of course you've not, my dears. It is what the world itself was the day before the first day—without form and void, and darkness is on the face of the deep. Not a ray of daylight anywhere, except the adulterated kind that comes mooching around corridors and prowling in at half open doors and floating through the sepulchral gloom like the sleepy eyes of the monsters that terrified me in the caves at Gobny-Deigan when I used to play pirate, you remember.

The gentlemen had left me alone on the stage with five or six footlights—which they ought to call facelights—flashing in my eyes, and when the pianist began to vamp and I to sing it was like pitching my voice into a tunnel, and I became so dreadfully nervous that I was forced to laugh. That seemed to vex my unseen audience, who thought me "rot," so I said, "Let there be more light, then," and there was more light, "and let the piano cease from troubling," and it was so. Then I just stiffened my back, and give them one of mother's French songs, and after the first verse I called out to the manager at the back, "Can you hear me?" and he called back, "Go on; it's splendid!" So I did "Mylecharine" in the Manx, and I suppose I acted both of my songs; but I was only beginning to be aware that my voice in that great place was a little less like a barrel organ than usual when suddenly there came a terrific clatter, such as comes with the seventh wave on the shingle, and my two dear men in the dark were clapping the skin of their hands off!

Oh, my dears! my dears! If you only knew how for weeks and weeks I had been moaning and lamenting that it was because I wasn't clever that people took no notice of me, you would forgive a vain creature when she said to herself, "My daughter, you are really somebody after all, you, you!" It was a beautiful moment, though, and when the old mushroom came back to the stage saying, "What a voice! What expression! What nature!" I felt like falling on his bald head and kissing it, not being able to speak for lumps in the throat, and feeling like the Methodist lady who poured out whisky for the class leaders, after they had presented her with a watch, and then told the reporters to say she had suitably responded.

Heigho! I have talked about the fashionable people I meet in London, but I don't want to be one of them. They do nothing but rush about, dress, gossip, laugh, love, and plunge into all the delights of life. That is not my idea of existence. I am ambitious. I want to do something. I am tired in my soul of doing nothing. Yes, it *has* been that all along, though I didn't like to tell you so before. There are people who are born in the midst of greatness, and they don't know how to use it. But to be one of the world's celebrities, that is so different. To have won the heart of the world, so that the world knows

you and thinks of you and loves you! Say it is by your voice you do it, and that your world is the concert hall, or even the music hall—what matter? You needn't *live* music hall, whatever the life inside of it. And then that great dark void peopled with faces that laugh or cry just as you please to make them—confess that it would be magnificent, my dear ones!

I am to go again tonight to hear what Mr. Sefton has to propose, but already this dingy little bed room smiles upon me, and even the broken tiles in the back yard might be the pavement of paradise! If it is true what he tells me—well, he that hath the bride is the bridegroom, and if my doings hereafter don't curl your hair I will try to show the inhabitants of this stupid old earth what a woman can do in spite of every disadvantage. I shall not be sorry to leave this place either. The rats in these old London houses (judging by the cries of woe), hold a nightly carnival for the eating up of the younger members of the families. And then Mrs. Jupe and Mr. Jupe—Mr. Dupe I call him, she deceives him so dreadfully with her gadding about—but anon, anon, good people!

It is New Year's Eve today, and nearly nine months since I came up to London. *Tempus fugit!* In fact *tempus* is *fugit*-ing most fearfully, considering that I am twenty one on Sunday next, you know, and that I haven't begun to do anything really. The snowdrops must be making a peep at Glenfaba by this time, and Aunt Rachel will be cutting slips of the rose trees and putting them in pots. Yandher place must be *urromassy** nice though, with snow on the roof and the sloping lawn, and the windows glistening with frost—just like a girl in her confirmation veil as she stands back to look at herself in the glass. I intend to see the New Year in this time on the outside of St. Paul's Cathedral, where people congregate in thousands as twelve o'clock approaches to carry on the beautiful fiction that there is still only one clock in London, and they have to hold their noses in the air to watch for the moment when it is going to strike. But in the midst of the light and life of this splendid city I know my heart will go back with a tender twinge to the little dark streets on the edge of the sea, where the Methodist choirs will be singing, "Hail, smiling morn," preparatory to coffee and currant cake.

Who will be your "first foot" this year, I wonder? It was John Storm last year, you remember, and being as dark as a gipsy he made a perfect *qualtagh*. And how we laughed when, disguised in the snow that was falling at the time, he pretended to be a beggar and came in just as grandfather was reading the bit about the Good Shepherd, and how He loved His lambs—and then I found him out! Ah me!

I am looking perfectly dazzling in a new hat today, having been going about hitherto in one of those little frights that used to be cocked up on the top of your hair like a hen on a cornstack. But now I am carrying about the Prince of Wales' feathers, and if he could only see me himself in them——

You see what a scatter brained creature I am! Leaving the hospital has made me grow so much younger every day that I am almost afraid I may come to contemplate short frocks. But really it's the first time I've looked nice for an eternity, and now I entirely retract and repent me of all I said about wishing to be a man. Being a girl I'll put up with it, and if all the old mushroom says on that head also is true—but then men are such funny things, bless them!

GLORY.

P. S.—No word from John Storm yet. Apparently he never thinks of us now—of me at all events—and I suppose he has resigned himself and taken the vows. That's one kind of religion, I dare say, but I can't understand it; and I don't know how a dog, even, can be nailed up to a wall and not go mad. In the night lying in bed I sometimes think of him. A dark cell, a bench for a bed, a crucifix, and no other furniture, praying with trembling limbs and chattering teeth—no, such things are too high for me, I cannot reach to them.

It seems impossible that *he* can be in London too. What a place this London is! Such a mixture! Fashion, religion, gaiety, devotion, pride, depravity, wealth, poverty! I find that for a girl to succeed in London her moral color must be heightened a little. *Pinjane*† won't do. Give her a slush of *pissaves*‡ and she'll go down sweeter. Angels are not wanted here at all. The only angels there are in London are kept framed in the church windows, and I half suspect that even they were women once, and liked bread and butter. And then Nell Gwynne's flag floats from the steeple of St. Martin's in the Fields, and now and again they ring the bells for her!

XXXIII.

At eleven o'clock that night Glory was putting on her hat and cloak to return home when the call boy came to the dressing room door to say that the stage manager was waiting to see her. With a little catch in her breath, and then with a tightening of the heart strings, she followed him to the stage manager's office. It was a stuffy place over the porter's lodge, approached by a flight of circular iron stairs and lumbered with many kinds of theatrical property.

"Come in, my dear," said the stage manager, and pushing away some models of scenery he made room for her on a sofa which stood by a fire that was going out. Then shutting the door, he bobbed his head at her and winked with both eyes, and said in a familiar whisper:

"It's all right, my dear. I've settled that little matter for you."

* Out of mercy.

† Manx dish, like Devonshire junket.

‡ Preserves.

"Do you mean——" began Glory, and then she waited with parted lips.

"It's as good as done, my dear. Sit down." Glory had risen in her excitement. "Sit down and I'll tell you everything."

He had spoken to his management. "Gentlemen," he had said, "unless I'm mistaken, I've found a prize." They had laughed. He was always finding prizes. But he knew what he was talking about, and they had given him *carte blanche*.

"You think there is really some likelihood then——" began Glory, with the catch in her breath again, for her throat was thick and her breast was heaving.

"Sit down, now do sit down, my dear, and listen."

He was suave, he was flattering, he was intimate, he was coaxing. She was to leave everything to him. Of course there was much to be done yet. She had a wonderful voice; it was finer than music. She had style as well; it was astonishing how she had come by it. Only a dresser, too—not even in the chorus. But stars were never turned out by nature. She had many things to learn, and would have to be coached up carefully before she could be brought out. He had done it for others, though, and he could do it for her, and if——

Glory's eyes were shining and her heart was beating like a drum.

"Then you think that eventually—if I work hard—after years perhaps——"

"You can't do it on your own, my dear, so leave yourself in my hands entirely, and don't whisper a word about it yet."

"Ah!" It was like a dream coming true; she could scarcely believe in it. The stage manager became still more suave and flattering and familiar. If she "caught on" there was no knowing what he might not get for her—ten pounds a week—fifteen, twenty, twenty five, even fifty perhaps.

Glory's palpitation was becoming painful, and at the bottom of her heart there was a certain fear of this sudden tide of fortune, as if Providence had somehow made a mistake and would as suddenly find it out. To appease her conscience she began to think of home and how happy she might make everybody there if God was really going to be so good to her. They should want for nothing; they should never know a poor day again.

Meantime the stage manager was painting another picture. A girl didn't go a begging if he once took her up. There was S—— She was only an "auricomous" damsel, serving in a tobacconist's shop in the Haymarket when he first found her, and now where was she?

"Of course I've no interest of my own to serve, my dear—none whatever. And there'll be lots of people to tempt you away from me when your name is made."

Glory made some vehement protest and then was lost in her dreams again.

"Well, well, we'll see," said the stage manager. He was looking at her with glittering eyes.

"Do you know, my dear, you are a very fine looking young woman?"

Glory's head was down, her face was flushed, and she was turning her mother's pearl ring around her finger. He thought she was overwhelmed by his praises, and coming closer, he said:

"Dare say you've got a good stage figure too, eh? Pooh! Only business, you know! But you mustn't be shy with me, my dear. And besides, if I am to do all this for you, you must do something for me sometimes."

She hardly heard him. Her eyes were still glistening with the far off look of one who gazes on a beautiful vision. "You are so good," she said. "I don't know what to say, or how to thank you."

"This way," he whispered, and leaning over to her he lifted her face and kissed her.

Then her poor dream of glory and grandeur and happiness was dispelled in a moment, and she awoke with a sense of outrage and shame. The man's praises were flattery; his predictions were a pretense; he had not really meant it at all, and she had been so simple as to believe everything.

"Oh!" she said, with the feeble, childish cry of one who has received a pistol shot in battle. And then she rose and turned to go. But the stage manager, who was laughing noisily out of his hot red face, stepped between her and the door.

"My dear child, you can't mean—a trifle like that——!"

"Open the door, please," she said in her husky voice.

"But surely you don't intend—in this profession we think nothing, you know——"

"Open the door, sir!"

"Really—upon my word——!"

When she came to herself again she was out in the dark back street, and the snow was hard and dirty under foot, and the wind was high and cold, and she was running along and crying like a disappointed child.

The bitterest part of it all was the crushing certainty that she had no talents and no chances of success, and that the man had only painted up his fancy picture as a means of deceiving her. Oh, the misery of being a woman! Oh, the cruelty of this great, glorious, devilish London, where a girl, if she was poor and alone, could live only by her looks!

(*To be continued.*) ab page 251

THE LUTE OF SPRING.

By woodland paths she came,
Past leafless vine and tree;
A whisper and a name,
A smile and melody.

Around her all was mute;
She, only, knew to sing,
While on the tuned lute
She touched the silver string.

The brown leaves at her feet
Across their slumbers heard
A voice—a cadence sweet—
And lo, the blue winged bird!

The barren branch above,
Its heart with hope athrill,
Leaned down and learned how love
With buds its arms could fill.

Her music woke the flowers;
All tremblingly and white
They came to bless the hours
With fragrance and with light.

Then suddenly there fell
On field and wood and stream
The magic of her spell
Ending their winter dream.

Blossom and leaf and song;
Joy at the morning's door!
What though the night were long,
April has come once more!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

TYPES OF FAIR WOMEN.

THE Willing family is one of the very oldest in this country. A generation ago a member of it said, and no one contradicted him, "If America had a monarchy I should be the Duke of Philadelphia." They go back into the very earliest history of Pennsylvania, and were people of wealth and fashion long before the Revolution. They have been one of the comparatively few American families with the stamina to last and to keep their prestige from generation to generation. New York has one of the most beautiful of the daughters of the house of Willing in Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who was Miss Ava Willing. Miss Eleanor Willing, her cousin, has also the characteristics of the women of her family, and, like Mrs.

MISS GOURDEAU, OF OTTAWA.

From a photograph by Pittaway, Ottawa.

MISS EDITH WETMORE, OF NEWPORT.
From a photograph by Mendelssohn, New York.

Astor, is a leader wherever she goes—and the Willings go everywhere. There is hardly a court in Europe where they are not known, and they are considered almost as much a part of New York society as any Knickerbocker family.

Miss Edith Wetmore, the elder daughter of Senator George Peabody Wetmore of Rhode Island, is another woman of New York society who is also a cosmopolite. The Wetmore villa, Chateau-sur-Mer, at Newport, has long been famous as one of the fine houses of that exclusive place of summer palaces. Miss Wetmore's mother, as Miss Keteltas, was a New York beauty, and her daughters

MISS ELEANOR WILLING, OF PHILADELPHIA.
From a photograph by Mendelssohn, New York.

have never lost touch with life in the metropolis. During the years when their father was Governor of Rhode Island and United States Senator, he found in his wife and daughters invaluable aids to his success in public life.

Paris is having a great deal to say, in these days, concerning the American woman within her gates. During the days of the third empire, transatlantic visitors attracted a great deal of attention in the court circle as well as in the hotels and on the boulevards. It came to be a saying that when good Americans died they went to Paris; but for some reason or other, after the republic came in,

travelers from the United States ceased to flock thither, except as sightseers. Perhaps they had enough of the simplicity of a republican court at home. American women who married Frenchmen were absorbed into French life, and have almost lost their national characteristics. But our artists continue to find Paris a Mecca, and some Americans still make a permanent home there. Among these latter are Samuel Crozer, of Philadelphia, and his wife, daughter of Colonel Rockwell, of Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Crozer have a fine chateau at Seine Port, near Paris, and are identified with the social life of the French capital.

We reproduce here the portrait of Mrs. Crozer which was painted last year by George Burroughs Torrey, a young American artist who went to Paris some years ago to study his art in the atmosphere which has fostered the best painters of this generation. It has been said that many portrait painters, after they go abroad, begin to paint types rather than individuals, and lose the likeness, without which the picture has little value. Mr. Torrey has not made this mistake, and his portrait of Mrs. Crozer is a characteristic sample of his graphic power.

MRS. BLACKSTOCK DOWNEY, OF TORONTO.
From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

The Canadian viceregal court has shown a great many beauties since Ottawa be-

MRS. CROZER, OF SEINE PORT, PARIS.

From the painting by George Burroughs Torrey.

came a capital, and brought the brilliant women from every part of the Dominion to its winter gatherings. Two Toronto women who have been seen there frequently have added much to the attractiveness of what has been called the gayest and brightest government circle in all Queen Victoria's empire. Canadian society has an energy which is not seen in India, and while so much is not said of its picturesqueness, and the novelist has never made its peculiar features familiar to the rest of the world, to the average Anglo Saxon mind it is much more interesting than the Asiatic peninsula.

Unfortunately for Canada, Mrs. Norton, who was a Miss Bickford, the daughter of the late H. O. Bickford, one of Toronto's prominent citizens, has gone to England to live. Her husband, Captain Norton, belongs to the Royal Engineers, and when his duties took him "home" there was mourning in the Dominion over the loss of two people whose places could not be filled. Mrs. Norton is a brunette, with regular features and brilliant eyes, and a voice which might have given her fortune on the stage.

Mrs. Blackstock Downey is the daughter of one of Toronto's best known clergymen. Before her marriage she was a noted beauty, and since she became the wife of Mr. Downey they have been among the leaders of Canadian society.

MRS. NORTON, WIFE OF CAPTAIN NORTON OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.
From a photograph by Walery, London.

One of the prettiest of this year's social newcomers in Ottawa is Miss Gourdeau, daughter of Captain Gourdeau, the deputy minister of marine. For years Captain Gourdeau, who represents one of the oldest Canadian families, has been a prominent society man, and it was a great surprise to his friends, to whom he still appeared young, to see the introduction of a daughter. Miss Gourdeau, though scarcely out of her teens, inherits much of her father's personality.

An April Memory.

You said "Good by," just as we reached
the gate—
The little yellow gate that hung aslant;
The golden afternoon was waxing late,
The light upon the hill tops growing
scant.
We paused; you said "Good by," and
nothing more,
And I passed up the pathway to the door.

There were no whispered words; we did
not stay
To watch the fading glitter on the hill.
As I went up the iris bordered way
I heard a mellow cry of "Whip-poor-
will!"
The dew was falling, and the air replete
With fragrances bewilderingly sweet.

It seemed as if their quaint, sweet mean-
ing clung
About the words, the way you uttered
them;
And in my heart a happy chime was rung
While stars embroidered evening's
dusky hem,
And "God be with you" floated in the air
Throughout the rose gold twilight every-
where.

The balmy sweetness of that April night!
I lay and listened to the river's sweep
Beneath wet flag and plum trees bloomy
white;
And when its music lulled me into
sleep,
All night I wandered by enchanted
streams,
"Good by" still thrilling softly through
my dreams.

Hattie Whitney.

From his latest photograph by Prince, New York.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

The new American ambassador to France, his fame as a speaker, and his remarkable record of ability and success in the civil war, in business affairs, and in public life.

WHEN General Grant was in the White House, George M. Pullman, who was a personal friend of the great soldier, said to him one day:

"I am in search of a man to relieve me from part of the responsibilities of my business. I want a young man, conscientious, clear headed, industrious, and of

real executive ability. Do you know where I can find him?"

"Yes," said Grant, "I know one such man, but you cannot get him. He is General Horace Porter, my private secretary, and I need him myself."

A year later, however, General Porter left Washington to become vice president of the Pullman company, a post which he held for more than twenty years, and resigned only a few months ago. This is only one of the many fields in which he has won the highest success. There have been few men more many sided. He is the polished citizen of the great world, the typical American gentleman, the club man, the after dinner speaker whose popularity is rivaled by not more than two or three others of his fellow countrymen. He is the man of business, who has directed the interests of half a dozen great corporations, and is a prominent officer of New York's most influential mercantile association—the Chamber of Commerce. He is the veteran soldier, with a military record of brilliant service on the field. For public life he has shown an equal aptitude, and as our ambassador to France —an appointment which at the time of writing is understood to be assured—he will be eminently the right man in the right place. No better choice could have been made for the representative of the great republic of the West at the capital of the great republic of Europe.

In literature, too, General Porter has done important work. What he writes is well written, and well worth writing. He is a scholar and a linguist, familiar with the classics and with several modern languages. He is interested in science, and has a turn for mechanical invention. The "chopping box" used on the elevated railroads of New York is a patented apparatus of his own devising.

The general is a Pennsylvanian, born on the banks of the "blue Juniata," and descended from a family of note in the annals of the Keystone State. His great grandfather, Robert Porter, came to America from Londonderry, the stalwart old stronghold of Irish Protestantism, about a hundred and fifty years ago. Andrew Porter, the immigrant's son, was one of General Washington's officers, and his son David Rittenhouse Porter was a State Senator and twice Governor of Pennsylvania. Horace, fourth in the line of succession, was sent to the Lawrence scientific school at Harvard, and thence to West Point. He had newly graduated from the Military Academy—standing third in a class of more than forty—when the civil war broke out, and he went to the front as a lieutenant of artillery. After serving under General Hunter at the taking of Fort Pulaski, on the Savannah River, he was appointed to McClellan's staff. After Antietam, when Burnside superseded McClellan at the head of the Union forces in Virginia, Porter joined Rosecrans in Tennessee, as chief of ordnance in the Army of the Ohio. In the campaign around Chattanooga he met Grant, who recognized his soldierly abilities, and brought him East as an aide de camp, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. Throughout the Wilderness campaign, and until the final scene of the struggle—where Porter was one of the witnesses who signed the formal document of Lee's surrender—he was Grant's close personal associate and trusted military aide. His service lasted from the first day of the war to the last; he was six times brevetted for "gallant and meritorious conduct in action," and he was fortunate in receiving but one wound —at Secessionville, South Carolina, in 1862.

It was Grant, too, who first brought Porter into political life, making him assistant secretary of war in 1867, when the victor of Appomattox entered President Johnson's cabinet for a few months. He kept his commission in the army up to 1873, when he resigned to begin his connection with the Pullman company, already mentioned. He was also one of the builders of the West Shore Railway, and its first president, and he is or has been a director of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern, of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and of the Continental National Bank. Last year he became president of one of the great railroad systems of the West, the St. Louis and San Francisco. Another presidency to which he has been elected and reëlected several times is that of the Union League Club.

When the splendid white marble structure on Claremont Hill is dedicated, this

month, as the lasting memorial of the great captain whose body is to rest within it, the ceremony will mark the completion of an undertaking to which General Porter has devoted no little time and energy. The Grant Monument project was in danger of abandonment when he stepped to the front and by personal effort rescued it from a failure that would have been discreditable to New York and the nation. It was a graceful and fitting tribute to the memory of his old friend and commander.

Many samples of General Porter's oratory have been printed, but it is difficult to do justice in type—proverbially a cold medium—to the living charm of his style. A speaker's power depends on personality, manner, expression, and in these respects the general is perfectly equipped by nature and experience. His wit is unfailing, his fertility as a raconteur apparently exhaustless.

Mr. Gladstone might take General Porter as a capital instance of his theory that the hardest work is not destructive of vitality when the worker has a variety of interests and conserves his energies by judicious distribution. The general himself, however, would perhaps attribute his vigorous health to the fact that whatever his social or official tasks may be, he always keeps eight clear hours for sleep. At the Union League Club, where much of his time has been spent during the last few years, it is an invariable rule that, whether he retires early or late, he shall not be disturbed until precisely eight hours later. Whatever may be the secret of it, the new ambassador to France has often been called the youngest man of his age in New York. He celebrates his sixtieth birthday this month, but his black hair is scarcely grizzled, and his eye is as keen, his step as firm and elastic, as on the field of Chickamauga thirty three years ago.

It is quite possible that his present position may not be the last important public post to which he may be called.

R. H. Titherington.

THE BURDEN OF DESTINY.

WHOM the great goddess once has kissed
Between the brows,
His heart shall find no dwelling place
Wherein to house.

The ragged mists shall be his roof,
Where mountains loom,
And swirling winds about his face
With words of doom;

The valleys, when he walks therein,
Are kind and warm;
Yet ever drift across his soul
Strange gusts of storm.

If, weary, he shall stop beside
An opened door,
Dreaming, "This hearthstone is my goal,
To wend no more"—

A tumult as of snows adrift
Shall fill his ears,
His heartstrings feel the old time lure
Adown the years;

And he shall turn from that warm light
With still regret
That dreams were made not to endure,
Nor to forget.

William Carman Roberts.

THE NATIONAL FREE LUNCH ROUTE.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

A satirical view of official society in Washington—A well known New York journalist describes a curious phase of life in the capital city of the greatest of republics.

TRULY these are anxious days for the contingent that goes to make up the rank and file of what is known as "Washington official society."

A new administration has just come in, with a new President and Vice President, new cabinet officers, new heads of departments, and many new legislators. As the change this year involves also a change of the reigning party, the members of what many Washingtonians refer to contemptuously as the "free lunch brigade" are discussing, with no small degree of anxiety, what is to them a problem of vital importance. It is only natural that an American citizen, and particularly a resident of Washington, should be deeply interested in the personnel of the administration, but I will venture to say that no one in this broad land, outside of the class that I have designated, looks upon the new officials from such a purely material point of view.

The average intelligent citizen desires to know whether the new cabinet officer be honest, sagacious, and trustworthy. He hopes that the new secretary of state will be found sufficiently hard headed and well versed in international law to obtain from Lord Salisbury a satisfactory settlement of the Venezuela affair, and that the new secretary of the navy will maintain and strengthen the White Squadron and make it more and more a bulwark of defense and a source of pride to the American people. But the Washington brigadier cares little enough for the settlement of international questions or the efficiency of the navy. The qualities that make a patriot or a statesman out of a mere President or cabinet officer are nothing to him. The only questions that he asks are: "Is it to be a rich administration?" and "What are we to have in the way of food and drink along the line of the national free lunch route?" All that he cares to know about an incoming official is the extent of his fortune, and his willingness to spend it.

The brigadier bitterly resents the appointment of the learned and venerable Judge Wisdomtooth, because he knows that the veteran jurist's life has been spent in his study and on the bench, and that he comes to Washington a poor man, with no desire save that of serving his country creditably. His ideal secretary of state would be a combination of Colonel Celery Canvasback, an impoverished Southern gentleman of epicurean tastes and a tendency toward lavish hospitality, and the Hon. Terence Piledriver, who caused himself to be made a legislator in order that the social ambitions of his wife and daughters might be gratified, and his own hold on government contracts rendered doubly secure.

And yet we should not think too harshly of the Washington brigadier for viewing official society from this peculiar point of view, for the instinct of self preservation is uppermost in every human mind—save that of the as yet undiscovered philosopher—and the question of how he is to fare during the next four years depends entirely upon the wealth and generosity of those who are to supply the sinews of war required for the maintenance of the nation's "official society."

In order that my readers may comprehend the meaning of this term I will explain that "official society" in Washington means simply the most elaborate free lunch route that the world has ever known, one whose ramifications extend through every branch of official life in the capital, offering food and drink to all who demand it. During the season there is an average of about fifty receptions a day, and at nearly every one of these refreshment of

some sort is offered. To most of them any presentable or semi presentable person may go unbidden, while those more exclusive assemblies, to which admittance is limited by cards of invitation, are easily accessible to any one who will take the trouble to ask for the necessary passport.

In order that the Washington brigadiers may arrange for their meals at regular hours during the season, the following system has been arranged: on Mondays the ladies who reside on Capitol Hill, no matter what their position may be, receive the public. On Tuesdays the brigadiers partake of the hospitality of the wives of Congressmen, and on Wednesdays the ladies of the cabinet have the honor of entertaining them. The heartiest meal of the week is enjoyed on Thursdays, when the wives of the Senators supply the fare, and the last is consumed on Fridays, at the expense of the ladies of the Supreme Court, and also at the houses of such of the foreign diplomats as have fallen into the American official habit. There are, besides, six Friday evening receptions at the White House during the season, and although full dress is expected on the part of the guests, and admittance is by card only, the experienced brigadier finds it an easy matter to attend each and every one of them. Of these receptions, one is in honor of the judiciary, another of the army and navy, a third of both houses of Congress, a fourth of the diplomatic corps, and two for the special benefit of "Washington society," by which is meant the honorable free lunch brigade of which I treat. On Saturday there is nothing but the President's reception at the White House, which is a hollow mockery to those who hunger or thirst, and an occasional ladies' luncheon given by the wife of the executive.

How the brigadiers get through Sunday, which is a veritable day of fasting so far as official society is concerned, is something that I cannot comprehend; but I do know, and the ladies of Capitol Hill know also, that they are all alive and hungry on Monday morning, and ready to begin another week of gratuitous feasting.

Beside the receptions which I have named, and which may be said to furnish the free lunch army with its regular daily rations, there are various occasional receptions and entertainments to which admittance may be gained by the knowing ones. On New Year's Day the entire brigade is received by the President and his wife, and by the ladies of the cabinet; and there are during the season a great many White House receptions given in honor of special delegations or bands of pilgrims. Sometimes these affairs are merely dry formalities, but in other cases the President and his wife entertain their guests with lavish hospitality.

Of course the diplomats from abroad do not take kindly to the sort of official hospitality that is required of our native born statesmen, but the wives of the Japanese and Mexican ministers frequently throw open their drawing rooms to the migratory public, and there are one or two other accredited representatives who, from time to time, submit grudgingly to this great national nuisance. It is scarcely necessary to add that no more receptions are given by the Chinese minister. One was announced by the representative of the Celestial empire, about ten years ago, and it attracted a horde of free lunch fiends which, in point of numbers and voracity, has never been equaled. The affair was very cleverly satirized by *Puck* in a picture representing the members of the legation getting ready for their next reception by fitting up the dining room as a hog pen, with straw on the carpet, food scattered about the floor, and the champagne served in troughs.

But if the diplomats are averse to turning their homes into soup houses for the benefit of the Washington "casuals," they are in great demand themselves at official functions of all kinds, and a good many of them may be said to constitute a sort of high class free lunch brigade—scorning to gorge themselves at the expense of official society, but nevertheless feeding continuously, and without money or price, at the more exclusive tables in the capital. It may be said that almost any one attached in an official capacity to a foreign legation is a welcome guest at any station along the route.

I have said enough to show what an easy matter it is for a total stranger to obtain an entrée to a class of society which in other countries is extremely

difficult of access. The customs which I have described originated long ago, and are certainly primitive enough to have been handed down to us as a legacy of hate by the savage Indian tribes that once plucked the scalp and hurled the tomahawk on the plain where the official lunch counter of the nation now flourishes and bears fruit. That these customs continue at the present day is due to the fact that official society, as it is constituted, serves its purpose admirably—far better, indeed, than if it were organized on more exclusive lines. Indeed, when we see the wives of cabinet officers, Senators, Congressmen, and other high officials patiently submitting, week after week, to this infliction, we may be sure that there is some advantage in it for them; and such is precisely the state of the case.

When the member from lower Illinois, for example, receives a call from an uncouth but influential constituent, he gives thanks to Providence that, being an American legislator, it will be possible for him to show a great deal of attention to the uncouth constituent, the puffy, over dressed wife, and the three ungainly daughters, at a very slight cost in time and trouble to himself. So he tells them that the next afternoon at three he will escort them to a little reception at the residence of the secretary of the navy, after which they will proceed to the house of the secretary of war, in which, by a singular coincidence, an entertainment of a similar nature will be in progress. On the following day he hopes to have the pleasure of presenting them to the wife and daughter of his esteemed friend, Senator Bedrock, the result being that when the constituent and his family return home it is with grateful hearts and with minds firmly impressed with the power and importance of the member from their district.

It is true that they are not quite so deeply impressed two years later, when, spending the summer in Europe, they call upon their friend the Congressman, who is now reaping the precious reward of party loyalty as minister to a foreign court. Somehow, he finds it inconvenient to arrange for a social, friendly evening with the king and queen and the rest of the royal family; nor does he gaily conduct his visitors from one well spread table to another, jovially introducing them to statesmen and diplomats, as he did in Washington two years before. No, there is nothing in all Europe that equals the Washington free lunch system in point of convenience to legislators who are elected by ballot.

Very likely the new minister notes the look of disappointment in the faces of his old friends, and is thankful that he owes his office to appointment, and not to the ballots of his fellow citizens.

Just before the close of the last administration, I attended an official reception of the very best sort that Washington can offer. It was given at the house of a cabinet minister, and as the refreshments offered were not such as would be chosen to feed a starving man, but few members of the free lunch brigade were in attendance. And in this connection I will remark that the wife of that particular cabinet officer has been in Washington many years and knows her business.

The reception was given in a fine, old fashioned house fronting a large square. Well trained men servants were in attendance to open the door, take the hats and coats of the guests, and announce their names to the hostess, who stood just inside the drawing room door, greeting the coming, speeding the parting, with unruffled good humor. She was assisted in her duties by a dozen or more ladies, the wives and daughters of men of national reputation. The rooms were filled with well dressed people, and it was difficult for me to believe that I was at a public function, one that any passer by of decent appearance was welcome to attend. The prevailing tone of the assemblage was one of conventional good breeding, but the hum of conversation was louder and of coarser fiber than that which one hears at a similar gathering in a private house. Indeed, if it had not been for the large number of soft spoken Southerners present the babel of tongues would have been offensive. There were not many of the regular brigadiers there, but seated against the walls of the dining room I saw numbers of sharp featured, keen eyed women of the class that obstruct the sidewalk in New York whenever there is a fashionable

wedding. They said nothing, these women, but they watched everything. Once in a while one of them would extend a bony hand and surreptitiously feel a guest's dress, to ascertain the quality of the fabric. They remained in the room for a long time, partaking freely of tea and cake; and I was told by my guide that Washington is full of such people, who come there every season from all parts of the country, for the special purpose of mingling with "official society."

That led me to inquire whether it would not be an easy matter for a person of unknown antecedents and connections to lay the foundations of social position on the tables of the national free lunch route.

"Nothing easier," he replied cheerfully. "All you have to do is to dress well, live in a good location, attend receptions, and scatter your visiting cards about freely. Some years ago a well mannered woman with two rather pretty daughters rented a very handsome house not far from here, and straightway began a systematic course of visiting at official residences. Wherever she went she left beautifully engraved cards, bearing her own name and those of her daughters, as well as her address in a very fashionable street. In a short time the statesmen's wives began to include her in their perfunctory visiting rounds, and, as they were invariably entertained delightfully, her house grew more and more popular as the season advanced. Cards began to arrive for more exclusive parties and receptions, and invitations to dinners soon followed. Their progress was so swift and easy that it makes one sad to think of poor, brilliant *Becky Sharp's* struggles and sufferings. The end of the first season found them in possession of several invitations to fairly good country houses, and their prospects for the coming year were so bright that they had actually arranged to lease a larger house in a still more exclusive quarter of the town.

"Up to this moment not one of their newly made friends had found time, in the hurry and bustle of Washington life, to obtain any definite information in regard to this charming and popular trio of women. There is no knowing what matches the mother might have arranged for her daughters if a certain New Yorker had not chanced to meet them at a large ball, and then and there opened a mine under the feet of Washingtonians by explaining that the three were of more than questionable reputation, and had probably never seen the inside of a decent house before their arrival at the capital."

Of course it must be remembered that the city of Washington is not given over entirely to the pursuit of free lunch. There has always been there a society composed of conservative, well bred people who look upon the crowds that swarm about the tables at official receptions very much as we regard those who hang about a charity soup kitchen. But this class is a comparatively small one, and keeps strictly aloof from the gay whirl of official life very much in the same spirit that keeps the Faubourg St. Germain, in Paris, aloof from the great entertainments at the Elysée.

But the free lunch brigade rejoices in official society, and just now its members are looking forward with anxious, beating hearts toward an administration that may hold so much or so little for them. And at the same time, they are looking back with tender regret to the palmy days long gone by, when Levi P. Morton fed the hungry, and Senators Stanford and Palmer, and other millionaire statesmen, poured streams of foaming wine down countless arid throats. And the brightest memory of all—one that starts the unbidden tear in many a brigadier's red eye—is that of William C. Whitney, who proved himself to be the greatest statesman that ever held a place in the cabinet by giving away champagne and terrapin at his weekly feasts.

STORIETTES

AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

The long train rattled frantically past the last group of outlying frame buildings, surged between two lines of empty freight cars, and then, with an agreeable decrease of clamor, settled down for the unbroken spin from Long Island City to Jamaica. The train boy, having completed three pilgrimages, confided his newspapers, candy, and magazines to their resting place forward in the smoker. Only an occasional snatch of conversation among the passengers varied the roar of the flying wheels—a roar sufficiently insistent, however, to distract the steadiest of nerves.

John Weatherley put his paper aside with a sigh of resignation, realizing that a survey of the monotonous panorama which was sweeping past the car window would be an open door to thoughts he had vowed to forget. He fought feebly for a time against the temptation to recall the past, but it would not be repulsed, and he soon abandoned the struggle and gave free rein to fancy.

It was all so familiar, that stretch of bleak meadow with its jungles of rank grass, broken here and there by dark and stagnant waterways. He seemed to know every inch of it, and found that he was instinctively looking ahead for clearly remembered landmarks. Yet it was five years since he had seen them, and each of those five had been full of life and color and novel experience. John Weatherley of today, the young mining engineer whose judgment was the pole star of a great syndicate, and whose weekly income touched four figures, was a different man from the student at the School of Mines, who half a decade before had taken his heart out into Long Island and there lost it among the Lynbrook pines. A different man certainly, and a more conspicuous—but a happier? That was the question which asked itself, and to which, perforce, he had to answer no. Months of exposure to Montana suns and snows had aged him, and responsibility was penciling his forehead; but, deep down under the cold, confident manner which the syndicate's president had once called "a hallmark of capacity," lay memory, like a stream that yearns for June under its shroud of December ice. The familiar landscape was indelibly associated in his mind with journeyings to the home of Dorothy Fenton, who, "with face made out of a rose," had stepped into his life and left a footprint which not even the rude tread of experience had been able to obliterate.

A pang stirred in Weatherley's heart, so vividly did the girl's eyes come before him. The hot, sweet air of the greenhouse, and the sunlight striking through the glass upon the polished foliage of the palms; his own words, so faltering, so inadequate; and hers, so kind, and, being kind, so cruel—could he never forget these things? He had left her that day and gone back to his work with a dull sense of conviction that in endeavor alone lay salvation. Day by day, month by month, year by year, he had beaten down the thought of what might have been; and yet, in spite of all his resolution, it was with him again, conjured to new life by a glimpse of the familiar scene, and as relentless, as bitter, as keen as it had been five years before.

The grinding of the air brakes as the train slid to a standstill at the Jamaica station aroused him from his reverie, and then, as the door swung open to admit a throng of passengers, his heart surged to his throat. After many days!

It was the work of an instant to shift his valise from the seat beside him to the floor, and then, hat in hand, he rose to meet her. When and how the conversation began he never knew, but details were trivialities. Dorothy was with him, her words, like chords of music, were in his ears, and from the violets she was wearing came the faint, sweet scent which had pursued him through all the nights and days since he had left her. It was enough.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he found himself saying, with conventional politeness.

"I have been making a duty call in Jamaica," answered the girl. "You know the call of duty is not to be disregarded, or I should not be here."

Weatherley smiled.

"Then blessings light upon the call of duty," he said. "You are still living at Lynbrook?"

"Yes, we are still at The Pines. I love the old place. I never expect to leave it. And you? I have heard great things of you, and I am really quite proud to be an old friend of the famous Mr. John Weatherley. Where do you happen to be bound at the present moment?"

"To Babylon. The president of the New York and Cape Colony Mining Company lives there, and I'm going out for a farewell consultation with him. To tell you a state secret, I expect to leave for Cape Town to-

morrow, by way of London. I have my choice of that or a position in the New York office."

"And you prefer—— ?"

"And I prefer the novelty of Cape Town. I've never seen Africa, and, albeit my view will be limited, I want the experience. One of my former classmates, Jim Strong, is after the same appointment, and I'm making this little expedition to clinch matters."

The stentorian tones of the brakeman interrupted him, and once more a little stream of passengers poured into the car. A stout woman, breathing laboriously, and towing a small boy by the hand, lunged down the aisle and sank heavily into the seat in front of them. The small boy struggled to a kneeling position and, pulling a tobogganing cap back from his forehead, fixed two round eyes, blue as bits of Delft, on Miss Fenton's violets.

"I wants those flowers!" he said abruptly.

"Well, you won't get them," replied Weatherley, with equal promptitude. And, for the time being, negotiations languished on the small boy's part.

"I wish you had time to stop at Lynbrook," resumed Dorothy. "It is an age since we have seen you at The Pines, and I am anxious to find out whether you are not very much the same Jack Weatherley I used to know."

"Almost," answered the man. "Time makes few changes in essentials; but the wrinkles are beginning to come, and yesterday I found a gray hair. I see, however, that the compliment may be far more fitly applied to you. I seem to have left you only last week. You are the same Dorothy Fenton, except——"

"Except—— ?"

"Except," he added softly, "that you are more beautiful—ten times more beautiful."

To that there was no answer, and the small boy took silence for encouragement.

"I wants those flowers!"

His lip quivered, and the bits of Delft grew moist. The stout lady slumbered, oblivious.

"Persevering young man, that," said Weatherley.

"So persevering that he shall have what he wants," answered Dorothy. She separated a third of the violets from the bunch at her belt, and gave them into the eager little outstretched hand.

"I wants 'em all!" said the small boy.

Dorothy surrendered the remaining violets with a laugh.

"He is irresistible," she explained.

Weatherley watched the recipient of gracious favors for a moment, and then turned to the girl at his side.

"It isn't every one," he said, "who is so fortunate as to obtain part of his desire at the second asking and all of it at the third."

Miss Fenton met his eyes squarely, and at the corner of her mouth lay a half smile.

"It isn't every one," she replied, "who realizes what wonders the second and third askings sometimes accomplish."

Somehow there was silence after that. A shrewd observer might have noted that Weatherley found his companion's eyes singularly absorbing, and that his hand was touching hers, but then it happened that no shrewd observer was eastward bound upon that particular train. It was only when the engine slackened speed near Lynbrook that Dorothy spoke.

"I suppose this is to be the parting of our ways," she began, with a palpable affectation of conviction.

"No," said Weatherley gravely. "I rather think that I shall drop off here and postpone my consultation indefinitely."

"And how about Cape Town?"

"Cape Town has been waiting for me since the day of its foundation, and it can continue to wait until the day of doom."

Then, as they rose, he bent forward until his head was on a level with the small boy's.

"I trust," he said, "that you will pardon the seeming abruptness of my manner when you spoke about the flowers. You see, an angel's disguise is so uncommonly hard to penetrate."

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

MY DREAMS.

WHEN I was a boy, I used to dream that I lived among lofty peaks, against which the clouds would break and discharge their thunders. Forests of tall trees covered the mountain sides, cataracts streamed from the cliffs, and a great river watered the central valley where stood my home. The day was always at its height, or the night was clear and silvery under the moon. Then I would awake, and find the world less beautiful than it had appeared in my dream. But the hills looked higher after I had dreamed of them as mountains; the little stream that trickled over the stones made more music than before; and the brook seemed almost a river.

Once in a dream I met a woman so beautiful, so pure, and so noble that I worshiped her. I felt that this adoration was to be eternal, because in her I saw perfections to which I could not hope to attain. And the woman loved me; so I felt that at length my life was complete. A long time afterwards I met a girl who seemed to resemble the woman of my dreams, and I thought that I could be happy forever with her. But when she proved unequal to my ideal, I was made wretched; and it seemed that there was nothing pleasing or interesting in life.

While I was in this miserable state I had a dream in which I saw myself as a worker for some great and glorious cause. Evil men opposed me, the ignorance and prejudices of others were in my way; but while I worked the earth seemed to grow greener, clouds parted, men broke into song. Few knew the worker, but all praised the work. When I awoke and remembered the dream, I said: "This is true life. If I could find such work and do it, I should count the success worth all my failures." But after I had spent many years in unselfish endeavor, encountering the opposition of men just as I had dreamed, I looked around me, and for all that I could see the earth was no fairer, and men neither happier nor better.

When I saw that even in my last and best endeavor my hope was not realized, I said: "Would that I had never dreamed; for then I should not have felt the anguish of disappointment." While I was musing in this strain, I saw a plain stretching away to the horizon. It was treeless and dreary. The wind swept furiously across it, whipping the long grass and whistling in my ears. I said: "This is life stripped of its illusions. We dream of mountains, but live on the plain. In dreams all things are beautiful and grand; but life is vexation and monotony."

Then I looked over the plain, and saw a house. It was small, and unpainted except on the front side. There were flowers in the yard, and a few young trees were growing near the road. I drew near, and saw a man planting a tree and a woman watering the flowers. I said to the man: "Why did you build that little house, and why did you paint it in front?"

He replied: "I dreamed of a castle. Then I built my little house, and painted it in front to make it look as nearly like a castle as I could."

"Why are you planting a tree?" I asked.

"Because I dreamed of a forest," he replied.

Then I turned to the woman and said:

"I see you spend a good deal of time taking care of these flowers. They do not amount to much; and soon they will be killed by the frost. If your garden were very handsome, or the flowers rare, I could understand your interest. But how you can love these homely little things enough to spend hours in their care, I cannot conceive."

"Sir," she replied, "I love these flowers because they are the best I can have. Sometimes I dream of a very beautiful country. There are trees, and streams of water, and flowers more beautiful than I can tell. I call it my dream garden; and I try to make this one that you see as much as possible like my dream garden."

Then I thought of my own dreams, and was thankful for them, one and all.

Alan Harrison.

A POLICE COURT EPISODE.

It was in one of the New York police courts, and it was as if the little waif had dropped in from another world to look upon the city's sin and misery, which flowed through the court in a stream of wretched humanity. The boy was eight years old, and for three years had lived with the Shakers of Canaan Four Corners. His mother, who had sent him there, had recently written, begging that he be returned to her, and the good Shakers had, with some misgivings, complied. The elders had bidden him a grave good by, the sisters had cried over him a little, and the few children of the little settlement had looked on in round eyed wonder, as their playmate in the solemn games of the quiet place set forth on his journey into the strange world of which they had heard the brethren and sisters speak with such awe and fear.

The boy's mother wrote that she would be at the Grand Central Station to meet him, but she was not there, and after some hours of futile waiting, he was taken in charge by a policeman, and delivered to the care of a children's society, who in turn sent him to the court, for the formal orders of the magistrate. The little fellow sat between the officer of the society and a reporter, and from time to time he spoke of his life at the Shaker village, and told his companions how the scenes enacted before his eyes in the court appeared to him. His voice was soft, and his features were refined. He was dressed in a neat suit of gray, of Shaker cut.

"Eldress Marion made it for me," he said; and his eyes brightened as he spoke of her. "But every one at the Shaker village is always well dressed," he added, looking in a puzzled way at the rags and filth of a couple of prisoners who at that moment were led to the bar. "I—I think I don't quite understand it. Don't the sisters see to mending clothes here?"

His face again brightened as he spoke of the house in which he lived. "A house as big as this! But there aren't as many brethren and sisters there as there are in this one room. And the men and the women never walk away touching each other, as they do here. I never saw even an elder take hold of a sister's arm. And they never go down the same stairs," he added, as he watched a policeman lead a woman to the prison stairway.

A girl in tawdry finery walked to the bar, and wept, and hung her head, ringed in, as she was, by a row of pitiless eyes, that re-

garded her without a touch of sympathy. The boy looked on with pained wonder. The sharp voice of the judge, the clamor of frequent disputes between prisoners and witnesses, the buzzing, droning undertone of sound, the close, foul air, all troubled him. But he was happy again as he told how, on the top of each great Shaker building, is a little tower with a big bell, and how the people gather when they hear the clanging strokes. His voice had a touch of awe as he spoke of the religious services, and described how, in swaying lines, the brethren and sisters moved about the room, gathering a blessing in their up turned palms, and how they sweetly sang together——

But he quivered and stopped, as, from the "pen," just out of sight, came the drunken song of a woman. His eyes filled with tears, he stirred restlessly, and his voice faltered as he asked, as he had asked before, where we thought his mother was, and why she had not come to meet him. We got him to talk about her, and to tell us how she looked. She was pretty, he said, and did not dress at all like the sisters of the Shaker community. He remembered that she used to cry a good deal, and sometimes she would sing to him to get him to sleep; "and sometimes there were tears in her voice, and then I would cry; and then she would pick me up in her arms, and kiss me, and try to make me happy again. And once in a while there was singing or quarreling in the next room, after mamma had left me, thinking I was asleep. But I did not like that singing so much."

The drunken song stopped, to be succeeded by drunken yells; and the boy shuddered. But the yells soon ceased, and he was led to speak again of the pleasant life at the Shaker settlement. He told of the great fields of grain, and how he used to trudge after the reapers. "And there were eight calves, and a big black heifer, too!" He forgot the misery and sin about him, and his face was eagerly aglow. "And you just go to Bridge Hill, and you see a white gate; and it was at that gate that I saw my mamma for the last time, when she went away after leaving me with the good folks."

The drunken woman who had been singing was led into the court, and with shambling jauntiness stepped to the bar. Her dress, although of good quality, was draggly, and it was clear that she had been in the gutter. She leered knowingly at the judge. The boy's hand spasmodically clutched the reporter's arm. The little fellow was gasping convulsively.

"Mamma!" he screamed.

The woman turned towards him. For a moment she was dazed, and then, like a flash, full comprehension came to her. Her face grew horribly white and drawn.

"My God!" she cried.

Robert Shackleton.

MERELY A STORY.

THE fire was burning clearly. She was sitting in front of it, dreaming. Her elbows were on her knees, her face in her hands. They were beautiful pictures she saw there in the grate. Her lips were parted, her face flushed, the light of happiness in her eyes.

A step on the polished floor of the hall, a turning of the door knob, and——

"Oh, Jack!"

She stood erect; her face was white. The light in her eyes only glowed more deeply.

"Glad to see me, eh?"

What a soft, pleasant, musical voice he had! He gave the outstretched hand a gentle pressure, sank on the couch, and drew her down beside him. He was a man who had in his face the indefinite something that all women like, and he looked as if he knew it.

"Here you've been away two weeks, just enjoying yourself, while your father and I have been keeping bachelors' hall. Come, give an account of yourself. How many broken hearts have you left behind you?"

She looked into his eyes as he spoke.

"I never break hearts, Jack; I couldn't. I had a lovely time, but I did miss you so much!"

"Only think, I've lived in this house sixteen years, and you confess to missing me!"

"Sixteen years! So long?"

"It was after my father had been buried that your father brought me here, a gawky boy of eight. You were a wee thing then, and came into the hall to meet us, and your father said, 'Here, Helen, is a dear little brother I've brought you. Give him a kiss.' "Yesterday your father and I were talking of you," he continued. "He said nothing would please him more than to see you and me married." He paused. "I'd like to please him, but——"

"Yes, Jack." Her voice was soft as a twilight breeze.

"I told him that we didn't care for each other like sweethearts. Two people who grow up together, as you and I have, never do care for each other in that way."

The coals were growing black.

"He said, 'If she says no, I'm satisfied. Ask her, my boy.' Of course I couldn't tell him then how gone I am on Nellie Asher, so I thought just as soon as you reached home I'd surprise you with an offer of marriage and get you to say no, like the dear little sister you are."

She drew her hand out of his.

"There's one good thing—you won't have to promise to be a sister to me, for you are that." He laughed. "Come, will you have me? You say no, don't you?"

"Of course I say no, Jack—we couldn't care for each other—in that way—could we?"

There was no brightness in her eyes now. She spoke slowly; it ended like a sob. He looked at her, but she seemed to be smiling.

"Having proposed and been so cruelly rejected, I shall go and see a young lady who I know won't look upon my suit so scornfully." He laid his hand on her brown curls. Did she shiver? "I'll tell your father all about it tonight," he said laughingly, as he stood at the door.

She heard the door close. How cold she was! The fire had gone out.

Arba Eugene Powers.

"COMING."

FOR years he stood behind your chair in the restaurant. "Coming, sir!" he said.

The floor manager called him John. You, who called him "Waiter," or "Boy," did not know that he had a wife and five children, that he was more of a man, and a better citizen, than you who at midnight handed him your shining beaver, and sat at the table discussing, with another of your sort, your loves of women more than one.

How long John had been a waiter at the Lion no one knew. The present proprietor bought him with the other fixtures. He was as useful, certainly, as the brass door plate. The proprietor no more thought of raising his wages than those of the door plate. The latter required attention, John did not. It is usually believed that waiters make a great deal of money; but John said that ten dollars a week was all he ever earned. Tips? Not so many as you might think.

Ten dollars a week. Seven in the family. One dollar and forty cents each per week. Twenty cents a day apiece. Coal. Rent. It is easy, gentlemen.

This man John knew life. He could not write it, but he had read it. He knew men more accurately than most novelists do. He knew when to give a customer a finger bowl, and when not to trouble one with a napkin. Year after year the book of life lay open before him. He heard the girl with trembling lips beg her lover not to cast her off. He heard the well dressed husband berate his wife as they sat together at the table, with a smile upon the faces that the world saw. He saw flashy youth spend unearned money there. He saw honest poverty trying to husband dollars all too hardly earned. He saw it all, this terrible and horrifying comedy of life; and to all the actors therein he was at hand, ready, patient. "Coming!" he said.

That John should let fall a dish—that was strange, was it not? Yet it crashed loudly. The head waiter made a note. John saw it, out of the corner of his eye. A little later he dropped another dish. The head waiter made another note. John trembled. Twenty cents a day apiece, gentlemen, for this family at home. Broken dishes come out of that. John grew nervous. There were so many orders. Somehow he could not think; but clearly enough he could see the worn face of his wife, and the pale faces of his sick children. Diphtheria. Doctor, two dollars a visit. Twenty cents a day apiece, gentlemen.

When one has children who are sick, and a wife who is wearing out in caring for them, and one is at home, naturally he will wish to help in the nursing. Such being the case, one cannot sleep. John had not been sleeping. Without sleep, the best ordered machine of man, God, or Mammon will fail. John failed. John was worn and white as he leaned against the wall.

The head waiter made a sign. Another stepped into John's place, and in a moment all was as it had been. No one missed him. You spend fifty years trying to be remembered at one spot. You pass away, and forty minutes serve to make you quite forgotten.

They took John home, and laid him on the bed. The bed was not so full, now. Some of the children had died, it seems; just how many is not known. A child or so here and there is nothing. They come out of the darkness, and they go again into the darkness, and they are not, save in the hearts that bore and loved them.

Time wore on. The day had passed. The hour drew near at which John usually went on duty. The machinery of the brain is as good as that of a clock, surely, and John knew the time very well. He dragged himself half upright against the head of the bed, and began to button and smooth the imaginary jacket. He touched his thin hair with a trembling finger, and arranged an imaginary tie with hands that might have made us weep. His hands fell idle in his lap. His eyes half closed.

"Come unto me; I will give—I will give you rest!" So spoke a voice from heaven in that room. John's lips said it, so those about him knew. But to him all the room must have been glorified and ringing with the promise. The voice died away, and from the glory that was near about him John looked to the glory illimitable beyond.

"Coming! Coming, Lord!" he cried. And then he was still.

E. Hough.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THE GERMAN OPERA SEASON.

The four weeks of German opera under the direction of Walter Damrosch should bring out all the lovers of Wagnerian music in New York. Of a necessity, the audience cannot be the distinctly fashionable gathering of the midwinter season, but it makes up in appreciation for any loss of social tone. This is just the season when so many of the regular box holders of the Metropolitan are in the South, or at their country houses; but there is no lack of less distinguished but more musical people to take their places.

Miss Susan Strong will not be found in the Damrosch forces, as was expected. She will sing at Covent Garden this spring, however, under Mr. Grau's direction, and on the scene of her successful début as *Brunnhilde*. But Mr. Damrosch has an unusually good company, containing, in all, more than two hundred members. Lili Lehmann is, of course, the prima donna. The scenic arrangements are expected to be fine. Mr. Damrosch had duplicates made of the apparatus used at Bayreuth for the *Rhine Maidens* in the first act of "Das Rheingold," which had had no performance here for several years. His tenors are not so well known as some of his women singers, Paul Lange and Ernst Kraus being the two most important. The performances are essentially German, and have a Wagnerian flavor, whatever the opera happens to be.

MASCAGNI'S "IRIS."

Mme. Alma Dalma, who is better known to the American public as Mrs. Rudolph Aronson, is to create the title rôle in Mascagni's new opera of "Iris" in America. She has been giving its story to her friends.

Iris is a young and innocent Japanese girl, the one joy of a blind father. She is seen and loved by a prince who has heard her sing. Aided by his servants, he abducts her. This makes a most dramatic scene, and *Iris'* song as she is carried away is expected to make the success of the act, which ends when the blind old father finds his house deserted and calls for his child.

The next act is laid in the gayest part of Tokio, where the prince has taken *Iris*. Still innocent, she believes that she is in Paradise, and as every one can do what he pleases in Paradise, she tries to paint and to play upon musical instruments. When she makes daubs and discords she flings everything upon the ground and breaks into cries of rage. Her father, entering, and believing her degraded, curses her. In the third act, she dies under her father's curse. She has had a moment's happiness, but has found it an illusion.

Mascagni himself is delighted with his opera, and says that if the public likes it half as well as he does, it will be a great success. He says that the melodies for it fairly flowed through his brain, so that he had no difficulty in writing them.

NORDICA'S CONCERT TOUR.

Mme. Nordica has probably made as much money by her concert tour as if she had been on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and she has let more people see her and know her; but she has gone through an amount of work under which few women could have stood up.

Her concert company comprises some very good artists beside herself. Scalchi, John C. Dempsey, and Barron Berthald, with Otto Lohse conducting, make up a company which is worth hearing; but probably most of their auditors sit through the performance impatiently. They certainly do so, if they have ever heard Nordica on the operatic stage. It is absurd to see this woman, in the very plenitude of her powers, traveling in concert when she is so much missed in opera. She has been giving the last act of "Siegfried" in costume with Mr. Berthald, but it is just tantalizing enough to make the listener wish for the rest of it.

We hear first one side of the story, and then the other. The latest is that Jean de Reszke has declared it his intention never to sing with Mme. Nordica again. Let it be hoped that the breach will be healed. We cannot do without either of them.

A NEW CONDUCTOR.

Colonel Mapleson did not make a financial success of his last opera venture, but he left the public richer in some ways. One of these was in our introduction to Bimboni.

This young man was unknown over here, but he had already made a reputation in Europe. His conducting of "Aïda" astonished our critics, and they wrote, with the enthusiasm of discoverers, of his marvelous style, of his spirit, and of the way in which he played upon his orchestra as if it had been a single instrument. But that very opera had already set the most critical of all musical centers half mad over him. In Vienna,

Dr. Hans Richter was so fascinated by "Aïda," after he heard Bimboni conduct, that he offered to give the young man the baton in "Lohengrin" if he himself might conduct Verdi's masterpiece.

Another thing for which we have to thank Colonel Mapleson was the production of "Andrea Chenier," which otherwise might not have reached us for years. Giordano, the author of this clever musical romance, was recently married, and Verdi gave the bride a diamond mounted fan. The King of Italy sent the composer the Order of the Crown of Italy.

SOME CONCERT SINGERS.

Ella Russell, an American who has been singing successfully in England, is to be heard at some of our most important concerts this spring. She sings in the "Elijah" with the Oratorio Society in New York, in Boston with the Handel and Haydn Society, and with the Apollo Club in Chicago. She has great dramatic force, and a very high, strong voice.

The Apollo Club of the Western metropolis is doing better work every year. This year it gave a concert which was made up almost entirely of Chicago talent. The Auditorium was completely filled to hear it. The artists who made the deepest impression were Helen Buckley Anna Rommeis Thacker, and George Hamlin. The Rommeis sisters, of whom there are four, have been well known in Chicago for several years. Mrs. Thacker has a beautiful contralto voice, full of exquisite feeling. It reaches the hearts of the listeners in a way that is seldom possible with the greatest voices. Miss Buckley was almost entirely educated in Chicago, and so was Mr. Hamlin. But perhaps the greatest praise of all should be given to Mr. Tomlins, who trained the chorus of four hundred voices.

Like the New York organization of the same name, the Chicago Apollo Club possesses a solid, well trained chorus of fine voices. In New York, William R. Chapman says that if he were compelled to pay his singers the prices they receive for solo performances, one concert would cost as much as a great opera night.

MR. SEIDL'S FUTURE.

There seems to be some little doubt whether Anton Seidl will come back again to America. He goes to Covent Garden this month, to lead German opera whenever it is given there. He may return within a few weeks, and he may find that his native Europe possesses a strong enough attraction to hold him permanently. The "permanent orchestra," which was formed last year with Mr. Seidl as conductor, has accepted his resignation and elected Adolph Neuendorf in his place.

We can scarcely believe, however, that Europe is going to hold Mr. Seidl. He has identified himself too closely with New York. It is his home, and we fully expect him to return here in the autumn to conduct at the Metropolitan Opera House.

A WOMAN COMPOSER.

Miss Aus der Ohe appears to be in a fair way to make a reputation as a composer. During her European tour, last year, she wrote several pieces which have been given to the public, and this year she has had four numbers very well received—a bourrée, a minuet, a gavotte, and a saraband. Miss Aus der Ohe has also set to music several songs by Richard Watson Gilder.

Women as composers are rare. Many musicians have declined to believe that they can ever do really great work, on the ground that the feminine mind is not sufficiently comprehensive for such a task as orchestra composition. Up to this time no woman has entirely refuted the theory.

OPERA IN EUROPE.

In Europe, musical people do not lose interest in a singer as soon as his or her voice begins to decline. They still judge the artist, not by his own best form, but by the general average. Over here we will have no more of Patti because the Patti of today is not the matchless singer of a quarter of a century ago. In France and Italy they say she still ranks among the great, and they still give her new rôles to create. "Dolores," which is called a "lyrical drama," was produced in Nice at the end of February. The whole musical world of Europe was interested in the performance. It is a poem by Georges Boyer—a tragic ballad, based on the Napoleonic wars in Spain, and set to music by André Polonnais.

The story is interesting enough in itself, even without a musical interpretation. It is the year 1808, and the people of a Spanish city are rejoicing over the departure of the French army. But *Dolores*—the character rendered by Patti—warns them that the invaders will return; the withdrawal is a ruse intended to entrap *D'Alvina*, a patriotic leader, and the betrothed of *Dolores*. It is decided that *D'Alvina* shall pretend to die, and that his funeral shall be in progress when the French return. The soldiers' arrival makes an excuse for brilliant music by the military bands. They find the funeral in progress. The French general, *Fauvel*, has seen *Dolores*, and has fallen in love with her. He invites her to a ball given by the officers, but she declines. In the mean time some one has hinted to *Fauvel* that the funeral was not

real, and he declares his intention of opening the tomb and laying a palm on the breast of the Spanish patriot. At any risk this must be prevented. *Dolores* accepts the invitation to the ball, and does everything in her power to keep *Fauvel* by her side. The second act shows the ball room with *D'Alvina* disguised as a musician, furiously jealous of *Fauvel*. He meets *Dolores*, and charges her with treason. The accusation arouses the Spanish passion of the woman, and when *Fauvel* enters the room she rushes upon him and stabs him. "See!" she cries, "he is not my lover!"

The French general, magnanimous in the hour of death, asks them to place his sword in his hand that he may seem to have fallen in a duel, and tells his men, who rush in, that *D'Alvina* is blameless. *Dolores*, having made it impossible, by her reckless deed, to marry her lover, goes to a convent.

Patti, who still retains much of the fire of her youthful spirit, makes an excellent *Dolores*.

The operatic situation in Italy, during the past season, has not been particularly encouraging. Of the many new works that were produced, only two or three were worthy of notice—and this in face of the fact that we were told, only the other day, that a new and vigorous race of opera composers had arisen in Italy. The authors of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," the lights that were to lead the coming school, have done nothing to follow up their first successes. Mascagni has a new opera about to appear. Leoncavallo is promising another, written about Murger's "Vie de Bohême," a subject which Puccini has used this year with fair success. Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," which the Mapleson opera company produced here this year, and Leporini's "The Easter Necklace," were about the best of the new pieces. The success of the year was the revival of Verdi's "Luisa Muller." Wagnerian opera was sung in the classic halls of Milan. Sibyl Sanderson also sang her best rôles there during the past winter.

The new opera in Paris was "Helle," by Duvernoy. It was expected to be a great success, but proved disappointing. They are putting modern French novels into opera at a great rate in Paris. M. Cohen has made a musical version of Dumas' "La Femme de Claude," and Massenet has written a score for Daudet's "Sapho." Neither of them is by any means wonderful. Zola is writing the libretto for an opera for which Bruneau is preparing the music.

In Germany, the great popular success—one of the few Europe has known for some time—is "The Return of Ulysses," by August Bungert. Connoisseurs from all over Europe gathered in Dresden to hear it, and decided that Bungert's place was in the first rank of composers; but some critics are insisting that it is not so much his music as the fine libretto. The composer has on hand six operas, which he calls "The Homeric World." He has been negotiating with the management of the Berlin opera for their production as a series, as he considers that they would lose by separate presentation, no less than Wagner's music dramas.

THE MUSICIAN OF THE NORTH.

Vienna lost its head and heart to Grieg this year, just as everybody has done who has ever heard the Norwegian's music properly interpreted. Some of the critics say that he is not really great as a pianist, and yet, playing his own works, he does something that no other pianist has done—he makes you live his life with him.

In Grieg's music, the whole spirit of the Northland seems to speak. He is the founder of the northern school of music. He says himself that his work is due to the influence of the Norwegian poet Richard Nordraak, who taught him the folk songs of Scandinavia, and how to interpret and to understand his own northern nature. The Viking blood, the beliefs in elemental gods, and in such creatures as werwolves, lingers in the northern blood. It can never flow in a commonplace current. Its fjords are too deep, its mountains too high, and its winters too long. It is not necessary to know all this. Grieg shows it to you in his music. It is unforgettable.

THE SCHUBERT CELEBRATION.

Only a few weeks ago a Schubert memorial celebration was held in Vienna, to honor a man who lived and died in abject want, unknown and unappreciated by the people about him, never receiving the encouragement of success, except with his songs, which became popular but never lifted him out of poverty or gave him a place in the artistic world. At this celebration they sang his songs, played his music, and exhibited his manuscripts and his poor, battered old piano, all that was left of his scanty possessions.

Schubert was born in Vienna in 1797, the youngest of four brothers, the sons of a schoolmaster, and all of them born with musical talent. He was taught by his father's friend, Michael Holzer, the first instructor of the day. At twelve Holzer told the boy that he could teach him nothing more, and recommended him to guide his studies by his own instinct. But the world did not notice his precocious genius, and young Schubert had to struggle for a bare subsistence. When he

was twenty one, his life was darkened by his hopeless passion for the daughter of Count Johann Esterhazy, whose piano teacher he had become; but he went on producing his wonderful music. Two of his operettas were performed, but they were failures. His songs were sung sometimes, but he would compose twenty where one ever reached the public. He wrote them with remarkable ease, sometimes turning off five or six in a day. "Hark, Hark, the Lark," was jotted down on the back of a bill of fare in a beer hall, and "Who Is Sylvia?" is said to have been written at the same time.

He had an opportunity once. The post of conductor at the Court Theater was vacant, and Schubert was requested to write some music as a test of his fitness for the position. At the rehearsal, the part he had designed for the prima donna was found to be too trying for her voice, and he was requested to alter it. "I will alter nothing," he said, and the appointment went to a man who was more ready to "listen to reason."

Of his ten symphonies, not one was recognized during his lifetime. It was not until 1872, when he had been dead forty years, that any real appreciation of his genius was shown. Then his statue was erected in Vienna, and deputations from every musical center in Germany came to do him honor. His songs are incomparable. They have a melody, and in some of them a spiritual exaltation, which lifts them above the mannerism of any school.

THE STORY OF A WALTZ.

Few people who know the name of any piece of music fail to recognize "Il Bacio" when they hear it played by an orchestra with a collection of old music, or at a country dance, when its title is usually translated into "The Kiss Waltz," and it divides the honors with "My Queen," and "The Blue Danube." But fewer still know that it is the work of the well known conductor, Luigi Arditi.

He tells a very interesting story of the way in which it came to be written. He was sitting at the piano at his hotel in Manchester, one night, idly letting his fingers drift over the keys, and as usual a melody formed under them. Piccolomini, the singer, who was sitting behind him, noticed its beauty, and warned him that if he did not put it down at once it would slip away from him. Arditi took a torn envelope from his pocket, jotted down a few notes, laid it aside, and forgot it. A year later, Piccolomini, who had been visiting the United States, sent to him for a new song for her return to her London friends. He promised one, but time went by until the song was due. Then Arditi remembered the air he had noted down. Fortunately, at the moment, a baritone singer named Aldighieri came in and offered to write the words if somebody would give him an idea. The ever ready "somebody" suggested that he should write about a kiss. The song was finished in an incredibly short time, and the singer, delighted with it, learned it in a day, and sang it with great success. And yet, with the lack of thrift that is characteristic of the artistic temperament, Arditi sold it, with three others, for two hundred and fifty dollars. Several publishers have since reaped handsome profits from it.

A FORMER "CARMEN."

Mme. von Hesse Wartegg, who was so long known in America as Minnie Hauk, is living for most of the year at Triebschen, near Lucerne, in Switzerland. Her home is in sight of the lake and the Rigi, and near the house where Richard Wagner completed "Die Meistersinger" and "Siegfried." Her husband is a distinguished traveler, who has been in the German diplomatic service, has gone everywhere, seen everything, and written entertaining books about it.

Minnie Hauk was supposed, at one time, to be the only *Carmen*. She made the part her own, exactly as Mme. Calvé has since made it hers; and while their methods are somewhat different, the two singers enjoyed almost equal popularity, all things being taken into consideration. But the United States had reached no such level of musical appreciation as it now knows, when Minnie Hauk came out of Cincinnati and began to sing.

EVA NANSEN.

The wife of Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer who has penetrated nearer to the North Pole than any previous traveler, is a concert singer. She and her husband are devoted friends, and have been together on all sorts of expeditions. They are young, handsome, and full of life.

Mme. Nansen has been making a concert tour through Norway and Sweden, beginning in Stockholm, where she met with an enthusiastic welcome. She is said to have a fine, powerful voice, but it would have been hard to dissociate her from her hero husband and criticise her coldly. King Oscar was present at her concert, and after it was over expressed his great pleasure to the singer and invited her to supper. Her photographs generally show her with her husband, usually in a short dress, and on *skiś*, the Norwegian snow shoe. She did not accompany Dr. Nansen on his triumphal visit to England, but hopes to come with him to America.

THE STAGE

DALY'S AND ADA REHAN.

There is no manager now before the American public who can show such a long record of faithful striving toward one end as Augustin Daly. We may call him erratic in his methods, but when his work is considered dispassionately and contrasted with what other men have accomplished, it must be admitted that Mr. Daly has dignified the drama by his association with it, and maintained a standard of excellence that has made his name honored abroad as it is famous at nome. In a handsome book presented as a souvenir on the opening night of the present season, Mr. Daly's patrons were told the story of twenty seven years of metropolitan management. Such a record is a history of artistic achievement, and preserves the names of men, women, and plays that have made a marked impress on public taste.

The present Daly's Theater—the third playhouse managed by Mr. Daly—was opened September 17, 1879, with "Newport," a farcical comedy with music, written, as the house bill put it, "by an American residing abroad." Catherine Lewis played opposite to John Drew in this piece, but Ada Rehan's name was seen for the first time on Daly's program in the curtain raiser, "Love's Young Dream." She played *Nelly Beers, née Whelks*. Already, earlier in the same year, she had appeared at another house under Mr. Daly's management, doing a small part in Zola's "L'Assommoir" so admirably that she was engaged as a member of the stock company for the new theater. So the house and she who now reigns as its star have grown into fame together.

Miss Rehan's personality is an insistent one. One never forgets that she is Ada Rehan, and yet such is the subtlety of her art that this fact in no wise detracts from her complete realization of the playwright's types. Her creations in the Shakspere comedies are gems whose luster will deepen as time goes by, and their memory becomes a cherished possession of the playgoer who fears he may not soon look upon their like again.

CUBA AND THE DRAMATISTS.

Whatever may be the result to the Cubans themselves of their persistent struggle for independence, the revolution in the Queen of the Antilles has proved a gold mine to American playwrights. It is not at all necessary that they be skilled in their craft, either. Let them appeal to the gallery with emphatic denunciations of the Spaniards, and sprinkle their piece liberally with cries of "Cuba libre!" and much waving of the single starred banner, and fail not to introduce the American flag worn shawl-wise as a protection from Spanish bullets; having done this, they are assured of having the galleries aforesaid overflowing with enthusiastic espousers of freedom's cause who care not a rush for dramatic unities, while the orchestra chairs will be bought up by those eager to see the fun. And "Cuba's Vow," the latest of these offerings, although by no means a comedy, is certainly great fun for everybody concerned—the gallery gods, who take its bombast and braggadocio in all seriousness; the stalls and boxes, to whom it all seems like burlesque played with splendid earnestness; and the proprietors, who are reaping a harvest.

"Cuba's Vow" has one player of real merit in Adelaide Cushman, who enacts the title rôle. Her dark beauty admirably fits her to look the patriotic Cuban girl, and her method is in striking contrast to the crude declamation of most of those by whom she is surrounded. She played the adventuress last winter in the short lived melodrama, "In Sight of St. Paul's," and later was leading woman with the stock company at the Avenue Theater, of Pittsburgh.

"FOR BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE."

It is all very well to be able to play *Juliet* and *Rosalind* so effectively as to win the applause of the discriminating few,

ADA REHAN AS "BEATRICE" IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1897, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

ADELAIDE CUSHMAN IN "YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP."
From a photograph by Dabbs, Pittsburgh.

but theatrical "angels" are but human after all, and cannot forever deny themselves the opportunity to amass a small portion of this world's goods in exchange for that which in times past they have offered up on the altars of art. Julia Marlowe's new play, "For Bonnie Prince Charlie," although it ends in the death of the heroine, and is well saturated with "poetic periods," frankly claims kinship with the romantic school, just now on the top wave of popularity. And this popularity it has won in good measure by means of an exceptionally interesting and powerful third act. For the sake of this the audience patiently endures the Scotch dialect, the Scotch airs, and the Scotch dances (save the mark), beneath which the first and second are well nigh crushed, and even sits heroically to the end of the fourth, which is spun out to exasperating lengths of dullness, relieved only by the really dramatic touch at the very close, as the beggar girl dies at the boom

of the gun that means *Prince Charlie's* safety.

As this beggar maid, Julia Marlowe is excellent. With her girlish face and clear toned voice, she paints the pathos of the part with telling truth. She knows the value of repression in her emotional work—an example by which her husband, Robert Taber, would do well to profit at some points in their great scene, where, as the blind patriot, he realizes that the woman he has been about to curse is his beloved grandchild.

"For Bonnie Prince Charlie" is from the French of François Coppée, whose "For the Crown" was produced here last winter under such disadvantageous circumstances. The English adaptation is made by J. I. C. Clarke, part author of "Heartsease."

JULIA MARLOWE TABER.

From her latest photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

MARIE SHOTWELL.

The opportunity makes the man—and the woman—in the theatrical world, perhaps, to a greater extent than in any other sphere. An author is at liberty to

MARIE SHOTWELL AS "LADY SARK" IN "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE."
From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

do his best whenever he can procure pen and paper; all the artist needs is a pencil and a surface on which to draw; but the actor may live and die unrecognized, if there be no manager to place him in such environment as his talent requires. And if the manager be blind to the relative value of things and miscast the aspirant, the opportunity is oftentimes worse than lost, for the resultant failure prejudices his future chances.

Marie Shotwell is one of the fortunate few in this respect. Her stage presence suggests hauteur and queenly bearing, and as soon as a rôle of this character fell to her lot, the world began to hear of her. The medium was Daniel Frohman, who saw her impersonation of *Queen Caroline* in "Madame Sans Gêne," and was quick to recognize her fitness for *Antoinette de Mauban* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," which she was engaged to create when Sothern produced the play in September, 1895. At the close of the season she was

FRANCES EARLE.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

transferred to the Lyceum stock, and as *Lady Sark* in "The First Gentleman of Europe" impressed the beholder as having just stepped forth from a Sir Joshua Reynolds canvas. She comes of a New York family in no way connected with the theater, and made her début at Daly's.

VIOLA ALLEN AS "RENÉE DE COCHEFORÊT" IN "UNDER THE RED ROBE."
From a photograph by Pach, New York.

AS TO THE LONDON STAGE.

While John Hare is delighting Americans, his London theater, the Garrick, is occupied by an English version of an American farce, "My Friend from India." The adaptation, called "My Friend the Prince," has been made by Justin McCarthy; and Aubrey Boucicault, Paul Arthur, and Sibyl Carlisle are American importations who are acting in it.

The new Pinero comedy for the St. James, mentioned last month, is called "The Princess and the Butterfly, or the Fantastics." At the time of writing, "As You Like It" still holds the boards at this house. Julia Neilson, who was here last year with Hare, is the *Rosalind*, and the *Hymen* is Julie Opp, an American girl who contributed the article on Calvé to this magazine for February, 1896, and an interview with Sarah Bernhardt to our stage department in June, 1896. This

MRS. JOHN BLOODGOOD.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

is Miss Opp's first professional appearance. She is tall, handsome, and clever, and would be an ideal *Trilby*. In fact, Du Maurier wished very strongly to have her accept the part when the play was first produced in England.

Our portrait of Frances Earle shows a member of the company that produced the musical comedy "On the March," at the Prince of Wales' Theater last year. Her own particular song was "Plunkety, Plunk, Plunk," an intellectual effusion which has not yet crossed the Atlantic to dispute first place with "Oh, Ah Don't Know."

THE EMPIRE'S LEADING WOMAN.

Viola Allen is admired and respected by men, and she is equally admired by women. She possesses the faculty of awakening a strong sympathy for whatever character she impersonates.

Every one has a distinguishing feature by which he or she—unconsciously, it may be—impresses others. Miss Allen's is her voice, which she cannot disguise.

VIRGINIA HARNED.

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

It has a peculiar softness of cadence which might easily grow monotonous were it not for the sweetness with which it is also invested. Hearing these tones, one would feel assured that the speaker was a woman of keen intelligence and high aspirations; and Viola Allen is all this and more.

Renée de Cocheforêt, in "Under the Red Robe," is a trying rôle, but she meets all its difficulties with admirable art, and scores both by what she does and what she omits to do. Her fall at the close of the third act is a really wonderful piece of artifice. But Miss Allen will play many parts before her superb work as *Rosamund*, in "Sowing the Wind," will be forgotten. In the "sex against sex" scene she rose to heights which rank her in the very forefront of the emotional line.

The success of "Under the Red Robe" gives the Empire players an easy winter compared with last season, when play after play was tried in search of a winner. Miss Allen has a soft place in her heart for much abused "Michael and His Lost Angel." She stoutly maintains that the play taught a splendid lesson if it had only been looked at in the right light. It may be of interest to recall to the reader that very early in her career Miss Allen was leading woman for John McCullough and the elder Salvini. Her own pronunciation of her Christian name is with the "i" short—"Ve-ola," not "Vy-ola."

A FAIR DÉBUTANTE.

We have become so accustomed to seeing "society" actresses begin at the top of the ladder and work their way downward to the ranks—or to oblivion—by almost inevitable stages, that it is a positive luxury to hear of an exception. That exception is Mrs. John K. Bloodgood, Jr., "beautiful Mrs. Jack," whose father in law died last autumn leaving a more or less involved estate. Determined not to sit in idle submission to misfortune, Mrs. Bloodgood cast about in her mind to find the career for which she was most fitted, and selected the stage. Having done so, she did not sally forth among her moneyed friends and ask for an "angel." She went instead to see manager Frohman at the Lyceum, told him that she wanted to begin where women born in the profession would begin, and showed him a letter from Franklin Sargent, of the school of acting, stating her abilities. As a result she was engaged as an "extra," and by the time these lines are read may be among the "*omnes*" in some one of the companies under the Frohman control.

Mrs. Bloodgood has much in her favor. She should inherit imagination from her father's mother, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the well known novelist, and there were both beauty and wit in the Sutton girls, of whom her mother was one, the others being Mrs. Lloyd Aspinwall, Mrs. Walter Crosby, and Mrs. Ely-Goddard.

"SPIRITISME."

When Charles Frohman announced that he meant to present Sardou's new play in New York simultaneously with its production by Sarah Bernhardt in Paris, he no doubt wished to be commended for his enterprise. As matters have turned out, he is badly "stuck" by this buying of a pig in a poke. "Spiritisme" is not only shamelessly indecent, but unutterably stupid, or rather utterably so, as it is talky to the dreariest degree. If Sardou's name were not blazoned forth on the programs, and the piece had been brought forth anonymously, it would raise more laughs than the Cherry sisters. Even as it is, the Knickerbocker audiences tittered at the spiritualistic seance in the first act, at the newspaper account of a horrible railroad accident in the second, and at the sudden darkening of the room for ghosts to walk in the third.

The fine cast that Mr. Frohman supplied could not save the piece. As *Simone*, the wife whose present is blacker than all of *Mrs. Ebbsmith's* past, Virginia Harned labored heroically, but failed to win sympathy for the vile creature she depicted. This was her first appearance since her marriage to Mr. Sothern last December. Maurice Barrymore, Nelson Wheatcroft, J. H. Gilmour, and Fritz Williams were also in the bill, making a prodigal waste of good material.

We had hoped that last winter saw the end of the problem plays, but the chill reception accorded "Spiritisme" will probably give the wriggling tail of the pestilential serpent its final death blow.

The Sardou piece was booked for a five weeks' run at the Knickerbocker, but by a cancelation of their engagement at the Hub Mr. Hayman was enabled to bring the Bostonians there with "The Serenade" a fortnight before they were due.

FOOTLIGHT CHAT.

"I stand ready to pay five thousand pounds to any man who will bring me what I consider a good play."

This from John Hare in a recent talk with the writer on the crying need of both England and America—new dramas.

"During the twenty years I was in management," Mr. Hare went on, "I read on an average three plays a week, sent in by unknown writers, and out of that number I never found a single one that was suitable for performance."

* * * *

The New York season of the Hare company, extended from five to seven weeks, was played to splendid business without a single "production" in the repertoire—a record that Mr. Hare considers marvelous.

"The 'Hobby Horse' was new in America, to be sure," Mr. Hare remarked, "but then it is a comparatively old play. I tried it first in Cleveland and another of your Western cities, and was rather surprised to find that it took so well. You know a great deal of the humor is intensely local to certain British customs. 'If the provinces appreciate it so highly,' I said to myself, 'cosmopolitan New York will surely like it,' so I decided to make it my opening bill when I came to town. But New York did nothing of the sort, and bestowed the bulk of its favor on old friends: 'Caste' and 'A Pair of Spectacles.' I have wished many times that I had secured the sole rights to 'Spectacles,' and could have introduced it to American audiences. I should have needed nothing else for years, I believe."

* * * *

The dominating impression made upon one by a first interview with John Hare is that of the exceeding mellowness of his voice. It is then that its wonderful carrying power becomes apparent. The ordinary conversational tone he uses in his dressing room seems to be the very same he employs on the stage, and yet it penetrates to the farthest recesses of a large auditorium.

* * * *

Augustin Daly has made a new record in managerial cleverness this winter. He succeeded in sending "The Geisha" on the road in the height of its metropolitan favor, at the same time retaining it in New York to splendid business on alternate nights for the remainder of the season. And he arranged the casts so cleverly that it would be difficult to say which is No. 1 company and which No. 2. Violet Lloyd made such a pronounced hit as *Molly Seamore* in the original production here that Virginia Earle is to be doubly congratulated on her duplication of the part. She falls short only in the realism of Polly's squawk in the parrot song. Nancy McIntosh, on the other hand, is, if anything, more acceptable than Dorothy Morton as *O Mimosa San*. Philip Tomes, however, is by no means as good a *Reggie* as Mr. Wheeler, who went on tour, but Herbert Gresham, as *Dick Cunningham*, is a host in himself. It seems odd that Mr. Daly did not assign *Reggie's* part to Mr. Gresham when the recasting took place. There is no man in the company who throws himself into his work with such whole souled abandonment. He has been at Daly's since 1892, when he made his début as *Little John* in "The Foresters."

* * * *

Forecasts of the Daly repertoire have been particularly hazardous this season, so frequently have the powers that be changed their minds. Of the five plays announced during the opening week last autumn, only one ("Much Ado") has been given. "Henry IV" is doubtless permanently shelved with the death of Mr. Lewis, who was, of course, to have been the *Falstaff*. Robert Chambers was not satisfied with the second act of "A King and a Few Dukes," and asked the privilege of withdrawing it for alterations. The success of "The Magistrate" in revival was doubtless instrumental in keeping "The Wonder" off the boards, and it looks now as if we were not to see "The Tempest" until next year. But at this writing we scarcely dare state that "The Witch of Durncleugh" (Robert Chambers' dramatization of "Guy Mannering," with Ada Rehan as *Meg Merilies*) has taken its place, for a turn of the wheel may bring "The Circus Girl" in its stead, Mr. Daly having acquired American rights to the German original, and being anxious to bring it out before George Edwardes sends over his English company with this latest of the Gaiety "girl" successes.

* * * *

Some six months ago MUNSEY'S referred to that heyday era when several first class artists could be seen in one performance, as in the early days of the Casino. And it is at this very house, during the month of April, that the memory of the past is to be made a reality of the present. Three stars in but a single

bill—Lillian Russell, Della Fox, and Jefferson De Angelis! One will feel like rubbing his eyes to make sure that he has not taken an inverted Rip Van Winkle nap. "Polycop's Wedding Day," by Stange and Edwards, makers of "Brian Boru," is the vehicle that is to carry this new triple alliance into what it is hoped will be public favor. Many other stars now perched on rather precarious heights are looking on at the experiment with a more than keen interest, and its success will doubtless make many go and do likewise, which will save money to the theater goer's pocket, while it the more completely gratifies his artistic sense.

* * * *

De Wolf Hopper should be glad that a valuable member of his opera company possesses one failing. Nella Bergen, the prima donna of "El Capitan," has a voice which has improved instead of deteriorating with the hard work to which she has subjected it during the season. It rings true and bell-like above even the clash of the brass behind her in the famous march song. She is a handsome woman, too, as our picture in the January number proves, and were it not for her lack of animation—a fault of small moment in her present rôle—there would doubtless be more than one manager ready to pay a forfeit to secure her services in more ambitious work.

* * * *

"El Capitan" broke all records by drawing as large audiences to the Broadway Theater on a return engagement as in the first flush of its hit last spring. "The Bride Elect" is the name of the new opera on which Sousa and Klein are now at work. Evidently this is not for Hopper, who will not need a change of bill for some time to come.

* * * *

"Tess" possesses so much rugged strength as a novel that one is surprised that it was not put on the stage long before March 2, when Minnie Maddern Fiske produced it at the Fifth Avenue Theater. The explanation lies in the fact that the author himself made the first dramatization, which was not thought to be the best possible arrangement of the story for the theater, and with the full approval of Mr. Hardy and the publishers, another was prepared by Lorimer Stoddard, who is a son of John L. Stoddard, and wrote "Napoleon" for Richard Mansfield.

The principal impression made by the performance is of the wonderful art of Mrs. Fiske. Nature has done little for her, except in the gift of a voice, which, like John Hare's, has rare carrying power. She is never once the *Tess* of Mr. Hardy's book, who was a woman of an entirely different mold and complexion, but from the rise of the first curtain until the fall of the final one she never fails to be the *Tess* of the play. Hers is a genius akin to that of Duse, which crosses the footlights because she never thinks of forcing it to that end; she wins her public by ignoring it.

* * * *

As to the play, it will scarcely make a quartet with the three great successes of dramatized books with which it will be compared. Throughout, however, it is consistent with itself, and contains a wide variety of elements that administer pleasurably to the emotions of theater goers, none of whom will wish to miss it. The cast, including Charles Coghlan as *Alec* and Annie Irish as *Marian*, is an especially capable one.

* * * *

Every spring valiant efforts are put forth by New York managers to run the season into the hot weather by means of frothy offerings in the musical line. Up to date the Casino has been the only house that succeeded in weathering the thermometer for more than a summer. Nevertheless, this year the announcements of "light weight" goods are thicker than ever. Besides the fourth annual review of the Casino, we are to have "Miss Manhattan" at Wallack's, "A Round of Pleasure" at the Knickerbocker, and the Fifth Avenue Opera Company in "1999" at the Fifth Avenue. It is altogether unlikely that all four of these entries for the summer stakes will reach the winning post, but each "angel" feels that the field is as broad as the metropolis, and hope springs eternal in the human breast.

* * * *

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. The turning of novels into plays has resulted so profitably in the cases of "Trilby," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "Under the Red Robe," that dramatists have ventured to invert the experiment. It is said that Wilson Barrett received $5,000 outright, besides a royalty, for the romance he manufactured from his "Sign of the Cross," and that the sale of the book is so great in England that he is likely to make as much more out of it. The story would not be likely to find much circulation here, where the play failed to attract, but if Messrs. Belasco and Gillette were to turn "The Heart of Maryland" and "Secret Service" into the form of novels, we predict a wide purchasing clientage for both. Plays that win such fame as these are heard of by people who have no chance of seeing them, and who would gladly expend a dollar to learn why they have attained so great a vogue.

LITERARY CHAT

A FRAGMENT.

(In the manner of Mr. Anth-ny H-p-.)

I had barely time to cock my revolver before the secret door swung back and Phroso's face appeared in the opening.

"Oh, it's you," I said cheerfully, and I tossed the revolver into the waste basket. But Phroso did not smile. I saw that she was very pale.

"What are you doing here?" she began. "I thought you were in Ruritania."

"All things have an end," I answered. "The public was growing tired of Ruritania, so I came to Neopalia."

It was a small thing to say, but she saw I meant it.

"And Flavia?" she said.

"There are others," I retorted.

At last she understood, and her lips began to tremble. It was cruel to trifle with her, but the chapter had to be finished, and I had not killed any one for thirty five minutes.

"Who is that behind you?" I cried sternly. What a fool I had been to throw away that revolver!

Phroso cast her eyes to the ground.

"Who is it?" I repeated, as I picked them up and returned them to her with a low bow. "I am afraid I shall have to shoot him. I always like to end my chapters with a dramatic episode, and this one has been a trifle monotonous."

"See for yourself!" cried the girl, stepping aside. It was Constantine Stefanopoulos.

"This is a lively scene," he observed with a grin.

"Where there's Hope there's life!" I replied calmly, and I saw that at this sally Phroso clapped her hands softly. The movement distracted Constantine's attention, and I had time to secure an ivory paper cutter from the table at my side.

"I suppose we must fight," said Constantine. "How long will it take?"

"Not more than five hundred words of nonpareil," I answered, fingering the paper cutter, "and I can cut it down to four, if you prefer."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Immaterial to me," he said; "but you are a brave man."

"None but the brave deserves the fair," said I with a glance at Phroso. She winked twice, and I knew she loved me. Constantine began to sob.

"I never was the fighter you made me out to be," he gasped, "and it's hardly fair."

I hesitated. With the paper cutter in my possession I could afford to be magnanimous.

"And Phroso——?" I ventured.

The mention of her name seemed to make a man of Constantine.

"You may kill me," he cried furiously, "but it will be over her dead body!"

How could I harm such a hero? I flung the paper cutter aside and tendered him my hand.

"I can respect courage, even in an enemy," I said, "and I give you your life. Go!"

He went.

I turned to Phroso with a smile.

"How was that?" I asked.

She answered my question with another.

"But the dramatic end of the chapter——?"

"Do you remember what I said a moment ago?" I inquired.

"I—I forget," faltered Phroso. "So much has happened——"

"Then I will repeat," I answered generously. "This chapter is spoiled, but—there are others!"

TWO NOVELS OF THE HOUR.

It often happens that a book is in great demand at the libraries, but is seldom reviewed, because everybody is supposed to have read it, and to find the condensed story of it needless. It is only when the author begins to be written up on every side, and we are told where and how he spent his childhood, what kind of writing paper he uses, and all the rest of the little photographic details which make up his personality, that the great outside world, which never discovers anybody, begins to ask who this man is, and what his book is about.

The two books that are first in this sort of favor just now are "On the Face of the Waters," by Mrs. Flora Steele, and "Quo Vadis?" by Sinkiewicz. "On the Face of the Waters" is a story of the Indian Mutiny. The scenes are laid in Delhi, and move from the court of the native king to the camp of the English. Mrs. Steele has been called the successor of Rudyard Kipling in the field of Indian fiction, but the title is too large for her. She gives a narrative which is interesting, but her characters are not clearly drawn, nor is she always straightforward. A clever constructionist could take her many pages, and make a strong story out of them, but even then the fire of genius would be lacking. The book is beyond the average, but all the time the reader is conscious that he is reading it not

for its fiction, but for its facts. It gives a new reading of the inner history of the Mutiny.

"Quo Vadis?" also lays some claim to historical interest, but here the history is lost in the romance. The cruelty of the brutal age of Nero is brought back into individual lives, and we see Rome lying terrorized under a mad and bloodthirsty tyrant.

These are two of the books that seem to be pushing aside the "Sentimental Tommies" and the "Margaret Ogilvies," in the popular taste of the moment. They are being read by the thousands.

A NEW VERNE ROMANCE.

Jules Verne was about the first of modern novelists to write the story of impossible adventure which is now so important a literary factor. His books were enormously popular, owing partly to their novelty, and partly to the author's scientific knowledge, which lent so strong a semblance of reality to the most extravagant incidents. Apparently everything was proved possible. The average reader could give no reason why the under sea voyages of the Nautilus were beyond the field of probability, or why it was a matter of extreme difficulty to make a trip to the moon. Indeed, subsequent experiments have shown the Nautilus to have been no mere fiction, but a foreshadowing of ships to come; and is there any one bold enough to assert at the end of this century of marvels that anything is impossible? "Around the World in Eighty Days" was looked upon as the very heighth of extravagance when first it appeared, and now the "record time" is somewhere about sixty days.

But Jules Verne is not the man he used to be, if we are to judge from his latest novel, "Facing the Flag." It is a rehash and nothing more. The old ingredients are all in evidence—submarine boats, new explosives, mysterious islands, and grim, silent, purposeful men of whom *Captain Nemo* was the prototype. In a way it is a stirring story—or would be, rather, to those who had never read a Verne romance, or who were not prejudiced in favor of modern methods. For "Facing the Flag" is not only reminiscent—it is old fashioned as well. Reading it, one suddenly remembers that Jules Verne was once called a "writer for romantic minded little boys," and begins to suspect that there was truth in the criticism. There are some singularly childish things in the book, such as

> The lamps of the three master shine brightly—green to starboard, and red to port.
>
> For some time past I have observed that the tide rises and falls twice every twenty four hours.

Why not tell us that the sun rises once a day, and that a twin screw steamer has two propellers? These are undoubtedly interesting and instructive facts, but one has a dim remembrance of having heard them somewhere before!

On the other hand, it must be remembered that M. Verne is nearly seventy years of age. His methods are the methods of thirty and forty years ago, and perhaps, after all, he does not disclaim the vocation of a novelist for boys. "Facing the Flag" is a capital boys' book, even if it is nothing more. Moreover, we are all grateful to M. Verne for "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and its companions, and we are only sorry that he cannot make up his mind to rest upon his laurels.

M. Verne was born in the city of Nantes, and educated at Paris, for the bar. He has been a playwright, though his dramatic productions are but little known.

—AND ITS ANTITHESIS.

A striking contrast to "Facing the Flag" is "The Final War," by Louis Tracy. It is interesting to read the two books in the order named, for the sake of comparison. One emerges from a world of unreality into the full glare of modern existence, emphasized by references so pointed as to make Mr. Tracy's book seem like an able newspaper account of an actual conflict. The story deals with an attack upon Great Britain by the combined forces of France and Germany, an attack as unexpected as it is unprovoked, and frankly and openly nothing more than an envious attempt to cripple the power of the United Kingdom. The book is dedicated to Private Thomas Atkins, and, if the truth must be told, that gentleman is somewhat unduly lauded and beflowered in the course of the narrative. The author's purpose is extremely plain, even without the candid explanation it receives in a prefatory note:

> I have tried to write a story of adventure. It may interest and amuse the reader, but I shall have utterly failed in my task if he does not rise from its perusal feeling proud if the English language be his mother tongue, or sad if it be not.

One may be pardoned for regarding with some incredulity the marvelous deeds of valor performed by Private Atkins and his fellows in the pages of "The Final War," not so much from any lack of confidence in the noble fellow's loyalty and courage as from the conviction that the manner in which England rallies and repulses her unexpected enemies is little short of supernatural. There is a large "if" in every war—a larger one than usual, perhaps, in this imagined conflict; but we are quite content to take Mr.

Tracy's word for it that Great Britain is more than a match for Germany and France. We do not desire any ocular demonstration of the correctness of his theories. Proof in the matter of wars is apt to be expensive.

The real charm of Mr. Tracy's book, however, lies in the fact that, as he himself has said, he has taken the whole world for his theme and its chief citizens for his characters. The German emperor, the English queen, the Czar, the French president, Bismarck, Caprivi, Balfour, Salisbury, the Prince of Wales, and, from our own land, the chief executive, the ambassador at St. James', and Admiral Mahan (promoted for this occasion by Mr. Tracy) are *historiæ personæ*. With such a wealth of material it is small wonder that "The Final War" is a stirring story of mingled fiction and fact.

THE FOUNDER OF REALISM.

The trouble with too many young writers (we have entirely too many, with and without trouble) is that they do not learn their art. A painter would not think himself equipped for putting a great conception upon canvas if he had never studied drawing, or the use of colors; but anybody who can buy pen and ink considers himself competent to write a story or a book.

Gustave Flaubert, who was undoubtedly the founder of the present day school of French fiction, and who deeply influenced that of England and America, believed that literature was a profession to be more closely studied than any other. He only had one pupil who followed his directions exactly—Guy de Maupassant, whose success surely proved that there was some ground for belief in his theory. We know that he kept de Maupassant writing sketches for seven years before seeking publication, but it is only lately that family documents have been produced which show the foundation of Flaubert's own genius. He was the son of a popular physician in Rouen, whose house was a gathering place for local society. Here young Flaubert sat among the guests, gathering up the studies which made him famous in his great novel of provincial life, "Madame Bovary." The story of the way in which the book was written is remarkable. To Flaubert it was impossible to proceed unless he satisfied himself. He would work for weeks on four or five pages. When the right words failed to come, he would walk up and down his room groaning in despair, weeping, crying out upon Heaven. But he did not have weary years to wait for the success of his work after it was once written. It was published in the *Revue de Paris*, and became the sensation at once. It was, a critic said, not realistic, but realism itself. Its truth, its vividness, its form and style, put it at the first moment among the great novels.

And yet, in artistic Paris, for a book which gave him instant fame, and in a few years the cross of the Legion of Honor, Flaubert was prosecuted by the authorities for an alleged offense against morality. As a matter of fact, the story of the weak and shallow wife with desires for things above her, with a taste for tawdry pleasures, is not an offense against morality, but the most terrible sermon. The outcry against "Madame Bovary" was said at the time to be from the church, which resented the paragraph showing how the dying woman received extreme unction. As it stands, the book might be called the mother of modern realism and is in itself the best example of that school.

A CLEVER BOOK BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

Mr. Charles Charrington, the author of a daintily bound little book entitled "Lady Bramber's Ghost," is a clever writer whose fame is conspicuous by its absence, and who is remarkable chiefly because his publishers say that they know nothing about him. This may be an instance of surpassing *sans gêne* on the publishers' part, or of extreme modesty on Mr. Charrington's, but it is both curious and unusual. However, the merit of "Lady Bramber's Ghost" is by no means impaired by the fact that its author is to the public little more than a name. The story is brightly told, and albeit the theme is the old one of the lion and the jackal which figures so prominently in "A Tale of Two Cities," it is handled with sufficient force and novelty to make it interesting. *Lady Bramber* is a society woman who is famous for her novels and plays, and the "ghost" is a kind of latter day *Sidney Carton*, who writes everything that appears under *Lady Bramber's* name. The book is eminently suggestive. It has been said of certain prominent literary lights of the day that it is not in them to do the work which is apparently their own, and that jackals are at work in the background laboring to promote the reputation of their particular lions. Such things are by no means impossible, as is clearly demonstrated in "Lady Bramber's Ghost." It would be interesting to discover whether or not the story has any foundation in fact; but so long as Mr. Charrington's personality remains an unknown quantity, this is likely to be a state secret.

These are days when personality is everything, days when few readers take much interest in a man's work without some knowledge of the man. It is a fatal mistake for authors to remain in the background. The

public which buys books is entitled to know something about their creators, just as no one cultivates the friendship of a man whose life is masked. A book is like a friend. We admit its author to our confidence, and we want something in return.

MR. FLETCHER'S MORBID BOOK.

Here is an opportunity for the cheerful minded. Supply yourself with three handkerchiefs and a tear bottle, and seek a secluded corner in some unfrequented graveyard. Seat yourself upon a tombstone—the oldest and moldiest you can find—and, having allowed your thoughts to dwell upon homeless children, cripples, and unrequited love for not less than five minutes, open and peruse "God's Failures," a collection of short spasms of melancholy fiction by J. S. Fletcher. In no other way can the book be appreciated. It is sufficiently short, consisting as it does of less than two hundred pages, but it contains enough depression to make up three almshouses, a morgue, and two volumes of minor poetry. It is a galaxy of unhappy endings, broken hearts, and tragic circumstances that causes the reader to gasp. "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!"

Now all this is very distressing. Some one has been treating Mr. Fletcher unkindly, or else he has made a deliberate effort to run the gamut of unhappiness, pathos, and misfortune. The pity of it is that "God's Failures" is so exceedingly well written. If it were not ultra lugubrious it would be exceptionally able; but with woe, as with other things, familiarity breeds contempt, and when we have pitied Mr. Fletcher's characters until we can pity them no more the pendulum begins to swing in the opposite direction, and we to laugh at them. Each is in deeper trouble than the one preceding, and a reader's stock of sympathy for imaginary personages is limited.

In all seriousness it may be asked wherein lies the value of such a book. The world is full enough of grief and affliction, and therefore there cannot be very much use in this parade of the dead and dying and broken hearted and miserable and everything else that is woebegone.

Mr. Fletcher is not a man of whom "God's Failures" might have been expected. He resides in a quiet little parsonage in Yorkshire, and his success in literature has been so unmistakable that he can have no excuse for discontent. His most widely known book, "When Charles the First Was King," was a hit from the first, and viewing his literary career as a whole he has every reason to be satisfied with himself, for both socially and in a literary way Mr. Fletcher is a self made man. He was a farmer's son, and today he is a recognized writer. His work should be cheerful. It is everything else that is good, but its surpassing melancholy comes near to being the ruin of "God's Failures."

"THE SQUARE OF SEVENS."

We knew long ago that Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson was a joker. He could write sonnets which had no sense at all with so much grave imitation of the magazine school of poetry that they made even a critic laugh; but he has played a delightful new trick upon the credulous public lately. We must all be "occult" nowadays, so Mr. Stevenson rummaged about in antiquity and discovered a certain Mr. Robert Antrobus, who was the friend of Dr. Johnson, Horatio Walpole, and the rest of the clever gentlemen who lived in the time of the second George of England. In the year 1731 Mr. Antrobus spent some months in Cornwall, where he met a gipsy who taught him the secret of fortune telling by cards. He went back to London and astonished the fashionable world with his revelations of all sorts of mysteries. How he did it Mr. Stevenson shows in what he tells us is a modernizing of Mr. Antrobus' book upon the "Square of Sevens."

Mr. Stevenson has succeeded in making a beautifully odd little book, which has the possibilities of countless hours of diversion in it; but he is a deceiver. Robert Antrobus is another *Marjory Daw*, who had no existence except in the author's brain.

LITERARY LIONS ON VIEW.

A recent entertainment in New York had features that might amuse a satirist. A certain institution, in which a well known literary woman is interested, needed money, and an entertainment was provided. Well known artists donated their services, and the whole function was widely advertised, with an additional attraction. After the singing and reciting, tea was served in a reception room, and some eminent literary and stage people—announced by name in the advertisements—were among the "receiving party." For once, the public could see together, sociably talking to their friends, Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. John Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taber, Mr. Brander Matthews, and other celebrities of the hour. The crowd looked at them, asked which was which, and walked solemnly by, rarely stopping for the cup of tea that was included in the ticket. It isn't kind to say so, perhaps, but it reminded an irreverent spirit of Mme. Tussaud's. If we were more flippant, we might quote what the

crowd said now and then, but we may hear Miss Beatrice Herford doing that before long.

It probably was not Miss Beatrice Herford who drew the crowd, because this was her first public appearance in America, but she certainly held it, and sent it out talking of her instead of the costumes of the lady novelists and the length of the male lions' manes or the loudness of their roar. She is a young Boston girl, a sister of Mr. Oliver Herford, whose witty verses and pictures are to be seen in the humorous journals. She has always had a talent for making sketches out of every day materials, and was in the habit of giving studies from life for the amusement of her friends. Two years ago she thought that her work might amuse a wider audience, and she went to London, where she began reciting in drawing rooms. She made a hit, and is now trying to repeat her success here.

It is hard to describe Miss Herford's work. She seems to hypnotize her audiences into "seeing things." She is a young, pretty woman who comes on the stage in an ordinary afternoon gown, without one single accessory, and announces what she is to represent. On the occasion of which we have been speaking, her first sketch was of a New England seamstress with sociable tendencies. Miss Herford took a step backward, and in an instant passed from a blooming young girl in a pink silk gown to a Yankee spinster with an old fashioned, half long coat, her bonnet tied under her chin, and an umbrella in hand. We know all about her "things," because she removed them in pantomime before our eyes; but the charm of it was in her talk. The worthy seamstress told how one of her family had won at a raffle—where she had supposed she was putting her money into a stuffed owl—a marble figure of—"well, I wouldn't call her a *lady*. Those ancient goddesses were brought up different from *us*;" and how she and her sister made the goddess a "tasty tea gown. But there was no fit to it. She had no figure *to* fit."

In London they say that Miss Herford is destined to take the late Corney Grain's place as an entertainer.

THE HISTORIAN OF THE HIGHLANDS.

William Black answered a great many questions when he made that famous reply to President Garfield, long ago. Hearing that Mr. Andrew Carnegie was going to Europe and would see Mr. Black, the President asked him to reproach the novelist with the sad ending of "McLeod of Dare," and to inquire why it was necessary for *Coquette* to die in "A Daughter of Heth."

"Why, you see," Mr. Black said, "I didn't want to make her die, but I had to. If she had lived, the reader would not have remembered her six hours after closing the book."

Evidently the novelist of today wants to make his work remembered by the same trick; for if you take away the deaths, the sorrow, the disappointments in modern fiction, there is almost nothing left. We fail to see why it should be fashionable to be harrowed, or why "strength" in fiction should mean crime, carnage, or death.

If Mr. Black had only known it, it is not his sorrowful people who make us love his books, but his atmospheres. We could be happy even with very joyous people, rambling amid his hills and salmon streams, or yachting about Mull and the rest of his Scottish isles. Mr. Black spends half the year at Paston House, Brighton, and the remainder of his time in his beloved Highlands, where, every summer, he gets his material for six months' steady work. He has a study away up in the top of his house, and his wife guards him from interruption there, while he lives over again the scenes of his wanderings, peopling them with creations of his own. He cannot get rid of the company of these people at any time. They are always with him, an invisible company, insisting upon giving opinions upon everything, and all that he has to do is to write them down.

IN BRIEFER MENTION.

In a paragraph headed "How Authors Write," published in our February number—and intended rather as a parody of the sort of matter in which certain literary peddlers delight than as a serious compilation of facts—we quoted the statement that "Captain Charles King has grown so indolent with affluence that he talks his army tales into a phonograph, and sends the cylinders to copyists." Captain King asks us to deny the report. He tells us that he "has grown neither indolent nor affluent, nor does he talk his tales. He writes out every word, going over his work far more laboriously than in the days of his earlier stories, and finally *reads* his pages into the phonograph. Then a clear, typewritten copy goes to the publisher, and proof reading is easier. That is all there is to the story."

We are glad to make the correction—or, rather, we are glad to hear that Captain King is not indolent, and sorry to hear that he is not affluent. An author of books as good as his deserves a substantial worldly reward no less than a successful manufacturer or prosperous storekeeper.

* * * *

In "That Affair Next Door," by Anna Katharine Green, an important piece of evidence is the pair of shoes worn by the murdered

woman, for of course, the book being by Mrs. Rohlfs, there *is* a murdered woman to be considered. It is expressly stated, possibly by way of free advertisement, that these shoes were purchased from B. Altman & Co., a somewhat well known dry goods firm on Sixth Avenue. The crime was committed in September, 1895. We wonder if it has occurred to Mrs. Rohlfs that Altman did not sell shoes until the opening of the present season. These are small matters, but it is well to be accurate, especially in the case of circumstantial evidence.

* * * *

While Rudyard Kipling is accused, and perhaps justly, of being a most disobliging person, the following story will serve to illustrate that there are exceptions to every rule. Mr. Brander Matthews was browsing around one day in a London book shop when he came upon a copy of "Many Inventions," beautifully bound by Cobden-Sanderson, and, finding that the price was absurdly low, promptly bore off his prize. Some days later he forwarded the book to Mr. Kipling, requesting him to write something upon the fly-leaf. It is doubtful whether any one could have complied more gracefully than did the flattered author, for "Many Inventions" returned accompanied by a brief note: "There are four flyleaves to the book. Did you want me to fill all of them?" As a matter of fact Mr. Kipling had written four poems for his friend, poems which Mr. Matthews numbers among his most cherished possessions, and which will never be published except in a volume of his "literary experiences." All of which shows that a man who snubs strangers is not necessarily one who is disobliging to his friends.

Speaking of his "literary experiences" Mr. Matthews says it is seriously his intention to write them some day—"but not for a long while yet."

* * * *

In London they have an Omar Khayyam Club, of which Mr. Edmund Gosse is president, and which meets quarterly. The club was presumably started to settle forever the old discussion whether the Persian poet is to be taken literally or figuratively. Mr. Austin Dobson has just been elected to membership, in place of Coventry Patmore. The last letter Mr. Patmore wrote was one expressing his regret at being absent from the annual dinner of the Omarians.

"If I had been able to be with you," he said, "while I feasted among you, I should have sought to remind you that nearly all eastern poetry is more or less mystical and ascetic, and wine, love, and liberty, even in this poem, seem to be words for spiritual passions. But I should have delighted with you in all that Omar says about what concerns priests and formal religions. All poets and prophets have hated priests—as a class—and it has been their vocation from the first to expose 'ecclesiasticism.'"

Lord Wolseley was the guest of honor at the Omarians' dinner in March.

* * * *

Olive Schreiner has broken her long silence. She has given up herding sheep on her *veldt* for a little while, and has taken up her pen again. She evidently agrees entirely with Mr. Patmore. Her new book is not a novel. It is a study of the conditions Christ would find if he came upon earth again, and visited South Africa.

Miss Schreiner wrote a book out of a young mind and heart, full of fancies, and bursting with a sense of the injustice of some existing conditions. As she was honest, original, and full of fire and enthusiasm, "The Story of an African Farm" was a deeply interesting book, particularly to those who shared her youth and enthusiasm. After years, it reads a little less easily. She tried to preach her views upon the problems of life and sex through allegories. Sometimes they were beautiful, and sometimes they tired us. She was not quite great enough to be uniformly successful in her heroics.

Miss Schreiner came back to England in the same vessel with Cecil Rhodes. We hope they met, for he is the best of "material."

* * * *

Is the spelling of proper names a matter of as much uncertainty in Russia as it used to be in England in the days when the greatest of dramatists signed "Shakspere" in half a dozen different ways at different times? We used to write "Tolstoi" till we were told that "Tolstoy" was positively the one and only correct form. But the eccentric count's orthography is a matter of daylight simplicity in comparison with the dark mystery that seems to surround the patronymic of perhaps his most famous predecessor. The "Century Cyclopedia of Names" gives "Turgenieff" as the name of the author of "Annals of a Sportsman." In "Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary" he figures as "Toorgenef or Turgenew," in "Men of the Time" as "Turgenev." Other spellings that we have seen are "Tourgenieff," "Turgeneff," and "Turgenef."

And of all these versions not one is correct, according to no less an authority than William Dean Howells. In revising the proofs of his article printed elsewhere in this magazine, Mr. Howells declared for "Tourguénief," which, he says, "is the way the man spelled his name in a letter to me."

IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS,
GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS;
GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GLARE.
FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

EN MASQUE.

Society *en masque* tonight! A madcap glare
and din,
A rout of vanities without and vanity within,
A gleam of rapiers, and a dream of paint and
powdered hair,
Of knights, and sprites, and tights beneath
the lights' bewildering flare;
The high coiffure of Pompadour, the dress of
Pilgrim days,
The cross of the crusader, and the pomp of
Louis Seize;
The gloss of satin, sheen of silk, the gleam of
pearl and jet,
De' Medici, and good Queen Anne, and Marie
Antoinette—
And glory to the *costumier* from whom these
glories are,
For hither comes our sovereign lord, King
Henry of Navarre!

Amid the rout there lurks, no doubt, the pang
of envy's stab,
For Robespierre in his brougham came, Napoleon in a cab;
And Maintenon surveys dismayed some rival,
à la Greuze,
Whose dress achieves no less success though
half the price of hers!
And oh, the irony of chance, that those whose
legs are spare
Have come in tights, while ponderous wights
protecting armor wear;
And Dido strives to crush a blush and hide
her deep chagrin,
She hoped to sup with Philip First, but Wolsey took her in!
While deep within her secret heart the fair
Francesca plots
How best to seize the Duke of Guise from
Mary, Queen of Scots!

Society *en masque* tonight! A scene, we
must allow,
Where all the follies of the past meet all the
whims of now;
A host of most imposing kings, a score or
more of lords,
Who hardly dare to move for fear of tripping
on their swords!
A Pompadour who is not sure what king it
was she swayed,
A Joan of Arc who in the dark of burglars is
afraid,
A Cæsar Borgia mild of mien, a Richelieu who
swears,
And Luther drinking punch with Cleopatra
on the stairs!
Oh, here is all the cynic or the satirist could
ask—
The Vanity of Vanities—society *en masque!*

TAGS FOR BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

A favorite maxim with Americans is Shakspere's saying, "Homekeeping youth hath ever homely wits." Abroad most of us must go, whether we know our own country or no, else life hath no charms for us. To the confirmed globe trotter, the steamer trunk is as the medal bedecked chest to the champion athlete, for on it are pasted the labels that set forth the places he has visited, so that the curious one who reads may know how far the traveler has run. With awe the beholder gazes at the labels of various shapes and shades, betokening that their owner has penetrated the orient as far as Tokio, has called at Singapore, sauntered through the Holy Land, eaten lotus upon the Nile, gazed at the unresponsive face of the Sphinx, quoted Byron in

Fair Greece—though fallen, great!

burned tapers in the catacombs at Rome, lived gay days and gayer nights in Paris, been saturated with London fogs, and, in short, taken in all the routes of Baedeker and Murray, and more than they ever dreamed of mapping out. For the modern traveler stops at nothing; he goes wherever other travelers have been, and then sighs for unexplored lands to conquer. Then back he goes to his own native cobblestone or asphalt, to dazzle the eyes of the stay-at-homes with the certificates that pronounce him a true cosmopolite.

But sad days are in store for the genuine globe trotter. His prestige is threatened by a factory which turns out labels for every railroad station and steamboat landing from Kilkenny to Kalamazoo, and gives the individual who desires to appear far traveled

without expenditure of time and money an opportunity to cover his trunk or valise with a magnificent collection of tags. At a merely nominal cost, Mrs. Jones may impress it on the mind of the envious Mrs. Jenks that her summer has been spent in Europe, when in reality she has been boarding at Asbury Park, or even Bath Beach. For days the trunk is left in the lower hall, its foreign labels turned up to the curious gaze of the expected visitor; and as Mrs. Jones relates with parrot-like preciseness the extent and enjoyments of her travels, culled from divers guides and books of travel, poor Mrs. Jenks sits in envious silence.

But there is one drop of bliss within the traveler's cup of bitterness—no longer need strict injunctions be given to the trunk repairer not to remove those treasured decorations, as he has ofttimes done in cleanliness or kindness. No more will the inconsiderate baggagemen be softly sworn at for placing the London label flat upon the one from Paris, and the New York one on the top of that. The factory holds balm for the wounded spirit in the shape of duplicate labels, which can be pasted in intricate designs or dignified dados around the beloved trunk.

Then all hail to the label factory! Its possibilities are limitless. Even the poor forsaken outcast whose ancestors did *not* come over on the Mayflower may be able to purchase some kind of a label—worn and ancient, of course—which, pasted upon a big wooden chest, may secure for its owner admittance into some of the multifarious clubs of "Stepsons" or "Granddaughters."

THE STORY OF A FASHION IN COLOR.

Many years ago, in the days of her radiant beauty, her imperial majesty, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, sat for her portrait to Schrotzberg, a fashionable Viennese artist. The picture was painted at the request of the empress' royal cousin, Ludwig II of Bavaria, and was destined to grace the walls of his gallery of beautiful women in Munich. The artist recognized the importance of his commission, and gave to the canvas all the skill of his genius, which in the matter of color had no equal in Germany. The robe of the empress was of imperial purple, of so marvelous a tint, and so wonderfully painted, that it dimmed even the charm of the sovereign lady's matchless beauty. Artists tried in vain to imitate it, pens to describe it, and in time it came to be known as the "historical lilac."

In the ball rooms of Vienna a tint bearing the name of *Kaiserlila* is in vogue, which is as near the shade of the purple in which Schrotzberg clothed his beautiful empress, as looms and pigment can make it. In this country, lilac has long been considered a color for middle aged women, but now young girls are taking a great fancy to it, and the coming summer, we are told, will see it a reigning tint. Max Nordau may be right in the theory that the devotion to violet is one of the surest signs of degeneracy, but the stylish woman of today would much prefer to be called "degenerate" than "unstylish."

GOOD FORM.

"It has come to be a mark of correct breeding to neglect one's duty calls."—*Society Journal.*

Toujours la politesse!
Take notice, all of you,
One makes no calls, unless
It suits one so to do.
Forget (this is your aim)
Your hostess' address,
Forget her very name—
Toujours la politesse!

She may have spent her pelf
Her friends to entertain,
She may have martyred self
Their gratitude to gain,
But what of that? They all
Indifference profess,
And never come to call—
Toujours la politesse!

'Tis hard, as you can see,
Instinctively to know
What is supposed to be
Entirely *comme il faut;*
But one thing more than all
Shows social readiness—
Never to pay a call!
Toujours la politesse!

"PARLOR TRICKS."

It is said that there is nothing new under the sun, but every month in Vanity Fair disproves the proverb—or at least it produces something that seems new, which, after all, is quite as good as actually being so. We must be amused, and, in spite of much talk of being blasé and ennuyé, we find considerable diversion in the gay world without any very elaborate outlay of time or energy. But there must be no drones in the society hive. The most sought after men and women are those who bring some grist to the common mill, and the most desirable guest is he who can metaphorically "sing for his supper," like *Tommy Tucker* of nursery rhyme fame. Social success is a thing assured if one is capable of what has come to be known as a "parlor trick."

The "parlor trick" may be anything from a rendering of Chopin's mazurkas on the hos-

tess' grand piano to an ability to recite the "Bab Ballads" or "The Hunting of the Snark." English society has known it in the form of banjo playing and skirt dancing, and American society as an imitation of Yvette Guilbert or the Prince of Wales. The "parlor trick," in short, may be anything or everything, but it is fast becoming an institution. It was only a short time ago that the guests at a smart dinner spent an hour after coffee in drawing or attempting to draw pigs without looking at the paper. This palling, the entire company made strenuous efforts to throw playing cards into a waste paper basket from a distance of ten feet. Last but not least, a contest was held in balancing cross legged upon a broomstick laid on two chairs. Such are "parlor tricks"!

In these days the man who knows a new trick with cards or pool balls, or who can imitate a lion by roaring through a lamp chimney, is the man who can dine out if he chooses every night in the week. The dinner itself may be dignified and elaborate, but afterwards Momus rules supreme; and perhaps it is not altogether an unwholesome innovation.

> A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the wisest men,

and if one can amuse one's fellows by disregarding dignity it may be well to do so—now and then.

Therefore let each and every one of us cultivate a "parlor trick." Mayhap a gracious Providence has endowed us with the ability to render a faithful presentment of a crowing rooster; mayhap practice has made us perfect in the art of balancing billiard cues on the tips of our noses. Whatever may be our peculiar accomplishments, now is the time to have them forth for the edification of our friends. Society has taken the "parlor trick" to its heart!

CONCERNING OPERA SINGERS AND THEIR "FRIENDS."

Just what is the peculiar quality in an opera singer which causes society to fall down and metaphorically worship, no one has made quite clear. The fact remains that to know a tenor or a basso personally, and to be able to reveal the fact in a crowded room at the top of one's lungs, is for a certain class the *summum bonum*.

The scene was the reading room of a large New York club, and the *dramatis persona* a young, a very young and highly gilded man about town. His voice was as penetrating as a siren's and as confident as an auctioneer's, and he held forth thus:

"Jean was most awfully broken up over poor Castelmary's death, most awfully. Jean was his best friend. When I spoke to Jean, Jean said to me, 'Old chap——'" and so on, *ad nauseam*. The speaker was absolutely satisfied with himself, and it is to be hoped that his hearers were duly impressed. To be sure, he had said nothing new or instructive about Castelmary, but the opportunity to prove acquaintance with M. de Reszke had been elaborately improved.

To only a favored few of us does fate grant it to know a famous singer, and the least we can do is to give our less fortunate fellows the benefit of our experience. Sometimes this cannot be done without to a certain extent exploiting our own superiority. It then becomes necessary to sacrifice modesty, and, however we may shrink from such a disclosure, to confess how exalted and favored we are. The singers themselves will undoubtedly be profoundly grateful. What, after all, is there in hard won laurels except that through them one gains the friendship of men and women who have heraldic devices on their brougham panels and their names in the social register? And, since these *fortunati* are quite ready to condescend, the whole affair becomes a kind of mutual admiration society, which is pleasant and profitable to all concerned.

Or can it be, as certain heretical persons allege, that the opera people are secretly laughing at us all the time, and using for their own convenience our willingness to become lion worshipers? The suggestion is monstrous! It bears all the marks of envy. Why cannot the world realize that the gods have their elect, and that society is infallible? The sooner those who do not boast the heraldic devices, who do not know famous tenors, and who are therefore only poor and paltry creatures—the sooner such individuals realize the inestimable superiority of fourhundreddom, the better.

One final word by way of clinching the argument and proving that all this is a serious and earnest matter without a suspicion of satire. Two men were recently promenading the Broadway sidewalk, the younger descanting upon his intimacy with the season's opera singers.

"Nice chaps, most of them," he said. "I have them up at my club now and then of a Sunday afternoon or evening, just to give them a change."

The elder man listened in awed and respectful silence, and, in the midst of his companion's discourse, suddenly bowed cordially to a passer by.

"Who was that?" asked the younger. "Looked like a foreigner."

"That," answered his comrade dryly, "was your friend, M. Edouard de Reszke."

ETCHINGS

CHARACTERISTIC.

THE balladist sat in his easy chair,
And he rolled his eyes, and he stroked his hair,
And he said, "By my muse, 'tis a splendid thought,
Unique, and no sooner penned than bought.
It is sure to be crowned with a great success,
And will reach them just as they go to press.
It will tickle the editor's soul I know,
Because it's so happily apropos!"

The editor sat in his easy chair,
And he rolled his eyes, and he tore his hair,
And he said, "By my word, at this time of year
By dozens and scores these things appear!
All written by one familiar rule,
And every one ends with 'April Fool';
But they serve the balladists' bent to show,
Because they're so happily apropos!"

Frederick F. Bristol.

A REFORMER.

YOU call me trifler, fainéant,
And bid me give my life an aim!
You're most unjust, dear. Hear me out,
And own your hastiness to blame.
I live with but a single thought,
My inmost heart and soul are set
On one sole task—a mighty one—
To simplify our alphabet.

Five vowel sounds we use in speech;
They're A and E, I, O, and U;
I mean to cut them down to four,
You "wonder what good *that* will do!"
Why, this cold world will bloom again,
Eden itself be half rewon,
When breaks the dawn of my success,
And U and I at last are one.

Albert Lloyd Blakeley.

NON FIT.

A BIG, square peg cast longing eyes
At a small, round hole in an oaken beam,
And sighed and cried in great surprise
Because forbidden by fate to rise
And enter this goal of its wish supreme.

A country lad of a lowly race
Yearned for the whirl of a city life,
Abandoned a modest but model place
To find a gilded but grim disgrace
Amid our metropolitan strife.

'T was ever thus; men never learn
The homely adage old Time has writ
On pages of souls with pens that burn,
In symbols of pain that writhe and turn—
Success is to stay in the spot you fit.

H. J. Butler.

TO A DANCER.

I WATCH you as on waves of sound
You seem to softly sway and float;
Your little feet scarce touch the ground;
I watch as by some weird spell bound—
The music hath a wild, strange note.
Your white arms o'er your head entwine,
Your full, dark eyes are fixed on mine,
And as your lithe form bends and sways
A name wells up from out the maze
Of bygone things, and o'er my lips
In half unconscious murmur slips,
"Herodias! Herodias!"

Thus she of old bespread her net
And danced before the mighty king.
Your red lips smile, and yet, and yet
Methinks they are a trifle set,
As purposing some cruel thing.
The fire your heavy lids enfold
Some baleful purpose seems to hold.
What can it be? Yet stay, I know!
The same as hers of long ago,
Who for the king her net bespread—
You mean *a man shall lose his head*,
"Herodias! Herodias!"

Anne Virginia Culbertson.

THE LATTER DAY EDUCATION.

"Whatever the faculties may say to the contrary, hazing continues to thrive."—*Daily Paper.*

IN learning's halls ascends a wail;
The freshman's room is looted,
The youth himself is growing pale
From being persecuted;
The fray is fierce, with slaughter fraught
Like Agincourt or Flodden—
Pity the class of Naughty Naught,
By Ninety Nine downtrodden.

Neglected is Euripides,
Neglected, too, is Bion;
No more they make analyses
Of gelatine or iron;
No longer does the student care
For speeches from the forum,
Nor has he any time to spare
To prove *pons asinorum*.

The midnight oil, once madly burned,
The charms of Latin phrasing,
Are cast aside and coldly spurned—
All hail, the reign of hazing!
With flaming torch and sable gown,
With sound of choral chanting,
They drag the freshman round the town,
All out of breath and panting.

They cause his youthful heart to jump,
Nor heed his protestations,
They drag him, gasping, to the pump
For aqueous applications;
They punch, and prod, and pelt, and poke,
And slap, and shove, and strike him,
Averring it to to be a joke,
And done because they like him!

And so, by tortuous way and rough,
He gains the goal of knowledge,
And learns what is the object of
A man's career at college.
Ring out the sway of classic thought,
Ring in the rule amazing
Of sapience thus by torture wrought—
All hail, the reign of hazing!

John King Cartwright.

REPARTEE ON THE ROOF.

'TWAS a stormy day, it was dismal and gray,
But the weathercock, perched on high,
Discomfort ignored till old Boreas roared,
"Ho, friend, will you not tell me why
You would fain remain in this driving rain?
I think you'll be wet if you do!"
Then the weathercock bowed as he chuckled aloud,
"It's foul, but I'm fowl, too!"

"Ho, ho," laughed the wind. "Very good—of its kind.
Let me now blow you off—I insist!"
"I am grateful, I'm sure, but I cannot endure
To think from my post I'd be missed."
"But you will not decline such innocuous wine?"
Cried the wind—"Just a cocktail of rain?"
Said the weathercock, "No; for I'm not proud, although
I may be a little vane!"

Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

JOURNALISM.

MONDAY: The North Atlantic Fleet
Is ordered on active service;
The commander and cabinet officers meet;
The country is strained and nervous.
War is at hand! WE have certain clues
To the plans of a hostile nation,
This is THE ROCKET'S exclusive news—
Look at our circulation!

Tuesday: Didn't WE tell you so?
Diplomats all deny it,
But war is imminent. This WE show
In THE NEW YORK ROCKET. Buy it!
No doubt the Federal government views
Our power with trepidation;
This is THE ROCKET'S exclusive news—
Look at our circulation!

Wednesday: Some of our rivals print
Rumors of strife and slaughter.
These are absurd! WE have a hint
From a most reliable quarter.
See what comes of a foolish guess,
Written to make sensation!
War is a figment—nothing less.
Look at our circulation!

Thursday: Government chiefs commend
THE ROCKET'S conservatism.
All the danger is at an end,
Ended the risk of schism.
WE have reserved the state, and must
Yield to gratification!
THE NEW YORK ROCKET is safe to trust!
Look at our circulation!

Friday: War!!! THE ROCKET can speak
With certainty and conviction;
War will come in about a week,
Owing to foreign friction.
Representatives show their rage
And vote an appropriation.
Watch for our Sunday Woman's Page,
And look at our circulation!

Saturday: WE have been authorized
To deny reports of trouble.
This, as WE yesterday surmised,
Is only a scare head bubble.
What would the country do without
THE ROCKET'S prognostication?
No one can read our views with doubt
Look at our circulation!

Sunday: War is a thing assured!
War! As WE understand it,
Nothing further can be endured!
War! For the States demand it!
War! Too long have we waited for
An excuse or a provocation!
War! War!! *War!!!* and a fourth time WAR!!!!
Look at our circulation!

Philip Rodney Paulding.

AFTERMATH.

AND there are hearts like richest wines,
That sweeter grow with Time's caress,
Till he who softly opens, finds
A hidden store of happiness.

E. H. Keene.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

A NEW VOLUME AND AN ENLARGED MAGAZINE.

"MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE" NOW CONSISTS OF 160 PAGES, THE SAME NUMBER AS "HARPER'S" AND THE "CENTURY," IT IS AS BIG AS THE BIGGEST AND AS GOOD AS THE BEST, WHILE IT STILL SELLS AND WILL ALWAYS SELL FOR TEN CENTS, A CONDITION MADE POSSIBLE ONLY BY AN UNEQUALED EQUIPMENT OF MACHINERY AND CAPITAL, BY UP TO DATE BUSINESS METHODS AND A PHENOMENAL CIRCULATION—THE HISTORY OF ITS PROGRESS, AND THE PROMISE OF STILL FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

WITH the present issue MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE enters upon a new volume, and signalizes the occasion by a remarkable increase in size—an increase of thirty two (32) pages, carrying the reading pages to one hundred and sixty (160). This is a gain of twenty five per cent, but in addition the page itself has been enlarged between four and five per cent, making a total increase of practically thirty (30) per cent.

As Big as the Biggest and as Good as the Best.

With these thirty two pages added, and with the strong men writing for it, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE now takes its place beside *Harper's* and the *Century*. The size is the same, and the contents, both in art and letterpress, will compare favorably with that of these two recognized leaders in the magazine world.

Of the two contemporary schools of American fiction, the realistic and the romantic, the recognized leaders are William Dean Howells and F. Marion Crawford. Both these writers are represented in this number of MUNSEY'S, the former by a characteristic discussion of a literary question, the latter by his new story, "Corleone." In connection with this Mr. Crawford also gives, in an interview published on another page, some facts that will interest the reader. Hall Caine—who holds a place occupied by no other English novelist of the day—continues his strong work, "The Christian." John H. Holmes, the Greeley of New England journalism, writes with authority upon the existing situation in the newspaper world. James L. Ford, the clever author of "The Literary Shop," gives a caustic sketch of official society at the national capital—a Mecca toward which thousands of eyes are turned from all over the country. The shorter fiction and the verse of the month are contributed by some of the best of the younger writers of the day. The departments—ten in number—contain the usual wealth of timely matter, personal, social, artistic, musical, theatrical, and literary, and supply such a review of the great world's movement as no other magazine attempts.

These departments, next to the picturesqueness of the magazine, have done more than anything else to individualize it, to popularize it, and to give it its strength with the people.

A Bit of History, with Its Marvelous Revelations.

When we gave the ten cent magazine to the world (and the ten cent magazine was not possible until we made it possible) MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE consisted of one hundred and twelve pages. Compared with the present issue in finish, in art, and in literary merit, it was crude, indeed. But it was a *magazine* for all that, and the world marveled at it—marveled that so good a publication, one so picturesque, so large, and so attractive, could be sold for a dime. And the world speedily said it couldn't be done, and all the publishers of other magazines said it couldn't be done, and all other publishers, paper makers, advertisers, printers—and the entire news trade everywhere, and everybody everywhere—said it couldn't be done.

That was three years ago. Today, this "impossible proposition" (MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at ten cents a copy) is the great magazine of the world. Its aggregate circulation for last year (1896) was 7,750,000—an average for the entire year of 645,833 copies a month. This is a circulation in excess of that of all the other magazines and reviews of the country combined, with the exception of two or three of the ten cent magazines, and the circulation of these was made possible, and made possible wholly and alone, by MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

How We Have Done It.

We have done it by believing in ourselves—by being honest with ourselves and honest with the people—by giving more for a dime than could be bought anywhere else in the world for the same money—by making each successive issue of the magazine better than

the one that preceded it. From 112 pages we increased to 120, and from 120 to 128, and now at a single bound we go from 128 to 160 pages. The full force of this last move cannot be realized without a knowledge of the relation MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE bears to others in point of size. The English sixpenny magazines (12½ cents) usually consist of 96 pages. Two and one half cents additional for a magazine, and in a country where labor is much lower than it is here, make a vastly different problem for the publisher. *McClure's Magazine*, perhaps the best of our ten cent contemporaries, contains 96 pages of reading matter. There are a couple of dozen others in the ten cent field, some the same size, some smaller, one or two a trifle larger.

Scribner's comes next with 128 pages, and it is a twenty five cent magazine. This has been for years, and still is, the standard size for a twenty five cent magazine. For nearly two years MUNSEY'S has been in this class in point of size.

The thirty five cent magazines, *Harper's* and the *Century*, contain 160 pages. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE now joins these two monarchs, but the price will remain the same —ten cents a copy, or one dollar by the year.

These are the figures we fixed upon as the right price for a magazine—they are the figures we shall stand by. We stood alone for them three years ago; we have no thought of abandoning them now. Our thought, instead, is bent upon the problem of giving our readers more for the money, and more for the money, and more for the money.

Circulation Building versus Circulation Booming.

We have spent our money on the magazine itself—not on the circulation department. It is the custom with many publishers to set aside a large annual appropriation for circulation building—ten thousand dollars, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand, two hundred thousand. This money goes into newspaper advertising, into the maintenance of a mammoth circulation department, with an army of clerks, typewriters, and traveling men—premiums and premium departments, word contests, free scholarships, hippodroming around the world, and a thousand other "gimcrack" devices for holding and extending circulation.

Now we are not prepared to say that this is not the best and wisest way. We simply say that it is not our way. If it had been, the ten cent magazine would not have been developed by us—might not have been developed for the people of this generation. There are only so many dollars in a half bushel measure. If they go into circulation booming, they cannot go into the magazine itself.

Largest Consumers of Book Papers.

We are today the largest consumers of book papers in the world. This is saying a great deal, but from a pretty thorough survey of the whole publishing field, we believe it to be strictly true. We shall use a minimum of six hundred thousand dollars' worth of white paper during 1897. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE alone will consume about four thousand tons, or eight million pounds—think of it, eight million pounds of paper and all for the "*impossible ten cent magazine*."

The Biggest Plant in the World.

The machinery used in printing, binding, and handling MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE constitutes the largest magazine plant in the world. It is nearly all special machinery built expressly for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. We have just added $50,000 worth of new machinery to enable us to handle our *enlarged magazine*. The total value of our plant today (machinery alone) runs well nigh up to $200,000. Without such a plant, a 160 page magazine for 10 cents would be impossible; without large capital involved, a 160 page magazine at 10 cents would be impossible; without an enormous circulation, a 160 page magazine at 10 cents would be impossible; without direct dealing with the trade of the country (no middlemen) a 160 page magazine at 10 cents would be impossible; without the ability to purchase our printing paper much lower than smaller consumers can purchase it, a 160 page magazine at 10 cents would be impossible—all this is involved in the publishing of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and the people are the gainers thereby.

Munsey's Magazine to Be Cut.

The new special machinery we are putting in will cut the pages of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE as they are folded. No other plant in the world can do this. The present method of cutting the pages is to put the magazine in a cutting machine after it is bound, and slice off the edges—top, bottom, and side. This reduces the size of the page so much that there is too little margin left to make first rate cloth bound books. Our new machinery will cut the sheets as if cut carefully with a paper cutter, thus saving the loss of margins.

Wherever and in whatever way money can be spent rationally to make MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE better and better—to make it a magazine for the people and of the people—the best and biggest and brightest magazine in the world—in this way and in all ways we are ready to spend it, and spend it unstintedly.

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"THE CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST."

From the painting by L. Kowalski

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII. MAY, 1897. No. 2.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

The status of American and foreign art as seen in exhibitions and sales here and abroad—With a series of engravings of representative specimens of recent art.

FOREIGN COMPETITION IN PORTRAITURE.

Though the past season has been a successful one for American artists in the matter of exhibitions, most of them complain that purchasers have been fewer than ever. Portrait painters have probably felt the depressed condition of the commercial barometer most keenly. Figures are given that set the number of portraits painted here in 1896 at two thousand, against 2700 in 1895, while the predictions for 1897 speak of a further marked decline. Native artists, moreover, have a serious grievance in that the cream of the business goes to the foreigners who come here in increasing numbers each season. Two of the best European portraitists have spent the winter in

"MATERNAL CARES."

From the painting by Josef Israels.

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"YOUTH."

From the painting by Edouard Bisson—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

New York, in the persons of Ricardo de Madrazo and Theobald Chartran, and the Spaniard and the Frenchman have been loaded with commissions, while some of the American painters are said to be upon the verge of actual starvation. It is right and proper that this country should open her wealthy arms to the artists of the world, but existing conditions certainly bear hard upon native talent, which suffers more or less unfairly from the capricious trend of fashionable taste.

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"THE SQUIRE'S PIKE."

From the painting by John A. Lomax—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"A REVERIE."

From a drawing by the late Napoleon Sarony.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's order to M. Chartran for a portrait of President McKinley, to be hung in the fine new art gallery at Pittsburgh, is an illustration of the preference given by moneyed Americans to the work of foreign artists. It is the more notable from the fact that Mr. Carnegie's generous endowment of the Pittsburgh institution was avowedly designed for the special encouragement of American art. M. Chartran is a clever man and a brilliant painter, but there are native portraitists whose work is of equal rank. None of them, probably, has earned in the last twelve months one fifth of the $100,000 which, report says, the French artist will take back to Paris as the result of his American campaign.

As for "easel pictures," the market is terribly depressed. Almost the only encouraging feature of the situation is the increasing demand for good mural and

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"UNDER THE BLOSSOMS."

From the painting by L. C. Nightingale—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"A SOUVENIR OF PASTEUR."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clement & Co., Successors) after the painting by Louis E. Fournier.

decorative painting, a branch to which general attention has been called by the splendid work done for the Boston Public Library and the new Congressional Library at Washington.

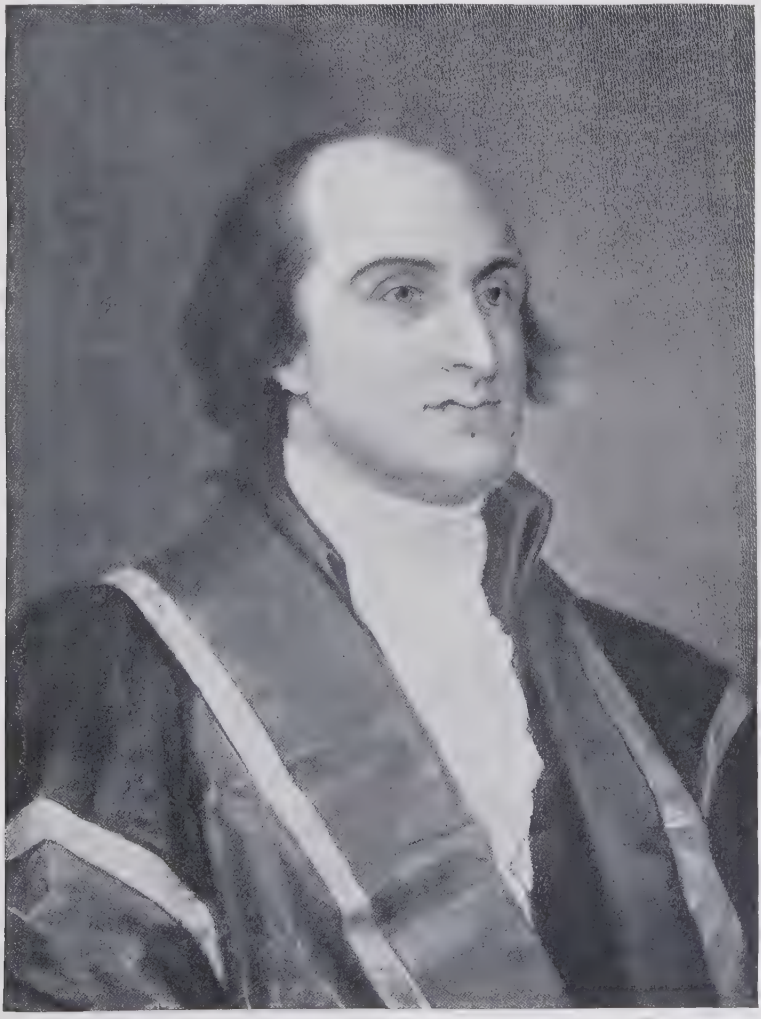
A PROMISING AMERICAN PAINTER.

No surprise was felt by those who have followed with interest the career of Irving R. Wiles when he received the Evans prize for his painting, "The Green Cushion," at the recent water color exhibition in New York. Mr. Wiles' early art studies were conducted in Utica under the supervision of his father, an artist of some note. He came from the interior of the State to the Art Students' League in New York, and afterwards went to Paris, where he worked under Lefebvre and Carolus Duran. He has taken two other prizes in America, the Hallgarten in 1886 and the Clarke in 1889.

THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

The great judges and the famous decisions that have made our Federal judiciary the custodian and interpreter of the constitution, and given it a power and prestige unique among the law courts of the world.

WHEN the founders of our government framed their constitution, they had before them the models then existing and those of ancient times. These revolutionists were the most conservative body of statesmen who ever formed a new government and created constitutions to meet revolutionary conditions. Their long



JOHN JAY, OF NEW YORK, CHIEF JUSTICE 1789–1795.

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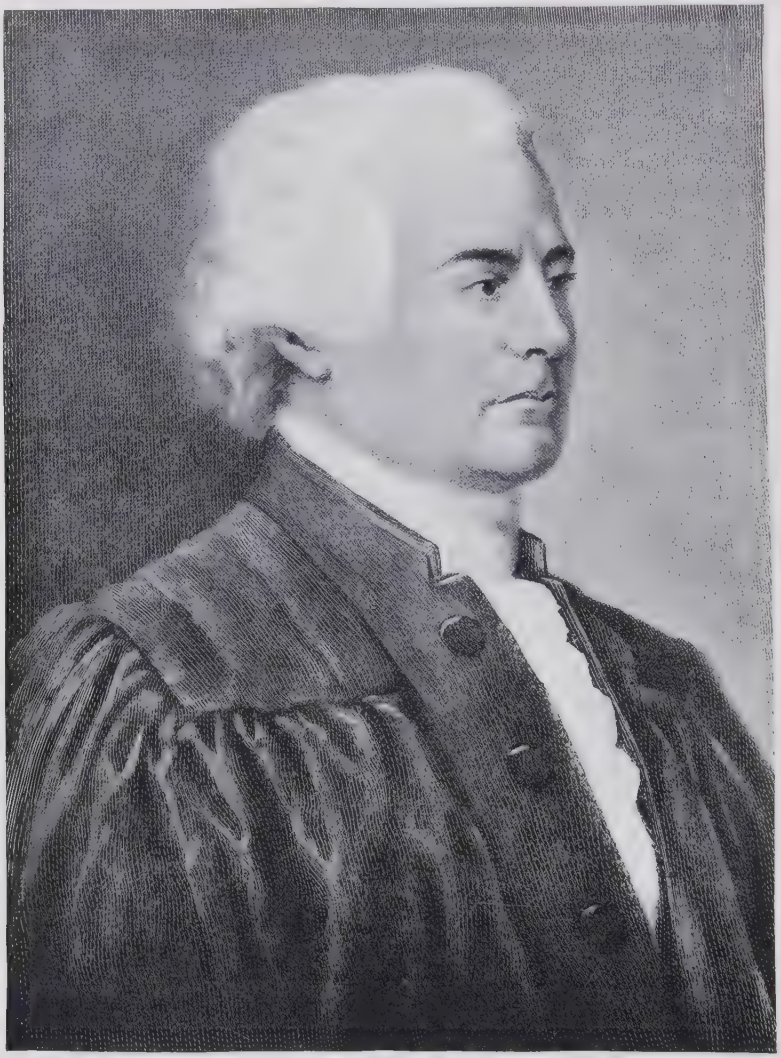
contest with the British crown and Parliament, and with the royal governors, had destroyed every vestige of that reverence for hereditary authority which was then universal in the old world.

Instead of a sovereign they had an elective President; instead of the House of Lords they had a Senate, representing the States, the Senators to be elected by the legislators of the several colonies.



JOHN RUTLEDGE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, NOMINATED AS CHIEF JUSTICE 1795.

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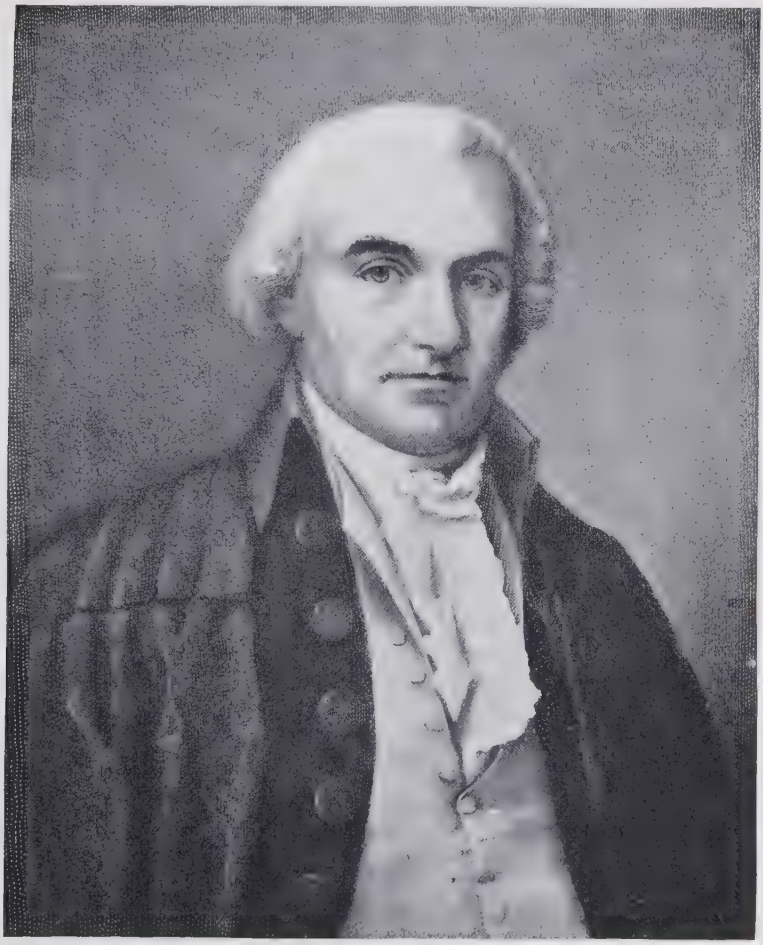
All governments at that time rested upon caste and privilege. Our fathers determined to form a republic in which there should be neither. They were familiar, from the conditions existing in the mother country and in the colonies, with the executive, legislative, and judiciary branches, and their several powers. They created a Congress upon the lines of the British House of Commons. So far they adopted, with these republican modifications, the systems with which they were familiar in the mother country and in their experience.

But they desired to have above all things an independent judiciary. Their



OLIVER ELLSWORTH, OF CONNECTICUT, CHIEF JUSTICE 1796–1800.
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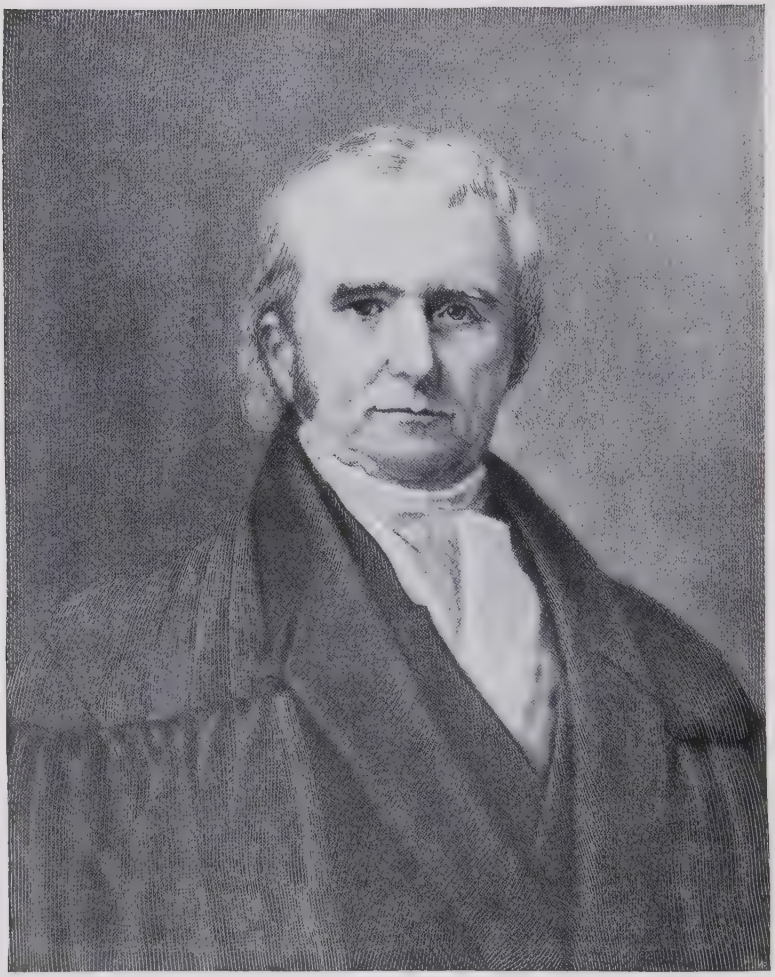
idea of government was that there should be the fullest expression of the popular will; but they believed that all democratic countries were subject to periods of passionate excitement. So they did their best to prevent any temporary enthusiasm or rage being enacted into permanent law. To accomplish this, they thought the Senate would be a check upon the popular branch. They did not foresee what has happened in our time, when the Senate is the radical, and the popular branch the conservative member of the government.

They gave the largest veto power to the President, or executive. This power, even in their time, barely existed in the English crown. It has not been exercised by a sovereign of Great Britain for two hundred years, nor could it be exercised without a revolution which would overthrow the throne. And yet our inherited conservatism looked with calmness upon our last President, Mr. Cleveland, when, on retiring from office, he vetoed even the measures necessary to carry on the government.

But while the executive and legislative branches, with the modifications of republican and democratic principles, were copies, the Supreme Court was an original suggestion. In every government which has existed in recorded time, either the executive, or the legislative, or the two combined, have been supreme; there has been no power to question the



JOHN MARSHALL, OF VIRGINIA, CHIEF JUSTICE 1801–1835.

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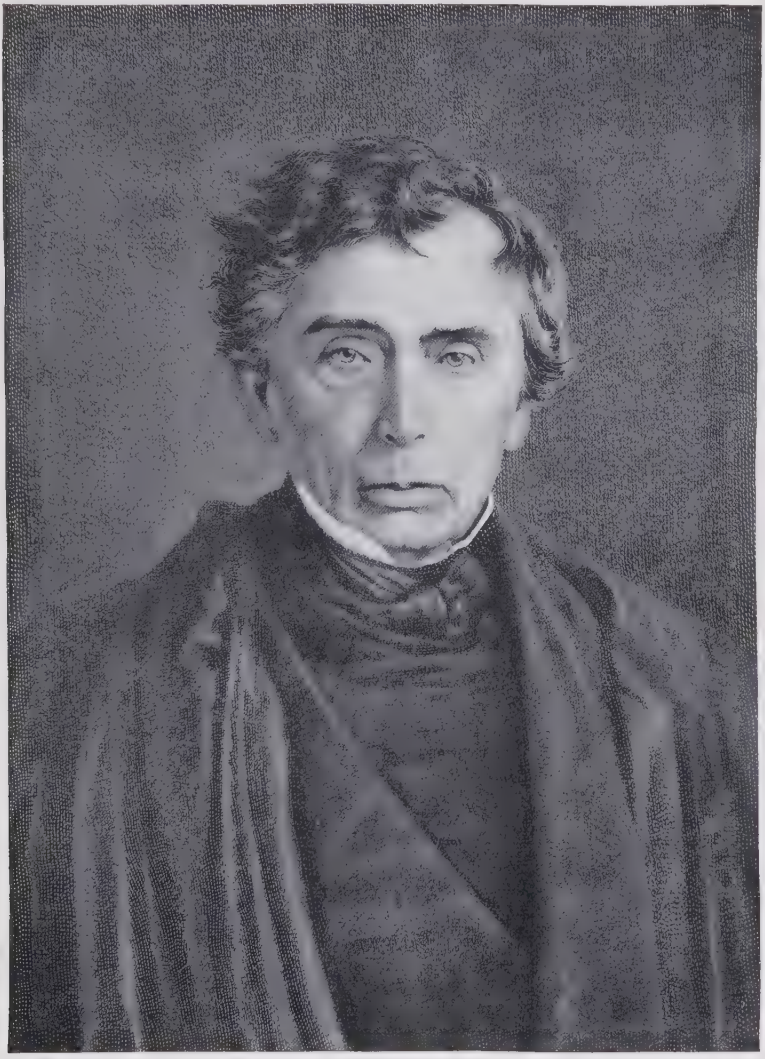
laws enacted by the autocrat, by the oligarchy or by the sovereign and the parliament. Perhaps the frightful developments of the French revolution, its orgies, its bloodshed, its travesties upon liberty and justice, may have frightened the fathers. Whatever their inspiration, they created a court with absolutely original power. No such body had ever existed before. They gave to the judges a life tenure, and made them independent of both the executive and the legislative branches of the government. They gave them the power that makes the Supreme Court of the United States the most powerful and majestic tribunal in the world. It could not exist except under a written constitution. Congress may pass laws and the President may sign them, but when this court says that a law is outside of and in violation of the written constitution which has created you, Mr. President, and you, Senators and Representatives and Congress, the law is null and void.

Constitutional lawyers and students of government of every nation, from De Tocqueville to Bryce, have studied this court and its powers, first with doubt and distrust, then with wonder, and finally in admiration and applause. Popular passion has at times swept the two houses of Congress and the President off their feet; but when the enactment of the hour

came in due time to be passed upon in the calm cloisters of the judges, passion and prejudice had no weight, the constitution was supreme.



ROGER BROOKE TANEY, OF MARYLAND, CHIEF JUSTICE 1835–1864.

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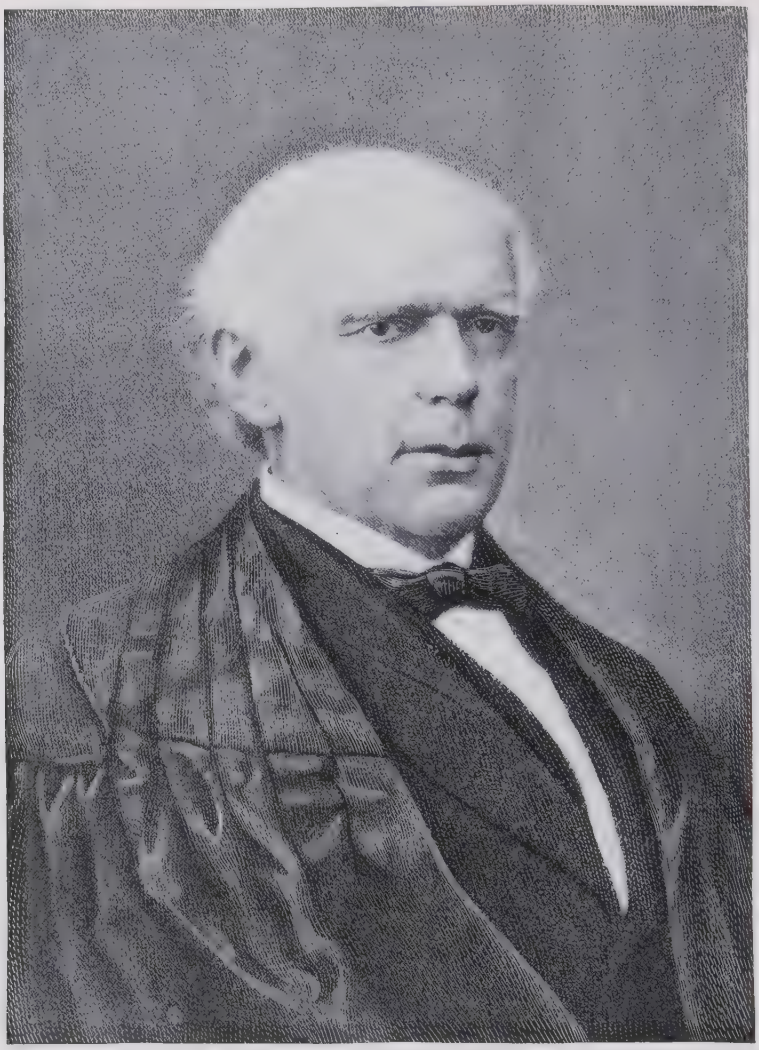
During the century of its existence this court has won the respect and confidence of the country. It has been assailed by the politicians of first one party and then the other. It has been attacked by demagogues who were seeking, in milder or more drastic form, a revolution of our institutions. It has never surrendered to party clamor, to partisan constructions, or to the will of the demagogue. It has been serene as it is supreme, and after a hundred years it is the verdict of the century that its creation and existence are the best thought of the formative period of our government.

A written constitution is either a worthless bit of paper, or so iron clad in its rules that it restricts development and retards progress, except by constant amendment. Our forefathers overcame the difficulty by a supreme court which would interpret and apply to existing condi-



SALMON PORTLAND CHASE, OF OHIO, CHIEF JUSTICE 1864–1873.
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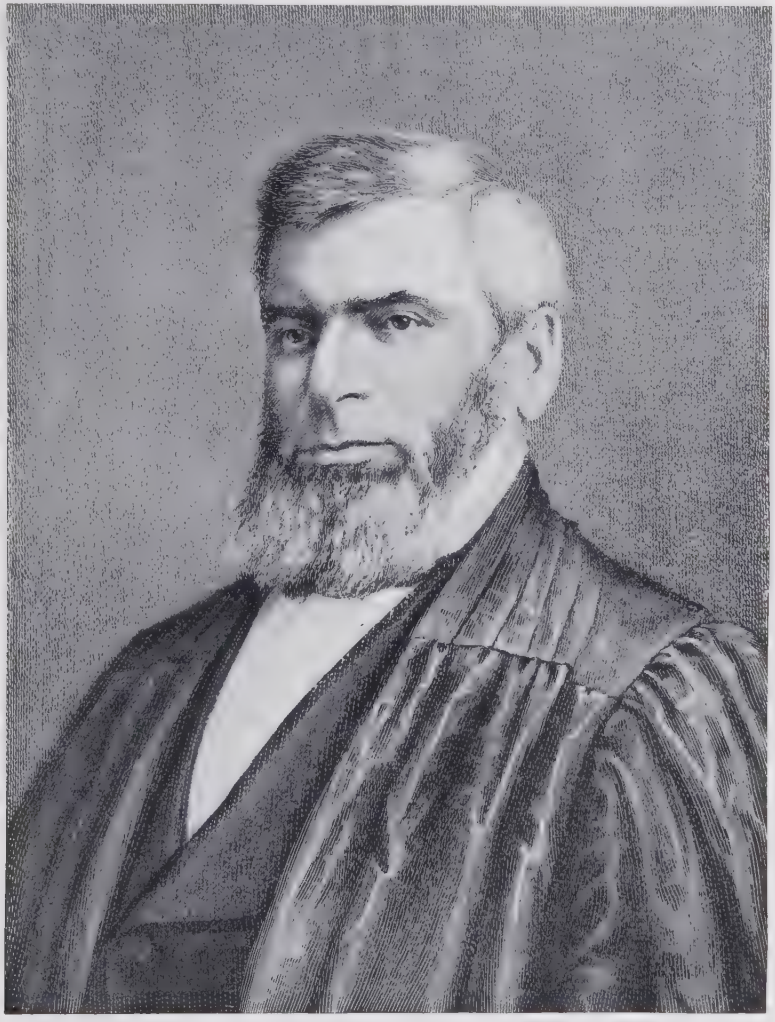
tions the broad principles of our original charter. Such an instrument, left to the interpretation of the shifting membership of a popular legislature, and of a President bidding for a reëlection, would in a quarter of a century mean nothing. It would disappear as a vital force. The constitution would be the interpretation of the party leaders of the hour. But under the wise, calm, and cold judgment of the men who from the beginning have formed this great court, the constitution has been so interpreted that with little amendment it has met the genius of our republican faith and hope, and has been fully equal to every requirement of our unprecedented development and progress.

The constitution of the United States was the first effort, upon a large scale, to define by a written law the functions of the legislative, executive, and judiciary branches of the government, and define their power. In England, Parliament has the supreme power; in the continental countries, the parliament and the sovereign, and in Russia the Czar. The judiciary of none of these governments can set aside or disregard an act of the executive or legislative authority, no mat-

ter how much it may conflict with the principles of justice.

In 1802 the case of Marbury *versus* Madison came before the Supreme Court. The greatest of the chief justices, John Marshall, then presided. His powerful and luminous mind to a large extent controlled the judgment of the court. In the opinion written by him in this case was the assertion, new to government in those days, that every act of Congress, when passed by both houses and signed by the President, was subject to the scrutiny of the Supreme Court, and they were the judges whether it should be enforced or not.

In 1810 there came before the Supreme Court the case of Fletcher *versus* Peck. At this time both the great parties were filled with the heresy of State sovereignty. It was an almost universal belief among the statesmen of that period, inherited from the days of the confederation during the Revolutionary war, and from the compromises which formed the constitution, that a State had the right to annul Federal statutes, or to retire from the Union when it considered itself aggrieved.



MORRISON REMICK WAITE, OF OHIO, CHIEF JUSTICE 1874–1888.

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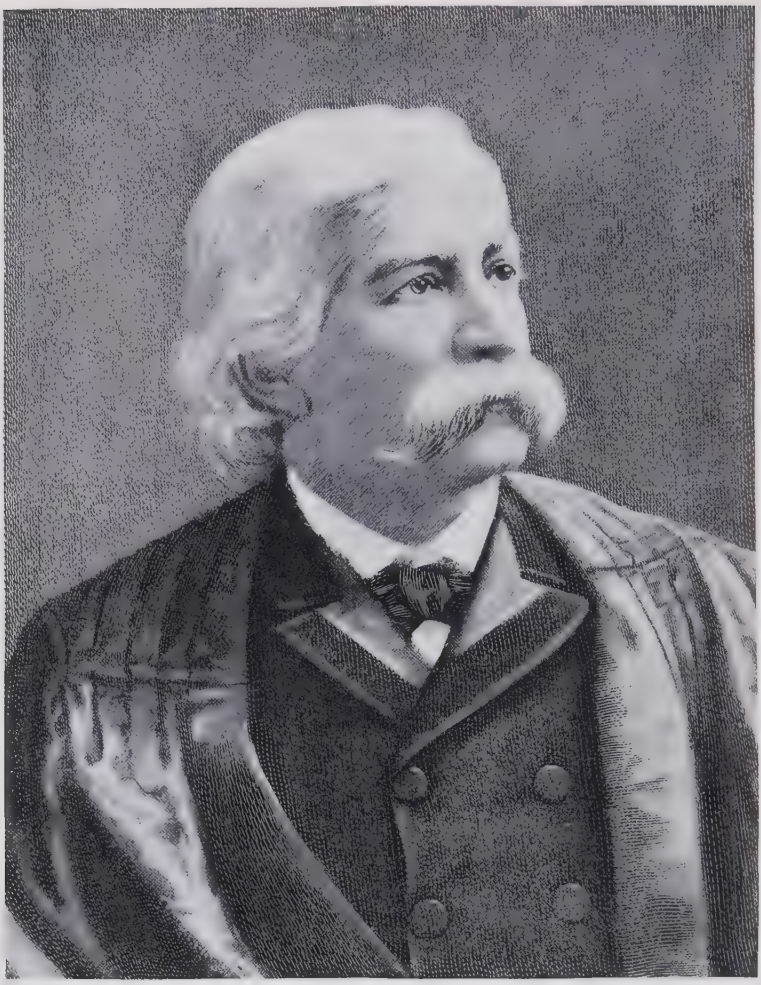

MELVILLE WESTON FULLER, OF ILLINOIS, CHIEF JUSTICE SINCE 1888.

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The Supreme Court in 1810 may almost be said to have created the sentiment of American nationality, and established the supremacy of the republic's centralized power, when it declared that all State laws repugnant to the Federal constitution were null and void.

One other decision was necessary to the preservation of the Union, and that was the court's power to compel arbitration between States, and to prohibit their subjecting their conflicting interests to any other arbitrament than that of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Supreme Court was originally constituted with a chief justice and five associates. It was afterwards enlarged to a chief justice and eight associate judges. The judges are nominated by the President, and confirmed by the Senate. They hold office during good behavior, and are removable only by impeachment. Their tenure is even more secure than that of the highest judiciary officers in Great Britain, for the latter may be removed by the sovereign on an address from the two branches of Parliament.

The life tenure was affirmed by the unanimous vote of the convention of 1787, because the convention thought that an incompetent or an idiotic judge would be less dangerous than the whole court being overturned by partisan clamor or a party vote in the legislative branch.

The first chief justice was John Jay, who was appointed by President Washington. His character was so pure, his intellect so great, and his judgment so just, that Webster said of him that "when the ermine fell upon his shoulders it touched a being as spotless as itself."

The Supreme Court first convened in February, 1790, in New York. It is a tribute to the peaceful conditions in legal circles during that period, that during its first few sessions in the metropolis there were no cases before it. Jay remained chief justice for six years, and then resigned what is now the greatest office under the government, to become Governor of the State of New York. There was so little business before the court that in 1794 the chief justice was sent abroad by President Washington to negotiate a treaty of peace with England—a document identical in principle, and also to some extent in language, with the arbitration treaty now before the Senate of the United States. After a year of the hottest discussion, during which Jay was burned in effigy in many States, and Washington would have been similarly treated except for the personal reverence in which he was held, that treaty was ratified. After one hundred years it is rediscussed in our Senate with the same vigor, earnestness, and bitterness as it was a century ago, and its final affirmation and confirmation are quite as certain.

When Jay resigned, to become Governor of New York, John Rutledge of South Carolina was appointed to the vacant post; but his bitter denunciation of Jay and the treaty led to his being rejected by the United States Senate. William Cushing of Massachusetts, one of the associate judges, was then nominated and immediately confirmed. He had, however, such an intense admiration for Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut that he refused to accept the place, and recommended Ellsworth as his successor. Ellsworth was appointed, held the office from 1795 to 1800, and confirmed his reputation as one of the greatest constitutional and constructive lawyers known to the bar of this or any other country. He was succeeded by John Marshall of Virginia, who held the office for thirty four years.

As the centuries roll by, and the historian more clearly appreciates the conditions and the dangers of the formative period of the republic, he will more clearly and more eloquently depict the power, the greatness, and the services of Chief Justice Marshall. The United States as it exists today, the United States which put down the rebellion, the United States which was reconstructed after the rebellion, is more the creation of Chief Justice John Marshall than of any other man in the history of our country. Though he wrote, during the thirty four years of his service as chief justice, only about one decision of prime importance each year, yet every one of them is a fundamental principle of constitutional law which embodies both the power of the government and the rights of the people.

Marshall was succeeded by Roger B. Taney of Maryland. Taney was really a great judge and a most erudite lawyer; but the Dred Scott decision, rendered at a time when popular passion was aroused as never before upon a question involving not only the perpetuity of the government, but also a great moral principle, has clouded his fame and his memory. It is hard to believe, when we read calmly how the dictum of that opinion decided the question upon which the court passed, that Taney was not influenced by the slave holding associations of a lifetime and by the slave power with which he was identified. That decision is the only one in the long history of the Supreme Court which seems to be an exception to the rule that the court has never been subject to partisan clamor or to popular impressions.

On the death of Taney, President Lincoln appointed Salmon P. Chase. Chase was a statesman of signal ability, but for many years he had been absent from the bar and active in politics. He was the secretary of the treasury who created the greenback, a device in the line of unredeemable currency which did inestimable service in protecting the republic in time of peril, and which has been a source of endless trouble ever since.

On the death of Chase, in 1874, President Grant appointed Morrison R. Waite of Ohio. Waite was a graduate of Yale, of the same class as William M. Evarts.

It was one of the uncertainties as well as the romances of the period that Evarts, admittedly the leader of the American bar, was passed over, and his classmate, then comparatively unknown, appointed in his stead. But Waite had the judicial faculty to an eminent degree, and proved to be a chief justice fully worthy of the traditions of the great office, which he filled most acceptably from 1874 until the time of his death in 1888, when Mr. Cleveland appointed the present incumbent, Melville W. Fuller.

If there had not been a Supreme Court of the United States, with its original and extraordinary powers; if that court had not grown continuously in the confidence of the country; if its action upon all great questions had not caused the people to have unlimited faith and confidence in its wisdom, purity, and justice, the electoral contest between Hayes and Tilden would have precipitated a civil war in the United States. The condition of the electorate in the Southern States, in 1876, threw about the title to the Presidency such a doubt that each of the two great parties of the country believed that its candidate had succeeded. The power, the patronage, the prestige, the influence of a President of the United States are such that in any country but ours the least doubt would cause the followers of each party to rally to the standard of its leader, and a civil war would be inevitable. But notwithstanding popular passion, the suggestion that this question should be submitted to a tribunal organized upon a basis like that of the Supreme Court of the United States, and with enough members of that court in the body to give it solidity, consistency, and wisdom, was at once adopted. Popular excitement subsided, the baleful spirit of civil war disappeared, and the whole country accepted the judgment of the electoral tribunal.

Chauncey M. Depew.

WHERE WAYS DIVIDE.

LIKE a dream you entered my life, and took my heart in your fingers;
It was yours to brighten or break, and what if you chose to mar?
Shall I strive to forget your face and the love that lives and lingers?
Shall my heart not follow you still as the needle the northern star?
There is much, you say, to forgive; but ah, there is more to remember,
For the memory of love is sweet though the love itself were vain,
And the frail, sweet roses of June, recalled, shall enthrall December,
And what I have lost of pleasure assuage what I find of pain.

In the years to come, it may be, I shall meet with the shapes of sorrow,
And the measure and meaning of these it is not for me to say;
But I shall not wince at the fears and the failures of each tomorrow,
Recalling the bountiful things that the gods have done today.
The remembrance of golden youth and the echo of bygone laughter—
There is nothing to pity a man in whose soul is the wealth of these·
I have loved as a man may love but once in his life. Hereafter
My heart shall pulse as a shell to the throb of remembered seas.

The slow, sweet dawn of your smile, the grace of you, straight and slender,
The liquid thrill of your voice like the ripple of fingered strings,
The light of your dear, deep eyes, that no grief could make less tender—
It is only the fools and blind who could pray to forget such things!
I have sought for the gold of love at the end of the bow of beauty,
I have sought and have failed to win, but the joy of the quest is mine;
And, now that the garden of dreams is barred by the gate of duty,
I will drink my share of the lees as I drank my share of the wine!

We are come to the fork of the ways, we are come to the gate of the haven
Where the shadow ship of my hope has anchored a while, and yet,
With a sea unsailed beyond, I shall pray no prayer of a craven;
The word that remains to say shall remain unsaid—forget!
I have gained this much of love, that my feet have touched its portal,
I have known your gracious pity or ever we had to part;
And this I shall keep to the end, for nothing, divine or mortal,
Can blot one word from the page that is stained with blood of the heart!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

A CITY'S DERELICT.

BY J. FREDERIC THORNE.

A war story that suggests the possibilities of a life that seemed a useless one—True metal revealed by the touchstone of a time that tried men's souls.

HE was a tall, lank, awkward man, with hair and beard of a washed out color; his uniform had been made for a man many sizes shorter, and as many stouter, and hung upon his framework of bones like a meal sack flung over a hitching post. To look at him you would have said he came from the country, and a poor section of the country at that; but as he paced back and forth his thoughts were of the large city that was his home.

The city that was his home, the whole of it; no part had that unenviable distinction. The part of it where he had happened to be at night was his lodging place, and he dined, if it might be called dining, when and where and of what he could.

He hardly knew that there was a war until one morning, in his aimless wanderings from street to alley, from alley to avenue, and from avenue back to street again, he brought up before a dead wall on which a huge piece of paper was posted, embellished with alluring pictures of neat and gaily dressed soldiers in infantry, cavalry, and artillery uniforms, and announcing, in letters a foot high, that "VOLUNTEERS" were wanted for Uncle Sam's army. He spelled out the words slowly, repeating them half aloud to himself. A dim desire came into his mind to wear clothes like those. Besides, they looked warm.

He wondered if they would take him. Probably not, he thought, and sighed. Nobody ever had wanted him; it was not likely that any one ever would want him. He turned away from the notice and drifted aimlessly on, like some useless derelict on the city's sea. Yet, almost unconsciously, his feet seemed directed toward the place at which the notice had said that applications would be received.

Before long he stopped in front of a similar sheet, posted beside a doorway, near which stood a man in just such a uniform as was represented on the poster—the one with white stripes down the trouser legs—except that he had V shaped stripes on the arms of his tightly fitting jacket.

"Silent" Brown, as he had been nicknamed—or "Si" for short, and if he ever had any other name he and every one else had forgotten it—gazed at this man who was in so many ways the opposite of himself, and the recruiting sergeant gazed at Si. The sergeant, accustomed to sizing up men as a drover sizes up cattle, saw that for all the lankiness, and rags, and all the rest of the miserable specimen before him, there was good material for Uncle Sam here.

"Any way," he philosophically remarked to himself, "he'll do to stop some Johnnie's bullet hitting a better man;" and he spoke to the silently gazing figure. Soon he turned, and, entering the doorway, climbed the stairs, Si following him like some stray dog with a new found master.

Ten days after, Si, with a batch of raw recruits like himself, was marched from a train to a steamboat, where they joined and were joined by numerous other such batches—material in which were visible only the first marks of the training which was to turn them into seasoned warriors, hardened veterans, members of an army that equaled the long trained troops of Europe. Equaled? No; surpassed.

All this was two years before, and though Si, as he tramped back and forth in the mud, had lost little of his uncouthness, and none of his taciturnity, he was a soldier, whom his comrades chaffed around the camp fire, but re-

spected and admired when the fire was one of battle.

The rain beat into his face and ran in little streams off the faded blue overcoat. Each lifted foot kept time, like the suckings of well buckets. But Si did not mind. He had been accustomed to getting wet when it rained, and this was no new experience, except for the fact that he was better clothed than he had been when he tramped the streets of the city, instead of this sentry's beat among the Virginia pines. His was the last post from the camp, and the nearest the enemy's lines. He was generally so assigned, for the captain had learned that this man, for all his silence—possibly on account of it—had the keenest hearing in the regiment, and sight which seemed to defy the powers of darkness. The rustle of a leaf reached him, a squirrel scurrying among the underbrush claimed his watchful attention.

Yet on this night the fast falling rain, so heavy as to form a curtain almost as impenetrable as a fog, must have dulled even his perceptions. As he turned at the end of his beat, a gray figure seemed to rise out of the ground behind him, the stock of a rifle described a swift circle in the air, and fell with crushing force where the discolored Maltese cross was outlined on the crown of his cap. He pitched face forward into the mud and wet leaves; a quick hand relieved him of his belt and cartridges, and exchanged the splintered rifle for the musket that had fallen from his nerveless hand. Then the gray figure stood up, beckoned, and silent forms passed him by like ghosts from out the night—ghosts which, but for that blow, would have been exorcised with lead.

Brown heard nothing of the shots, the shouts, the gradually increasing roar as the surprised camp recovered itself somewhat and formed to repel the attack. He heeded not—for he did not hear them—the commands of his officers ordering the men to fall back.

The rain had not ceased, but day had come, when, with a low moan, he rolled over on one side and raised his head. He quickly laid it down again on the soft mud, for it was as if it had grown to the size and weight of one of those screaming shells which had so often threatened it. He lay still, and between the throbs of pain tried to recollect what had happened. He remembered that he had been thinking of the last battle, wherein he had distanced even his captain in the charge, of the vicious slash made at his head by that tall rebel lieutenant—then it seemed as if, instead of dodging it as he had in the battle, it had descended on his skull, and he could remember no more.

He finally got upon his feet. Looking about him, he saw men lying, as he had lain. Then a realization of what had happened slowly filtered through his brain. Those dead men in blue were lying there through his fault. Their wide staring eyes seemed to accuse him; to call him to account for his negligence, for their death.

He groaned and leaned against a tree trunk.

He felt mechanically for his belt and musket. Then, moving toward one of the prostrate forms, he stooped to pick up a fallen gun. He drew back his hand hastily. That was a brave man's weapon. What right had he to carry it?

He stood silent several minutes, sighed, shook himself, as if to throw off something disagreeable; then with a firm hand he buckled a belt and cartridge pouch about him, picked up a musket, shouldered it, and was lost among the trees.

* * * *

A wide field, peaceful in the morning sun, with a ragged stone fence outlining one side, and a stretch of timber opposite. Peaceful, yet the sun glints on something which lies behind that fence. Was it a man's cap which showed for an instant there, a cap with "C. S. A." on it? What are these points, as of steel, that gleam all along the top?

A bird flies from out the trees, and, as if it had been a herald, it is followed by lines of men in blue. As they appear the glittering points along the fence emit puffs of smoke; there is a long, sharp rattle, and gaps appear in the blue lines, which as quickly fill up again. Then the officer raises his sword, and that one word which of all the words of war sets the blood of men leaping through their veins, rings out loud, clear, electrifying:

"Charge!"

The lines of blue break away from the wood's edge, spread out, and sweep toward the wall.

Again the wall speaks, and again and again, and each time fewer men continue in the mad rush. They are half way across the field, three quarters, while the wall, over which a heavy pall of smoke now hangs, seems outlined in little jets of flame. The rattle intensifies, doubles in volume and spiteful sharpness; the blue line wavers, hesitates, breaks, and in pieces turns and makes for the sheltering trees—anywhere away from those bullets with their singing chorus of death. It is a wild race, each man for himself, and though the officers, those who yet live, shout, and strike at the men with their swords, it is of no avail. Only one of them is not trying to distance his comrades, a tall man in an ill fitting uniform. He is shouting, cursing, clutching at them, trying to stay the rout, but with no more success than the officers.

Finally, when the trees hide them from that withering fire, they slacken their pace, stop, and stand looking back over the field. Each one is ashamed to look his neighbor in the face, and more than one, now that the mad frenzy of fear is gone, wishes that he was lying among the still forms that dot the ground.

The firing from the wall, which has stopped for a moment, now breaks out afresh, though in much less volume. The men among the trees look to seek the reason, and find it. They see a man who has been crawling along—toward the wall, not away from it—suddenly rise to his feet and run, still in the same direction, his awkward form grotesque even on that field of death.

Has he gone mad? Is he trying alone, where a regiment failed? He falls, but is up again. Falls again, or stoops, which is it?

Ah! That is why. They see the tall, lank form rise to its feet, one hand grasping a torn flag with broken staff, which has lain by the dead body of the color sergeant.

The firing quickens, for now the man has turned and is running back. Can he ever escape the storm of bullets that tears the ground about his feet as he runs, yet does not stop him?

Look! He stumbles. He is near enough now for them to see the effort with which he recovers himself and goes on. His speed is slackening, but, inspired by his example, two or three brave the thickening bullets and rush out to meet him. The foremost reaches him just as, after one final effort to keep on, his face white and strained, an awful look in his eyes, he plunges forward on the trampled grass.

Quickly he is drawn into safety. Safety? What need of shelter now? More quickly yet has an unseen hand gathered him in to that haven where war is not and brave men are at rest.

The city's useless derelict has floated into port with a ragged and blood stained flag at the masthead.

THE MAY ORCHARD.

If, like the aloe, which a hundred years
  Must live to blossom, this display should be—
If the crowned orchard, as it now appears,
  Might never oftener its sweet splendor see
  Than when it rounds a patient century,
How we should visit it with joy and tears,
  Even cross the world to view one apple tree!

As a rose forest thrilled by Eden's spell,
  Now comes transcendent this parade of May;
Nature's broad scaled, supremest miracle
  Of blossoming acres in a massed bouquet
Of scented cups, faint breaths from Paradise,
  With songs of birds and murmurous hum of bees;
Can it be true that, hidden from mortal eyes,
  Aught so transfigured, seraph or angel sees?

Joel Benton.

OUR NAVY AND OUR NAVAL POLICY.

BY HILARY A. HERBERT.

The late Secretary of the Navy shows how the American navy has sustained the power and prestige of the United States among the great nations of the world, and makes a strong plea for increased attention to our maritime interests.

PEACE is the ideal policy of our government, and yet we have had, not counting Indian troubles, two wars with the Barbary powers, a quasi war with France, the war of 1812 with Great Britain, a war with Mexico in 1846-7, and a great civil war among ourselves. In all these conflicts, not even excepting that with Mexico, the navy of the United States has borne a distinguished part; and all of them, excepting the Mexican and civil wars, were forced upon us because of our weakness as a naval power.

The moralist may insist that nations, in their intercourse with one another, should be controlled by the principles of right; and he can prove his case by simply stating it. So, too, the professor in his closet, or the jurist on the bench, discoursing of the rules that govern international relations, may trace here and there the golden thread of right running through the fabric; but the rulers of great nations, though careful always to offend no farther than need be the sensibilities of justice loving people, are guided in the main by questions of policy —policy that looks beyond the issues of the moment, and often tramples into the dust the commonest principles of justice. Let those who think the time has come when, in the advancing light of civilization, justice may be counted on to rule the world, look for a moment at the conditions existing today in the Mediterranean. There is Greece, fired with the spirit that made her name immortal at Thermopylæ and Salamis, taking her stand to save the Christians in Crete from the bloody fate that has recently overtaken so many Armenians, and over against her stand six Christian powers, forgetful of the ties of blood and faith, banded together to preserve the sovereignty of Turkey, which neither possesses, nor has possessed during the century that is waning, any *raison d'être* among the nations of Europe, except that the powers so will it. If the Turk should cease to rule in Turkey, who would possess it? Policy has not been able to answer the question, and so the Turk must remain. All this is going on within a fortnight's travel from our shores.

We began our experiment in self government upon the theory that if we should attend strictly to our own affairs, and respect the rights of others, all the nations of the world would respect ours, but we soon found ourselves paying a yearly tribute to the Barbary powers to prevent them from preying upon our commerce like common buccaneers. In 1795 we made a treaty with the Dey of Algiers, paying him the equivalent of a million dollars then, and a yearly stipend afterwards. But we were soon to learn that if we would always have peace, we must be always ready to fight for it.

Four of our wars grew immediately out of the great struggles in Europe during the Napoleonic era. First, to protect our commerce from depredation, we fought France for two and a half years. Our little navy gained some brilliant victories, and captured more than fifty privateers. In 1801 we made a treaty of peace with this power. Then came a bloody war with Tripoli, which—again because of our supposed naval weakness—was preying upon our commerce and imprisoning our citizens. Tripoli was soon humbled; but permanent peace between Great Britain and France was never to come until the downfall of Napoleon, and while these two great powers were at war

with each other Americans had no rights which either combatant felt bound to regard. In 1806 France was again warring upon our commerce under Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees, as Great Britain was under her "orders in council." The two nations were playing shuttlecock with our rights. Whatever it was legal for our merchants to do under the orders of one was illegal under the decrees of the other. By 1812 more than nine hundred American ships had been seized by the British, and more than five hundred by the French. Our patience was at last exhausted, courage took the place of entreaty and irresolution, and in a spirit of desperation the United States, without being able to muster a single squadron that could meet a British fleet in line of battle, declared war against the mistress of the seas.

Our little navy performed its part gloriously in this, the third war into which we had been forced because of our weakness on the seas. It became the pride of our country, establishing a claim to the confidence and affection of the people which has never been forfeited.

Is history to repeat itself? The gigantic naval preparations made and making in Europe sufficiently indicate, especially if Great Britain be involved in it, that the next great European maritime struggle will be as desperate as were the wars of the Napoleonic era. Like those, it will be a war for national existence. Commerce will be even more essential to the British isles than it was then, for with their increased population they could not long subsist without imported food. It is idle to say that the rules of international law are more humane, or that they are better understood, or that they are better protected by treaties, than they were a hundred years ago. The rights of neutrals have depended in the past, and will depend in the future, in every life and death struggle between nations, whatever treaties may say, upon the exigencies of the hour.

When Great Britain and France were at war, each preying upon the commerce of the other, the carrying trade of Europe fell naturally into American hands. McMaster says: "It was under our flag that the gum trade was carried on with Senegal; that the sugar trade was carried on with Cuba; that coffee was exported from Caracas, and hides and indigo from South America. From Vera Cruz, from Carthagena, from La Plata, from the French colonies in the Antilles, from Cayenne, from Dutch Guiana, from the Isles of France and Réunion, from Batavia and Manila, great fleets of American merchantmen sailed for the United States, there to neutralize the voyage, and go on to Europe. They filled the warehouses of Cadiz and Antwerp to overflowing. They glutted the markets of Lisbon, Hamburg, and Copenhagen with the product of the West Indies and the fabrics of the east, and bringing back the products of the looms and forge of Germany to the new world drove out the manufactures of Yorkshire, Manchester, and Birmingham." This is a vivid pen picture of a situation that will be repeated whenever the powers of the old world shall again engage in war.

All naval powers have now prepared themselves with commerce destroyers. The moment these are turned loose, the commerce of all the warring nations will seek the protection of some great neutral power—which means that it will come under our flag. To illustrate, the Confederate cruisers were few in number. They destroyed altogether only about 175 vessels, most of them sailing ships, and many of small value, and yet these few enemies drove more than seven hundred American ships to the British flag, many of them never to come back.

It is no sufficient answer to say that in 1810 we were seven millions, that now we are seventy millions, that our resources for the upbuilding of a great navy are second to none in the world, and that therefore our rights would be respected. Our naval and military prestige and our wonderful physical and material resources are no doubt quite sufficient to cause any statesman not under stress of some controlling necessity to think twice before provoking us to war; but who can believe that in the midst of a desperate struggle any great naval power would, for fear of retribution at some future day, imperil its existence by taking account of the rights of a neutral power which was for the time being unable to maintain them? If

America is to profit by the lessons of the past, she will always have on hand a navy which can, at the moment when it is needed, take care of itself and of all the commerce which may at any time be or desire to be under our flag. This does not mean that we need a maritime force as large as that of Great Britain, or even of France, but it does mean that our navy should always be so formidable that no power could ever deem it wise, even for the moment, to offend against the rights of our flag upon the seas.

The statesmen of the old world are fully alive to the possibilities of the future. It was but yesterday when, in the British House of Commons, in response to a proposal for additional fortifications in the Bermudas, the objection was made that such an expenditure at the very doors of the United States, while an arbitration treaty was pending, might appear to be a threat. The objector was silenced by the reply that, in case of a great war, fortified coaling stations on the American side of the Atlantic would be an absolute necessity to Great Britain, in order to protect her food supplies, most of which came from America; and the bill was passed. If we expect to profit by the opportunities of the future, we must always be able to maintain the right, either in peace or war, to buy and to sell in any port in the world which is not at the moment effectively blockaded.

While the war of 1812 was still in progress, Algiers, Morocco, and Tripoli, believing that our little navy would be absolutely destroyed by the British, again let loose their ships of war to prey upon our commerce. Against these piratical powers we fought in 1815 the fourth war into which we were forced by reason of the weakness of our navy. The freebooters were soon brought to terms, and there was now a new departure in our naval policy.

On the 20th of April, 1816, an act was passed contributing $1,000,000 per annum for eight years for the increase of the navy. When it is considered that our whole population was then 8,500,000, and that the total expenses of the general government in those days were less than the expenditures of single cities in these days, an annual million, spent for wooden ships and cast metal guns, was an immense sum; but along with experience had come wisdom. Our navy continued to be gradually, though not regularly, increased, until in 1860 we were the sixth among naval powers, Great Britain, France, Russia, Spain, and Sweden and Norway ranking before us in the order named.

The golden fruits of this new naval policy, and of the prestige we had won at sea, were uninterrupted peace with all foreign nations, save only Mexico, and an extension of commerce from 1815 to 1861 which had no parallel.

Without recounting the services of the navy in suppressing piracy in the West Indies in the twenties, in fighting the Malays in 1832, in suppressing the slave trade, in the Paraguay expedition, and in the constant and efficient protection of our commerce in revolutionary countries, which often called for the exercise of actual force, it may be set down as true that the prestige of our seamen, coupled with our actual and potential naval power, were prime factors in all our diplomatic achievements during the forty five years prior to 1861. Especially was this the case in the settlement of our northeastern and northwestern boundary lines, and in the matter of the Caroline, with Great Britain; while it is not at all probable that, wanting our actual naval strength, we could have maintained the attitude we assumed in the Martin Koszta affair, or towards Kossuth and his compatriots of the Hungarian revolution, without provoking hostilities with Austria.

There is not space, nor is it the purpose of this article, to speak of the achievements of the Federal navy during our civil war. Suffice it to say that when the historian considers what it accomplished, in blockading the Confederacy and preventing the exportation of cotton and the importation of supplies, munitions, and recruits for its armies; in establishing and maintaining bases of supplies; in opening and defending lines of operation for the armies of the Union; in severing connections between Confederate armies by taking and holding rivers, and in destroying supplies and means of supply, he must unhesitatingly declare that the navy was an indispensa-

ble factor in the preservation of the Union.

The ironclad was a creation of our civil war, and when the Confederates laid down their arms the navy of the United States was probably, at the instant, the most powerful in the world. With this maritime power behind it our government demanded reparation for injuries done during the war by Confederate cruisers fitted out in British ports. Negotiations resulted in arbitration; the Geneva Tribunal decided that Great Britain should pay the United States fifteen millions of dollars, and the money was paid. International disputes had often been arbitrated before, but this was the most striking precedent the world had ever seen for the settlement of great questions by the peaceful method of submitting to the decision of chosen umpires. Great Britain had certainly given us a *casus belli*, but she had a great navy, and the United States could not, when the civil war was on, afford to encounter it. Great Britain knew and counted on our naval weakness while she was winking at the fitting out of cruisers in her ports to prey upon our commerce. On the other hand, had our naval power been as insignificant from 1865 to 1869 as it was from 1806 to 1812, it is probable that the Geneva Tribunal would never have been appointed.

A number of other arbitrations have been had since the Geneva award, and every wellwisher of humanity must bid God speed to the cause of international arbitration. There are many who believe, as the writer does, that, though the time has not yet come when wars can be entirely averted, much can be hereafter effected in that direction by properly directed efforts. The most casual observer can testify, however, that only such nations as have both the will and the power to maintain their rights can lead in this great cause. When a little country like Venezuela demands from a great power what the latter is unwilling to grant, we are reminded of Æsop's gamecock in the stable, insisting to the horses that gentlemen must be careful how they tread on one another's toes. When America makes a demand, it is treated with respect.

Taken all together, the navy that came out of the civil war was a monument to the ingenuity and enterprise of the American people. Its guns and torpedoes were well in advance, and its ships were mostly of new and formidable types. Most of our vessels, however, had been hastily built under the spur of necessity, and they could only be kept in condition for service by the expenditure of great sums of money. Influenced partly by considerations of economy, and in part by scandals alleged to have occurred in the administration of the establishment, Congress commenced, early in the seventies, to refuse the needed appropriations, and the navy began to dwindle. In the mean time, and even while our civil war was in progress, other nations, reading the lessons we had taught, had set themselves to work to revolutionize their navies. The brightest intellects were engaged in the study of the new problems that had arisen, and whatever science and unlimited means could accomplish in the improvement of torpedoes, guns, powder, projectiles, armor, and ships, was being wrought in the workshops of Europe.

Twenty years had elapsed after the old world had commenced the work of building modern navies before we began seriously to turn our attention in that direction; and this, as it proved, was good fortune, for we now, in turn, were to profit by the experience of others. We had been keeping advised of naval progress abroad through our intelligence office and our technical bureaus, and in 1883, under authority of Congress, the new navy was begun by the laying down of four moderate sized unarmored modern vessels. From this modest beginning the establishment has grown until we are perhaps, counting ships building and built, entitled to be reckoned as fifth among naval powers. Great Britain is first, France second, Italy third, Russia fourth, and Germany closely competes with us for the fifth place.

Since our new navy began we have domesticated in this country all the industries necessary for the manufacture of guns, projectiles, explosives, torpedoes, armor, and ships, each and all of the very best quality and the most approved types. So rapid has been the progress of these industries that our manufacturers are be-

ginning to compete successfully with Europeans in bidding for men of war and naval material to be furnished to foreign governments. What is best of all, the navy has again taken its proper place in the pride and affections of the people. It is the joint creation of Congressmen from all sections and from all parties. It represents a reunited country, a country that is constantly moving up to a still higher rank among the nations of the earth, a country whose commerce is still expanding; and if we are to protect adequately the world wide trade to which we aspire, and which we mean to have, as opportunity offers, we cannot afford to be content with a naval position but one point above that we occupied when in an inferior rank among the peoples of the world.

One fact in reference to modern naval warfare must not be forgotten. Men of war cannot be built and armed as rapidly as in the days of wooden ships and cast metal guns. No nation can now wait until war is imminent before it builds its navy. If, therefore, we mean at all times to be able to command our place among the powers of the earth, not only when they are at peace but when they are at war, we must have at all times, not a potential, but an actual navy, thus serving notice on those whom it may concern that our rights as a great neutral nation, widely interested in the commerce of the world, cannot be disregarded as the exigencies of war between others may demand, even with the intent of compounding for them afterwards.

We should continue the upbuilding of our navy. We need more torpedo boats—in which we are sadly deficient—more battleships, and more vessels like the Paris, the New York, the St. Paul, and the St. Louis, which represent our auxiliary navy, now steadily pursuing the peaceful paths of commerce, but always ready for service in war.

What America has heretofore done for arbitration has already been alluded to. If we would accomplish more in that direction we must add to the respect with which foreign powers regard us by adding to our navy. There is pending at this writing a general arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States—a treaty which, taken altogether, is without precedent. If we would advance the world along this line we must continue to step forward a vigorous, virile nation, our right hand holding the olive branch before the rulers of the earth, our left always resting upon an armament whose might shall demonstrate that not fear, nor weakness, but love of peace, is the motive that animates the American people.

A WONDERFUL THING.

As free as the foam
From the crested comb
  Of the breakers in the bay;
As free as the home,
In the starry dome,
  Of the white winged bird of prey;

As calm as the sleep
Of the fathomless deep,
  When the blustering winds are still;
As clear as the bright,
Glad summer light,
  When it breaks upon the hill;

As still as the rain,
On the blossoming grain,
  When the evening sun is low;
As pure as the dew
On the witch's rue,
  In the days of the long ago;

As light as the breeze
Through the whispering trees,
  When the day's long course is run;
As true as the hue
Of heaven's own blue,
  When the tempest's wrath is done;

This Wonderful Thing
Whereof I sing,
  Though the head be bended low,
Is the heart of a maid
Whom we tenderly laid
  Where the fairest blossoms blow.

And though Death be king,
This Wonderful Thing
  Hath defied his stern decree.
Through the hopes and the fears
Of the long, long years,
  It dwelleth for aye with me.

John Carleton Sherman.

MY HOUSEBREAKER.

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

How Shadyhurst recovered its prestige, which had been threatened by the burglary epidemic at a rival suburb—The incredible romance of a good young man.

WOODSHADE, as I have christened my small suburban home, is one of the prettiest residences in Shadyhurst. I have a full acre of green sward, and my cottage (nine rooms and cellar, water in every room, and especially in the cellar after a heavy rain) is situated well back on the lawn, so that I have plenty of room for flower beds, settees, and crooked cinder walks. It is, in fact, an ideal suburban home, and I take a great deal of comfort in it, especially in the summer, when there is no snow on the walks and the water pipes are unfrozen. I have a wide porch, and all that sort of thing, and my wife and I often congratulate ourselves upon not being cooped up in a flat in the city. We always say "cooped up" when we speak of the city, as that is the common expression in Shadyhurst, and we are certainly anything but "cooped up." We are, in fact, merely spattered upon the landscape.

That is one reason why we are always in great fear of burglars. We are too far apart, and as for expecting any aid from my nearest neighbor in case of finding a burglar in my house, I might as well expect relief from England or Japan.

During the excitement over the numerous burglaries in Meadowlea—the next suburb but one—we were a good deal worked up in Shadyhurst, and I know we were all greatly put out, every morning, to find that no one had been robbed in Shadyhurst, for there is quite a rivalry between the two settlements, and the burglaries in Meadowlea seemed to give that place an undue importance. Of course we tried to make the best of the fact that we were unburgled. We congratulated each other with seeming happiness on the fact that our suburb had not been visited by the nocturnal purloiners, and pretended to condole with the dwellers in Meadowlea; but on the whole we knew it was all pretense, and that the greatest need of Shadyhurst was not better drainage, but some burglars.

Not that I wished to be personally burgled, nor that Jones wished me to be burgled; but all around we simply longed in an impersonal way that some one would be burgled. The dignity of Shadyhurst demanded it. It seemed a slight put upon us, as if the professionals considered that Shadyhurst had no solid silver spoons, nor gold watches. It almost branded us as a suburb of tin spoons, steel forks, and silveroid watches.

I think that is the reason why I was greeted something like a hero when I entered the car for the city the morning after Woodshade had been entered. Through me Shadyhurst had recovered its supremacy over Meadowlea, and while I regretted the loss of all my silver, a gold watch, and a wallet containing some bills and coin, still I felt the geniality induced by being suddenly thrust into a pleasantly prominent position.

The night of the burglary my wife had awakened me and declared that she was sure she heard some one below in the china closet; but as she had told me the same thing at irregular intervals for about seven weeks, I paid no attention, and I dare say she soon fell asleep again. At any rate, she was quite ready to crow over me the next morning, and I believe that fact considerably lessened her regret over the loss of the silver. On the whole, no one seemed to waste much sorrow over the burglary; I posed as a hero, my wife took the rôle of a prophet, and Shadyhurst in general basked in the consciousness of recovered precedence. It was a very satisfactory burglary to all parties.

That evening when I was again in my own domicile, with the *Daily Telegraph* spread open before me, Sally, our housemaid, entered the room and said that a very respectable man wished to see me. I asked her to show him in, and she did so. He was a young fellow of about twenty seven years, slightly taller than the average, well built, and neatly dressed. His hair was parted in the middle, and he wore a collar of the latest style—one of those stand up and turn over collars that were the proper thing at that time. His eyes were angelically blue, and his lips were full and red. When he smiled, a charming dimple showed in his cheek. The only feature that was imperfect was his chin. This was of the retreating variety, and beat a very hasty retreat, if I may say so.

He entered the room rather diffidently, crushing his soft hat in his hands, and I noticed that he did not look me full in the face. Under his arm he held a package done up neatly in an old newspaper. When he had advanced as far as the table he laid the package upon it; then he took my gold watch from his vest pocket, and my wallet from a pocket in his coat, and put them down together.

"I believe these are yours," he said in a clear voice.

Although I was considerably surprised I asked him to be seated, which he did, and I examined the articles.

"Yes," I said, "these are mine. Are you a detective?"

"No," he said, moving uneasily in his chair, "I'm the burglar."

In my surprise I dropped my watch. It fell to the floor, and I heard something in it buzz for a moment. The young man picked it up and handed it to me.

"That was too bad," he said. "The mainspring is broken. That'll cost one fifty. Now here's a two dollar bill; you get that mainspring fixed, and the other fifty will mend the back door latch that I broke getting in last night. You see," he continued, noting my amazement, "I don't want you to lose nothing by this stealing business, and if I hadn't stole your watch you wouldn't have dropped it. That's so, ain't it?"

"Yes," I said, "that is a fact."

"Well, then," he went on, "that fixes that all up, and that's all the business I've got here, so I guess I'll go;" and he started away, and would no doubt have left me had I not called him back.

"Sit down," I said again, and he took the chair he had just left. I own I felt not a little interest in the young fellow, and I could see that my wife—who sat at the opposite side of the table—was also quite interested.

"I suppose," said the burglar, with a very engaging smile, "that you think I'm a queer fellow to be bringing back the stuff I stole last night, don't you?"

"Well, yes," I replied, "I do, rather. It is somewhat out of the usual run, isn't it?"

"That's what!" he said with emphasis. "That's just what it is, and that's why I ain't like the other burglars. I always aim to bring back the stuff."

I looked at him closely, for I thought perhaps he was trying to play some trick on me, but he seemed perfectly sincere, and his clear blue eyes looked frankly into mine.

"Now look here," I said, "I don't know what you are up to, but I wish you would tell me plainly——"

The burglar laughed.

"I see," he broke in, "you think I am a freak. Is that it?"

"I leave it to your own consideration," I replied. "Does it look reasonable that you should run the risk of being shot——"

"Oh," he said lightly, "*you* wouldn't shoot me. You know very well you are too kind hearted; and any way, you would be so scared you wouldn't be able to hit me if you did try to shoot. But I see what you want to know, and if you don't mind I'll just light this cigar and explain all about it."

As I was smoking, I could not very well object to his lighting his cigar, but I asked him as a special favor not to spill any ash on the floor, as my wife is very particular about that; so he moved up a little closer to the fire, and from time to time knocked the ash into the grate with his little finger, as gracefully as I ever saw it done.

"My name," he began, "is William Featherton Briggs, and my father was a

burglar by profession. He was an expert, and took a great deal of pride in his professional work. It was through an apprenticeship under him that I learned the business. I am known among the professionals as 'Bill the Parson.'"

"On account of your clerical appearance, I suppose," I ventured.

"No," said my burglar, "not for that, but because I am really a parson."

"You don't mean to say that you are a genuine clergyman?" inquired my wife.

"Yes, ma'am," said he, "I am a regularly ordained minister of the United Universal Church, and I have a parish in New Jersey. I have only recently built a new church there, on which there is still a small debt; but that has nothing to do with what I am telling you. When we are better acquainted, I may ask for a small sum toward lifting the mortgage; but for the present I will pass over that."

At this point my wife laid aside the sewing she had in hand, and moved into the light of the fire.

"I won't stop to tell you all about the jobs I have done in the way of breaking and entering," said the burglar, "but you will pardon me if I say none ever did better work. For five years, from the time I was sixteen until I was twenty one, I was at it nearly every night. I cleared nine thousand dollars during the five years, over and above expenses. Now, my salary is only seven hundred a year and I board myself. It is quite a come down;" and he smiled sadly.

"How did you come to leave your sinful way?" asked my wife.

"It was this way, ma'am," he replied. "When I was twenty one I was over in Jersey, doing the suburban circuit, and I had been playing in pretty poor luck. You can imagine how low I was when I tell you I had got to doing ministers' houses and local newspaper offices. It was poor business, and I was hardly making expenses, when, one night, I struck a preacher's house, in Wasco. Do you know the minister at Wasco?"

I told the burglar that I did not.

"Well," he said, "he is the rummiest old cove you ever struck. Seventy years, gray, wheezy, and jolly as a butcher. I entered by the bay window, and went up to his room. While I was going through his pants he woke up and spotted me. And what do you suppose he done? Why, he just slid out of bed and offered prayer for me! He prayed along for about half an hour, and I got so interested I forgot where I was; and then he got back into bed, begging my pardon for doing so, but his legs were subject to rheumatism and the room was cold. Then he asked about my name and family and all that, and ended by inviting me to get into bed, as he was too sleepy to talk much that night."

"Weren't you surprised?" asked my wife.

"Well, I should shout," said my burglar; "but I was kind of taken by the old cove's pluck, so I just shucked myself and tumbled in, and in about five minutes we were both snoring. In the morning he invited me to stay to breakfast, and I stayed. Then he gave me a jolly talk, and in the end he brought me around."

"You mean he converted you?" asked my wife, who is a Methodist.

"Well, yes," said the burglar, "although we don't call it conversion in *the* church."

I saw my wife stiffen up, and I feared she was going to get my friend—for so I considered him now—into a religious argument; so I asked him what happened next.

"Well," he said, "I took rooms over a grocery, swore off burglary, and started in on the straight and narrow. Every day I took dinner with the parson, and he introduced me to every one in Wasco. I got a job in a coal store, but that didn't seem to satisfy my conscience, and I ended by beginning to study for the ministry under my benefactor. And then, just as I was getting a hold on the business, I felt the old burglar feeling come on me, and it caught me heavy. I tried to fight it off and I couldn't, and I tried to pray it off and I couldn't. I just *had* to do a job or bust."

"What did you do?" inquired my wife, who had been listening intently to Burglar Bill's story.

"I took my case to the old minister," said Bill, "and told him how it was. He said that it was human nature, and the most natural thing in the world, and he advised me to go ahead and do a job."

"The idea!" exclaimed my wife.

"Just so," said my burglar, "and I should have thought it queer too, except that he told me to keep myself down to as few jobs as I could, and then only to rob him. It was very kind of him, and I quite appreciated it. So after that I used to go over and burglarize him once a month or so. I always made very good hauls, for as a rule he slept like a log and never knew when I was at work. Of course I took his stuff back the morning after the job, and paid him for any damages. He made out a set of rules I had to follow, such as to shut all the doors and windows when I went out, on account of his rheumatism, and not to awaken the cook, nor to enter his daughter's room, nor to touch off the alarm clock, nor to disturb the missionary funds, and so on."

"How often did you enter his house?" asked my wife.

"Only about once a month," said Bill. "That was as often as the feeling would get the best of me; and when I went away to the theological seminary, I only did a job about once every two months. You see, I was gradually outgrowing the habit. You haven't never been a burglar, have you?" he asked, turning to me.

I told him I hadn't.

"Well, then," he said, "you can't exactly understand my case. It is like giving up tobacco or opium. You have to taper off. I have got down to once a year now, and before long I hope to get over it altogether."

"But how does it happen that you came to rob us?" I asked, rather suspiciously.

"Just this way," he said frankly. "I don't mind telling you in the least. I mentioned the minister's daughter a while ago; well, she was a peach! I beg your pardon, I mean she was the most charming young lady I had ever met, and first thing I knew I was dead stuck on her—or, I should say, I fell in love with her. When my course in the seminary ended I proposed and was accepted. We were married about four months ago, and as her father was getting too old for active clerical work he retired in my favor and I was made minister of the church at Wasco. Of course I made my home in the rectory, and the old cove stays by us. Now, I leave it to you, ma'am," he said, turning again to my wife, "I leave it to you, *can* a fellow do a first class job on his own house? That's what I want to know, can he? If he can, I am wrong, but *I* say he can't. I tried it, and it didn't work. So there was nothing left when the spell came on me but to go out and break and enter some one else's."

"I think that is very reasonable," said my wife, "but how did you come to choose us?"

"My father in law recommended you to me," said my burglar. "He was an old friend of your father's, and he gave me this letter to your husband in case I should be discovered."

"What is your father in law's name?" asked my wife.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you that," said my burglar; "but still, it can't do any harm. He is the Rev. Josiah Dalrymple."

"What!" exclaimed my wife, springing from her chair—"not Tessa Dalrymple's father!"

"Yes, ma'am," said the burglar, "Tessa is my wife."

My wife stood with one arm leaning on the mantel, and for a while she was lost in thought. Tessa Dalrymple had been one of her school chums, and she had often wondered what had become of her.

"So you are Tessa's husband!" she exclaimed. "How strange it all is! You must both of you come and stay a week with us. We have a spare room——"

"The one with the Yale lock on it?" interposed the burglar.

"Yes," said my wife, "and we shall be ever so glad to have you come."

"Well," said Bill, "we'll come. I must be going now, or I will not be able to catch the 10.30 train. But before I go I want to ask one favor. May I burglarize you every year?"

"Of course," said my wife, "we should be pleased to have you."

Just at this moment our maid announced the village officer. He entered with an air of importance, and informed us that the thief was as good as caught, that he had not left the village, and that he could not do so, as every exit was

being watched. My wife smiled knowingly at me as the officer spoke, and I admit that I could not keep from winking at my burglar. He winked in return, and then I introduced him as my friend, the Rev. William Briggs, thanked the officer for his efforts, and dismissed him. I thought it best not to mention the returned valuables, for a number of reasons.

I offered to escort my burglar to the train, but he demurred, and to tell the truth I did not like the idea of putting off my easy slippers; so we parted at my door, with many affectionate messages from my wife to his wife, and a promise from him for a visit in the near future.

When he had gone, and my wife and I were settled in our chairs again, I thought the whole matter over, and the more I thought the more clearly I saw what a fool my burglar had made of me. The whole thing came out as clear as the masts of a vessel in a dissipating fog. In spite of my chagrin over my gullibility, I admired his ineffable effrontery. He had evidently found himself in a tight place and unable to escape, and only by restoring my property and concocting a tale could he hope to evade the watchful eyes of the denizens of Shadyhurst. I had been taken in, but so had my wife. That was not a little comfort.

She had been gazing into the fire, and I felt that she had been following the same train of thought as I.

"Well," I said at length, "we are taken in, but still it was worth it. I can make a story out of him."

"Yes," she said, "we are two good hearted old fools, but he *was* a clever fellow, was he not?"

"Yes, indeed," I said, "he ought to be a story writer himself."

"A story writer!" she said scornfully. "Why, John, he is far too clever for that; he ought to be a suburban real estate agent!"

Next morning, the evening conversation with my burglar seemed a far off memory, too unreal to be anything but a dream. For reasons of my own I refrained from mentioning the return of my silver to my fellow commuters as I went to the city on the early train, and when they spoke of the burglary I spoke rather shortly, I imagine. I did not seem to take the same pride in being burgled as I had the previous morning.

I did not expect to hear from Bill the Parson. I hoped I never should, and I know my wife joined me in the sentiment, but I did hear. About a week after his evening call I received a note which read as follows:

WASCO, N. J.,
April 7, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. MORGAN:

I write these few lines to inform you that, if it is convenient, my wife and I will spend six days with you next week, beginning Monday, the 10th. My wife wishes to be remembered to your wife, and hopes to renew her old pleasant friendship.

If the time is not convenient please address me here.

Most sincerely yours,
WILLIAM FEATHERTON BRIGGS.

That was about a year ago, and we all enjoyed their visit immensely. His wife is a very sweet little woman, and knows nothing at all of his periodical attacks of burglar's itch.

Today I received a few lines from him informing me that the spell was on him, and my wife has locked herself into the spare room, with her ears stuffed with cotton. I have brought up a bottle of my best wine and some cakes, and have placed them on the table, where his reverence cannot fail to see them in case he is in a mood for trying them.

He is a jolly good fellow, in spite of his spells, and when he brings back my spoons tomorrow we will tap another bottle, for the Rev. William Featherton Briggs is not a prohibitionist by a long shot.

A MODERN MASQUERADE.

The recent fete which the annalists of American society will chronicle as outshining the historic pageants of European courts—With a series of engravings of some of the most picturesque costumes worn by the Bradley-Martins' guests.

THE gravest historians have not thought it beneath their duties to chronicle the fêtes of all times; and when an entertainment is given in our own time and place which rivals anything previously known, it becomes part of the history of its day.

There is still a tendency in some parts of the world to speak slightingly of the social life of America. We are told that we are a commercial, unpolished people, whose men care only for the gathering together of dollars, that our women may go abroad to look on while more civilized peoples divert themselves. Even our own writers do some of this curious jesting. They say that living in London, for an American, is like going from a diet of unripe apples to hot house peaches. It is the same class of writers who pine for "Italian skies," quite unconscious that the blue of our own firmament surpasses that of Italy. Every intelligent traveler who speaks honestly says that in no capital in the world are luxury and culture so evident as in New York, and no foreign entertainments are more splendid. The ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin, last February, proved this, when it became at once an international subject of comment.

No people were more competent than the Bradley-Martins to give a ball, and no society more fitted to coöperate with them in assuring its brilliancy than that found in New York. They are, above all things, people who devote themselves to social life. With a large inherited fortune, great tact, common sense, and good nature, Mrs. Bradley-Martin has no factions to fight, but is friendly with all the world. This was shown a few years ago by the universal interest and pleasure society took in the marriage of her daughter, a girl hardly out of the school room, to the young Earl of Craven.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the great mass of less fortunate individuals love to hear of the doings of the rich and pleasure seeking. Contrary to the opinions of the would-be social revolutionists, the working people do not read the accounts of great fêtes like this with bitterness in their hearts. We have not reached the despondent stage in our civilization. The country is still young enough for any American to believe that he or his son has the possibility of achieving anything. Every woman reads that Mrs. Bradley-Martin's father was a self made man, and thinks that such splendors may possibly belong to her children, if they care for them.

The ball had been contemplated for some time, and the pivotal idea of magnificence, that it should be a costume ball, had been told to several people who were able to have their dresses made in Europe. To exclude allegorical characters, which are generally hackneyed and often stupid, it was decreed that the costumes should represent only the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. More than twelve hundred invitations were issued, and almost every one came in frills and furbelows copied from old portraits, or from figures in famous historical paintings. The result was such a collection of masterpieces of artistic costuming as never was brought together at any one time when wearers of those quaint and brilliant fashions gathered together in their own days. As a background to this wonderful throng, more like some fairy pageant than a reality, the walls of the ball room in which they danced were turned into a jungle of roses, vines, and orchids.

On the following pages we give illustrations of some of the most picturesque costumes worn by those who took part in this, the most wonderful fête of a century.

MRS. JAMES HUDE BEEKMAN AS "LADY TEAZLE."

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

MISS J. VAN DUZER AS "MADAME DE POMPADOUR."

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

MISS JULIE FAY BRADLEY AS "JULIET."

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

MISS CLARISSE COUDERT IN A COSTUME DESIGNED AFTER AN OLD PORTRAIT.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

MR. CLIVE WILSON AS "AN INCROYABLE."

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

MRS. F. H. BENEDICT AS "A LOUIS XV MARQUISE."

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

MR. ROBERT L. LIVINGSTON AS "A COURTIER OF LOUIS XV."

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

MISS MARIE CHURCHILL AS "A FRENCH MARQUISE."

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

CORLEONE.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Corleone" is the latest of Mr. Crawford's remarkable stories of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the modern society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of an old Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of true love and of exciting adventure.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

CORLEONE is the title of the Pagliuca d'Oriani family, to whom a sadly diminished estate descends at the death of the spendthrift prince who had been head of the house. Besides the widow of the dead nobleman's brother, Donna Maria Carolina, there are her three sons—Tebaldo, Francesco, and Ferdinando—and a daughter, Vittoria, who has spent the greater part of her seventeen years in a convent at Palermo. Brought up in obscurity and almost in poverty, the brothers are ill fitted to assume their new station in life, but with the exception of Ferdinando, who remains at Camaldoli, their Sicilian homestead, the family move to Rome, where they are received in the society of the Italian capital.

In Rome Vittoria meets and loves Orsino Saracinesca, who is the eldest son of Giovanni, Prince of Sant' Ilario, and his wife Corona. The monotony of this young patrician's existence has palled on him, however, and he gladly accepts the chance of employment offered by his cousin, the Marchese di San Giacinto, who purchases Camaldoli, in order to further a scheme for a new railroad, and asks Orsino to take charge of the property. Vittoria, who knows that her brother Ferdinando objected to the sale of Camaldoli and is determined to prevent its occupancy, is greatly alarmed for her lover's safety, but in spite of her pleadings, Orsino accompanies San Giacinto to Sicily. As they are nearing the Corleone homestead they are shot at by concealed foes, and Orsino returns the fire, killing a man who is identified by the soldiers of their escort as Ferdinando Pagliuca.

Leaving San Giacinto to take possession of Camaldoli, and to allay, if possible, the vengeful resentment Ferdinando's death has aroused in the neighborhood, Orsino returns to Rome to obtain special protection from the government, and to attempt to pacify the Corleone. To his surprise, Tebaldo and Francesco, unwilling to jeopardize their social status, publicly deny the relationship of the deceased, alleging it to be a mere coincidence of names; while Vittoria, who he had feared would renounce him, deplores the treachery of her dead brother, and rejoices in her lover's safety.

XV.

IPPOLITO SARACINESCA was, perhaps, of all the household the most glad to see his favorite brother at home again so soon. He missed the companionship which had always been a large element in his life.

"I shall go with you when you return," he said, sitting on the edge of Orsino's table, and swinging his priestly legs in an undignified fashion.

"Are you in earnest?" asked Orsino, with a laugh.

"Yes. Why not? You say that there is a church on the place, or a chapel. I will say mass there for the household on Sundays, and keep you company on weekdays. You will be lonely when Giacinto comes back. Besides, after what has happened, I hate to think that you are down there alone among strangers."

"Have you nothing to keep you in Rome?" asked Orsino, much tempted by the offer.

"Nothing in the world."

"There will be no piano at Camaldoli."

"I suppose there is an organ in your church, is there not?"

"No. There is probably one in the

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church of Santa Vittoria. You could go and play on it."

"How far is it?"

"Three quarters of a mile, I was told."

"As far as from the Piazza di Venezia to the Piazza del Popolo."

"Less. That is a mile, they always used to say, when the loose horses ran the race in carnival."

"It would be just a pleasant walk, then," said Ippolito, already planning his future occupations at Camaldoli. "I could go over in the afternoon, when the church is closed, and play on the organ an hour or two whenever I pleased."

"I have no idea what sort of thing the Santa Vittoria organ will turn out to be," answered Orsino. "It is probably falling to pieces, and has not been tuned since the beginning of the century."

"I will mend it and tune it," said Ippolito confidently.

"You?" Orsino looked at his brother's delicate hands and laughed.

"Of course. Every musician knows something about the instruments he plays. I know how an organ is tuned, and I understand the mechanism. The old fashioned ones are simple things enough. When a note goes wrong you can generally mend the tracker with a bit of wire, or a stick, as the case may be—or if it is the wind chest——"

"It is not of the slightest use to talk to me about that sort of thing," interrupted Orsino, "for I understand nothing about organs, nor about music either, for that matter."

"I will take some tools with me, and some kid, and a supply of fine glue," said Ippolito, still full of his idea. "How about the rooms? Is there any decent furniture?"

Orsino gave him a general idea of the state of Camaldoli, not calculated to encourage him in his intention, but the young priest was both very fond of his brother, and he was in love with the novelty of his idea.

"I dare say that they have not too many priests in that part of the country," he said. "I may be of some use."

"We got one without difficulty to bury that poor man," answered Orsino. "But you may be right. You may be the means of redeeming Sicily." He laughed.

He was, indeed, inclined to laugh rather unexpectedly, since his interview with Vittoria. He was far too manly and strong to be saddened for any length of time by the fact of having taken the life of a man who had, undoubtedly, attempted to murder him by stealth. He had been oppressed by the certainty that the deed had raised an insurmountable barrier between Vittoria and himself. Since he had found that he had been mistaken, he was frankly glad that he had killed Ferdinando Pagliuca, for the very plain reason that if he had not done so, Ferdinando Pagliuca would have certainly killed him, or San Giacinto, or both. He had no more mawkish sentiment about the horror of shedding human blood than had embarrassed his own forefathers in wilder times. If men turned brigands and dug pitfalls, and tried to murder honest folk by treachery, they deserved to be killed; and though the first impression he had received, when he had been sure that he had killed his man, had been painful, because he was young and inexperienced in actual fighting, he now realized that but for the relationship of the dead man, it had been not only excusable, but wise, to shoot him like a wild beast. His own people thought so too.

It was natural, therefore, that his spirits should rise after his interview with Vittoria. On that day he had already been busy in carrying out San Giacinto's directions, and on the following morning he went to work with increased energy.

Corona watched him when they met, and the presentiment of evil which had seized her when he had first spoken of going to Sicily became more oppressive. She told herself that the worst had happened which could happen, but she answered herself with old tales of Sicilian revenge after long nourished hatred. She was shocked when Ippolito announced his intention of accompanying his brother. Ippolito was almost indispensable to her. The old prince used to tell her that her priest son answered the purpose of a daughter with none of the latter's disadvantages, at which Ippolito himself was the first to laugh good naturedly, being well aware that he had as good stuff in him as his rough cast brothers. But Corona really loved him more as a

daughter than a son, and because he was less strong than the others, she was not so easily persuaded that he was safe when he was away from her, and she half resented the old gentleman's jest. She especially dreaded anything like physical exposure or physical danger for him. She was a brave and strong woman in almost every way, and would have sent her other three sons out to fight for their country or their honor without fear or hesitation. But Ippolito was different. Orsino might face the brigands if he chose. She could be momentarily anxious about him, but the belief prevailed with her that he could help himself and would come back safe and sound. One of the reasons, an unacknowledged one, why she had been so ready to let Ippolito follow his inclination for the church, was that priests are less exposed to all sorts of danger than other men. San Giacinto's Sicilian schemes suddenly seemed to her quite mad since Ippolito wished to accompany his brother and share in any danger which might present itself.

But Ippolito was one of those gently obstinate persons whom it is hard to move, and almost impossible to stop when they are moving. He had made up his mind that he would go to Camaldoli, and he met his mother's objections with gentle but quite unanswerable arguments.

Had there ever been an instance of a priest being attacked by brigands? Corona was obliged to admit that she could remember none. Was he, Ippolito, accomplishing anything in the world, so long as he stayed quietly in Rome? Might he not do some good in the half civilized country about Camaldoli and Santa Vittoria? He could at least try, and would. There was no answer to this either. Was not Orsino, who was melancholic by nature, sure to be wretchedly lonely down there after San Giacinto left? This was undoubtedly true.

"But the malaria," Corona objected at last. "There is the fever there, all summer, I am sure. You are not so strong as Orsino. You will catch it."

"I am much stronger than anybody supposes," answered Ippolito. "And if I were not, it is not always the strong people that escape the fever. Besides, there can be none before June or July, and Orsino does not expect to stay all summer."

He had his way, of course, and made his preparations. Orsino was glad for his own sake, and he also believed that the change of existence would do his brother good. He himself was not present when these discussions took place. Ippolito told him about them.

Orsino wished to see Vittoria again before leaving Rome, but Corona refused to help him any further.

"I cannot," she said. "You had a right to see her that once. At least, I thought so. It seemed to be a sort of moral right. But I cannot arrange meetings for you. I cannot put myself in such a position towards that family. One may do in a desperate situation what one would absolutely refuse to do every day and in ordinary circumstances."

"Going away, not knowing when I may come back, does not strike me as an ordinary circumstance," said Orsino discontentedly.

"You must see that for me to cheat Vittoria's mother and brothers by bringing her here to see you secretly, is to sacrifice all idea of dignity," answered Corona.

"I had not looked at it in that light, nor called it by that name."

"But I had, and I do. I am perfectly frank with you, and I always have been. I like the girl very much, but I do not wish you to marry her, on account of her family. It is one thing to object to a marriage on the score of birth or fortune. You know that I should not, though I hope you will marry in your own class. Happiness is, perhaps, independent of the details of taste which make up daily life, but it runs on them, as a train runs on rails—and if a bad jolting is not unhappiness, it is certainly discomfort."

"You are wise, mother. I never doubted that. But this is different——"

"Very different. That is what I meant to say. There would, perhaps, be no question of that sort of moral discomfort with Vittoria; she has been well brought up in a convent of ladies, like most of the young girls you meet in the world, like me, like all the rest of us. It is different. It is her family—they are impossible, not socially, for they are as good as anybody

in the way of descent. Bianca Campodonico married Vittoria's uncle, and no one thought it a bad match until it turned out badly. But that is just it. They are all people who turn out badly. Tebaldo Pagliuca has the face of a criminal, and his brother makes one think of a satyr. Their mother is a nonenity and does not count. Vittoria is charming. I suppose she is like some one on her mother's side, for she has not the smallest resemblance to any of the others. But all the charm in the world will not compensate you for the rest of them. And now you have had the frightful misfortune to kill their brother. Did you never hear of a vendetta? The southern people are revengeful. The Corleone will never acknowledge to the world that Ferdinando was one of them, but they will not forget it, against you and yours, and your children. I meet those young men in the street, and they bow as though nothing had happened, but I know well enough that if they could destroy every one of us, they would. Can I put myself in the position of cheating such people by bringing Vittoria here to see you secretly? It is impossible. You must see it yourself."

"Yes," answered Orsino. "I suppose I must admit it. It would be undignified."

"Yes, very. The word is not strong enough. You must help yourself. I do not propose any solution of the difficulty. You love the girl. Heaven forbid that I should stand in the way of honest love between honest man and woman. But frankly, I wish that you did not love her, and that she did not love you. And I cannot help you any more, because I will not humiliate myself to deceive people who hate me, and you, and all of us, even to our name."

"Do you think they do? Would they not be glad to see Vittoria married to me? After all, I am a great match for a ruined family's only daughter, and if Tebaldo Pagliuca is anything, he is grasping, I am sure."

"Yes, but he is more revengeful than grasping, and more cunning than revengeful—a dangerous enemy. That is why I hate to see Ippolito go with you to the south. Some harm will come to him, I am sure. The Corleone have the whole country with them."

"I will answer for him," said Orsino, smiling. "Nothing shall happen to him."

"How can you answer for him? How can you pledge yourself that he shall be safe? It is impossible. You cannot spend your life in protecting him."

"I can provide people who will," answered the young man. "But you are wrong to be so timid about him. No one ever touches a priest, in the first place, and before he has been there a fortnight, all the people will like him, as everybody always does. It is impossible not to like Ippolito. Besides, Tebaldo Pagliuca has no reason for going to Sicily now that the place is sold. Why in the world should he go? Little by little we shall gain influence there, and before long we shall be much more popular than the Corleone ever were. San Giacinto has written to me already. He says that everything is perfectly quiet even now—that was twenty four hours after I left—that he had twenty men from the village at work on the house, making repairs, and that they worked cheerfully and seemed to like his way of doing things. Since Ferdinando is dead there is no one to lead an opposition. They are all very poor and very glad to earn money."

"It may be as you say," said Corona, only partially reassured. "I do not understand the conditions of life there, of course, and I know that when you promise to answer for Ippolito you are in earnest, and will keep your word. But I am anxious—very anxious."

"I am sorry, mother," replied Orsino. "I am very sorry. But you will soon see that you have no reason to be anxious. That is all I can say. I will answer for him with my life."

"That is a mere phrase, Orsino," said Corona gravely, "like a great many things one says when one is very much in earnest. If anything happened to him, your life would be still more precious to me than it is, if that were possible. You all think that because I am often anxious about him, he is my favorite. You do not understand me, any of you. I love you all equally, but I am not equally anxious about you all, and my love shows itself most for the one who seems the least strong and able to fight the world."

"For that matter, mother, Ippolito is as able to fight his own battles as the strongest of us. He is obstinate to a degree hardly any one can understand. He has the quiet, sound, uncompromising obstinacy of the Christian martyrs. People who have that sort of character are not weak, and they are generally very well able to take care of themselves."

"Yes, I know he is obstinate. That is, when he insists upon going with you."

Corona was very far from being satisfied, and Orsino felt that in spite of what she had said she was in reality laying upon him the responsibility for his brother's safety. He himself felt no anxiety on that score, however. In Rome, many hundreds of miles away from Camaldoli, even the things which had really happened during his brief stay in Sicily got an air of improbability and distance which made further complications of the same sort seem almost impossible. Besides, he had the promise of the minister of the interior that a company of infantry would shortly be quartered at Santa Vittoria, which would materially increase the safety of the whole neighborhood.

Orsino's principal preoccupation was to see Vittoria again, alone, before he left. In the hope of meeting her he went to a garden party, and in the evening to two houses where she had gone frequently during the winter with her mother. But she did not appear. Her mother was ill, and Vittoria stayed at home with her. Her brothers, on the contrary, were everywhere, always smiling and apparently well satisfied with the world.

It was said that Tebaldo was trying to marry an American heiress, and Orsino twice saw him talking with the young stranger, who was reported to have untold millions, and was traveling with an aunt, who seemed to have as many more of her own. He looked at the girl without much curiosity, for the type has become familiar in Europe of late years.

Miss Lizzie Slayback—for that was her name—was undeniably pretty, though emphatically not beautiful. She was refined in appearance, too, but not distinguished. One could not have said that she was "nobody," as the phrase goes, yet no one would have said, at first sight, that she was "somebody." Yet she had an individuality of her own, which was particularly apparent in her present surroundings, a sort of national individuality, which contrasted with the extremely denationalized appearance and manner of Roman society. For the Romans of the great houses have for generations intermarried with foreigners from all parts of Europe, until such strongly Latin types as the Saracinesca are rare.

Miss Slayback was neither tall nor short, and she had that sort of generally satisfactory figure which has no particular faults and which is extremely easy to dress well. Her feet were exquisite, her hands small, but not pretty. She had beautiful teeth, but all her features lacked modeling, though they were all in very good proportion. Her head was of a good shape, and her hair was of a glossy brown, and either waved naturally or was made to wave by some very skilful hand. She had dark blue eyes with strong dark lashes, which atoned in a measure for a certain uninteresting flatness and absence of character about the brows and temples, and especially below the eyes themselves and at the angles, where lies a principal seat of facial expression. She spoke French fluently but with a limited and uninteresting vocabulary, so that she often made exactly the same remarks about very different subjects. Yet her point of view being quite different from that of the Romans, they listened to what she said with surprise, and sometimes with interest.

Her aunt was not really her aunt, but her uncle's wife, Mrs. Benjamin Slayback, whose maiden name had been Charlotte Lauderdale—a fact which meant a great deal in New York and nothing at all in Rome. She was an ambitious woman, well born and well educated, and her husband had been a member of Congress and was now a Senator for Nevada. He was fabulously rich, and his wife, who had married him for his money, having been brought up poor, had lately inherited a vast fortune of her own. Miss Lizzie Slayback was the only daughter of Senator Slayback's elder brother.

Orsino was told a great many of these facts, and they did not interest him in

the least, for he had never thought of marrying a foreign heiress. But he was quite sure from the first that Tebaldo had made up his mind to get the girl if he could. The Slaybacks had been in Rome about a month, but Orsino had not chanced to see them, and did not know how long Tebaldo might have known them. It was said that they did not mean to stay much longer, and Tebaldo was doing his best to make good his running in the short time that remained.

It chanced that the first time Orsino came face to face with Tebaldo was when the latter had just been talking with Miss Slayback and was flattering himself that he had made an unusually good impression upon her. He was, therefore, in a singularly good humor, for a man whose temper was rarely good and was often very bad indeed. The two men met in a crowded room. Without hesitation Tebaldo held out his hand cordially to Orsino.

"I am very glad to see you safely back," he said, with a great appearance of frankness. "You are the hero of the hour, you know."

For a moment even Orsino was confused by the man's easy manner. Even the eyes did not betray resentment. He said something by way of greeting.

"I have had some difficulty in making out who the brigand was whom you shot," continued Tebaldo. "It is an odd coincidence. We think it must have been one of the Pagliuca di Bauso. There is a distant branch of the family—rather down in the world, I believe—it must have been one of them."

"I am glad it was no near relation," answered Orsino, not knowing what to say.

"No near relative of mine would have been likely to be in such company," answered the Sicilian, rather stiffly, for he was a good actor when not angry.

"No—of course not—I did not mean to suggest such a thing. It was an odd coincidence, of course." Orsino tried not to look incredulous.

Tebaldo was about to pass on, when an idea presented itself to Orsino's mind, of which he had not thought before now. Slow men sometimes make up their minds suddenly, and not having the experience of habitually acting upon impulses, they are much more apt to make mistakes, on the rare occasions when they are carried away by an idea, and do so. It seemed to him that if he were ever to speak to either of Vittoria's brothers about marrying her, this was the moment to do so. It would be impossible for Tebaldo, in an instant, to deny what he had just now said, and it would be hard for him to find a pretext for refusing to give his sister to such a man. The whole thing might be carried through by a surprise, and Orsino would take the consequences afterwards, and laugh at them, if he were once safely married.

Tebaldo had already turned away to speak to some one else, and Orsino went after him and called him back.

"There is a matter about which I should like to speak to you, Don Tebaldo," he said. "Can we get out of this crowd?"

Tebaldo looked at him quickly and sharply, before he answered by a nod. The two men moved away together to the outer rooms, of which there were three or four, stiffly furnished with pier tables and high backed gilt chairs, as in most old Roman houses. When they were alone, Orsino stopped.

"It is an important matter," he said slowly. "I wish to speak with you, as being the head of your family."

"Yes," answered Tebaldo, and the lids drooped, vulture-like, at the corners of his eyes, as he met Orsino's look steadily. "By all means. We shall not be interrupted here. I am at your service."

"I wish to marry your sister, and I desire your consent," said Orsino. "That is the whole matter."

It would have been impossible to guess from the Sicilian's face whether he had ever anticipated such a proposition or not. There was absolutely no change in his expression.

"My sister is a very charming and desirable young girl," he said rather formally. "As there seems to be a good deal of liberty allowed to young girls in Rome, as compared with Sicily, you will certainly pardon me if I ask whether you have good reason to suppose that she prefers you in any way."

"I have good reason for supposing so,"

answered Orsino, but he felt the blood rising to his face as he spoke, for he did not like to answer such a question.

"I congratulate you," said Tebaldo, smiling a little, but not pleasantly. "Personally, I should also congratulate myself on the prospect of having such a brother in law. I presume you are aware that my sister has no dowry. We were ruined by my uncle Corleone."

"It is a matter of perfect indifference," replied Orsino.

"You are generous. I presume that you have inherited some private fortune of your own, have you not?"

"No. I am dependent on my father."

"Then—pardon my practical way of looking at the affair," said Tebaldo, accentuating his smile a little, "but, as a mere formality, I think that there must be some proposal from the head of your house. You see, you and Vittoria will be dependent on an allowance from your father, who, again, is doubtless dependent on your grandfather, Prince Saracinesca. As my poor sister has nothing, there must necessarily be some understanding about such an allowance."

"It is just," answered Orsino, but he bit his lip. "My father has an independent estate," he added, by way of correction. "And my mother has all the Astrardente property."

"There is no lack of fortune on your side, my dear Don Orsino. You are, of course, sure of your father's consent, so that an interview with him will be a mere formality. For myself, I give you my hand heartily and wish you well. I shall be happy to meet the Prince of Sant' Ilario at any time which may be agreeable to him."

Orsino felt that the man had got the better of him, but he had to take the proffered hand. Mentally he wondered what strange monster this Tebaldo Pagliuca could be within himself, to grasp the hand that had killed his brother less than a week ago, welcoming its owner as his brother in law. But he saw that the very simple and natural request for an interview with his father would probably prove a source of almost insurmountable difficulty.

"I had hoped," he said, "to have had the pleasure of seeing Donna Vittoria here this evening. I shall be obliged to return to Sicily in a day or two. May I see her at your house before I go?"

Tebaldo hesitated a moment.

"You will find her at home with my mother tomorrow afternoon," he answered almost immediately. "I see no reason why you should not call."

"But your mother——" Orsino stopped short.

"What were you going to say?" inquired Tebaldo blandly.

"You will be kind enough to tell her that I am coming, will you not?" Orsino saw that he was getting into a terribly difficult situation.

"Oh, yes," Tebaldo answered. "I shall take great pleasure in announcing you. She is better, I am glad to say, and I have no doubt that this good news will completely restore her."

Orsini felt a vague danger circling about his heart, as a hawk sails in huge curves that narrow one by one until he strikes his prey. The man was subtle and ready to take advantage of the smallest circumstance with unerring foresight while wholly concealing his real intention.

"Come at three o'clock, if it is convenient," concluded Tebaldo. "And now"— he looked at his watch—"you will forgive me if I leave you. I have an engagement which I must keep."

He shook hands again with great cordiality, and they parted. Tebaldo went out directly, without returning to the inner rooms, but Orsino went back to stay half an hour longer. Out of curiosity he got a friend to introduce him to Miss Lizzie Slayback.

The girl looked up with a bright smile when she heard the great name.

"I have so much wanted to meet you," she said quickly. "You are the man who killed the brigand, are you not? Do tell me all about it!"

He was annoyed, for he could not escape, but he resigned himself and told the story in the fewest possible words.

"How interesting!" exclaimed Miss Slayback. "And we all thought he was the brother of Don Tebaldo. You know Don Tebaldo, of course? I think he is a perfect beauty, and so kind."

Orsino had never thought of Tebaldo

Pagliuca as either kind or beautiful, and he said something that meant nothing, in reply.

"Oh, you are jealous of him!" cried the girl, laughing. "Of course! All the men are."

Orsino got away as soon as he could. As a necessary formality he was introduced to Mrs. Slayback. He asked her an idle question about how she liked Rome, such as all Romans ask all foreigners about whom they know nothing.

"How late is it safe to stay here?" she asked, with singular directness, by way of an answer.

"Rome becomes unhealthy in August," said Orsino. "The first rains bring the fever. Until then it is perfectly safe, and one can return in October without danger. The bad time lasts for six weeks to two months, at most."

"Thank you," answered Mrs. Slayback, with a little laugh. "We shall not stay till August, I think. It would be to hot. I suppose that it is hot in June."

"Yes," said Orsino absently. "I suppose that you would find it hot in June."

He wanted to be alone, and he left her as soon as he could. He walked home in the warm night and reviewed his position, which had suddenly become complicated. It was clear that he must now speak to his father, since he had committed the folly of making his proposal to Tebaldo. It was almost certain that his father would refuse to hear of the marriage, on any consideration, and he knew that his mother disapproved of it. It was clear also that he could not avoid going to call upon Vittoria and her mother on the following afternoon, but he could not understand why Tebaldo had pretended to be so sure that he would be received, when he himself was tolerably certain that Maria Carolina would refuse to see him. That, however, was a simple matter. He would ask for her, and on being told that she could not receive, he would leave his card and go away. But that would not help him to see Vittoria, and it was in order to see her alone before he left that he had suddenly determined to make his proposal to Tebaldo.

He had got himself into a rather serious scrape, and he was not gifted with more tact than the rest of his bold but tactless race. He therefore decided upon the only course which is open to such a man, which was to take his difficulties, one by one, in their natural order and deal with each as best he could.

He had nothing more to hope from his mother's intervention. He knew her unchangeable nature and was well aware that she would now hold her position to the last. She would not oppose his wishes, and that was a great deal gained, but she would not help him either.

Early on the following morning he went to Sant' Ilario's own room, feeling that he had a struggle before him in which he was sure to be defeated, but which he could not possibly avoid. His father was reading the paper over his coffee by the open window, a square, iron gray figure clad in a loose gray jacket. The room smelt of coffee and cigarettes. Sant' Ilario's perfect contentment and happiness in his surroundings made him a particularly difficult person to approach suddenly with a crucial question. His serene felicity made a sort of resisting shell around him, through which it was necessary to break before he himself could be reached.

He looked up and nodded as Orsino entered. Such visits from his sons were of daily occurrence, and he expected nothing unusual. It was of no use to beat about the bush, and Orsino attacked the main question at once.

"I wish to speak to you about a serious matter, father," he said, sitting down opposite to Sant' Ilario.

"I wish Sicily were in China, and San Giacinto in Peru," was the answer.

"It has nothing to do with San Giacinto," said Orsino. "I want to be married."

Sant' Ilario looked up sharply in surprise. His eldest son's marriage was certainly a serious matter.

"To whom?" he inquired.

"To Vittoria d'Oriani," said Orsino, squaring his naturally square jaw, in anticipation of trouble.

Sant' Ilario dropped the paper, took his cigarette from his lips, and crossed one leg over the other angrily.

"I was afraid so," he said. "You are a fool. Go back to Sicily and do not talk nonsense."

The Saracinesca men had never minced matters in telling each other what they thought.

"I expected that you would say something like that," answered Orsino.

"Then why the devil did you come to me at all?" inquired his father, his gray hair bristling and his eyebrows meeting.

But Orsino was not like him, being colder and slower in every way, and less inclined to anger.

"I came to you because I had no choice but to come," he answered quietly. "I love her, she loves me, and we are engaged to be married. It was absolutely necessary that I should speak to you."

"I do not see the necessity, since you knew very well that I should not consent."

"You must consent in the end, father——"

"I will not. That ends it. It is the worst blood in Italy, and some of the worst blood in Europe. Corleone was a scoundrel, his father was a traitor——"

"That does not affect Donna Vittoria so far as I can see," said Orsino stubbornly.

"It affects the whole family. Besides, if they are decent people, they will not consent either. It is not a week since you killed Ferdinando Pagliuca—Vittoria's brother——"

"They deny it."

"They lie, I believe."

"That is their affair," said Orsino.

"The fact does not beautify their family character, either," retorted Sant' Ilario. "With the whole of Europe to choose from, excepting a dozen royalties, you must needs fall in love with the sister of a brigand, the niece of a scoundrel, the granddaughter of——"

"Yes—you have said all that. But I have promised to marry her, and that is a side of the question of which you cannot get rid so easily."

"You did not promise her my consent, I suppose. I will not give it. If you choose to marry without it, I cannot hinder you. You can take her and live on her dowry, if she has one."

"She has nothing."

"Then you may live by your wits. You shall have nothing more from me."

"If the wits of the family had ever been worth mentioning, I should ask nothing more," observed Orsino coldly. "Unfortunately they are not a sufficient provision. You are forcing me into the position of breaking my word to a woman."

"If neither her parents nor yours will consent to your marriage, you are not breaking your engagement. They will not give her to you if you cannot support her. Of course, you can wait until I die. Judging from my father, and from my own state of health at present, it will be a long engagement."

Orsino was silent for a moment. He did not lose his temper even now, but he tried to devise some means of moving Sant' Ilario.

"I spoke to Tebaldo Pagliuca last night," he said, after a pause. "In spite of what you seem to expect, he accepted my proposition, so far as he could."

"Then he is an even greater villain than I had supposed him to be," returned Sant' Ilario.

"That is no reason why you should force me to humiliate myself to him——"

"Send him to me, if you are afraid to face him. I will explain the situation—I will——"

"You will simply quarrel with him, father. You would insult him in the first three words you spoke."

"That is very probable," said Sant' Ilario. "I should like to. He has been scheming to catch you for his sister ever since the evening they first dined here. But I did not think you were such a childish idiot as to be caught so easily."

"No one has caught me, as you call it. I love Vittoria d'Oriani, and she loves me. You have no right to keep us apart because you did not approve of her grandfather and uncle."

"No right? I have no right, you say? Then who has?"

"No one," answered Orsino simply.

"I have the power, at all events," retorted his father. "I would not have you marry her—would not? I will not. It is materially impossible for you to marry with no money at all, and you shall have none. Talk no more about it, or I shall positively lose my temper."

It occurred to Orsino that his father's temper was positively lost already, but as he kept his own, he did not say so. He

rose from his seat and calmly lighted a cigarette.

"Then there is nothing more to be said, I suppose," he observed.

"Nothing more on that subject," answered Sant' Ilario. "Not that I have the least objection to saying over again all I have said," he added.

"At all events, you do not pretend that you have any objection to Donna Vittoria herself, do you?"

"No—except that she has made a fool of you. Most women make fools of men, sooner or later."

"Perhaps, but you should be the last person to say so, I think."

"I married with my father's consent," replied Sant' Ilario, as though the fact were an unanswerable argument. "If I had made to him such a proposition as you are making to me, he would have answered in a very different way, my boy, I can tell you!"

"In what way?" asked Orsino.

"In what way? Why, he would have been furiously angry! He would have called me a fool and an idiot, and would have told me to go to the devil."

Orsino laughed in spite of himself.

"What are you laughing at?" inquired Sant' Ilario sharply, growing hot again in a moment.

"Those are exactly the words you have been saying to me," answered Orsino.

"I? Have I? Well—that only proves that I am like my father, then. And a very good thing, too. It is a pity that you are not more like me than you are. We should understand each other better."

"We may yet understand each other," said Orsino, lingering in the vain hope of finding some new argument.

"No doubt. But not about this matter."

Seeing that it was useless to prolong the discussion, Orsino went away to think matters over. He had been quite sure of his father's answer, of course, but that did not improve the situation at all. It had been a necessity of conscience and honor to go to him, after speaking to Tebaldo on the previous evening, because it was not possible to take his answer for granted. But now it became equally a duty of honor and self respect to communicate to Tebaldo what Sant' Ilario had said, and to do so was a most unpleasant humiliation. He cared nothing for the fact that his father's refusal might almost seem like an insult to Tebaldo Pagliuca, though he could not quite see how he could make the communication without giving offense. The real trouble was that he would be practically obliged to take back what he had said, and to say that after all, in the face of his family's objections, he could not marry Vittoria at present, and saw no prospect of being able to marry her in the future.

At the same time he wondered how much Tebaldo had told his mother. She also, according to Vittoria's statement, would oppose their marriage with all her power. Yet Tebaldo had professed himself quite certain that she would receive Orsino when he called. There was something mysterious about that.

Orsino made up his mind that he would ask for Tebaldo a quarter of an hour before the time named by the latter, and get over the disagreeable interview before making an attempt to have a word with Vittoria alone.

XVI.

Orsino reached the Corleone's house before three o'clock on that afternoon. They lived on the second floor of a large new building in the Via Venti Settembre —"Twentieth of September Street," as it would be in English, so named to commemorate the taking of Rome on that day in 1870.

A porter in livery asked Orsino whom he wished to see, rang an electric bell, spoke through a speaking tube, took off his cocked hat in order to listen for the answer, and finally told Orsino that he would be received. There is always something mysterious to the looker on about any such means of communication at a distance, when he does not hear the voice speaking from the other end.

It would not have surprised Orsino, if he had heard, as the porter did, that the answer came back in Tebaldo Pagliuca's voice; but he would then not have been so much surprised, either, at being admitted so readily. Tebaldo, in fact, had told the porter to send the visitor up, for he had been waiting for the porter's bell; but he

then told his servant that a gentleman was coming up stairs to see him, who was to be shown into the drawing room at once, whither Tebaldo himself would presently come.

Tebaldo had been quite sure that his mother and sister would be at home at that hour, since the former was not yet well enough to go out; he had been equally sure that his mother would refuse to receive Orsino; he had, therefore, so arranged matters that Orsino would be ushered into her presence unexpectedly, and to accomplish this he had lain in wait in the neighborhood of the speaking tube, which came up into the hall of his apartment just inside the door opening upon the stairs.

So far the explanation of what happened is quite simple. It would be a different thing to unravel the complicated and passionate workings of Tebaldo's intricate thoughts. In the first place, in spite of his behavior in public, he hated Orsino with all his heart for having unwittingly killed his brother; and, important as the advantages would be, if Vittoria married the heir of the great house, they by no means outweighed his desire for revenge.

Tebaldo was not an inhuman monster, though a specialist might have said that he had a strong tendency to criminality. He was capable of affection in a certain degree, apart from mere passion. He was unscrupulous, treacherous, tortuous in his reasonings; but he was above all tenacious, and he was endowed with much boldness and daring, of the kind which cast a romantic glamour over crimes of violence.

It had been one thing to threaten Ferdinando, with the law, if he refused to sign the deed by which Camaldoli was to be sold. It was quite another matter to give his sister to the man who had shot Ferdinando like a wild animal. There the man's humanity had revolted, though Orsino had not guessed it, when they had met and talked together at the party on the previous evening.

On the other hand, his cunning bade him not to put himself in the position of refusing Orsino's request, seeing that he denied his own relationship with his dead brother. It was easy enough for him to bring Orsino and his mother unexpectedly face to face, and so let the young man hear from her lips what she thought of such a union, if indeed the interview should ever get so far as that. Tebaldo could then calmly intrench himself behind his mother's refusal, and yet maintain outward relations with Orsino, while waiting for an opportunity to avenge his brother.

Orsino mounted the stairs resolutely, squaring himself to meet Tebaldo and tell him of Sant' Ilario's refusal as briefly and courteously as he could. At the same time he was half painfully and half happily conscious of Vittoria's presence in the house. The pain and the pleasure were intermittent and uncertain.

A servant was waiting and holding the door ajar.

"Don Tebaldo said that he would see me," said Orsino mechanically.

The man bowed in silence, shut the door upon the landing, and then led the way through the little hall and the antechamber beyond, opened a door, and stood aside to let Orsino pass.

As the door closed behind him, he heard a short and sharp cry in the room, like the warning note of certain fierce wild animals. It was followed instantly by an exclamation of terror in another voice. At the same instant he was aware that there were two women in the room—Maria Carolina d'Oriani and her daughter.

The mother had been lying on a couch, and on seeing him had started up, supporting herself on her hand. The room was half darkened by the partly closed blinds. Maria Carolina was dressed in a loose black gown with wide sleeves that showed her bare arms, for the weather was warm. Her white face was thin and ghastly, and her dark eyes gleamed as they caught a little of the light from the window. Orsino stood still two paces from the door.

"Assassin!"

The one word—a word of the people—hissed from her dry lips with such horror and hatred as Orsino had never heard. There was silence then. Vittoria, as white as her mother, and in an agony of terror, had risen, shrinking and convulsed, grasping with one hand the heavy inner curtain of the window.

Slowly the lean, dark woman left her seat, raising one thin arm, and pointing straight at Orsino's face, her head thrown back, her parched lips parted and showing her teeth.

"Murderer!" she cried. "You dare to show me your face—you dare to show me the hands that killed my son! You dare to stand there before God and me—to hear God's curse on you and mine—to answer for blood——"

Her lips and throat were dry, so that she could not speak, but choked, and swallowed convulsively, and her eyes grew visibly red. Orsino was riveted to the spot and speechless. For a moment he did not even think of Vittoria, cowering back against the curtain. The woman's worn face was changed in her immense wrath, and he could not take his eyes from her. She found her voice again, painfully, fighting against the fiery dryness that choked her.

"With his innocent blood on your hands, you come here—you come to face his very mother in her sacred grief—to see my tears, to tear out the last shreds of my heart, to revile my mother's soul—to poison the air that breathes sorrow! But you think that I am weak, that I am only a woman. You think, perhaps, that I shall lose my senses and faint. It would be no shame, but I am not of such women."

Her voice gathered fullness but sank in tone as she went on. Still Orsino said nothing, for it was impossible to interrupt her. She must say her say, and curse her curse out, and he must listen, for he would not turn and go.

"You have come," she said, speaking quickly and with still rising fury. "I am here to meet you. I am here to demand blood of you for blood. I am here to curse you, and your name, and your race, your soul and their souls, dead and living, in the name of God, who made my son, of Christ, who died for him, of the holy saints, who could not save him from the devil you are—in the name of God, and of man, and of the whole world, I curse you! May your life be a century of cruel deaths, and when you die at last with a hundred years of agony in you, may your immortal soul be damned everlastingly a thousand fold! May you pray and not be heard, may you repent and not be forgiven, may you receive the holy sacraments to your damnation and the last unction with fire in hell! May every living creature that bears your name come to an evil before your eyes, your father—your mother—the men and women of your house, and your unborn children! Blood—I would have blood! May your blood pay for mine, and your soul for my son's soul, who died unconfessed in his sins! Go, assassin! Go, murderer of the innocent! Go out into the world with my mother's curse on you, and may every evil thing in earth and hell be everlastingly with you and yours, living and dead! Blood!—blood!—blood!"

Her voice was suddenly and horribly extinguished in the last word, as an instrument that is strained too far cracks in a last discordant note and is silent. She stood one moment more, with outstretched hand and fingers that would still make the sign of one more unspoken curse, and then, without warning, she fell back in a heap towards the couch.

Simultaneously, Vittoria and Orsini sprang forward to catch her, but even before Vittoria could reach her, she lay motionless on the floor, her head on the edge of the sofa, her hands stretched out on each side of her, her thin fingers twitching desperately at the carpet. A moment later, they were still, too, and she was unconscious, as the two began to lift her up.

For an instant neither looked at the other, but as Orsino laid the fainting woman upon the couch, he raised his eyes to Vittoria's. The girl was still overcome with fear at the whole situation, and trembling with horror at her mother's frightful outbreak of rage and hate. She shook her head in a frightened, hopeless way, as she bent down again and arranged a cushion for Maria Carolina.

"Why did you come—why did you come?" she almost moaned. "I told you——"

Orsino saw that if there was to be any explanation, he must seize the opportunity at once.

"I felt that I must see you before leaving," he answered. "Last night I told your brother Tebaldo that we were engaged to each other. He asked me to

come at three o'clock and said that your mother would receive me—I sent up word to ask—I was told to come up."

"We knew nothing of your coming. It must have been the servant's fault." She did not suspect her brother of having purposely brought about the meeting. "Now go!" she added quickly. "Go, before she comes to herself. Do not let her see you again. Go—please go!"

"Yes—I had better go," he answered. "Can I not see you again? Vittoria—I cannot go away like this——"

As he realized that it might be long before he saw her again, his voice trembled a little, and there was a pleading accent in his words which she had never heard.

"Yes—no—how can I see you?" she faltered. "There is no way—no place—when must you leave?" Maria Carolina stirred, and seemed about to open her eyes. "Go—please go!" repeated Vittoria desperately. "She will open her eyes and see you, and it will begin again! Oh, for Heaven's sake——"

Orsino kissed her suddenly while she was speaking, once, sharply, with all his heart breaking. Then he swiftly left the room without looking back, almost trying not to think of what he was doing.

He closed the door behind him. As he turned to look for the way out, in his confusion of mind, the door opposite, which was ajar, opened wide, and he was confronted by Tebaldo, who smiled sadly and apologetically. Orsino stared at him.

"I am afraid you have had an unpleasant scene," said the Sicilian quickly. "It was a most unfortunate accident—a mistake of the servant, who took you for the doctor. The fact is, my mother seems to be out of her mind, and she will not be persuaded that Ferdinando is alive and well, till she sees him. She was so violent an hour ago that I sent for a doctor—a specialist for insanity. I am afraid I forgot that you were coming, in my anxiety about her. I hope you will forgive me. Of course, you have seen for yourself how she feels towards you, and in any case—at such a time——"

He had spoken so rapidly and plausibly that Orsino had not been able to put in a word. Now he paused as if expecting an answer.

"I regret to have been the cause of further disturbing your mother, who indeed seems to be very ill," said Orsino gravely. "I hope that she will soon recover."

He moved towards the outer hall, and Tebaldo accompanied him to the door of the apartment.

"You will, of course, understand that at such a time it will be wiser not to broach so serious a matter as my sister's marriage," said Tebaldo. "Pray accept again my excuses for having accidentally brought you into so unpleasant a situation."

He timed his words so that he uttered the last when he was already holding the door open with one hand and stretching out the other to Orsino, who had no choice but to take it, as he said good by. Tebaldo closed the door and stood still a moment in thought before he went back. As he turned to go in, Vittoria came quickly towards him.

"How did it happen that Don Orsino was brought into the drawing room?" she asked, still very pale and excited.

"I suppose the servant took him for the doctor," said Tebaldo coolly, for he knew that she would not stoop to ask questions of the footman. "I am very sorry," he added.

He was going to pass on, but she stopped him.

"Tebaldo—I must speak to you—it will do as well here as anywhere. The nurse is with her," she said, looking towards the drawing room. "She fainted. Don Orsino told me in two words, before he went away, that he had spoken to you last night, and that you had told him to come here today."

"That is perfectly exact, my dear. I have no doubt you have found out that your admirer, our brother's assassin, is a strictly truthful person. He insisted upon seeing you; it was impossible to talk at ease at a party, and I told him to come here, intending to see him myself. I told him to come at three o'clock—I dare say you know that, too?"

"Yes—he said it was to be at three o'clock."

Tebaldo took out his watch and looked at it.

"It is now only four minutes to three," he observed, "and he is already gone.

He came a good deal before his time, or I should have been in the antechamber to receive him and take him into my room, out of harm's way, where I could have explained matters to him. As it is, I was obliged to show him out with some apology for the mistake."

"How false you are!" exclaimed Vittoria, her nostrils quivering.

"Because I refuse to ruin you, and our own future position here? I think I am wise, not false. Yes, I myself assured him last night that he did not kill our brother, but one of the Pagliuca di Bauso. I took the hand that did, and shook it—to save your position in Roman society. You seem to forget that poor Ferdinando had turned himself into an outlaw—in plain language, he was a brigand."

"He was worth a score of his brothers," said Vittoria, who was not afraid of him. "You talk of saving my position. It is far more in order to save your own chance of marrying the American girl with her fortune."

"Oh, yes," answered Tebaldo, with perfect calm. "I include that in the general advantages to be got by what I say. I do not see that it is so very false. On the one hand, Ferdinando was my brother. I shall not forget that. On the other, to speak plainly, he was a criminal. You see I am perfectly logical. No one is obliged to acknowledge that he is related to a criminal——"

"No one is obliged to lie publicly, as you do," broke in Vittoria, rather irrelevantly; "as you make me lie—rather than let people know what kind of men my surviving brothers are."

"You are not obliged to say anything. You do not go out into the world just now, because you have to stay with our mother. I will wager that you have not once told the lie which you think so degrading."

"No—I have not, so far. No one has forced me to."

"You need only hold your tongue, and leave the rest to me."

"You make me act a lie—even in not wearing mourning——"

"Of course, if you make morality and honesty depend upon the color of your clothes," said Tebaldo scornfully, "I have nothing more to say about it. But it is a great pity that you have fallen in love with that black Saracinesca, the assassin. It will be a source of considerable annoyance and even suffering to you, I dare say. It even annoyed me. It would have been hard to refuse so advantageous an offer without accusing him of Ferdinando's death, which is precisely what I shall not do, for the sake of all of us. But you shall certainly not marry him, though you are inhuman enough to love him—a murderer—stained with your own blood."

"He is not a murderer, for it was an accident—and you know it. I am not ashamed of loving him—though I cared for Ferdinando more than any of you. And if you talk in that way—if you come between us——" she stopped.

"What will you do?" he asked contemptuously.

"I will tell the truth about Ferdinando," she said, fixing her eyes upon him.

"To whom, pray?"

"To Miss Slayback and her aunt," answered Vittoria, her gentle face growing fierce.

"Look here, Vittoria," said Tebaldo more suavely. "Do you know that Orsino Saracinesca is going back to Camaldoli? Yes. And you know that Ferdinando had many friends there, and I have some in the neighborhood. A letter from me may have a good deal to do with his safety or danger, as the case may be. It would be very thoughtless of you to irritate me by interfering with my plans. It might bring your own to a sudden and rather sad conclusion."

Vittoria turned pale again, for she believed him. He was playing on her fears for Orsino and on her ignorance of the real state of things at Camaldoli. But for the moment his words had the effect he desired. He instantly followed up his advantage.

"You can never marry him," he said. "But if you will not interfere with my own prospects of marriage, nothing shall happen to Saracinesca. Otherwise——" He stopped and waited significantly.

Exaggerating his power, she believed that it extended to giving warrant of death or safety for Orsino, and her imagination left her little choice. At all

events, she would not have dared to risk her lover's life by crossing Tebaldo's schemes for himself.

"I am sorry for the American girl," she said. "I like her for her own sake, and I would gladly save her from being married to such a man as you. But if you threaten to murder Don Orsino if I tell her the truth, you have me in your power on that side."

"On all sides," said Tebaldo scornfully, as he saw how deep an impression he had made on the girl. "I hold his life in my hand, so long as he is at Camaldoli, and while he is there you will obey me. After that, we shall see."

Vittoria met his eyes fiercely for an instant, and then, thinking of Orsino, she bent her head and went away, going back to her mother.

She found her conscious again, but exhausted, lying down on the couch and tended by the nurse, who had been in the house since the news of her son's death had prostrated Maria Carolina. She looked at Vittoria with a vague stare, not exactly recollecting whether the girl had been in the room during her outburst of rage against Orsino or not. Vittoria had been behind her all the time.

"Is he gone?" asked Maria Carolina, in a faint and hollow voice. "I am sorry—I could have cursed him much more——"

"Mother!" exclaimed Vittoria softly and imploringly, and she glanced at the nurse. "You may go, now," she said to the latter, fearing a fresh outburst. "I will stay with my mother."

The nurse left the room, and the mother and daughter were alone together. They were almost strangers, as has been explained, Vittoria having been left for years at the convent in Palermo, unvisited by any of her family, until her uncle's death had changed their fortunes. It was impossible that there should be much sympathy between them.

There was, on the other hand, a sort of natural feeling of alliance between the two women of the household as against the two men. Maria Carolina was mentally degraded by many years of a semi barbarous life at Camaldoli, which had destroyed some of her finer instincts altogether, and had almost effaced the effect of early education. She looked up to Vittoria as to a superior being, brought up by noble ladies, in considerable simplicity of life, but in the most extreme refinement of feeling on all essential points, and in an atmosphere of general cultivation and artistic taste, which had not been dreamed of in her mother's youth, though it might seem old fashioned in some more modern countries. The girl had received an education which had been good of its kind, and very complete, and she was therefore intellectually her mother's superior by many degrees. She knew it, too, and would have despised her mother if she had been like her brothers. As it was, she pitied her, and suffered keenly when Maria Carolina did or said anything in public which showed unusual ignorance or provinciality.

They had one chief characteristic in common, and Ferdinando had possessed it also. They were naturally as frank and outspoken as the other two brothers were deceitful and treacherous. As often happens, two of the brothers had inherited more of their character from their father, while the third had been most like his mother. She, poor woman, felt that her daughter was the only one of the family whom she could trust, and looking up to her as she did, she constantly turned to her for help and comfort at home, and for advice as to her conduct in the world.

But since Ferdinando's death her mind, though not affected to the extent described by Tebaldo in speaking with Orsino, had been unbalanced. Nothing which Vittoria could say could make her understand how the catastrophe had happened, and though she had formerly liked Orsino, she was now persuaded that he had lain in wait for her son and had treacherously murdered him. Vittoria had soon found that the only possible means of keeping her quiet was to avoid the subject altogether, and to lead her away from it whenever she approached it. It would be harder than ever to accomplish this since she had seen Orsino.

She lay on her couch, moaning softly to herself, and now and then speaking articulate words.

"My son, my son! My handsome boy!" she cried, in a low voice. "Who

will give him back to me? Who will find me one like him?"

Her lamentations were like the mourning of a woman of the people. Vittoria tried to soothe her. Suddenly she sat up and grasped the girl's arm, staring into her face.

"To think that we once thought he might marry you!" she cried wildly. "Curse him, Vittoria! Let me hear you curse him, too! Curse him for your soul's sake! That will do me good."

"Mother! Mother!" cried the girl, softly pressing the hand that gripped her arm so roughly.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the half mad creature fiercely, as her strength came back. "Why will you not go down on your knees and pray that all the saints will curse him as I do?"

"For Heaven's sake, mother! Do not begin again!"

"Begin? Ah, I have not ended—I shall not end when I die, but always while he is alive my soul shall pursue him, day and night, and I will——" She broke off. "But you, too—you must wish him evil—you, all of us—then the evil will go with him always, if many of us cast it on him!"

She was like a terrible witch, with her pale face and disheveled hair, and gaunt arms that made violent gestures.

"Speak, child!" she cried again. "Curse him for your dead brother!"

"No. I will never do that," said Vittoria.

A new light came into the raving woman's eyes.

"You love him!" she exclaimed, half choking. "I know you love him——"

With a violent movement she pushed Vittoria away from her, almost throwing her to the ground. Then she fell back on the couch, and slowly turned her face away, covering her eyes with both her hands. Her whole body quivered, and then was still, then shook more violently, and then, all at once, she broke into a terrible sobbing, that went on and on as though it would never stop while she had breath and tears left.

Vittoria came back to her seat and waited patiently, for there was nothing else to be done. And the sound of the woman's weeping was so monotonous and regular that the girl did not always hear it, but looked across at the half closed blinds of the window and thought of her own life, and wondered at all its tragedy, being herself half stunned and dazed.

It was bad enough, as it appeared to her, but could she have known it all as it was to be, and all that she did not yet know of her brother Tebaldo's evil nature, she might, perhaps, have done like her mother, and covered her eyes with her hands, and sobbed aloud in terror and pain.

That may be said of very many lives, perhaps. And yet men do their best to tear the veil of the future, and to look through it into the darkened theater which is each tomorrow. And many, if they knew the price and the struggle, would give up the prize beyond; but not knowing, and being in the fight, they go on to the end. And some of them win.

(*To be continued.*) on page 369.

WITH A BUNCH OF DAFFODILS.

Go, golden blossoms, glory crowned,
Within thy depths my heart is bound
A willing captive—oh, that she
May smile on my captivity,
And with one sweet word loose my chain
And bid me in her fond heart reign!

Oh, to that end let some dear spell
Exert its mystic power well,
And round her heart its witchery throw,
That she may see and feel and know
The rapturous thoughts and throbs and thrills
That nestle 'mid these daffodills!

Clarence Urmy.

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS

III.—THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

A landscape painter whose portraits have immortalized their author, while his landscapes have been forgotten—The self taught country boy who became one of the great names of eighteenth century art in England.

IT may safely be said that the real art is the art which lives. Never was this more clearly shown than in the case of Gainsborough. Not only in his own time, but much later, the famous English master was regarded as a landscape painter above all. Hogarth, Reynolds, Wilson, and Gainsborough were named as the four

ANNE, DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

From an engraving by W. H. Simmons after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

"THE BLUE BOY" (MASTER BUTTALL).

From an engraving by R. Josey after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

men who chiefly distinguished the history of the eighteenth century in English art, and it was upon their landscape work that the reputation of the last two was rested. John Constable, the great landscape painter of the next generation, said of Gainsborough: "The stillness of noon, the depths of twilight, and the dews and pearls of the morning are all to be found on the canvases of this most benevolent and kind hearted man. On looking at them we find tears in our eyes, and know not what brings them. The lonely haunts of the solitary shepherd, the return of the rustic with his bill and bundle of wood, the darksome lane or

dell, the sweet little cottage girl at the spring with her pitcher—these were the things he delighted to paint, which he painted with exquisite refinement, yet not a refinement beyond nature." And yet to-day there are hundreds of people who can tell his style in a portrait, even in a black and white reproduction, who do not know that he ever painted a landscape.

MISS SPARROW.

From an engraving by G. H. Every after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

Of the three hundred paintings which make up the record of Gainsborough's life work, more than two hundred and twenty are portraits. He painted George III no less than eight times; Pitt seven times; Garrick five times. Among his subjects were nearly all the celebrated men as well as the beautiful women of his day. Lord Chancellor Camden, Sir William Blackstone, Dr. Johnson, Lawrence Sterne, Richardson, Clive, Burke, Sheridan, Benjamin Franklin, and Canning were among his sitters. Doubtless Gainsborough himself thought of this work as being to a certain extent mere pot boiling, and yet upon it his great fame rests not unworthily.

Perhaps no man ever had so little teaching for any art in which he was to excel. It was on the banks of the Stour, in Suffolk, amid some of the richest and most beautiful rural scenery in England, that Thomas Gainsborough was born in 1727. His father, John Gainsborough, was a man whom all of his neighbors loved, and whom everybody admired for his wholesome heart and sweet manners, but who dealt in a rather gruesome and inartistic commodity—woollen shrouds.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD.

From an engraving by J. Scott after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough

As he had more or less of a monopoly in these garments, he grew comfortably rich. He belonged to the Independent Church in Sudbury, the town where he lived, and was rather strict in his observance of its rules. His wife was the sister of a curate, and she spent her time in the fashionable accomplishment of painting water color flowers, after the approved manner for an amateur of her day.

A less artistic atmosphere it would have been hard to discover; yet the boy learned to use a pencil and a brush from his mother, which appeared to be all the training that he required. They said that he was in the habit of playing truant from school, when he was ten, and going off for an all day's sketching tour. In later years he used to say that the scenery along the Stour made a painter of him,

THE HON. MRS. GRAHAM.

From an engraving by G. H. Every after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

and his best landscapes were drawn from the scenes of his boyhood. The town of Sudbury itself has all the picturesqueness of another age. It was here that Edward III settled a colony of Flemish weavers, and in Gainsborough's time their quaint old houses with overlapping stories still bordered the unpaved streets. The painter was born in one of these dwellings, where griffins and all sorts of carved monstrosities looked down from the gables and porticos. In the old church stood a stone statue of Simon of Sudbury, the archbishop of Canterbury who was beheaded by Wat Tyler's rabble, and who had stood in his niche looking down upon his old palace—long ago turned into an almshouse—for many generations. All the atmosphere of the old town gave the boy something which his nature treasured up and translated into art. The family saw that he was not going to study books, nor was he going to sell shrouds, so they looked about for a trade in which his taste for drawing could be utilized, with the result that he was finally sent up to London to work with a silversmith.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA MATILDA, PRINCESS ROYAL.
From an engraving by G. Sanders after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

Here his talent was recognized, and he was sent to St. Martin's Lane Academy to be taught to draw. He drudged away there for three years with Frank Hayman, the historical painter, learning a great many things which he afterward found it very necessary to unlearn. He fell under the influence of the Flemish

MRS. SIDDONS.

From an engraving by T. L. Atkinson after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

masters, to some extent, seeing nature in their stiff, artificial manner. In 1745 he went back to Sudbury, and to earn a livelihood began painting portraits for his neighbors, and occasionally selling a landscape to the dealers. In these days, when men realize that "art is long," many of them are just beginning their studies at the point where Gainsborough, at eighteen, felt that his were ended. But with his genius this was impossible. Nature was showing him new things every day, and he was learning with all the eagerness of youth and the enthusiasm of genius.

It was in the year of his return to Sudbury, and before he was nineteen, that he met and married Miss Burr, a beautiful young girl whose portrait he was painting. A good deal of mystery has been made of his wife's birth. It has been said that she was the natural daughter of one of the exiled Stuart princes, but it appears to be true that she bore that relation to the Duke of Bedford. At any rate, two hundred pounds was paid into a London bank to her credit every year. She was younger than Gainsborough, but they married, and all their lives long were devoted lovers.

They went to Ipswich, the county town, to live, but the young painter received

THE COUNTESS OF SUSSEX AND LADY BARBARA YELVERTON.

From an engraving by G. H. Every after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

few orders. A prank he played one day was really the means of his finding an audience that could appreciate him. Philip Thicknesse, an officer stationed at Landguard Fort, near Harwich, was walking in a friend's garden in Ipswich when he saw a melancholy man leaning over the wall, with his arms under his chin. Thicknesse's host, when the incident was mentioned, said that the fellow must be either mad or very miserable, as he had been there all day. The officer, out of pity, went up to speak to the stranger, and found that it was only a painted board. This opened an acquaintance with Gainsborough which has been so variously chronicled that it seems only fair to say that while Thicknesse, upon whom most of Gainsborough's biographers have heaped all sorts of ridicule, was undoubtedly fussy, ostentatious and full of a disagreeable vanity, he did much for the struggling young artist, devoting himself to his interests until he became celebrated.

It was Thicknesse who encouraged Gainsborough to learn the violin, and to begin those musical studies which were to make up so large a part of his life. He had the gift of charming manners, and even while he was living so humbly in Ipswich, in a cottage for which he paid a rent of six pounds a year, he was a favorite in all of the houses about. He delighted in painting pictures and giving them away to his friends, as there was no sale for them. The panels in the house of Mr. Hingeston, the clergyman of a neighboring village, were decorated in this fashion.

Gainsborough belonged to the town musical club, and one of his pictures represents him with the members of this society. It is probable that all his days would have been spent in this quiet fashion if Thicknesse, who had a house and a good social position in Bath, had not prevailed upon him to come to the fashionable watering place. Beau Nash was spending his last days at Bath, and the place was almost as great a social center as London itself. When Gainsborough was at last prevailed upon to take a house there, for which he paid fifty pounds a year, his wife thought that the limit of extravagance had been reached; but Thicknesse was so sure of his friend's success as a portrait painter that he offered to pay the rent himself, and the crowds of beaux and beauties who followed him soon showed that he was right.

The Royal Academy had lately been started, in 1768, but for eight years before this exhibitions had been held by the Society of Artists. To most of them Gainsborough contributed both portraits and landscapes. Quin, the Irish actor who was the star of the London stage before Garrick's appearance, was passing his last days at Bath, and at Gainsborough's solicitation he allowed himself to be painted, as well as Garrick. They all went up to the capital on the young painter's canvases. The carrier who took them was so much impressed with the gift he was taking to London and to history that he refused to accept any fee. As a consequence, Gainsborough made him a present of several paintings, which are still heirlooms in the man's family.

Gainsborough's tints do not fade as did those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the complexion of his beauties, the tints of their gowns, and the beautiful softness of the backgrounds he gave them, are as rich today as they were when his brush laid them on the canvas. He paid great attention to the small details of his work, nothing but the best ever satisfying him. In many ways he was original in color. The famous picture of Master Buttall, which belongs to the Duke of Westminster, and is known as "The Blue Boy," was painted in direct opposition to the canons of color as laid down by Reynolds. Sir Joshua always taught that the cool colors—blue, gray, green—should not enter into the masses of light in a picture, which should be composed of warm, mellow colors. But in the "Blue Boy," the figure is clad in sky blue, with the whole scheme on a light, cool scale. This picture and that of the Hon. Mrs. Graham are ranked as the two best of all Gainsborough's works.

In her lifetime Mrs. Graham was known as "lovely Mary Cathcart." She was the daughter of "Cathcart of Fontenoy," and married Sir Thomas Graham of Balgowan, who after his wife's death was made Lord Lynedoch, and held important commands under the Duke of

Wellington. Gainsborough's portrait of her has a pathetic history. She died childless, after eighteen years of married life, and her husband was so heart broken that he had the picture bricked up in the wall. It was only by accident, after his death, that it was discovered.

Gainsborough painted all the beauties of his time, and he saw them through his own sweet imagination. Whether his sitter was a high born dame, or some woman whose attractions made her famous or notorious, he gave her a purity of expression and a lofty dignity. The grace and artistic beauty of portraits like that of Anne, Duchess of Cumberland, has been exceeded by no portrait painter. This duchess, who was born Anne Luttrell, daughter of Baron Irnham, first married Christopher Horton, and then the brother of the king. Of her Walpole wrote: "There was something so bewitching in her languishing eyes, which she could animate to enchant if she pleased, and her coquetry was so active, so varied, and yet so habitual, that it was difficult not to see through it, and yet as difficult to resist it."

While Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Siddons is by no means so famous as that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, it is one of his great pictures. It was made when she was twenty five, in the very prime of her glorious beauty.

The portraits of the royal family are among those which have become most familiar to us, because they are so often engraved. One writer said that Gainsborough never showed his genius so clearly as when he made old Queen Charlotte look picturesque, for the task was almost as hopeless as making a calf's head look sensible. But in the young princess royal —George III's eldest daughter, who afterwards became Queen of Würtemberg—he had a better subject.

Gainsborough was never the man of fashion, as Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Thomas Lawrence. He was a charming personality, but he was domestic in his tastes, and never quite affiliated, as one of themselves, with the people he painted. He quarreled with the Royal Academy —though he was one of its thirty six original members—because his pictures were not hung where he desired; or to speak more exactly, he considered himself aggrieved, and silently withdrew. It was the portrait of the princess royal that brought about the rupture. It had been painted for a panel in the state apartments of the Prince of Wales at Carlton House, and Gainsborough asked the Academy to hang it at precisely the height for which it was intended; but his request was disregarded. London was never quite congenial to him. He preferred Bath, where he had the freedom that comes with country life, while he busied himself with painting and sketching and modeling the fashionable beauties. The Countess of Sussex was one of the famous Bath pictures which was exhibited before the quarrel, and another was the Countess of Chesterfield, the wife of that "wit among lords, and lord among wits." The portrait of Miss Sparrow is another that has been much sought by collectors.

When he went to London, Gainsborough made his intimacies among men who were not famous. He stood a little outside of the world. There was something unworldly in his character, so gentle and so generous was he. He gave away almost as much of his work as he sold. He began a portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who much admired him, but when Sir Joshua failed to keep his sittings, pleading the excuse of illness, Gainsborough never renewed the subject, and the men were not on such terms that it was possible for Sir Joshua to do so. Sheridan was almost the only intimate he had. Once Gainsborough impulsively told the Irish playwright that while he had many acquaintances, he had few friends; and he begged Sheridan to promise to attend his funeral, for he desired that "one worthy man" should follow him to his grave, as the others would forget him as soon as he was gone.

JACQUES GRUE'S REFORMATION.

BY MARIE MADISON.

The story of an incident that shocked Paris—The actor, the priest, and the passion play, and the unexpected ending of a theatrical sensation.

PARIS was horrified.

When you can horrify even the Bohemian element of that great city, things must be far wrong. In this case it was aghast at the idea of Jacques Grue playing the leading part in the passion play at the Théâtre de la Bastille.

For months the production of the sacred drama had been looked forward to with interest and speculation. The manager had promised an exceptionally fine cast, and, one after another, the best actors in the gay capital had been hinted at by the theatrical gossips as being engaged for the part of *Christ*. The name of Jacques Grue, however, had never been mentioned. No one suspected the manager would be so infamous as to engage for that character a man whose reputation was the shame of his profession.

When criticised for his choice, the manager merely replied:

"*Mon Dieu*, acting is art; the artist does not question the private life of his model; he selects him for his appearance and adaptability. So I have chosen Jacques Grue for the part. You do not say anything when I engage Mlle. Suzanne to play the part of a virtuous woman—what is the difference?"

From that moment the papers were full of anecdotes of Jacques Grue. They picked him to pieces. Not a virtue was left him; not a shred of moral clothing. He seemed all that was bad, vulgar, and dissolute. They told of his first appearance in public, which happened when he was about two weeks old, the police finding him abandoned on the door step of a priest; next of his adoption by a rag picker, and his subsequent life in the Paris slums, where his associates were of the vilest and lowest type; then of his first good fortune, how he had politely held open the door of Mlle. Flourette's carriage one day—not, however, from a sense of courtesy, but because he wanted to get a good look at her face off the stage, and seized this opportunity to do so. The moment was one of fate. The ragged boy gazed open eyed at the great actress, and she deigned to glance at him. Out of his grimy face shone a pair of eyes that had no match in Paris. They fascinated her, as they fascinated many a woman since. She looked earnestly at the boy; then, in her impulsive, eccentric way, she ordered him to get into the carriage and go to her house.

The next day Mlle. Flourette had a new page, a boy with a slight, agile form, a sunburned face, a head of beautiful blond curls (when soap and water had made their color distinguishable), and the most marvelous eyes ever set in a human being's head. Some gossips had hinted that the actress had seen in those wonderful eyes a ghost of the past, and that the boy was her own son, abandoned in the days of her obscurity. I will not vouch for the truth of this rumor.

From the day he entered the service of the actress, Jacques' fortunes improved. From a position as her page he stepped into public life as an actor; doubtless Flourette had coached him. He made little success as an artist at first, but his handsome face carried him through. In time he began to improve in his art, but, alas, to degenerate more than ever in his morals. As long as his good looks lasted and he did not drink too much absinthe, he managed to retain his position.

A day came, however, when he was not fit to appear on the stage. He tottered, a physical wreck, into the studio of an artist friend, and begged to be put to bed. For weeks he lay at death's door,

patiently nursed by a little model who fell in love with his soulful eyes and spiritual face, and whom he married as soon as he recovered—and as readily broke her heart. She passed out of his life suddenly. No one knew where she had gone and as Jacques did not seem to care, or try to find out, no one else did.

He plunged again into the mad life that had almost brought him to the grave, and the end of this second chapter was a shooting affair in which he nearly killed his bosom friend for the sake of a woman whose only redeeming point was her beauty. For this he lay three months in a prison cell, when the wounded man recovered, and influence and money set Jacques free.

Again he returned to the stage, and applied himself a trifle more seriously to his art. Then came his engagement at the Bastille; and this was the man who was chosen to appear in the character of *Carist*. No wonder Paris was horrified.

To his credit it must be said that Jacques studied earnestly, and tried in every way to do justice to the rôle. He left no stone unturned, and even forsook his gay companions for the time being, in order to give every moment to his duties. He not only memorized his part, but studied various books on the life of Christ, among them the Bible, and haunted the galleries for hours, scrutinizing the pictures of the Saviour in the different scenes depicted there.

One day, in the Louvre, he met a young man who gazed at him so curiously that the scrutiny became annoying to Jacques, who finally asked the reason of it.

"Pardon me, sir," replied the stranger politely. "I am so amazed that I cannot control myself. Believe me, I do not intend to be rude. In all those pictures I have not found my ideal of the Saviour—in your face I discover it."

Jacques was pleased. It seemed as a prophesy of success, and he at once assumed the courteous air which won for him so many friends.

"I am glad to hear you say so, for I am specially anxious to fulfil that ideal. I am Jacques Grue, of whom you may have heard."

The stranger for a moment recoiled, but, too well bred to show his feeling of repulsion, did his best to hide it by continuing the conversation.

"And I am Pierre Du Croix. You do not know me, for I am nobody. Some day I hope to be a priest."

Jacques held out his hand.

"I am glad to know you," he said. "We are both studying the same character, for different reasons. Perhaps we can be of benefit to each other."

"Then by all means let us exchange views. When do you play this part?"

"The 18th of December will be my first appearance."

"By that time I shall have received holy orders."

"And do you believe in Him?" questioned Jacques, pointing to a picture of the crucifixion which hung before them.

"Do you believe in yourself? Yes, such men as you only can believe in self. I, even more, believe in Him. But, my friend, answer me one question. I have read much about you in the papers. They have said that you possess a quality which makes you successful in every part you play. You feel the character. Tell me, then, if you do not believe in Him, how are you going to feel His sufferings, His truth, His glory? Unless you feel them you cannot succeed, if it is indeed as they say about you."

Jacques was disconcerted, for he saw that the young man was right. His successes had been won by his faculty of realizing every part he played; and not believing in this sacred character, how could he properly portray it?

"You make me think," he exclaimed. "You are right; but for the time, while I am on the stage, I will make myself believe in the character, as in others of fiction."

"This is not fiction—it is gospel!"

"To you, not to me."

"I shall see you fail."

"No, you will see me succeed."

"Then I shall see you believe."

Jacques laughed good naturedly, and bade the student good day. Often, after that, they met and spent a pleasant hour in argument and reasoning.

At last the eventful night came when the passion play was billed to commence. The Théâtre de la Bastille was crowded with a restless, breathless audience. An

air of oppression filled the place. Strange prophesies were made. Some said that Jacques would be assassinated before he could speak a line; others that he would make the hit of his life. An air of suppressed excitement, great even for a Parisian audience, ran through the crowd.

The curtain rose and the play began. Each favorite actor was greeted with applause as he made his entrance, until the cue came for the appearance of Jacques. The audience held their breath as he came down from the temple steps; then exclamations of astonishment were heard—then again there was silence.

Never had there been so remarkable a personation. Had the Man stepped forth from the painting of some old master, the idea could not have been more strikingly fulfilled. The beautiful, spiritual face, the calm, penetrating eye, the perfect grace, the simplicity, the grandeur, were perfect.

Then, suddenly, as if Judas had come into the midst of that modern audience, pandemonium seemed to be let loose. Hisses, shouts, jeers, curses for his audacity were hurled upon the actor's head. A serious riot seemed imminent, when from the lower left hand box a young priest was seen to leap upon the stage, and lift his hand in a commanding order for silence.

"Peace!" said the priest. "He impersonates the Saviour. Your conduct is more a sacrilege than the character of Jacques Grue!"

Not another murmur was heard. The priest returned to his place, and the play proceeded. The curtain descended at the end of the first act in the midst of an appalling silence. The second act proceeded smoothly, the third was heard with more favor. The fourth ended with the redemption of *Mary Magdalen*.

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," said the voice of Jacques Grue, and then he conquered. Wild applause, as vociferous as had been the first expressions of disapproval, greeted the falling of the curtain. In response to the repeated encores Jacques stepped before the curtain and stood looking coldly upon the excited audience. There was something in his look and mien they had never seen there before.

The priest in the box to the left sought his eyes, with tears in his own.

"He has succeeded," he muttered to himself. "He has conquered, and he is conquered. He believes!"

From that hour the play was a tremendous success. Even the papers which had condemned him the most bitterly spoke of the wonderful performance of Jacques Grue, and gave him credit for the study he had undoubtedly given to the character of the Saviour. Then, from time to time, paragraphs appeared saying that the actor was indeed deserving of his success, since he showed due respect for his position by avoiding his old associates, and spent most of his time in study and self improvement.

He still continued to visit the galleries and gaze at the pictures of Christ, though he refused a famous artist a sitting for the character. His former friends seldom saw him, except at the theater.

People began to hint that Jacques was preparing some surprise with which he would astound his audience before he ceased playing the part; but as time went on and he did nothing new, they decided that he was reserving his *coup* for the last night. In consequence, the house was crowded to the limit when the final performance came.

Paris was disappointed. The last curtain fell, and Jacques had done nothing more than he had been doing for months. The surprise came, however, the next day. Jacques had disappeared.

"Another drinking bout," whispered the gossips. "He stood it as long as he could."

But no news came of him, and as time went by people began to wonder if some fanatic had not killed the actor for daring to desecrate the character of the Saviour by his portrayal.

One day the mystery was solved, and the newspapers told Paris what had become of Jacques Grue. His hiding place had been ferreted out. Far away in the Italian mountains, high up near the clouds, mirrored in a cool, peaceful lake, there lies a simple white dwelling. The gilded cross on its dome tells its own story, the deep toned bell voices its message to the world, and there Jacques Grue finds his soul's inheritance in peace and prayer.

MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

The well known Columbia University professor and critic discusses his favorites in fiction, old and new, and calls special attention to an almost forgotten book of Thackeray's, which he regards as the great English novelist's masterpiece.

AS the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" once wrote to the author of "Silas Marner," "so many stories are tramping over one's mind in every modern magazine, nowadays, that one is macadamized, so to speak;" and therefore it is good for one to be forced, now and again, to plow up one's mind, as it were, that the seed falling by the wayside may have a chance to take root. To let light and air into the mind, to admit the refreshing water that stimulates to renewed activity, nothing is fitter than the cultivation of the habit of comparative criticism. For those of us who love books and reading—if I may now leave the fields for the library—it is well always to set the newer claimants for fame beside the old masters, to measure them without prejudice, and to weigh them in the equal scales. And so I should welcome the call to choose out of all the host of story tellers the craftsman whose work most delights me, and to deliver the reasons for the faith that is in me—were it not for one insuperable obstacle to any such selection.

This difficulty is easy to define; it is simply that no true lover of books and reading can be expected to limit his liking to the works of any one author. He is not so poor as to have only one favorite; he resembles rather the Sultan in having a harem full of them. Mr. Howells reminded us, not long ago, that man is still imperfectly monogamous; and whatever may be thought of this assertion when applied to life, it is absolutely true when applied to literature. He who marries a single book is likely, sooner or later, to weary of its charms and to seek a divorce, that he may bestow his affection upon another subject. Though he be no universal lover, the bookman is often mutable and swiftly inconstant.

No man who can read and write and taste what he reads is so narrow minded as to confine himself solely to the writings of a single author. His moods must vary with the revolving seasons and with the lapse of years. In the spring the Greek lyrists may charm him who in midwinter delighted rather in the Elizabethan dramatists. The romance of adventure stirs his blood in youth; later in life, when he knows the world better, he finds his account rather in the novel of character, with its flashes of self revelation. For myself, I have outworn my relish for Poe's tales, grewsome or melancholic, although I esteem his art not lower than I did; and the artifice of Sheridan's comedies palls upon me now, although once I held them to be the perfection of wit.

Today the list is long of novelists in whose books I can lose myself with satisfaction; the list is long and of a most cosmopolitan complexion. As I visualize it in a column, I find American and British names, French and Russian. There is Thackeray, for one, and for another, Thackeray's master, Balzac. There is Hawthorne, and there is Tourguénief, Hawthorne's rival in ethical richness and

* Under this title MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will print a series of articles in which the leading literary men of the day will discuss a question interesting to all readers of novels. The first paper of the series, contributed by William D. Howells, appeared in the April number.

in constructive symmetry. There is Mr. Howells, with his incarnation of the more sophisticated American as he is seen today on the Atlantic seaboard; and there is Mark Twain, with his resuscitation of the more primitive American as he was to be discerned once upon a time on the banks of the Mississippi. And if I may be permitted to enrol among the novelists the writers of the short story—*novella*, the Italians call it—there are Mr. Rudyard Kipling and the late Guy de Maupassant and half a score more, the little masters of a most delicate and difficult form of fiction.

All these pleasure me at one time or another; I cannot tell how often I have read the "Scarlet Letter" and "Smoke," "Henry Esmond" and "Père Goriot," the "Rise of Silas Lapham" and the "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." To make a choice of them is frankly impossible, or even to say that these six are the favorite half dozen. But if a selection is imperative, I am ready for the moment, at least, to declare that Thackeray is the novelist I would rather discuss here and now, well aware that no favorite has a right to expect a long continuance in grace. And the reason why I pick out Thackeray from among the other novelists I like as well as I like him (if not better) is that I may thus call attention to a book of his which I believe to be shamefully neglected. I hold this book to be his best artistically, the one most to be respected, if not the one to be regarded with the most warmth. It is perhaps the only story of Thackeray's which the majority of his readers have never taken up. It is the tale of his telling which most clearly reveals some of his best qualities and which most artfully masks some of his worst defects. It is the "Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq., Written by Himself."

It was published originally in a British magazine, and so little liked at first that it was not republished as a book for many years, indeed not until after "Vanity Fair" and "Henry Esmond" had at last revealed Thackeray's genius and lent interest even to the timid firstlings of his muse. "If the secret history of books could be written," so he told us in the pages of "Pendennis," "and the author's private thoughts and meanings noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting and dull tales excite the reader." "Barry Lyndon" is neither insipid nor dull; yet its secret history would be interesting enough. It was written when Thackeray was not yet thirty five years of age—for he flowered late, like most of the greater novelists. Born in 1811, he was married in 1836; and in 1840 he had been forced to place his wife in confinement. Two years later he made a tour in Ireland, the record of which we can read in the "Irish Sketch Book," published in 1843; and in 1844 he followed these Hibernian sketches with the full length portrait of the Irish *Barry*. It was not until 1847 that "Vanity Fair" began to appear; and the veracious history of *Colonel Henry Esmond* was not given to the world until 1852.

After these later stories beamed forth, the earlier tale shone with a reflected light only; and yet I cannot but think it to be Thackeray's highest achievement as an artist in letters. Perhaps, if "Barry Lyndon" had not unfortunately failed of appreciation, Thackeray might have taken his art more seriously in the broader and deeper fictions he set before us afterward. In them the prevailing faults are an affectation of knowingness, an excess of sentiment, an obtruded moralizing, à tendency toward caricature—due probably to the overwhelming vogue of Dickens—a looseness of structure—due perhaps to the mode of publication in monthly parts—a confidential manner, and a personal intervention of the showman constantly reminding us that the puppets are but the work of his hands, after all.

In "Barry Lyndon" the defects are minimized or disappear altogether. The knowingness which is almost offensive when *Arthur Pendennis* is telling us about the *Newcomes* is a touch of character when it is *Barry Lyndon* who sets forth his own adventures, appealing to the reader as a man of the world, or else the hero will not be viewed from the proper perspective. The fact that *Barry* himself is the narrator prevents any overplus of moralizing or sentiment. The confidential manner is proper enough in an autobiography, which has the further advantage of forbidding the appearance of the

showman in front of the figure he is manipulating. The fact that the book deals with but the chosen episodes of one man's career gives it a unity not found in any other of Thackeray's works except "Henry Esmond"; and except "Esmond," again, no story of Thackeray's is as free from caricature as "Barry Lyndon."

Those of us who prefer the impersonal and impassive method of story telling, used by Merimée and Flaubert, by Hawthorne and Tourguénief, in which the author seems never to intervene but only to set down the inevitable actions of his characters, are annoyed by the malignity with which Thackeray pursues *Becky Sharp;* we feel that he is guilty of meanness in taking sides against one of his own creations. We are disturbed by the moral reflections with which he pads the chapters of his novels; although we hold that his vagabond moralizing is delightful in the "Roundabout Papers," since it is the privilege of the essayist to be discursive. Thackeray has a native bias toward the didactic, but no doubt he felt he had the warrant of Fielding and claimed the right to revive the intercalary essays of "Tom Jones." Yet in Fielding's case these invocations of the muse, these discussions of the art of prose epic, these comments on character, were frankly prefixed to the several books of "Tom Jones"; they were, as who should say, a series of prefaces to successive volumes, while Thackeray's digressions exist for their own sake, and arrive, seemingly, whenever the fabulist is out of matter.

Twice only was Thackeray able to conquer this bias—in "Henry Esmond" and in "Barry Lyndon." These are his only novels in the form of autobiography, whence we may infer that this imposed on him a needed reserve. Of the various ways in which fiction may be presented to the reader—the novel in letters and the novel in dialogue, the novel told in the third person and the novel told in the first person—the last is the best for self revelation and for adventure. The interest of "Robinson Crusoe" is doubled for us by our knowledge that it is the castaway himself who is recording his shipwrecks and his prayers; and "Huckleberry Finn" is finer than its elder brother, "Tom Sawyer," partly because the material is richer, but chiefly because the manner is subtler, since we see the successive incidents not through Mark Twain's eyes, but through the eyes of *Huck Finn* himself. Fictitious autobiography seems easy and is hard, for the author has to borrow another personality and retain it while he is telling his tale; he has to materialize another being, projected from himself; he has, in short, to step off his own shadow and to jump out of his own skin. This marvelous achievement Thackeray accomplished once and again, and so vies twice with the single triumph of De Foe and Mark Twain.

Perhaps "Barry Lyndon" is not so flawless in structure nor so substantially planned as "Henry Esmond." In general Thackeray gave little heed to the architectonics of fiction; he was an improviser, as Scott was; and the evolution of most of his novels is fortuitous, even though he never repeated the blunder of the bifurcated plot which is the chiefest blemish of "Vanity Fair"—as it is also of "Anna Karenina." It may be that the autobiographic form forced Thackeray to the forethought he more than often shirked; and so it happens that these two stories have each its own unity and are not mere congeries of straggling episodes. Indeed "Henry Esmond" has a more masterly framework than "Tom Jones" (which is unduly distended by the "Man of the Hill's Tale"). Yet Coleridge declared that "Tom Jones," the "Alchemist," and the "Œdipus Rex" had the three best plots in the world. It is true that Coleridge died before "Henry Esmond" was written, or "Madame Bovary," or the "Scarlet Letter," or "Smoke."

But if the framework of "Barry Lyndon" is a little less artfully proportioned than that of "Henry Esmond," this is its only inferiority. In sustaining the assumed tone the earlier book is far superior to the later, and the task was far more dangerous. Thackeray had made *Esmond* in his own image; well aware of his own tendency to preach, he endowed the colonel with a ready willingness to point a moral, in season and out; he confessed to Trollope that the impeccable hero was a bit of a prig; and

therefore it was quite a simple task for him to depict a character with whom he was in such intimate sympathy. *Henry Esmond* is a perfect gentleman at all times, and *Barry Lyndon* is ever an unblushing rascal; and while the portrayal of the former was not difficult to Thackeray, there is greater gusto, I think, in the picture of the latter, and a more consummate art.

In the one we find the life of a good man, whose sweetness and light are almost cloying at times; and in the other we follow the career of a bad man, whose unblushing knavery is spread before us with unfailing irony. As Thackeray paints the portrait, it is worthy to hang in any rogue's gallery—as the original was worthy to be hanged on any scaffold. The villain double dyed is very rare in modern fiction, and *Barry Lyndon* is an altogether incomparable scoundrel, who believes in himself, tells us his own misdeeds, and ever proclaims himself a very fine fellow—and honestly expects us to take him at his own valuation; while all our knowledge of his evil doings is derived from his own self laudatory statements! This device of transparency, Thackeray derived direct from Miss Edgeworth, I think—with perhaps some memory of Fielding's use of it. The tale of "Castle Rackrent" is also put in the mouth of one who is forever praising those whom we despise at once, although all our information about them comes to us from the self appointed eulogist. "It takes two to speak the truth," said Thoreau; "one to speak and another to hear."

Certain depths of the Irish character, Miss Edgeworth sounded in that story—its wit, its humor, its loyalty, its clannishness, its irresponsibility; and, of course, Thackeray profited by the work of his predecessor. His book was perhaps a reaction from the more rollicking romances of Lover and Lever, at the height of their popularity when "Barry Lyndon" was published. It was like them in its prevailing tone of sadness. It was about this time that he wrote the essay on "A Box of Novels," and declared that "from 'Castle Rackrent' downwards, every Hibernian tale that I have read is sure to leave a sort of woeful tender impression." It may be that this melancholy it is that has kept many a reader away from both "Barry Lyndon" and "Castle Rackrent." It may be, also, that most of those who turn to fiction for an amusement insist upon a perfectly straightforward story that a man may read as he runs; and they resent the needless trouble imposed upon their understanding by the use of irony.

Sometimes I venture to think that Miss Edgeworth has more confidence in the device of transparency than Thackeray has, or else she puts more trust in the intelligence of her readers. While *Thady* is unfailingly unconscious of the effect of his revelations upon those he is addressing, the mask of *Barry* is lowered now and again, and Thackeray speaks out of his own mouth. It is the author who sentimentalizes over the widow of *Roaring Harry Barry*, of Barryville, and not her own son, *Redmond;* and yet perhaps the thought might be the son's after all, and only the overstatement of it the author's. The reflections upon the horrors of war at the end of the fourth chapter are Thackeray's own; or at least they were made by *Colonel Henry Esmond* and not by *Corporal Redmond Barry;* they have merely wandered into the wrong autobiography. *Madame de Lilliengarten's* narrative of the downfall of the princess is rather Thackeray's account than her own; what she saw, she saw through Thackeray's large spectacles; or her views and the author's seem to be presented to us simultaneously, to combine as in the stereoscope. Once (in Chapter XVII, it is) the author even sinks to step into the story and in a footnote explain that *Barry* is no mere hero of romance but a callous brute; and this inartistic comment appears doubly needless when we read a few pages further and find the husband protesting in self defense that "for the first three years I never struck my wife but when I was in liquor." and asseverating that when he flung the carving knife at her son, he was drunk, "as everybody present can testify." An author who can make a character strip his soul by strokes like these must heartily despise his audience if he feels called upon to come before the curtain, pointer in hand, and expound the real meaning of his drama.

Barry has a conceit so sublime that it allows him to set down the most disparaging remarks against himself with a magnificent assurance that nobody could possibly believe any such accusation against him. When his uncle and confederate praises his "indomitable courage, swagger, and audacity," he denies the swagger "*in toto*, being always most modest in my demeanor." He is perpetually boasting about this modesty of his. There was never such a braggart; and he had his fine qualities, too. When in funds he was open handed, as gamblers and spendthrifts are wont to be; when it suited his purpose or his whim he was kindly; but when his own evil ends demanded it, he was adamant. He respects the spirit of those who withstood him stanchly; and he had no scruple as to the means whereby he sought to overcome them. He is the boldest and most resolute devil in all the novels of the nineteenth century—with the possible exception of *Vautrin;* and to find his equal we must pass from fiction to fact and compare him with that typical adventurer of the eighteenth century, Jacques Casanova de Seingalt.

If the method of Thackeray's book is Miss Edgeworth's, the model for its hero is Casanova. The stout heart of the Irishman and his ignoble soul are the Italian's also. In Chapter XIII, the theory of winning women by attacking them was learned by the private of Bulow's regiment from the prisoner of Venice; and in the same chapter the list of the women *Barry* made love to is only a faint echo of the *Leporello* roll of that moral leper, Seingalt. The strain on the convention of all fictitious autobiography—that the turns of a conversation can be recalled at will after many years—is no greater in the recollections of *Barry Lyndon* than in the octogenarian reminiscences of Casanova. It is indisputable that Thackeray was familiar enough with this startling record of the unspeakable moral squalor of continental Europe in the years before the French Revolution; the name of Casanova appears once in the pages of this book, and that of Seingalt a second time; and, to clinch the matter, a friend of mine owns Thackeray's copy of Casanova's autobiography with the novelist's signature on the title.

Barry Lyndon, splendid scoundrel as he presents himself, is not the only broadly limned character in the book. Quite as fine is the stern veracity of the portrayal of *Lady Lyndon*, unspoilt by any touch of sentimentality. Her son, *Bullington*, is as boldly drawn, and so is the one eyed chevalier (*d'industrie*), *Barry's* uncle. And the story itself has an unflagging interest and a dramatic picturesqueness not frequent in Thackeray's easy going fictions. Perhaps no single scene is as subtly penetrative as *Becky Sharp's* admiration of her husband when he thrashes *Lord Steyne*, or as finely romantic as *Henry Esmond's* breaking of his sword before the prince; but nowhere else has Thackeray raised himself to so high a pitch of tragic terror as in the account of the death of the devoted princess struggling vainly against her inevitable, inexorable doom.

With all these manifold merits why is "Barry Lyndon" neglected? It is ignored not merely by the broad public, which perhaps resents having a villain palmed off on it for a hero, but also by Thackeray's friendliest critics. Trollope praises it briefly, but with inadequate appreciation. Mr. Andrew Lang casually calls it a masterpiece, and says no more. Mr. Frederic Harrison says nothing at all. And Bagehot had said nothing, either; but there is a remark of Bagehot's that may partly explain the matrimonial career of both *Henry Esmond* and *Barry Lyndon*: "Women much respect real virtue; they much admire strong and successful immorality."

WILD JUSTICE.

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

Crime and retribution, tragedy and wedding bells—The human elements that made up a drama of life on the plains in the early days of the Southwest.

"IT'S only me, darling!"

"I see it is."

"You were looking for me? You knew I'd find you when those papers were served on me, didn't you?"

"I was afraid you would."

Refraining from any comment on his cold welcome, after a swift glance around the empty room, the result of which seemed relieving, the man stepped inside. Pulling off his big white cowboy hat, he slouched forward, and, pushing one spurred heel behind the other, rested his hands on the desk at which the little teacher sat.

"I've been camping on your trail for nearly a month, honey," he announced; "I've rounded you up at last, an' I'm going to take you right back with me."

The girl seemed to gather resolution from the very excess of her fears.

"I would never have left you, Bob," she said, "and you know it, if it had been possible for me to live with you. I will never go back—never."

He looked deprecatingly at the downcast face. How pretty she was, how young and girlish and sweet, this woman who belonged to him! The resistance—which he had expected—made her only more desirable.

"Now, pet," he urged, "you're mine, you know, and I've come for you."

"I was yours, Bob," she answered, "for five dreadful years, to drag from place to place, from misery to misery. I was yours as you understand a wife to be—like your dog or horse—and as you beat them, you beat me."

A darker flush spread under the tan on the man's face.

"That was whisky, honey; you know I'd never have laid a finger on you when I was sober."

"Yes, it was whisky; and you knew well what the whisky would make you do. You got yourself drunk when you were mad at me, or crazy jealous of me—God who hears me knows, without one shadow of justification for it—and you knew you'd go home and beat me. You knew you'd kill Lud Harker, that time, if you got drunk enough. That's what you drank for. And you did kill him. You came to me with your bloody clothes to be burned; and I must hide you, and run with you when you had to run." She flung her head forward upon the table, and clutched her small hands together over it. "No, no," she screamed, "I won't, I won't! I will never go back to that—I never will!"

He essayed to lay a somewhat unsteady hand on her bowed head. "I swear to you," he said—and she knew he lied—"if you'll come back to me, I'll never touch another drop; "but"—he leaned his face closer—"if you won't——"

She shrank away, and put up protesting hands between them. She knew that look in his face. This was the man who had beaten her. He had come home to her, not reeling, not maudlin, but a vicious wild beast in the likeness of a man, without fear and without shame.

Her eyes sought the window opposite the door near which the man stood. Her desolate gaze roved over the empty levels without, interrogating them vainly for sign of some human being. There was no one in sight. She was alone—alone with him; and at the thought a gray fear began to steal up over her face.

"Bob," she breathed in a husky whisper, "you've been drinking now."

"Well, sweetness," he paltered, "what the devil can you expect when a man's own wife goes back on him, and gives

him the cold shake? You had them serve those cursed papers on me, and when I come here to make it all right, you shove me off as if I was a dirty Greaser!"

"Why won't you let me alone now?" she begged. "I've got a school here, and I'm earning my own living. I've been almost happy."

"Let you alone! You ask for a darned wide pasture, don't you? I'm your husband—you're my own wife—and I daren't even cross your range and speak to you! I'm not hurting you, am I?"

"They won't employ married women for teachers in this county. I'm not known as a married woman here. It's my living. If you hound me from it, I don't know where I'll go."

A devil—that demon which the wise man tells us is cruel as the grave—leaped into the man's eyes.

"Flying under an assumed name—passing yourself off for single, are you?" he sneered. "And got every cowboy on the range after you, of course! I don't know why such women are allowed to live, to run good men crazy and ruin them!"

"Are you going to kill me, Bob?"

He had bullied and cowed her with this threat so many times in the last five years that its familiarity finally robbed it of its earlier terrors, and the whispered query came strangely calm. The man was working himself to the point where a deed, the doing of which he coveted, yet shuddered at, would be easy. Her simple anticipation of the utmost reach of his vengeance seemed to madden him.

"Do you know who's sheriff of this infernal hole of a county?" he threatened, catching at her wrist.

She nodded.

"Of course you do. I located Burch Masters' range, and then I knew where to go to find you."

"I can't help it that he is the only friend I have on earth," she answered quietly. "He's been as kind to me as a brother, and no more. He got me this place——"

"And he's offered you a better situation when you get your divorce!" broke in the man furiously.

Back in the terrible days in San Saba, Burch Masters had been the object of Sanders' fiercest jealousy. He had failed, in Masters' cool, dominating presence, to express any dissatisfaction. Lud Harker he had killed, because the lad, overtaking Kate alone, on foot, in a storm, had brought her home in his buckboard. Some one had told him of Harker's saying, afterward, that she was a pretty little woman, and that he heard her husband abused her—and the boy's life paid for his indiscretion. But Burch Masters, who told him to his face that he was the greatest drunken brute unhung; and who warned him that if he ever heard of his laying an unkind hand on his wife again, he'd give him the kind of thrashing that a man who strikes a woman deserves—Burch Masters he left untouched, and hated the more because he feared him.

Something of the courage which the presence of the man himself always brought her came to the poor girl at the mention of his name.

"Burch Masters hasn't asked me to marry him, if that's what you mean," she replied; "but if I were free, and he did——"

"Do you dare to talk about marrying—you, a married woman?" choked the man. "I guess I'll settle *that* business! Hasn't a husband any rights? You're my wife or no man's. You can come and live with me, or I'll send you to——"

He lunged toward her, pistol in hand, and she fled to the open door, turning as she gained its threshold, and as he fired.

He was ill equipped for villainy. His stomach was weaker even than his unstrung nerves; and the sensations with which he stared, shaking, supporting himself against the table, at the heap of crumpled drapery that had one moment agone been his pretty wife, were qualms of simple nausea. The light south wind swept through the doorway, and stirred the flounces of her lawn dress with a semblance of human motion. He reeled back toward the window, and clung there with starting eyeballs, rigor after rigor going over his great frame. One moment ago he had bullied and threatened her; and now—he would have to pass *it* to get out of the room!

With a mighty effort he commanded his rebellious senses, drew a long, shudder-

ing breath, and stepped stealthily toward the prone figure in the doorway. A heavier gust lifted the fold of drapery that covered her face, and the door was pushed gently to, as if her dead hand were shutting it against him. He turned with a yell of mere animal terror, leaped to the window sill, and through the pane, cutting his face and hands upon the broken glass of the upper sash. Stumbling to his pony, he mounted and rode wildly in the direction the horse chose.

The violent motion, the fresh, cool air dashed in a continuous rush upon his face and head, presently began to sober him; and if it did not calm, it at least cleared his mind. The thought of Burch Masters clutched at his heart. He had seen the sheriff's big gray hitched in the long line of slouchy little cow ponies waiting patiently at the court house rack, as he rode through Summit on his way to her. A bit of tumbleweed on the horizon, a fleeing jack rabbit behind him, the mere whisper of the plains wind, took sight and sound of the gray horse and its rider.

"I'll shoot myself before I'll let him run me down like a wolf," he muttered. He put his hand upon—no, the pistol was lying beside his victim, on the school house floor! He had done the job, as he did everything, very badly.

His head hummed like a bee hive. Gray horses galloped into view and vanished at every forward leap of his pony.

Suddenly a real apparition put to flight the phantoms. A bunch of horsemen topped the rise before him, and, noting his futile effort to evade them, swerved from the course they were holding and made directly for him.

An association of gentlemen having headquarters in that Alsatia to the north of the Texas Panhandle called "No Man's Land," and prosecuting with admirable vigor that irregular kind of cattle business known as "rustling," had recently found cause to feel suspicious of their "inside man" in this county. Positive evidence of his defection coming opportunely to hand, they chanced to be, at this very moment, patrolling the plain for him, with a view to so adjusting matters that he would be permanently estopped from making any inconvenient revelations concerning their movements.

When to these gentlemen appeared a fleeing man upon a tired horse, they naturally and promptly recognized in him that which they sought. The person of their perfidious partner was unknown to them—they had dealt with him at second hand.

When they came up with the fugitive he turned, and, being unarmed, put up his hands.

"That's right," commended a lank gray man who rode in the lead. "You know when to quit. We're on to you, Matt Bascom."

The murderer rolled from his saddle, and the half dozen horsemen gathered around him in a quiet, orderly group.

"Here, Shorty," said the former spokesman, to a blond young English giant who rode beside him, "git out your rope, noose it, an' put it over that cottonwood limb—an' look lively. Now we've got our man, we want to be out o' this in three jumps of a jack rabbit."

"Thishyer individjool don't corryspun' to the dayscription," returned Shorty, sitting stolidly.

"Why, in course he's our man!" rejoined the gray man. "He hain't said he ain't, has he? Look here, you"—turning to the prisoner—"ain't your name Matt Bascom? Ain't you side pardner to a man named Kelly, up in the Strip?"

What with the terrible scene at the school house, the hard ride, and his deadly and imminent peril, all the spurious pluck and bravado supplied by the liquor he had taken died out along the man's nerves. But he was a plausible fellow. He had been a bit of a politician, back in the days when he drank less. He pulled himself together.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I do not know the party you are looking for. This is my first trip to this county. My name is not Bascom. It is Sanders—Robert Sanders—and I'm from San Saba. I should have a letter on me, addressed to me there a few days ago. That ought to be pretty fair evidence."

He searched through his pockets, and found only the summons in the divorce case. This he produced with some re-

luctance. At first, in his state of senseless panic, he had imagined that these men were after him for the murder of his wife. He now realized that the time was too short for a hue and cry to have been started from the isolated little school house. He began to believe, from their attitude and questions, and from an overheard word or two, that they were rustlers, unacquainted with the country. If he was wrong—if they were not criminals themselves—then he was probably putting a rope around his neck in showing this paper; for in northern Texas, where the proportion of women in the population is much smaller than in the East, the murdering of them is universally deprecated, and frequently punished.

He handed the paper to their spokesman. "I'm the Robert Sanders of San Saba summoned there," he declared, and breathed easier when he saw that the other looked it over without apparently recognizing Kate's name.

"Well," replied the gray man, bunching the paper and handing it back, "thishyer comes very onhandy, somehow. Whajjer run so like blazes fer, ef ye're all right?"

"I had a little—difficulty with a—a—a man, back there," hesitated the accused. "I thought when I first saw you gentlemen that you were following to settle it with me."

"Well, boys?" appealed the gray man.

"'Old 'im till the old man comes," counseled Shorty.

"Yes, wait fer Cap," chimed in another. "He's saw Matt Bascom, and he'll know if this duck is the right one."

Climbing from their saddles, they proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Their captive gathered from their careless talk, as they offered him, with the easy good will of their class, such fortuitous hospitality of liquor and tobacco as they could command, that the "Cap" for whom they were waiting was Mr. Kelly, of the Neutral Strip, or "No Man's Land"; that this man, being unknown in the locality, had undertaken to go boldly to Summit, beneath the very nose of the authorities, and "rustle" Bascom for the party. The arrangement was, plainly, that he should send Bascom, unsuspecting, out to this meeting place; and that, if the gang did not overhaul their man somewhere on the trail between the meeting place and Summit, they were to wait till Cap returned to them.

"You don't want to be a hangin' around in thishyer latitude too long, a holdin' a durn picnick," growled the gray man, in incidental reprehension of their dalliance. "The sheriff o' thishyer county ez jest greased lightnin' an' cold pizen. I've met him."

Crushing back the panic which took him at every thought of Burch Masters and his reckoning, finding, with desperate eagerness, some trivial matter to discuss with his captors, by way of lulling the suspicions which he could not help believing they felt, Sanders strove vainly to avoid casting more than one watchful glance per minute in the direction from which he had come.

Suddenly he broke off in the stream of his speech. His voice died in his throat. Coming over the low divide, six miles away, but plainly visible in that clear air, moving in a long, swinging lope which Sanders instantly recognized, was a big gray horse; not the phantom of a half crazed brain this time, but a horse of flesh and blood. The backs of his captors were toward the approaching rider. The horse was Burch Masters' gray—who could the rider be but Burch Masters himself, swift on the trail of vengeance?

Sanders leaped up like a hare at bay, and with as little reasoning upon the feasibility of escape. He would have run—run upon that merciless open plain, and from a mounted pursuer; run, within arm's length of men who could, and would, shoot him down at the first motion toward flight! But his feet were pinioned, and even as he gained them he stumbled and caught blindly, grasping the swinging nooze above his head.

Yes—yes; here was a way, after all, to cheat Burch Masters' vengeance! Better this death than that!

"Curse you!" he yelled, as the men stood bewildered, "hang me, you fools!" Then, as they hesitated in astonishment, "I'm Matt Bascom! Hang me, and be done with it!"

He caught the swinging noose, jerked it with trembling fingers over his head,

and Shorty, used to obey, pulled up the slack and made it fast.

In less than ten minutes the gray horse and its rider swept in among them. It was Cap, riding the sheriff's gray.

"Who was you hangin', boys?" he inquired pleasantly, as he regarded the swinging figure.

"Why, Cap," began the gray man, "thishyer party, he——"

"'E's Matt Bascom," broke in Shorty, a man wont to believe what was told him.

"Matt Bascom! That? Lawd a'-mighty, he's a foot and a half too long for Bascom!"

"'E said 'e was Bascom," returned Shorty doggedly.

"Well," laughed the leader, "hit's but civil to take the word of the cawpse in such a case. Any way, he's too dead to awgue with."

"Why should he give it out cold that he's Bascom, an' insist most onpolite an' perfane on bein' hung fer Bascom, onless he wuz Bascom?" grumbled the gray man, who was plainly the chronic kicker of the gang.

"'Nuff said, old man," returned the leader. "'F you say he's Bascom, an' he said he was Bascom, he's Bascom enough for me. But Bascom's got onto it that we're out after him, an' he's jumped the country for Old Mexico; an' that's the news I come out to tell you." The men had sprung to their horses at the word, and the dangling figure was left swinging, with a tired pony grazing near it. "You boys scatteh out, now, an' get back to headquattahs," continued Cap. "Each feller knows his own route. I've played it fine, an' I'm right in with the she'ff hyer. Lady shot, back there at the school house, an' the sheriff, he's plumb wild. Put me on his hawse an' sent me fer the doctor. But you all git a move on ye, an' keep a movin'. Vamose while Masters is all took up with this thing, fer it won't last. She ain't hurt much. Bullet struck on her watch, an' knocked her dead for a spell. I stawted the doctah there mo'n a quatteh of a howeh ago, an' she's all right by this; an' if the she'ff wasn't so plumb foolish over her he'd be out after us right now.

"Him?" with a glance at the hanging man. "Leave him a hangin'. I'll trot back an' mention to Masters havin' seen him. I've got an idee the job's a good one—*ef* onragler—an' thet hit'll suit the she'ff down to the ground."

Meantime, back at the little school house, Burch Masters was asking the doctor, for the twentieth time, if there could be any injury he had overlooked. He had helped to lift Kate, and to lay her in the ambulance sent from the nearest ranch, which was also Kate's boarding place; and she now felt the unspeakable bliss and security of seeing his broad shoulders between her and the dying western light, as he sat beside the doctor, on the driver's seat.

"Will she be up and about in two weeks, do you think—able to stand up to be married?" she heard his big mellow voice asking.

"She's all right," the doctor assured him. "Able to be married tomorrow, if she wants to be."

"I'll be away for a short time, I think, on a little—business," continued Masters reflectively. "It may be only a day or so; but I'll say two weeks, at the outside. I think, if she's able, we'll be married when I get back. We had intended to marry some time this fall, as I reckon was known——"

He was interrupted here by a big, shrewd faced man with a humorous eye, whose approach no one had noticed, and who came up riding the sheriff's own horse. Masters got down and joined him, at a little distance from the ambulance. After the newcomer had talked to him a few moments, bending down toward him earnestly from the saddle, Masters standing with a hand in the horse's mane, his eyes fastened unwaveringly upon the other's, and only nodding his head occasionally, the sheriff came back and climbed to his seat in a silence which somehow seemed significant. But when they had reached the Matador ranch, and he had carried Kate into the house, he looked at her, at the doctor, and said quietly:

"Doctor, we may call on you to make good your opinion that she'll be well enough to go to her own wedding tomorrow. I—don't have to go away tomorrow. The matter that had to be attended to has been—taken out of my hands."

THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF DICKENS.

The surroundings in which the greatest popular master of English fiction lived and worked—How he came back in the days of his fame to the scenes he had loved as an imaginative boy.

IT is almost impossible for the reader of one generation to realize that the great new audience of the next must be taught what he learned unconsciously through daily observation. It is more or less of a shock to hear ideas about famous men which even the most casual research would prove untrue.

One of the greatest sufferers from this superficial criticism has been Charles Dickens. He came, back in the early thirties, with the full stamp of genius, and moved people as no novelist had ever moved them before. He had humor, understanding of character, and wonderful facility of imagination. He was original, full of poetry, and sentiment, and human nature. The full blooded, healthy men and women of that vigorous day understood him and took him to their hearts. It remained for the anæmic critics of the seventies and eighties to begin telling the new generation of readers that Dickens was "artificial," "vulgar," "made up," and doomed to decay. We heard that he was a man of the most superficial attainments, a mere newspaper reporter who had a gift of making grotesquely carved puppets dance amusingly when he pulled a string. People still bought "sets" of Dickens and put them neatly away, but "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Oliver Twist," and "David Copperfield" were not put into the hands of boys as soon as they were old enough to hold a book, as they had been a little earlier. The consequence is that thousands of young men and women who belong to reading families have actually never read Dickens thoroughly at all, while they enjoy books written by men and women whose novels are weak, dry, and lifeless beside his.

It is impossible to open a book by Charles Dickens at random and not find on the page a flash of humor, or a sentence full of the most exquisite understanding of the universal human heart, which has nothing to say to changing fashions. The story of his life shows him to have always owned the white soul from which evil fell away, the reflective mind, and the sweet salt of humor, which digested and preserved not only for himself, but for the world, the good out of every unhappy circumstance that came to him.

We all know that he drew his father in *Mr. Micawber* and his mother in *Mrs. Nickleby*. They were there before him as plain characters, and it was impossible that his imaginative humor should not see them in a thousand positions, and trace their inevitable relation to the lives of other people, real or fictitious. Their lack of worldly wisdom threw him, a boy of eleven, into the London streets, to live by wrapping blacking bottles for six shillings a week. When he was hardly more than an infant, still a sickly, under sized little chap, he was daily sent to pawn the family furniture until it was all gone, and his mother and brothers and sisters went to live in the Marshalsea prison with his father. Before this, his father, who was a clerk in the navy pay office, had been in good circumstances. Charles was born at Landport, a suburb of Portsmouth, in 1812, and although he left his birthplace when he was two years old, he always declared that he remembered the old house, and the garden where the nurse took him to walk. The family went from there to Chatham, where they lived until Charles was nine, and it was here that he received some of the strongest local impressions of his life.

Gadshill Place, now generally spoken of as his home, stands on the highest ground between Gravesend and Roches-

THE EASTGATE, ROCHESTER—"ALL MY EARLY READINGS AND EARLY IMAGINATIONS DATED FROM THIS PLACE."

From a water color by Paul Braddon.

ter. Dickens pointed it out to his intimate friend Forster, years before it became his own, and told him that the house was the most prominent recollection of his early childhood. Once, when he was looking at it in dumb admiration, his father told him that he might own it when he came to be a man, if he would only work hard enough. When it actually became his, he delighted in going over and over those days when he, a queer, fanciful child, would come and look at it, and remember that this was the very Gadshill where Falstaff went out to rob the travelers. He used to draw in his breath and realize that it was an impossible dream to think of owning it; and yet, just as if he had been a character in one of his own stories, his air castle became real—through his own exertions.

GADSHILL PLACE, WHERE DICKENS DIED, JUNE 9, 1870.
From a water color by Paul Braddon.

As a child, Dickens was so weakly that it was impossible for him to play with other boys, and he amused himself with books. "Roderick Random," "Tom Jones," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," the "Arabian Nights," and the "Vicar of Wakefield" made up his library. He tells us how he consoled himself for his troubles by pretending to be one of his favorite characters, and how he placed all of them in his own every day surroundings and wondered how they would act there. When he was eight, he wrote a tragedy called "Misnar, the Sultan of India," and he was so ready a story teller that his father and mother were in the habit of putting him on the table to show him off before visitors. But these days all ended when debt and poverty came, and his father went to the Marshalsea.

Dickens can hardly be said to have had a home again until he made one of his own, after his marriage. He went back to school for two years, and then was put into an attorney's office. He had heard that some men who had risen to distinction had begun life as reporters of the Parliamentary debates, and he plunged into the study of shorthand. He had been two years a reporter in Doctors' Commons—the old ecclesiastical and probate court, since abolished—when he at last

THE HOUSE IN LANDPORT, PORTSMOUTH, WHERE DICKENS WAS BORN, FEBRUARY 7, 1812.
From a water color by Paul Braddon.

reached his goal, a place in the gallery at Westminster. Although so young—not yet twenty—he was by far the best reporter there, and upon all occasions was the spokesman of the other men. It had been impossible to stop his education. He had dreamed all his life of being a great man, and every hour that he could spare was spent in the reading room of the British Museum. He himself valued

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, IN WHICH "BLEAK HOUSE" WAS WRITTEN.

From a water color by Paul Braddon.

above all things his experience in newspaper work. He said again and again, "To the wholesome training of severe newspaper work, when I was a very young man, I constantly refer my first successes."

But the year before he became a regular newspaper reporter, he had published the first of those sketches over the signature of "Boz," which were to make him famous. His reputation was early in coming, and prosperity came with it, so that in after years he was free to choose the associations he most liked. It is a little singular that he should have chosen to immortalize so many of the people and the haunts which he knew in the days of his abject misery, when he was a sickly, uncared for child, often making his way through the haunts of vice itself.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.
From a water color by Paul Braddon.

As he remembered his boyish fancy, and went back, in the days of his prosperity, to buy Gadshill, so he traveled over much of the ground that had been familiar and beautiful to him as a child. Rochester, the episcopal city, is really a part of Chatham, and when Dickens was a boy he knew it thoroughly. When his days of comparative leisure came, he went back to it with all the old affection in his heart. He has told us how he thought at that time that the High Street of Rochester must be at least as fine as Regent Street, and how he came back to find it little more than a lane, and the town hall, which had been so grand in his eyes that he had taken it as a model for Aladdin's palace, was only a mean, shabby building. "But," he says, "who was I that I should quarrel with the town for being changed to me, when I myself had come back so changed to it? All my early readings and early imaginations dated from this place, and I took them away so full of innocent construction and guileless belief, and brought them back so worn and torn, so much the wiser and so much the worse."

But in spite of his self depreciation, Dickens' imagination never really became "worn and torn," even to the end of his life. He never lost his love for

HOUSE OF THE SIX POOR TRAVELERS, ROCHESTER.

From a water color by Paul Braddon.

Rochester, and when he died he wished to be buried in the little graveyard under the wall of Rochester Castle, the noble old Norman keep on the hill; but this had been closed, and it was the general wish of England that he should lie in Westminster Abbey. There is also a tablet to his memory in Rochester Cathedral, which reads:

CHARLES DICKENS. Born at Portsmouth, 7th of February, 1812. Died at Gadshill Place, by Rochester, 9th of June, 1870. Buried in Westminster Abbey. To connect his memory with the scenes in which his earliest and latest years were passed, and with the associations of Roches-

ter Cathedral and its neighborhood, which extended over all his life, this tablet, with the sanction of the dean and chapter, is placed by his executors.

The tablet is very appropriately placed just under that of Richard Watts, whose curious old charity Dickens did much to make famous. Richard Watts lived in the sixteenth century, and established a house where "six poor travelers, not being rogues or proctors, may receive gratis, for one night, lodging, entertainment, and fourpence each."

Everywhere that Dickens went he gathered up people for his books. His ready mind ran on and carried the working of character to its logical conclusion, as life so seldom does; but almost always the chief characters were born in his own brain. The one that he perhaps loved best of all was *Little Nell.* The plot of "The Old Curiosity Shop" was originally intended to be something quite different, and the child's story was to be merely incidental; but as it took shape in his mind it grew into the central idea. He and his wife were visiting Walter Savage Landor in Bath when the fancy came to him. It was in their lodgings there, at 35 St. James Square, that the vision of the child came to him. No character in prose fiction ever pleased Landor so much, and he always declared that he intended to purchase the house in which they had lodged, and burn it to the ground, that no mean associations should ever desecrate the birthplace of *Little Nell.* But Dickens wrote most of the "Curiosity Shop" at Broadstairs, on the Kentish coast, making several journeys to London to hunt up places where he could put his characters. He went one day to that curiously named city street, Bevis Marks, specially to look up a house for *Sampson Brass.* "I got mingled up with the Jews of Houndsditch," he said, "and came home in a cab;" but he had created *Miss Sally Brass* on the way.

NO. 1, DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK, IN WHICH "DAVID COPPERFIELD" WAS WRITTEN.
From a water color by Paul Braddon.

ROCHESTER CASTLE, AND THE GRAVEYARD IN WHICH DICKENS WISHED TO BE BURIED.

From a water color by Paul Braddon.

Dickens had two houses at Broadstairs with which he has been much associated. One was Lawn Villa, and the other Fort House, which stood on a breezy hill, with a waving cornfield between it and the sea.

It was before the birth of *Little Nell* that Dickens took the house at Devonshire Terrace, where so many of the early friends came to know him. He and his wife had had a little home in Doughty Street, but with the success of "Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Oliver Twist," it became possible to take the handsome house with a large garden surrounded by a brick wall, facing Regent's Park. Many of the novelist's masterpieces were written here, notably the one into which he seemed to put his whole heart as well as much of his life—"David Copperfield." It was here that he realized in his own life some of *David's* disenchantment in the contrast between what he had expected in his married life and what he experienced.

"Bleak House" was begun in Tavistock House, after the house in Devonshire Terrace had been given up. Tavistock House was the scene of many of those plays given by the Dickens family and their friends which have become so famous. The first "Twelfth Night" opened a series that lasted for years, and made old actors think that the novelist made a mistake in not taking to the stage.

It was only in England that Dickens made his homes. He loved to roam over the continent, through Switzerland, Italy, and France, where he was extraordinarily popular. He spent three summers in Boulogne, in an odd old house on the Calais road, which is still pointed out; but it was back to Gadshill that his own fancy and his friends came at last. That had been his dream home all his life, and it was to be his real home, which he enjoyed for fourteen years.

It was characteristic that after he had bought the place he should hesitate to turn out the old rector who had lived there for twenty six years, and should leave him quite undisturbed for months, although he was full of his own plans and alterations. It had been like a part of a romance to hear not only that Gadshill was for sale, but that the lady who owned it was one of his own dear friends. He often referred to the incident as another illustration of the theory he always taught, that causes and effects extended through all space and all time, connecting certain individuals by some mysterious affinity. The place was purchased in 1855, but it was not until 1859 that Tavistock House was finally sold, and all the books and pictures were sent to the new home. Its master spent thousands of pounds upon its decoration and improvement, and it became the glorified dream of his childhood.

The place has other associations beside those which connect it with Dickens. Dickens ordered Owen Jones, the architect and decorator, to make an illumination of Sir John Falstaff's words: "But, my lads, my lads, tomorrow morning by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves." This was hung in the front hall as his first act of ownership.

The exterior of the house is still much as when Dickens first saw it, except that it has been enlarged with new rooms and conservatories. Belonging to the property, but unfortunately on the other side of the road, was a small tract of woodland. This Dickens connected with his garden by an underground passage, and built a Swiss chalet there, which Charles Fechter sent him in pieces from Paris. The chalet was lined with mirrors, "which," he said "reflect in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering in at the windows, the fields of corn, and the sail dotted river. The birds and butterflies fly in and out, the green branches shoot in at the open window. The scent of the flowers, and indeed everything for miles and miles, is most delicious."

Forster said that probably there never was a man who changed places so much, and habits so little, as Charles Dickens. He was very methodical, and passed his days between working and walking, wherever he was. He was fond of excursions and sightseeing, but almost always he would spend the morning at his desk, the afternoon in the open air. He par-

ticularly delighted in entertaining Americans. Longfellow and his daughters, Charles Eliot Norton and his wife, who was Lowell's daughter, and James T. Fields, were all visitors to Gadshill.

Four years before his death he acquired a long coveted meadow behind the house, and planted it with lime trees. In 1870, he looked over his home, beautiful inside and out, and said to his daughter, "Now, Katy, you see *positively* the last alterations!" and every one laughed at the old story. He was ready to live out the remainder of his days in quiet peace, but the final change was at hand, and within a few weeks he had left Gadshill for his last earthly resting place in the famous abbey that holds England's great dead.

Anna Leach.

THE WORLD WELL LOST.

My one dark love shall fix the day,
The solemn day when we shall wed;
Nor know I if on gold or gray,
On winter white, or autumn red,

My happy bridal moon shall rise;
Nor which of all the blossoming Mays
Shall wreathe the gates of Paradise
Upon my dark love's day of days.

But this I know—her steps will be
Like rose leaves falling from the rose,
Her eyes a fathomless strange sea
To which my stream of being flows.

And this I knew—her lips will rest
As lightly on the drowsing lid
As leafy shadows on the breast
Of some sweet grave all flower hid.

In some sweet grave, all flower hid,
A thousand times the blooms of May
Shall visit us the leaves amid
When my love Death has named the day.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE CHRISTIAN.*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

THE central figures of the story are John Storm and Glory Quayle, and its opening scene is laid in the Isle of Man. John Storm is the only son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, prime minister of England. The two noblemen are estranged through jealousy, both having loved John's mother. Lord Storm brings up his son for a career in public life, and is bitterly disappointed when the young man decides to enter the church.

Near Lord Storm's place in the Isle of Man is the house of Parson Quayle, whose only son marries a Frenchwoman, the daughter of an actress. Both the young people die, leaving a little girl, Glory, to the care of her grandfather. At twenty Glory determines to earn her own living, and when young Storm, whom she has known since she was a baby, goes to London to his curacy at All Saints', Belgravia, she accompanies him and obtains a position as hospital nurse. In London Glory forms associations which cause Storm much uneasiness. Polly Love, an associate of hers at the hospital, comes to grief through Lord Robert Ure, whose friend Drake proves to have been Glory's playmate years ago. The directors dismiss Polly, but ignore Lord Robert's complicity, in spite of John Storm's emphatic protest. The utter worldliness of Canon Wealthy, the vicar of All Saints', is a severe shock to the earnest young curate. Disillusioned and sorely distressed at his apparent inability to accomplish any good in such an environment, he resigns and enters a conventual institution known as the Society of the Gethsemane. But even here, he fails to find the spiritual refuge he seeks. A lay brother, Brother Paul, is tormented by fears as to the fate of his sister, Polly Love. When these are confirmed by an incautious admission of John Storm, he goes to the father superior and begs to be allowed to make an effort to reclaim the erring girl. His petition is refused. John Storm, who has been made guardian of the gate, cannot endure the sight of Brother Paul's suffering, and in defiance of the monastic rule he lets Brother Paul out at night, telling him to go to the hospital and inquire for Glory, who will direct him to his sister.

But meanwhile, on learning of John Storm's determination to enter the monastery, Glory breaks the hospital rules in a fruitless attempt to see him, and is dismissed in consequence. She bravely resolves to win a place for herself yet, and seeks the assistance of Drake. The latter misinterprets her motives, however, and she flees from him in grief and shame. She tries to obtain an engagement to sing or recite, but fails, and is forced to accept the offer of employment in a small tobacco shop kept by a Mrs. Jupe. Her attempts to gain a footing on the stage end in nothing but humiliation, and on the last night of the year—the night of Brother Paul's escape from the monastery—when she calls at the hospital to see if any letters are waiting there for her, she is almost heartbroken with disappointment.

XXXIII (*Continued*).

WITH God knows what lingering remnant of expectation, but feeling broken and beaten after her brave fight for life, and with the weak woman uppermost at last, Glory had turned towards the hospital. It was nearly half past eleven when she got there, and Big Ben was chiming the half hour as she ascended the steps. Bracing herself up she looked in at the porter's door with a face that was doing its best to smile.

"Any letters tonight, porter?"

"Not tonight, miss."

"No? Well—none to get, none to

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answer, you know. Happy New Year to you!"

But there was the sob in her laughter, and the man said, "I'd be sorry to miss your face, nurse, but if you'll leave your address I'll send your letters on and save you the journey so late at night."

"Oh, no—no, there'll be no more letters now, porter, and—I'll not come again. Here!"

"No, no, miss."

"Yes, yes, you must!"

She forced a shilling into the porter's hand in spite of his protests, and then fled from the look in his face, which seemed to her to say that he would like to return her sixpence.

John Storm was lost to her. It was foolishness to go on expecting to hear from him. Had he not told her that the rule under which the brothers lived in community forbade them to write and receive letters except by special permission? But she had expected that something would happen—some accident, some miracle, she hardly knew what. That dream was over now; she was alone; it was no use deceiving herself any longer.

She went home by the back streets, for people were peering into her face, and she thought perhaps she had been crying. Late as it was, being New Year's Eve, there were groups about every corner, and in some of the flagged courts and alleys little girls were dancing to the music of the Italian organ man, or turning catherine wheels. As she was going down Long Acre a creachy voice saluted her.

"Evening, miss! Going home early, ain't ye?"

It was a miserable looking woman in clothes that might have been stolen from a scarecrow. The other self in Glory arrested her. She slackened pace and the scarecrow shuffled along, slip slop, slip slop, by her side.

"Market full tonight, my dear? Look as if the dodgers had been at ye. Dodgers? Where *hev* ye been all yer life? Dodgers is parsons, and they always queer a girl's pitch? Live? I live off of the Lane. But lor' bless ye, I've lived in a many places! Seen the day I lived in Soho Square. I was on the 'alls then. Use ter be the swellest woman about town, and I ain't got such bad features now. Got a bit quisby on my top notes, you know, and took the scarlet fever—soldier I mean, my dear. But where's the use of frettin'? I likes to be jolly, and I alwis is. Doing now? Selling flowers outside the theaters—police is nasty if you've got nothink. Ain't I going home? Soon as I get a drain of white satin. Wish you luck, my dear! Dare say I'll get the D. T's one of these days. Perhaps I'll go over the bridge then—and perhaps I won't. Don't care enough which. S'long, my dear!"

As she came up to the shop in the Turnstile she could hear that it was noisy with the voices of men and girls, so she turned back through Lincoln's Inn Fields and passed down to Fleet Street. It was nearly twelve o' clock by this time, and streams of people were flowing in the direction of St. Paul's Cathedral. Glory turned eastward also and allowed herself to be carried along with the current which babbled and talked like a river in the night.

Immediately in front of her there was a line of girls walking arm in arm across the width of the pavement. They were factory girls in big hats with ostrich feathers, and as they skipped along with their free step they sang snatches of Salvation hymns and music hall songs. All at once they gave a shrill peal of laughter, and one of them cried, "Tell me what it is and I'll give it a nyme!" At the next moment a strange figure was forging past their line, going westward with long strides. It was a man in the habit of a monk, with long black cassock and broad brimmed hat. Glory caught a glimpse of his face as he passed her. It was a hungry, eager face, with big melancholy eyes, and it seemed to her that she must have seen it before somewhere. The wind was very cold, and the great cross on the dome of the cathedral stood out like a beacon against flying clouds.

St. Paul's Churchyard was thronged with noisy, happy people, and down to the last minute before the hour they shouted and joked and laughed. Then there was a hush, the great crowd seemed to hold their breath as if they had been a single living creature, and every face was turned upwards to the clock. The clock struck, the bells of the cathedral began

to ring, the people cheered and saluted each other and shook hands on every side, and then the dense mass broke up.

Glory could have cried for joy of it all—it was so simple, so human, so childlike. But she listened to the laughter and salutations of the people about her and felt "more lonely than the Bedouin in the desert"; she remembered the boiling, bubbling hopes that had carried her through the day, and her heart fell low; she thought of the letter she had posted home on her way to the theater, and two great tears came rolling from her eyes.

The face of the monk tormented her, and suddenly she bethought herself whose face it must have been. It must have been the face of Polly Love's brother. He belonged to the Bishopsgate Fathers, and had once been a patient in the hospital, and perhaps he was going there now on some errand or urgent message—to the doctors or to—— "It was foolish not to leave my address when the porter asked me," she thought. She would go back and do so. There could be no harm in that; and if anything had really happened, if John——

"Happy New Year to you, my dear!"

Somebody in the drifting crowd was standing before her and blocking the way. It was Agatha Jones, in a mock sealskin coat and big black hat surmounted by black feathers, and with Charlie Wilkes, with his diminutive cap pushed back from his oily fringe and pimpled forehead, leaning heavily on her arm.

"Well, I never! Who'd have thought of meeting you in St. Paul's Churchyawd!"

Glory tried to laugh and to return the salutation over the noises of the people and the clangor of the bells. And then Aggie put her face close, as women do who are accustomed to talking in the streets, and said, "Thought we'd seen the lawst of you, my dear, when you went off that night sudden. Selling programs somewhere else now?"

"Something of that sort," said Glory.

"I'm not. I've been left the old red church this fortnight and more. Charlie's got me on the clubs. But my word!" turning to Charlie, "it's her as oughter be there, my dear!"

"She cheeks me out," said Charlie, "as you'll knock the stuffing out of Betty Bellman herself if you once myke a stawt."

And Aggie said, "I might get you to do a turn almost any Sunday if you like, my dear. There's always somebody as don't come, and they're glad of an extra turn to tyke the number if she's only clever enough to get a few hands. Going home, dear?"

"Yes," said Glory.

"Where d'ye live?" said Aggie, and Glory told her.

"I'll call for you on Sunday night at eight, and if you don't tyke your chawnce when you get it, you're a foolisher woman than I thought you were, that's str'ight! By by!"

XXXIV.

ALWAYS at half past five in the morning the father superior began to awaken the brotherhood. It took him a quarter of an hour to pass through the house on that errand, for the infirmities of his years were upon him, and he paused to pray at nearly every door. During this interval John Storm had intended to open the gate to Paul and then return the key to its place in the father's room. The time was short, and to lose no part of it he had resolved to remain awake the whole night through.

There was no necessity to make a call on that resolution. With fear and remorse he could not close his eyes, and from hour to hour he heard every sound of the streets. At one o'clock, the voices singing outside were strained and cracked and out of tune; at two, they were brutish and drunken and mingled with shrieks of quarreling; at three, there was silence; at four, the butchers' wagons were rattling on the stones from the shambles down the river to the meat markets of London, with the carcasses of the thousands of beasts that were slaughtered over night to feed the body of the mammoth on the morrow; and at five, the postal vans were galloping from the railway stations to the post office with the millions of letters that were to feed its mind.

At half past five the father had come

out of his room and passed slowly up stairs, and John Storm was in the courtyard opening the lock of the outer gate. Although there was a feeling of morning in the freezing air, it was still quite dark.

"Paul," he whispered, but there was no answer.

"Brother Paul!" he whispered again, and then waited, but there was no reply.

It was not at first that he realized the tremendous gravity of what had occurred —that Brother Paul had not returned, and that he must go back to the house without him. He kept calling into the darkness until he remembered that the father would be down in his room again soon and looking for the key where he had left it.

Back in the hall, he reproached himself with his haste, and concluded to return to the gate. There would be time to do it; the father was still overhead; his "Benedicamus Domino" was passing from corridor to corridor; and Paul might be coming down the street at that moment.

"Paul! Paul!" he cried again, and opening the gate he looked out. But there was no one on the pavement except a drunken man and a girl, singing themselves home in the dead waste of the New Year's morning.

Then the truth fell on him like a thunder cloud, and he hurried back to the house for good. By this time the father was coming down the stairs, and had already reached the landing of the first story. Snatching up from the bed in the alcove the book which had been lying there all night unregarded, he crept noiselessly into the father's room. He was coming out of it when he came face to face with the father himself, who was on the point of going in.

"I have been returning the book you lent me," he said, and then he tried to steal away in his shame. But the father held him a while with playful remonstrance. The hours were not all saved that were stolen from the night, and his swelled eyes this morning were a testimony to the musty old maxim. Still, with a book like that, his diligence was not to be wondered at, and it would be interesting to hear what he thought of it. He couldn't say as yet? That wasn't to be wondered at either. Somebody had said that a great book was like a great mountain—not to be seen to the top while you were still too near to it.

John's duplicity was choking him. His eyes were averted from the father's face, for he had lost the power of looking straight at any one, and he could see the key of the gate still shaking from the hook on which his nervous fingers had placed it. When he escaped at length, the father asked him to ring the bell for lauds, as Brother Andrew, whose duty it was, had evidently overslept himself.

John rang the bell, and then took his lamp and some tapers from a shelf in the hall and went out to the church to light the candles, for that also was Brother Andrew's duty. As he was crossing the courtyard on his way back to the house, he passed the father going to open the gate.

"But what has became of your hat?" said the father, and then for the first time, John remembered what he had done with it.

"I've lent—that is to say, I've lost it," he answered, and then stood with his eyes on the ground while the father reproved him for heedlessness of health and so forth.

It is part of the perversity of circumstance that while an incident of the greatest gravity is occurring, its ridiculous counterpart is usually taking place by the side of it. When the religious had gathered in the church it was seen that three of the stalls were vacant—Brother Paul's, Brother Andrew's, and the father minister's. The service had hardly begun when the bell was heard to ring again, and with a louder clangor than before, whereupon the religious concluded that Brother Andrew had awakened from his sleep, and was remembering with remorse his belated duty.

But it was the father minister. That silent and severe person had oftentimes rebuked the lay brother for his sleepiness, and this morning he had been overcome by the same infirmity. Awakening suddenly a little after six by the watch that hung by his bed, he had thought, "That lazy fellow is late again—I'll teach him a lesson." Leaping to his feet (the monk sleeps in his habit), he had hastened

to the bell and rung it furiously, and then snatched up a taper and hurried down the stairs to light the candles in the church. When he appeared at the sacristy door with a lighted taper in his hand and confusion on his face, the brothers understood everything at a glance, and not even the solemnity of the service could smother the snufflings of their laughter.

The incident was a trivial one, but it diverted attention for a time from the fact of Paul's absence, and when the religious went back to the house and found Brother Andrew returned to his old duty as doorkeeper, the laughter was renewed and there was some playful banter.

The monk is so far a child that the least thing happening in the morning is enough to determine the temper of the day, and as late as the hour for breakfast the house was still rippling with the humor of the father minister's misadventure. There was one seat vacant in the refectory—Brother Paul's seat—and the superior was the first to observe it. With a twinkle in his eye he said:

"I feel like Boy Blue this morning. Two of my stray sheep have come home, wagging their tails behind them. Will anybody go in search of the third?"

John Storm rose immediately, but a lay brother was before him, so he sat down again with his white cheeks and quivering lips, and made an effort to eat his breakfast.

The reader for the week recited the Scripture for the day, and then took up the book which the brothers were hearing at their meals. It was the "Life and Death of Father Ignatius of St. Paul," and the chapter they had come to dealt with certain amusing examples of vanities and foibles. An evil spirit might have selected it with special reference to the incidents of the morning, for at every fresh illustration the father minister squirmed on his seat, and the brothers looked across at him and laughed with a spice of mischief and even a touch of malice.

John's eyes were on the door, and his heart was quivering, but the messenger did not return while the breakfast lasted; and when it was over the superior rose without waiting for him, and led the way to the community room.

A fire was burning in the wide grate, and the room was cheerful with reflected sun rays, for the sun was shining in the court yard and glistening on the frosty boughs of the sycamore. It was a beautiful New Year's morning, and the father began to tell some timely stories. In the midst of the laughter that greeted them the lay brother returned and delivered his message—Brother Paul could not be found, and there was not a sign of him anywhere in the house.

"That's strange!" said the religious.

"Perhaps he is in his cell," said the father.

"No, he is not there," said the messenger, "and his bed has not been slept in."

"Now, that explains something," said the father. "I thought he didn't answer when I knocked at his door in the morning, but my ears grow dull and my eyes are failing me, and I told myself perhaps——"

"It's very strange!" said the religious, with looks of astonishment.

"But perhaps he stayed all night at his penance in the church," said the father.

"Apparently his hat did so, at all events," said one of the brothers. "I saw it lying with his lamp on the stall in front of me."

There was silence for a moment, and then the father said with a smile:

"But my children are so amusing in such matters. Only this morning I had to reprove Brother Storm for losing his hat somewhere, and now Brother Paul——"

By an involuntary impulse, obscure to themselves, the brothers turned towards John, who was standing in the recess of one of the windows with his pale face looking out on the sunshine.

John was the first to speak.

"Father," he said, "I have something to say to you."

"Come this way," said the superior, and they passed out of the room together.

The father led the way to his cell, and closed the door behind them. But there was little need of confession; the father seemed to know everything in an instant. He sat in his wicker chair before the fire, and rocked himself and moaned.

"Well, well, God's wrath comes up

against the children of disobedience, but we must do our best to bear our punishment."

John Storm made no excuses. He had stood by the father's chair and told his story simply, without fear or remorse, and only concealing that part of it which concerned himself in relation to Glory.

"Yes, yes," said the father, "I see quite plainly how it has been. He was like tinder, ready to take fire at a spark, and you were thinking that I had been hard and cruel and inhuman."

It was the truth; John could not deny it; he held down his head and was silent.

"But shall I tell you why I refused that poor boy's petition? Shall I tell you who he was, and how he came to be here? Yes, I will tell you. Nobody in this house has heard it until now, because it was his secret and mine and God's alone. But you have thrust yourself in between us, so you must hear everything, and may the Lord pity and forgive you and help you to bear your burden."

John felt that a cold damp was breaking out on his forehead, but he clenched his moist hands and made ready to control himself.

"Has he ever spoken of another sister?"

"Yes, he has sometimes mentioned her."

"Then perhaps you have been told of the painful and tragic event that happened?"

"No," said John, but something that he had heard at the board meeting at the hospital returned at that moment with a stunning force to his memory.

"His father, poor man, was one of my own people—one of the lay associates of our society in the world outside. But his health gave way, his business failed him, and he died in a madhouse, leaving his three children to the care of a friend. The friend was thought to be a worthy and even a pious man, but he was a scoundrel and a traitor. The younger sister—the one you know—he committed to an orphanage, the elder one he deceived and ruined. As a sequel to his sin, she lived a life of shame on the streets of London, and died by suicide at the end of it."

John Storm put up one hand to his head as if his brain was bursting, and with the other hand he held on to the father's chair.

"That was bad enough, but there was worse to follow. Our poor Paul had grown to be a man by this time, and Satan put it into his heart to avenge his sister's honor. 'As the whirlwind passeth, so the wicked are no more.' The betrayer of his trust was found dead in his room, slain by an unknown assassin. Brother Paul had killed him."

John Storm had fallen to his knees. If hell itself had opened at his feet he could not have been stricken with more horror. In a voice strangled by fear he stammered, "But why didn't you tell me this before? Why have you hidden it until now?"

"Passions, my son, are the same in a monastery as outside of it, and I had too much reason to fear that the saintliest soul in our brotherhood would have refused to live and eat and sleep in the same house with a murderer. But the poor soul had come to me like a hunted beast, and who was I that I should turn my back upon him? Before that he had tramped through the streets and slept in the parks, under the impression that the police were pursuing him, and thereby he had contracted the lung disease from which he suffers still. What was I to do? Give him up to the law? Who shall tell me how I could have held the balance level? I took him into my house; I sheltered him; I made him a member of our community; heaven forgive me, I suffered myself to receive his vows. It was for me to comfort his stricken body, for the church to heal his wounded soul; and as for his crime, that was in God's hands, and God alone could deal with it."

The father had risen to his feet and spoke the last words with uplifted hand.

"Now you know why I refused that poor boy's petition. I loved him as a son, but neither the disease of his body nor the weakness of his mind could break the firmness of the rule by which I held him. I knew that Satan was dragging him away from me, and I would not give him up to the sufferings and dangers which the Evil One was preparing for him in the world. But how subtle are the temptations of the devil! He found the weak

place in my armor at last. He found you, my son—you; and he tempted you by all your love, by all your pity, by all your tenderness, and you fell, and this is the consequence."

The father clasped his hands at his breast and walked to and fro in the little room.

"The bitterness of the world against religious houses is great already, but if anything should happen now, if a crime should be committed, if our poor brother, clad in the habit of our order——"

He stopped and crossed himself and lifted his eyes, and said in a tremulous whisper, "'O God, whom have I in heaven but Thee? My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.'"

John had staggered to his feet like a drunken man. "Father," he said, "send me away from you. I am not fit to live by your side."

The father laid both hands on his shoulders. "And shall I lower my flag to the enemy like that? There is only one way to defeat the devil, and that is to defy him. No, no, my son, you shall remain with me to the last."

"Punish me, then. Give me penance. Let me be the lowest of the low and the meanest of the mean. Only tell me what I am to do, and I will do it."

"Go back to the door and resume your duty as doorkeeper."

John looked at the father with an expression of bewilderment.

"I thought you had done with it, my son, but heaven knew better. And promise that when you are there you will pray for our wandering brother, that he may not be allowed to fulfil the errand on which you sent him out; pray that he may never find his sister, or anybody who knows her and can tell him where she is and what has become of her; pray that she may never cross his path to the last hour of life and the first of death's asundering; promise to pray for this, my son, night and day, morning and evening, with all your soul and strength, as you would pray for God's mercy and your soul's salvation."

John did not answer immediately; he was like a man in a stupor. "Is it possible?" he said. "Are you sending me back to the door? Can you really trust me again?"

The father stepped to the side of the bed, and took the key of the gate from its place under the shelf. "Take this key with you too, because for the future you are to be keeper of the gate as well."

John had taken the key mechanically, hardly hearing what was being said.

"Is it true, then—you have faith in me still?"

The father put both hands on his shoulders again and looked into his face. "God has faith in you, my child," he said, "and who am I that I should despair?"

When John Storm returned to the door his mind was in a state of stupefaction. Many hours passed, during which he was only partly conscious of what was taking place about him. Sometimes he was aware that certain of the brothers had gathered around, with a tingling, electrical atmosphere among themselves, and that they were asking questions about the escape, and whispering together as if it had been something courageous and almost commendable, and had set their hearts beating. Again, sometimes he was aware that big Brother Andrew was sitting by his side on the form, stroking his arm from time to time, and talking in his low voice and aimless way about his mother and the last he saw of her. "She followed me down the street crying," he said, "and I have often thought of it since and been tempted to run away." Also he was aware that the dog was with him always, licking the backs of his stiff hands and poking up a cold snout into his downcast face.

All this time he was doing his duties automatically, and apparently without help from his consciousness, opening and closing the door when required, and saying "Praise be to God!" when anybody knocked. It may be that his body was merely answering to the habits of its intellect, and that his soul, which had sustained a terrible blow, was lying stunned and swooning within.

When it revived, and he began to know and to feel once more, there was no one with him. The brothers were asleep in their beds, the dog was in the courtyard, and the house was very quiet, for it was

the middle of the night. And then it came back to him, like a dream remembered in the morning, that the father had asked him to pray for Brother Paul that he might fail in the errand on which he had sent him out into the world, and though with his lips he had not promised, yet in his heart he had undertaken to do so.

And being quite alone now, with no one but God for company, he went down on his knees in his place by the door and clasped his hands together.

"O God," he prayed, "have pity on Paul, and on me, and on all of us! Keep him from all danger and suffering, and from the snares and assaults of the Evil One. Grant that he may never find his sister—or anybody who knows her—or anybody who can tell him where she is and what has become of her——"

But having got so far he could get no farther, for suddenly it occurred to him that this was a prayer which concerned Glory and himself as well. It was only then that he realized the magnitude and awfulness of the task he had undertaken. He had undertaken to ask God that Paul might not find Glory either, and therefore that he on his part might never hear of her again. When he put it to himself like that, the sweat started from his forehead, and he was transfixed with fear.

He rose from his knees and sat on the form, and for a long hour he labored in the thought of a thousand possibilities, telling himself of the many things which might befall a beautiful and winsome girl in a cruel and wicked city. But then again he thought of Paul, and of his former crime and present temptation, and remembered the shadow that hung over the brotherhood.

"O God, help me," he cried, "strengthen me, support me, guide me!"

He tried to frame another prayer, but the words would not come; he tried to kneel as before, but his knees would not bend. How could he pray that Glory also might be lost—that something might have happened to her—that somewhere and in some way unknown to him——

No, no, a thousand times no! The prayer was impossible. Let come what would, let the danger to Paul and to the brotherhood be what they might, let Satan and all his legions fall on him, yet he could not and would not utter it.

XXXV.

THE stars were paling, but the day had not yet dawned when there came a knock at the door. John started and listened. After an interval the knock was repeated. It was a timid, hesitating tap, as if made with the tips of the fingers low down on the door.

"Praise be to God!" said John, and he drew the slide of the grating. He had expected to see a face outside, but there was nothing there.

"Who is it?" he asked, and there came no answer.

He took up the lamp that was kept burning in the hall and looked out through the bars. There was nothing in the darkness but an icy mist which appeared to be rising from the ground.

"Only another of my dreams," he thought, and he laid his hand on the slide to close it.

Then he heard a sigh that seemed to rise out of the ground, and at the same moment the dog uttered a deep bay. He laid hold of the door and pulled it quickly open. At his feet the figure of a man was kneeling, bent double and huddled up.

"Paul!" he cried, in an excited whisper.

Brother Paul raised his head. His face was frightfully changed. It was gray and wasted and disordered. His eyes wandered, his lips trembled, and he looked like a man who had been flogged.

"Good Lord, what a wreck!" thought John. He helped him to rise and enter. The poor creature's limbs were stiff with cold, and he stumbled from weakness as he crossed the threshold.

"But, thank God, you are back and no harm done!" said John. "How anxious we've been! You must never go out again—never! There, brother, sit there."

The wandering eyes looked up with a supplicating expression. "Forgive me, Brother Storm——"

But John would not listen. "Hush, brother! What have I to forgive? How cold you are! Your hands are like ice.

What can I do? There's no fire in the kitchen at this time of night—even in the kitchen it will be out now. But wait, I can rub you with my hands. See, I'm warm and strong. There's a deal of blood in me yet. That's better, isn't it? Tingling, eh? That's right—that's good! Now for your feet—your feet will be colder still."

"No, brother, no. I ought to be kissing the feet of everybody in the house, and asking the prayers of the community, and yet you——"

"Tut! What nonsense! Let me take off this shoe. Dear me, how it sticks! Why, you've worn it through and through! Look! What a mercy the snow was hard! If there had been thaw, now! How far you must have walked!"

"Yes, I've wandered a long way, brother."

"You shall tell me all about it. I want to hear everything—every single thing."

"There's nothing to tell. I've failed in my errand—that's all."

John, who was on his knees, drew back and looked up with a light in his eyes which no word could express.

"Do you mean, then—have you not seen your sister?"

"No, she's gone, and nobody knows anything about her."

"Well, perhaps it's for the best, brother. God's will be done, you know. If you had found her—who knows?—you might have been tempted; but tell me everything."

"I cannot do that, I'm so weak, and it's not worth while."

"But I want to hear all that happened. See, your feet are all right now—I've rubbed them warm again. Though I fast so much and look so thin I've a deal of life in me. And I've been pouring it all into you, haven't I? That's because I want you to revive and be strong and tell me everything. Hush! Speak low, don't waken anybody! Did you find the hospital?"

"Yes."

"Then Nurse Quayle sees nothing of your sister now! That's the pity of the life she is leading, poor girl! No friends, no future——"

"It wasn't that, brother."

"What, then?"

"The nurse was not there."

A silence followed, and then John said in another voice, "I suppose she was on holiday. It was very stupid of me; I didn't think of that. Twice a year a hospital nurse is entitled to a week's holiday, and no doubt——"

"But she was gone."

"Gone? You mean left the hospital?"

"Yes."

"Well," in a husky voice, "that isn't to be wondered at either. A high spirited girl finds it hard to be bound down to rule and regulation. But the porter—he is an intelligent man—he would tell you where she had gone to."

"I asked him—he didn't know. All he could say was that she left the hospital on the morning of Lord Mayor's Show day."

"That would be the 9th of November—the day we took our vows."

There was another pause; the big dark eyes were wandering vacantly.

"After all, he is only a porter; you asked for the matron, didn't you?"

"Yes; I thought she might know what had become of my sister. But she didn't. As for Nurse Quayle, she had been dismissed also, and nobody knew anything about her."

John had seated himself at Paul's side, and the form itself was quivering.

"Now that's just like her," he said hoarsely. "That matron was always a hard woman. And to think that in that great house of love and pity nobody——"

"I am forgetting something, brother."

"What is it?"

"The porter told me that the nurse called for her letters from time to time. She had been there that night—not half an hour before."

"Then you followed her, didn't you? You asked which way she had gone, and you hurried after her?"

"Yes; but half an hour in London is a week anywhere else. Let anybody cross the street and she is lost—more lost to sight than a ship in a storm on the ocean. And then it was New Year's Eve, and the thoroughfares were crowded, and thousands of women were coming and going—and—what could I do?" he said helplessly.

John answered scornfully, "What

could you do? Do you ask me what could you do?"

"What would you have done?"

"I should have tramped every street in London and looked into the face of every woman I met until I had found her. I should have worn my shoes to the welt and my skin to the bone before I should have come crawling home like a snail with my shell broken over my head."

"Don't be hard on me, brother, least of all now, when I have come home, like a snail, as you say, with my shell broken. I was very tired and ill and did all I could do. If I had been strong like you, and brave hearted, I might have struggled longer. But I *did* tramp the streets and look into the women's faces. She must have been among them, if she's living the life you speak of; but God would not let me find her. Why was it that my search was fruitless? Perhaps there was evil in my heart at first—I don't mind telling you that now—but I swear to you by Him who died for us that at last I only wanted to find my sister that I might save her. But I am such a helpless creature, and——"

John put his arm about Paul's shoulders.

"Forgive me, brother. I was mad to talk to you like that—I who sent you out on that cruel night and stayed at home myself. You did what you could——"

"You think that—really?"

"Yes, only at the moment it seemed as if we had changed places somehow, and it was I who had lost a sister and been out to find her, and given up the search too soon, and come home empty and useless and broken spirited and——"

Paul was looking up at him with a face full of astonishment.

"Do you really think I did all I could to find her—the nurse, I mean?"

But John had turned his own face away, and there was no answer. Paul tried to say something, but he could not find the words. At last in a choked voice he murmured, "We must keep close together, brother; we are in the same boat now."

And feeling for John's hand, he took it and held it, and they sat some minutes with bowed heads, as if a ghost were going by.

"There is nothing but prayer and penance and fasting left to us now, is there?"

Still John made no reply, and the broken creature began to comfort him.

"We have peace here at all events, and you wouldn't think what temptations come to you in the world when you've lost somebody, and there seems to be nothing left to live for. Shall I tell you what I did? It was in the early morning, and I was standing in a doorway in Piccadilly. The cabs and the crowds were gone, and only the night men were there swilling up the dirt of the pavements with their hose pipes and water. 'My poor girl is lost,' I thought. 'We shall never see each other again. This wicked city has ruined her, and our mother, who was so holy, was fond of her when she was a little child.' And then my heart seemed to freeze up within me—and I did it. You'll think I was mad—I went to the police station and told them I had committed a crime. Yes, indeed, I accused myself of murder and began to give particulars. It was only when they noticed my habit that I remembered the father, and then I refused to answer any more questions. They put me in a cell, where I spent the night, and next morning I denied everything and then they let me go."

Then, dropping his voice to a hoarse whisper, he said, "That wasn't what brought me back, though. It was the vow. You can't think what a thing the vow is until you've broken it. It's like a hot iron searing your very soul, and if you were dying and at the farthest ends of the earth, and you had to crawl on your hands and knees, you would come back——"

He would have said more, but an attack of coughing silenced him. When it was over there was a sound of some one moving in the house.

"What is that?"

"It is the father," said John. "Our voices have wakened him."

Paul struggled to his feet.

"It's only a life of penance and suffering you've come back to, my poor lad."

"That's nothing—nothing at all. But are you sure you think I did everything?"

"You did what you could. Are you going somewhere?"

"Yes, to the father."

"God bless you, my lad!"

"And God bless you too, brother!"

Half an hour later, by the order of the superior, John Storm, with Brother Andrew and the father minister, carried Brother Paul to his cell. The bell had been rung for lauds, and going up the stairs they passed the brothers coming down to service. News of Paul's return had gone through the house like a cutting wind, and certain of the brothers, who had gathered in groups on the landings, were whispering together, as if the coming back had been a shameful thing which cast discredit on all of them. It wasn't love of rule that had brought the man home again, but broken health and the want of a bed to die upon. Thus they talked under their breath, unconscious of the secret operation of their own hearts. In a monastery, as elsewhere, failure is the worst disgrace.

John Storm returned to the hall with a firm step and eyes full of resolution. Hardly answering the brothers, who plied him with questions, he pushed through them with long strides, and taking the key of the outer gate from the place in the alcove where he had left it, he turned towards the father's room.

The day had dawned, and through the darkness which was lifting in the little room he could see the father rising from his knees.

"Father!" he cried in an excited voice, and his words, like his breath, came in gusts.

"What is it, my son?"

"Take this key back again. The world is calling me, and I cannot trust myself at the door any longer. Put me under the rule of silence and solitude, and shut me up in a cell, or I shall break my obedience and run away as sure as heaven is over us!"

XXXVI.

Glory awoke on New Year's morning with a little hard lump at her heart, and thought, "How foolish! Am I to give up all my cherished dreams because one man is a scoundrel?"

The struggle might be bitter, but she would not give in. London was the mother of genius. If she destroyed, she created also. It was only the weak and the worthless she cast away. The strong she made stronger, the great she made greater. "O God, give me the life I love!" she thought; "give me a chance; only let me begin—no matter how, no matter where!"

She remembered her impulse of the night before to follow Brother Paul, and the little hard lump at her heart grew bitter. John Storm had gone from her, forgotten her, left her to take care of herself. Very well, so be it! What was the use of thinking? "I hate to be sentimental," she thought.

If Aggie came on Sunday night she would go with her, no matter if it was beginning at the bottom. Others had begun there, and what right had she to expect to begin anywhere else? For the future she would take the world on its own terms and force it to give way. She would conquer this great cruel London, and yet remain a good girl in spite of all.

Such was the mood in which she came down to breakfast, and the first thing that met her eyes was a letter from home. At that her face burned for a moment and her breath came in gusts, but she put the letter into her pocket unopened and tossed her head a little and laughed. "I hate to be so sensitive," she thought, and then she began to tell Mrs. Jupe what she intended to do.

"The clubs!" cried Mrs. Jupe. "I thought you didn't tyke to the shop because you fancied yerself above present company. But the foreign clubs! My gracious!"

The hissing of Mrs. Jupe's taunting voice followed her about all that day, and late at night, when they were going to bed and the streets were quiet, and there was only the jingle of a passing hansom or a drunken shout or the screech of a concertina, she could hear it again from the other side of the plaster partition, interrupted occasionally by the sound of Mr. Jupe's attempts to excuse and apologize for her. No matter! Anything to escape from the atmosphere of that woman's house, to be free of her and quit of her forever.

Towards eight o'clock on Sunday evening she went up to her bed room to put on her hat and ulster; and being alone

there, and waiting for Aggie, she could not help but open her letter from home.

"Sunday next is your birthday, my dear one," wrote the parson, "so we send you our love and greetings. This being the first of your twenty one that you have spent from home, I will be thinking of you all the day through, and when night comes, and I smoke a pipe by the study fire, I know I shall be leaving the blind up that I may see the evening star and remember the happy birthdays long ago, when somebody who was so petted and spoiled used to say she had just come down from it, having dressed herself in some strange and grand disguises, and told us she was Phonodoree the fairy. You will be better employed than that, Glory, and as long as my dear one is well and happy and prosperous in the great city where she so loves to be——"

The candle was shaking in Glory's hands, and the little half lit bed room seemed to be blinking in and out.

Aunt Anna had added a postcript: "Glad to hear you are enjoying yourself in London, but rather alarmed at your frequent mention of theaters. Take care you don't go too often, child, and mind you send us the name of the vicar of the parish you are living in, for I certainly think grandfather ought to write to him."

To this again there was a footnote by Aunt Rachel: "You say nothing of Mr. Drake nowadays. Is he one of Mrs. Jupe's visitors? And is it he who takes you to theaters?"

Then there was a New Year's card inclosed, having a picture of an eastern shepherd at the head of his flock of sheep, and bearing the inscription, "Follow in His footsteps."

But the hissing sound of Mrs. Jupe's voice came up from below, and Glory's tears were dried in an instant. On going down stairs she found Aggie, in her mock sealskin and big black feathers, sitting in the parlor at the back of the shop, and Mrs. Jupe talking to her in whispers, with an appearance of knowledge and familiarity. She caught the confused look of the one and the stealthy glances of the other, and the hard lump at her heart grew harder.

"Come on," said Glory, and a few minutes afterwards the girls were walking towards Soho. The little chapels in the quieter streets were dropping out their driblets of people, and the lights in the church windows were going out one by one. Aggie had recovered her composure, and was talking of Charlie as she skipped along with a rapid step, swinging her stage box by her side. Charlie was certain to be at one of the clubs, and he would be sure to see them home. He wasn't out of his time yet, and that was why her father wouldn't allow him about. But he was in an office in a foundry, and his people lived in a house, and perhaps one of these days——

"Did you say that some of the people who are on the stage now began at the clubs?" said Glory.

"Plenty, my dear. There's Betty Bellman for one. She was at a club in Old Compton Street when Mr. Sefton found her out."

Aggie had to "work a turn" at each of three clubs that night, and the girls were now at the door of the first of them. It stood at the corner of a reputable square, and was like any ordinary house on the outside. But people were coming and going constantly, and the doorkeeper was kept opening and closing the door. In the middle of the hall a clerk stood at a desk, having a great book in front of him, and making a show of challenging everybody as he entered. He recognized Aggie as an artiste, but passed Glory also on the payment of twopence and the signing of her name in the book.

The dining room of the house had been converted into a bar, with counter and stillage, and after the girls had crushed through the crowds that stood there they came into a large and shabby chamber, which had the appearance of having been built over the space which had once been the back yard. This room had neither windows nor skylights, its walls were decorated with portraits of Garibaldi and VictorEmmanuel in faded colors, and there was a stage and proscenium at its farther end.

It was an Italian club that met there on Sunday nights, and some two or three hundred hair dressers and restaurant keepers of swarthy complexion sat in groups at little round tables with their

wives and sweethearts (chiefly English women), smoking and drinking and laughing at the performance on the stage.

Aggie went down to her dressing room under the floor, and Glory sat at a table with a yellow haired lady and a dark eyed man. A negro without the burnt cork was twanging a banjo and cracking the jokes of the corner man.

"That's my style—a merry touch and go," said the lady. And then, glancing at Glory, "Singing tonight, my dear?"

Glory shook her head.

"Thought you might be a pro', p'rhaps. Use ter be myself when I was in the bally at the Lane. Married now, my dear; but I likes to come of a Sunday night when the kids is got to bed."

Then Aggie danced a skirt dance, and there were shouts of applause for her, and she came back and danced again. When she reappeared in jacket and hat, and with her stage box in her hand, the girls crushed their way out. Going through the bar they were invited to drink by several of the men who were standing there, but they got into the streets at last.

"They're rather messy, those bars," said Aggie; "but managers like you to come round and tyke something after you've done your turn—if it's only a cup of cawfy."

"Do you like this life?" said Glory, taking a long breath.

"Yes, awfully!" said Aggie.

Their next visit was to a Swiss club, which did not greatly differ from the Italian one, except that the hall was more shabby, and that the audience consisted of French and Swiss waiters and skittish young English milliners. The girls had taken their hats and cloaks off, and sat dressed like dolls, in white muslin, with long streamers of bright ribbon. A gentleman sang the "Postman's Knock," with the character accompaniment of a pot hat and a black edged envelope; a lady sang "Maud" in silk tights and a cloak; Aggie danced her skirt dance; and then the floor was cleared for a ball.

"They're going to dance the Swiss dance," said Aggie, "and the M. C. wants me to tyke a place; but I hate those fellows to be hugging me. Will you be my partner, dear?"

"Well—just for a minute or two," said Glory with nervous gaiety. And then the dance began.

It proved to be a musical version of odd man out, and Glory soon found herself being snapped up by other partners, and addressed familiarly by the waiters and their women. She could feel the moisture of their hands and smell the oil of their hair, and a feeling like a spasm of physical pain came over her.

"Let us go," she whispered.

"Yes, it's getting lyte," said Aggie, and they crushed through the crowded bar and out into the street.

The twanging of the fiddles, the thud of the dancing, and the peals of coarse laughter followed them from the stifling atmosphere within, and Glory felt sick and faint.

"Do you say that managers of good places call at these places sometimes?"

"Often," said Aggie, and she hummed a music hall tune as she skipped and tripped along.

The streets, which had been dark and quiet when they arrived in Soho, were now ablaze with lights in every window, and noisy with people on every pavement. The last club they had to visit was a German club, and as they came near it they saw that a man was standing at the door, bareheaded, and looking out for somebody.

"It's Charlie," said Aggie, with a little jump of joy. But when they came up to him a scowl darkened his dark face, and he said:

"Late as usyal! Two of the bloomin' turns not come, and me lookin' up and dahn the bloomin' street for you every minute and more!"

The girl's eyes blinked as if he had struck her, but she only tossed her head and stiffened her under lip, and said, "Jawing again, are ye? I'd chuck it for once, Charlie, if it was only for sake of company."

With that she disappeared to the dressing room, and Charlie took charge of Glory, crushed a way for her through the refreshment room, offered her a "glaws o' somethink," and with an obvious pride of possession introduced her to admiring acquaintances as "a friend o' mine." "Like yer style, Charlie," said one. "Oh, yus! Dare say!" said Charlie.

The proscenium was surmounted by the German and English flags intertwined, the walls were adorned with oleograph portraits of the Kaiser, his father and grandfather, Bismarck and Von Moltke, and the audience consisted largely of lively young Jews and Jewesses in evening dress, some German and Polish Jews, and a sprinkling of other foreigners.

During Aggie's turn Glory was conscious that two strangers out of another world altogether had entered the club and were standing at the back.

"Toffs," said Charlie, looking at them over her shoulder, and then answering to himself the meaning of their looks. "No, my luds! 'Tain't the first we've seen of sech!"

Then Aggie came up with an oily person in a flowered waistcoat, and said, "This is my friend, guv'nor, and she wouldn't mind doing a turn if you asked her."

"If de miss vill oblige," began the oily one, and then the blood rushed to Glory's face, and before she knew what else had happened her hat and ulster were in Aggie's hands and she was walking up the steps to the stage.

There was some applause when she went on, but she was in a dazed condition and it all seemed to be taking place a hundred miles away. She heard her own voice saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission I will endeavor to give you an imitation——" and something more. Down to that moment her breath had been coming and going in hot gasps, and she had felt a dryness in the throat; but every symptom of nervousness suddenly disappeared and she threw up her head like a charger in battle.

Then she sang. It was only a common street song, and everybody had heard it a thousand times. She sang "And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back," after the manner of a line of factory girls going home from work at night. Arm in arm, decked in their Vandyke hats slashed with red ribbon and crowned with ostrich feathers, with their free step, their shrill voices—they were there before everybody's eyes, everybody could see them, everybody could recognize them, and before the end of the first verse there were shouts and squeals of laughter.

Glory felt dizzy, yet self possessed; she gave a little audible laugh while she stood bowing between the verses. In a few minutes the song was finished and the people were stamping, whistling, uttering screeching cat calls, and shouting "Brayvo!" But Glory was sitting at the foot of the stage by this time, with a face contorted as in physical pain. After the first thrill of success the shame of it all came over her; she saw how low she had fallen, and felt horrified and afraid. The clamor, the clapping of hands, the vulgar faces, the vulgar laughter, the vulgar song, Sunday night, her own birthday! It all passed before her like the incidents in some nightmare possession, and at the back of it came other memories—Glenfaba, the sweet and simple household, the old parson smoking by the study fire and looking up at the evening star, and then John Storm and the church chimes at Bishopsgate! One moment she sat there with her burning face, staring helplessly before her, while people crowded round to shake hands with her, and cried into her ears above the deafening tumult, "You'll have to tyke another turn, dear"—and then she burst into passionate weeping.

"Stand avay! De lady's not fit to sing again," said some one, and she opened her eyes.

It was one of the two gentlemen who had been standing at the back.

"Ach Gott! Is it you? Don't you know me, nurse?"

It was Mr. Koenig, the organist.

"My gracious! Vot are you doing here, my child? Two monts ago I haf look for you at de hospital, and haf write to de matron, but you vere gone. Since den I haf look for you all over London. Vhere do you lif?"

Glory told him and he wrote down the address.

"Ugh? A genius, and lif in a tobacco shop! My vife vill call on you and fetch you avay. She is a goot woman, and vatever she tell you to do you must do it; but not musical and cleversome like as you. Bless mine soul! Singing in a Sunday club! Do you know, my child, you haf a voice, and talents, great talents! Vants training—yes. But vhat vould you haf? Here am I, Carl Koenig!

I speak ver' bad de Englisch, but I know ver' goot to teach music. I vill teach you same like I teach oder ladies who pay me many dollare. Do you know vhat I am?"

Yes, she knew what he was—he was the organist at All Saints', Belgravia.

"Pooh! I am a composer as vell. I write songs, and all your countrymen and countrywomen sing dem. I haf a choral company, too, and it is for dat I vant you. I go to de first houses in de land, de lords, de ministers, de princes. You shall come vith me. Your voice is soprano—no, mezzo soprano—and it vill grow. I vill pitch it, and vhen it is ready I vill bring you out. But now get away from dis place at vonce and naivere come back, or I vill be more angry as before."

Glory rose, and he led her to the door. Her heart felt big and her eyes were glistening. Aggie was in the refreshment room. Having finished for the night, she had resumed her out door costume, without removing her make up, and was laughing merrily among a group of men, and playing them off against Charlie, who was still in the sulks and drinking at the bar. When Glory appeared the girl fidgeted with her glove and said, "Aren't you going to see us home, Charlie?"

"No," said Charlie.

"Where are you going to?"

"Nowhere as you can come."

Aggie's eyes watered, and she wrenched a button off, but she only laughed and answered, "Don't think as we're throwing ourselves at *your* head, my man. We only wanted to *know*. Ta ta!"

It was now midnight, and the streets were thin of people, but sounds of music and dancing came from nearly every open window and door.

Aggie was crying. "That's the worst of the clubs," she said; "they lead 'em to the gambling hells. And then a young man always knows when he can tyke advantage."

As they returned past the Swiss club, somebody who was being thrown out into the streets was shouting in a gurgling voice, "Let go o' my throat or I'll corpse ye!" And farther on two or three girls in their teens, with their arms about the necks of twice as many men, were reeling along the pavement and singing in a tuneless wail.

XXXVII.

Towards the middle of Lent the Society of the Holy Gethsemane was visited by its ecclesiastical visitor. This was the bishop of the diocese, the Bishop of London, a liberal minded man and not a very rigid ecclesiastic, abrupt, brusk, businesslike, and a good administrator. When the brothers had gathered in the community room, he took from the superior the leathern bound volume containing the rule of the brotherhood, and read aloud the text of it.

"And now, gentlemen," he said, "whether I approve of your rule or do not approve of it is a matter with which I have no concern at present. My sole duty is to see that it is lawfully administered. Are you satisfied with the administration of it, and willing to remain under its control?"

There was only one response from the brothers—they were entirely satisfied.

The bishop rose with a smile and bowed to the brothers, and they began to leave the room.

"There are two of my people whom you have not yet seen," said the father.

"Where are they?"

"In their cells."

"Why in their cells?"

"One of them is ill; the other is under the rule of silence and solitude."

"Let us visit them," said the bishop, and they began to ascend the stairs. "I may not agree with your theory of the religious life, father, but when I see your people giving up the world and its comforts, its joys and possessions, its ties of blood and affection——"

They had reached the topmost story, and the father had paused to recover breath. "This cell to the right," said he, "is occupied by a lay brother who was tempted by the Evil One to a grievous act of disobedience, and the wrath of God has fallen on him. But Satan has overreached him for once, and by that very act grace has triumphed. Not a member of our community rejoices more in the blessed sacrament, and when I place the body of our Lord——"

"May we go in to him?"

"Certainly; he is dying of lung disease, but you shall see with what patience he possesses his soul."

Brother Paul was sitting before a small fire in an armchair padded with pillows, holding in his dried up hands a heavy crucifix which was suspended from his neck.

"How lightsome and cozy we are up here!" said the bishop. "A long way up, certainly, but no doubt you get everything you require."

"Everything," said Paul.

"Of course you see a doctor occasionally?"

"Three times a week, and if he would only let me escape from an evil and troublesome world——"

"Hush! It's not right to talk like that, my son. Whatever happens, it is our duty to live, you know."

"I've lost all there was to live for, and besides——"

"Then there is nothing you wish for?" said the bishop.

"Nothing but death," said Paul, and lifting the crucifix, he carried it to his lips.

"Thank God we are born to die," said the bishop, and they stepped back to the corridor and closed the door.

"This next cell," said the father, "is occupied by such a one as you were thinking of—one who was born to possess the world and to achieve its sounding triumphs, but——"

"Has he given it up entirely?"

"Entirely."

"Is he young?"

"Quite young, and he has left the world, not as Augustine did, after learning by bitter experience the deceitfulness of sin——"

"Then why is he here?"

"He cannot trust himself yet. He feels the inward strivings and struggles of our rebellious nature and——"

"Then his solitude and silence are voluntary?"

"Now they are. See," said the father, and stooping to the floor he picked up a key that lay at his feet.

"What does that mean?"

"He locks himself in and pushes the key under the door."

When they entered the cell John Storm was standing by the window in a stream of morning sunlight, looking out on the world below with fixed and yearning eyes.

"This is our visitor," said the father. "The rule of silence is relaxed in his case."

"Have I not seen you before?" asked the bishop.

"I think not, my lord," said John.

"What is your name, and where were you living before you came here?"

John told him.

"Then I have both seen and heard you. But I perceive that the world has gone on a little since you left it—your canon is an archdeacon now and one of the chaplains to the queen as well. How long have you been in the brotherhood?"

"Since the 14th of August."

"And how long have you kept your cell?"

"Since the week before the Epiphany."

"This is the third week in Lent—rather a long penance, father."

"I have often urged our dear brother——" began the father.

"You carry your fastings and prayers too far, Mr. Storm," said the bishop. He was picking up one by one some black letter books that were lying on the table and on the bed. "I know that divines in all ages tell us that the body is evil, and that its desires and appetites must be eradicated. But they also teach us that the perfect Christian character is the blending of the two lives, the life of nature and the life of grace. Don't despise your humanity, my son. Your Master did not despise it. He came down from heaven that He might live and work among the sinful brotherhood of man. And don't pray for death, or fast as if you prayed for it. You would have no right to do that, even if you were like your poor neighbor next door, whom death smiles on and beckons to repose. But you are young and you are strong. Who knows what good work your heavenly Father keeps waiting for you yet?"

John had returned to the window, and was looking out with vacant eyes.

"But all this is beside my present business," said the bishop. "There is nothing you wish to complain of?"

"Nothing whatever."

"You are content to live in this house, under the laws and statutes of this society, and in voluntary obedience to its superior?"

"Yes."

"That is enough."

The bishop was leaving the cell when his eye was arrested by some writing in pencil on the wall. It ran, "9th of November—Lord Mayor's Day"; and under it were short lines such as a prisoner makes when he keeps a reckoning.

"What is the meaning of this date?" said the bishop.

John was silent, but the father answered with a smile, "That is the date of his vow, my lord. It is part of the discipline of his life of grace to keep count of the days of his novitiate, so eager is he for the time when he may dedicate his whole life to God."

Back at the head of the stairs the father paused again and said, "Listen!"

There was the sound as of a trembling hand turning the key in the lock of the door they had shut behind them, and at the next moment the key itself came out of the aperture under it.

When the door closed on the bishop, and John Storm was alone in his cell, one idea was left with him—the idea of work. He had tried everything else, and everything had failed.

He had tried solitude. On asking to be shut up in a cell he had said to himself, "The thought of Glory is a temptation of my unquickened and unspiritual nature. It has already betrayed me into an act of cowardice and inhumanity, and it will drive me out into the world and fling me back again, as it drove out and flung back Brother Paul." But the result of his solitude was specious and deceitful. At first it was painful, monotonous and stifling, and then it began to awaken the fibers of memory and to torment him with thoughts of the past. As pictures seem to float before the eyes after the eyelids are closed, so his past life, now that it was over, seemed to rise up before him with awful distinctness.

Sitting alone in his cell, every event of his life with Glory, in the island and in London, passed before him in review, and harassed him with pitiless condemnation. Why had he failed to realize the essential difference of temperament between himself and that joyous creature? Why had he hesitated to gratify her natural and innocent love of mere life? Why had he allowed his dislike of Lord Robert and his distrust of Drake to drive her into the society of these men, as the only escape from his own rigid and unnecessary asceticism? Why had he done this? If Glory was lost, if the wicked and merciless world had betrayed her, the fault was his fault, and God would surely punish him. Thus did solitude enervate his soul by frightening it, and the temptation he had hoped to vanquish became the more strong and tyrannical.

He had tried reading. The fathers had been saints, but they had been men also, and had known what it was to have the spiritual life crushed almost to death by the struggles of human passion. The fathers told him that God allowed ascetics to keep the keys of their nature in their own hands; that they had only to think of woman as more bitter than death, and of her beauty as a cause of perdition, and that if any woman's face tormented them they were to picture it to the eye of the mind as old and wrinkled, defaced by disease, and even the prey of the worm. He tried to do so, though the task was hard and bitter, and as long as the daylight lasted he kept up the blind and cruel struggle to think of Glory as the fathers directed; but when darkness fell and he lay on his bed, with the first dream of the night the strong powers of nature that had no mind to surrender swept down the pitiful bulwarks of religion, and Glory was smiling upon him in her youth, her beauty, her sweetness, her humor, and all the grace of her countless gifts.

He had tried fasting. The fight of a living force with a dead, heavy, unquickened nature would be the easier if he purified the body by subduing it. Three times a day Brother Andrew brought him his food, and twice a day when the lay brother had left him he opened the window and spread the food on the sill for the birds to take it. But the results of his fasting were the reverse of his expectations. There came first a fermentation and then a sinking earthwards of the whole nature. At one moment he was uplifted by strong emotions, at the next

moment he was in collapse. Now his spirit was soaring upwards on wings of celestial passion, and now he was uttering blasphemies and dashing himself against the wall. His knees trembled, his head reeled, his eyes became dim and his brain feeble. Visions began to pass before him. His father's face tormented him constantly, and sometimes he was conscious of the face of his mother, though down to that time he had never known her. But above all and through all there came the face of Glory. Fasting had only extended his dreams about her. He was dreaming both by day and by night now, and Glory was with him always.

He had tried prayer. No one could resist the temptations of the flesh without recommending himself to God. He had said his offices regularly, but now he would say special prayers as well. To get the victory over his lawless and rebellious nature he would fix his eyes on the mother of the Lord. That should be the weapon with which by God's help he would fight and vanquish; that should be the vision with which he would banish the phantoms that pursued him. But when he tried to fix his mind on Mary, there was nothing to answer to it. All was shadowy and impalpable. There was only a vague, blind, empty cloud before his eyes, until suddenly a luminous face glided into the vacant place, and it was full of tenderness, of sweetness, of charm, of pity and womanly love—but it was the face of Glory.

Despair laid hold of him. His attempts to overcome nature were clearly rejected by the Almighty. Day by day he paced round his cell and heard the fiends rejoice over him with shrieks of laughter. Winter passed with its foggy days. He stood by the window and looked out on the river and the opposite shore with its gray wharves and warehouses and its dull and naked landscape. The Father wished him to return to the ordinary life of the community, but he begged to be allowed to remain. His solitude was awful, but it was the only thing that made existence endurable. Like a captured and wounded beast, lonely, revengeful, and defiant, he was waiting for his death.

But the spring came and diffused its joy throughout all nature. The air became lighter and larger; the sky ceased to press down on the house tops, and grew pure and transparent and rose far overhead; the leaves began to rustle on the tree in the courtyard, and the birds to build their nests in the eaves. Spring exercised its influence on him also, and hope came back to him. He listened to the leaves, he watched the birds threading their way in the clear air, he caught glimpses of the yellow flowers, and strained his eyes for the green country beyond. The young birds began to take wing, and one little sparrow came hopping into his room as often as he opened his window in the morning and played about his feet like a mouse, and then was gone to the mother bird that called to it from the tree.

Little by little hope grew to impatience, and impatience rose to fever heat, but he remembered his vows, and to put himself out of temptation he locked the door of his cell and pushed the key through the aperture under it. But he could not lock the door of his soul, and his old trouble came up again with the throb of a stronger and fresher life. Every morning when he awoke he thought of Glory.

Where was she now? What had become of her by this time? He wrote on the wall the date of her disappearance from the hospital—"9th of November—Lord Mayor's Day"—and tried to keep pace in his mind with the chances of her fate. And every night before lying down to sleep he looked out westward—always westward—where the blue sheet of the electric light lit up the sky, and life was only beginning to bestir itself. "I am guilty of a folly," he thought. The pride of his reason revolted against what he was doing. Nevertheless he knew full well it would be the same tomorrow, and the next day, and the next year, for his human passions would not yield, and his vows still clutched him as with fangs.

He was standing one morning by the window looking out on the river, with its hay barges gliding down the glistening waterway, and its little steamers with their spirals of smoke ascending, when everything in the world began in a moment to bear another moral interpretation. The lesson of life was work. Man could not exist without it. If he departed

from that condition, no matter how much he fasted and meditated and prayed, he was useless and miserable and depraved.

Then the lock turned in the door of his cell, and the father and the bishop entered. When they were gone he felt suffocated by their praises of his piety, and asked himself, "What am I doing here?" He was a hypocrite. Ten thousand other men whom the church called saints had been hypocrites before him, and as they paced their cloisters they had asked themselves the same question. But the mighty hand of the church was over him still, and with trembling fingers he turned the key and pushed it under the door. Then he knew that he was a coward also, and that religion had deprived him of his will, of his force, of his manhood, and enervated his soul itself.

Brother Paul was moving about in the adjoining cell. The lay brother had become very weak; his step was slow, his feet dragged along the floor; his breath was audible, and sometimes his cough was long and raucous. John had heard these sounds every day, and had tried not to listen, but now he strained his ears to hear. A new thought had come to him: he would ask to be allowed to nurse Brother Paul; that should be his work, for work alone could save him.

Next morning he leapt up from sleep at the first syllable of "Benedicamus Domino," and cried "Father!" But when the door opened in answer to his call it was the father minister who entered. The superior had gone to give a retreat to a sisterhood in York, and would be absent until the end of Lent. John looked at the hard face of the deputy, the very mirror of his closed and frozen soul, and he could say nothing.

"Is it anything that I can do for you?" said the father minister.

"No—that is to say—no, no," said John.

When he opened his window that day he could hear the Lenten services in the church. The prayers, the responses, the psalms, and the hymns woke to fresh life the memory of things long past, and for the first time he became oppressed with a great loneliness. The near neighborhood of Brother Paul served but to intensify that loneliness, and at length he asked for an indulgence and spoke to the father minister again.

"Brother Paul is ill—let me attend to him," he said.

The father minister shook his head. "It is part of the discipline of the life of grace that every one should attend to himself."

"But he is a dying man; and somebody should be with him always."

"If he is dying, let us leave him to meditate on the happiness and glory of another world."

John made no further struggle. Another door had been closed on him. But it was not necessary to go to Brother Paul that he might be with him always. The spiritual eye could see everything. Listening to the sounds in the adjoining cell, it was the same at length as if the wall between them had broken down and the two rooms were one. Whatever Brother Paul did, John seemed to see it; whatever he said in his hours of pain, John seemed to hear it; and when he lifted his scuttle of coal from the place at the door where the lay brother left it, John's hand seemed to bear up the weight.

It was a poor, pathetic folly, but it brought the comfort of company, and John thought with a pang of the time when he had wished to be separated from Paul, and had all but asked for a cell elsewhere. Paul had a fire, and John could hear him build and light and stir it; and sometimes when this was done he would sit down himself before his own empty grate on his own side of the wall and fancy they were good comrades sitting side by side.

As the day passed he thought that Brother Paul on his part also was touched by the same sense of company. His silence at certain moments, his half articulate salutations, his repetition of the sounds that John himself made, seemed to be the dumb expression of a sense that in spite of the wall that divided them, and the rule of silence and solitude that separated them, they were nevertheless together.

Brother Paul's cough grew rapidly worse, and at last it burst into a fit so long and violent as to seem as if it would never end. John held his breath and listened.

"He'll suffocate," he thought; "he'll never live through it." But the spasm passed, and there was a prolonged hush, a dead stillness, that was not broken by so much as the sound of a breath. Was he gone? By a sudden impulse, in the agony of his suspense, John stretched out his hand and knocked three times on the wall.

There was a short silence, and then, faintly, slowly, and irregularly, three other knocks came back to him.

Paul had understood, and John shouted in his joy. But even on top of his relief came his religious fears. Had they broken the rule of silence? Were they guilty of a sin?

Nevertheless, for many days thereafter, though they knew it was a fault, in this vague and dumb and feeble fashion they communicated constantly. On going to bed they rapped "Good night"; on rising for the day they rapped "Good morning." They rapped when the bell rang for midday service, and again when the singing came up through the courtyard. And sometimes they rapped from sympathy, sometimes from pity, and sometimes from mere human loneliness and the love of company.

Thus did these exiles from life, struggling to live under the eye of God in obedience to an unnatural vow, try to cheer their crushed and fettered souls, and to comfort each other like imprisoned children.

XXXVIII.

The Priory, St. John's Wood,
London.

BEHOLD, all men and women at Glenfaba, I have made one further change in my rôle of female Wandering Jew! You have to think of Glory now, dear people, in a nice house in St. John's Wood, though there is no wood anywhere visible except the park, where they keep all the wild beasts in London—all that go on four legs, you know. The master of the mansion is Mr. Carl Koenig, a dear old hippopotamus who is five feet nothing in his boots, and has piercing black eyes and an electroplated mustache. He is a sort of an English German Polish musician. When he talks of himself as an organist he is always a little John Bull, being F. R. C. O. and lots of things besides; when he speaks of "Vaterland" he is a German; and when he is in good spirits (or they are in him) he sings "Poland is not lost for ever!" all over the house until you sometimes wish it were.

His wife is an Englishwoman, about forty or more, with big, moist, doggy eyes that give you an idea of slave humility and an unappreciated and undeveloped soul. There never were two married folk less alike, she being one of those silent creatures who come into a room and sit and listen and never speak, except to give instructions to the maids, while he is always cackling like an old hen who can never lay an egg without letting the whole world know all about it. They have two female servants, both beautiful Cockneys, besides a boy in the garden, and a parrot that holds forth all over the place; and their house is the rendezvous of all kinds and conditions of great people, for Mr. Koenig himself is a sort of Gideon's lamp among "pros" of nearly every order.

And now you want to know how I come to be here. You are to learn, then, that Mr. Koenig happened to be one of my patients in the hospital, he having gone there for a slight operation, and I having helped to nurse him through what he calls his "operatic cure." In the course of that ordeal he had music of a less excruciating kind sometimes, it seems, and after his return home he searched for me all over London on account of my voice, and finding me unexpectedly at last he sent his wife to Mrs. Jupe's to fetch me, and—and here I am in a dainty little dimity room, whose walls are covered with portraits of well known singers, violinists, pianists, and composers, with affectionate inscriptions underneath.

But you want to learn why I am here. Well, you must know that Mr. Koenig (although a foreign musician) is organist of All Saints', Belgravia, where they sing a solo anthem at nearly every Sunday morning service; and having had various disappointments at the hands of vocal soloists from the opera, whose "professional engagements suddenly intervened," he conceived the audacious idea of intervening a woman to do their duty permanently. So this is my position in the church at which John Storm used to be curate, and once a week I pipe that his old enemy the canon may play. But as that good man is of St. Paul's opinion about women holding their tongues in the tabernacle, and is blest with just enough ear to know a contralto from a corncrake, I have to be hidden away behind a sceen in order that his reverence may have all the fun to himself of believing me to be a boy.

So you see, my dearies, you needn't be anxious about me "at all at all," seeing that I am living in this atmosphere of art and odor of sanctity, and that I have kept only one tiny little thing back, and I am going to tell you that now. You were afraid that I might go too often to the theater, Aunt Anna. Never mind, auntie, I shall not be going so very often now, and in proof thereof permit me to introduce myself in my future style and character—Miss Glory Quayle, the eminent social entertainer! You don't know what that is, dear people? It is quite simple and innocent, nevertheless. I am to go to the houses of smart people when they give their grand parties, and sing and recite, and so forth. Nothing wrong, you see—only what I used to do at Glenfaba.

You must know that, just as in the country the

men go to the smithy when they have nothing more pressing on hand than to settle the affairs of the universe, and the women to the mangle house when they have to mangle other things besides clothes, so in the towns the poor rich people have their own particular diversion, which they call their "at homes." Mr. Drake used to tell me they were terrible Tower of Babel concerns, at which everybody talked at once, and all the tongues in the place went click clack world without end. But they must be perfectly charming, for all that; and when I think of the dresses and the diamonds and the titles as long as your breath—oh dear, oh dear!

I shall see it all soon, I suppose, for to supply the place of the hammer and the anvil the smart folks always add musical accompaniment to the confusion of tongues, and Mr. Koenig, who has a choral company, goes to the cream of the cream of such gatherings and sings and plays from Grieg and Schumann, and Liszt and Wagner, and Chopin and Paderewski, and the place intended for me in this grand organization would appear to be that of jester to my lords and ladies. "*Ach Gott!*" says Mr. Koenig, who "speaks ver' bad de Englisch," "your great people vant de last new ting. One lady she say to me, 'Dear Mr. Koenig, I tink I shall not ask you dis season. I hear you everyvheres I go to, and I get so tired of peoples.' But vhen I takes anoder wis me, I am a new beesness. You shall sing and recite your leetle funny tings. Your great people tink dey loof music, but dey loof better to laugh. 'For goodness' sake make dem laugh. Mr. Koenig'—dat's vhat a great man say to me. But, my gootness, how can I? I am a musician!"

For this high and noble office I have been going through a purgatory of preparation, in which I have sometimes hardly known whether I was a hurdygurdy or an explosion of cats, and the future female jester has even been known to lie down on the floor and cry. However, Mr. Koenig begins to believe that I am passable, and my first appearance is to be made immediately after Lent, at the house of the home secretary, where it is not impossible, dear Aunt Rachel, that I may meet Mr. Drake, although that is no part of my program or expectation.

I course I shall have to look charming in any case, and I am already busy with my dress. It is a black silk gown with a tight fitting bodice. The bodice has windbag sleeves, formed of shawl pieces of guipure lace, and some lilies of the valley on the breast, finished with a waistband of heliotrope velvet, and I am going to wear long black gloves all the way up my arms, which are growing round and plump and lovely enough for anything. The skirt is my old one, and I got the lace for three and six, so I am not ruining myself, you see; and though my hair is getting redder than ever, red is the fashionable color in London now, therefore I shan't waste much money on dyes.

But for all this brave exterior, when the time comes I know that down in my heart I shall be terrified. It will be like the first dive of the year. "One plunge, Glory, my child," and then over I'll go! I partly realize already what it will be like by my experiences on Sunday evenings when the celebrities come here after church, and Mr. Koenig exhibits me to admiring friends, and I overhear them say, "That girl will show them all something yet." Oh, this London is adorable, my dears, with its wit and fashion, and gaiety and luxury! And I have concluded that to live in the world is the best thing one can do after all. Some people say hard things about it, and want to reform it, or even to leave it altogether; but I love it, I love it, and think it just charming!

And now spring is here, and the world is lovely in its yellow and green. It must be *urromassy* nice over yandher in the oilan' too, with the primroses and the violets and the gorse in the glen. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I can smell it all three hundred miles away! The lilacs will be out at Glenfaba now, and Aunt Anna will be collecting her Easter eggs.

Not a word from John Storm, of course. No doubt he is fighting with shadows while other people are struggling with realities. They tell me these brotherhoods are common in the church now, though most of them are secret societies; but the more I think of that kind of religion the more it looks like setting tasks to try faith, as if God were a coquettish woman. That reminds me that Mr. Worldly Wealthy Wiseman is no longer a canon, having got himself made archdeacon, and as such he looks more than ever like a black Spanish cock, being clad, of course, in those funny clothes, like the bishops, which always make one think their lordships must be in doubt on getting up in the morning whether they ought to wear a schoolboy's knickerbockers or a ballet girl's skirt, so they settle the difficulty by putting on both. For this reason I try to avoid him when on duty at the church, lest I should be suddenly possessed of a devil and behave badly to his face. But this being Lent, and there being special preachers every day, it chanced on Sunday morning that I came upon three of him all in a row, and oh, my gracious, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!

It is too bad, though, to think that men like John Storm can't find room in the church for the sole of their foot, while this archdemon is flourishing in it like a green baytree. Forgive me, grandfather; I can't help it. But then the church in the country doesn't seem the same thing as in town. *There* you are somehow made to feel that man does a little and God does all the rest, while *here* we reverse that order of things, with the result that this seed of the Amalekite—but never mind.

I went to the Zoo this morning. There was a lion shut up in a cage all by himself. Such a solemn, splendid, silent fellow; I could have cried.

But it is the witching hour of night, my daughter, and you must put yourself to bed.

GLORY.

XXXIX.

IN the middle of the night of Good Friday John Storm was awakened by noises in the adjoining cell. There seemed to be

the voices of two men in angry and violent altercation, the one threatening and denouncing, the other protesting and supplicating.

"The girl is dead—isn't that proof enough?" said one voice.

"It's a lie! It's a false accusation!" said the other voice. "Look at me. I was old enough to be her father. Paul, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to put this bullet in your brain."

"But I'm innocent—I take the Almighty to witness. Put the pistol down."

"Say your prayers. You've only one minute to live!"

"Help! help!"

"No use calling—there's nobody in the house."

"Mercy! mercy!"

"Down on your knees, lose no time!"

"I haven't much money about me, but you shall have it all. Take everything—everything—and if there's anything I can do to start you in life—I'm rich, Paul—I have influence—spare me!"

"Scoundrel, do you think you can buy me as you bought my sister?"

"And if I did I was not the only one."

"Liar! Tell that to herself when you meet her at the judgment!"

"Murder!"

"Too late—you've met her!"

John Storm listened and understood. The two voices were one voice. It was the voice of Paul. The lay brother was delirious. His poor broken brain was rambling in the ways of the past. He was reënacting the scene of his crime.

John hesitated. His impulse was to fly into Paul's room and lay hold of him, that he might prevent him from doing himself any injury. But he remembered the law of the community that no member should go into the cell of another, under pain of grievous penance. And then there was the rule of silence and solitude, which had not yet been lifted away.

But monks are great sophists, and at the next moment John Storm had told himself that it was not Brother Paul who was in the adjoining room, but only his poor perishing body, laboring through the last sloughs of the twilight land of death. Paul himself, his soul, his spirit, was far away, and hence it could be no sin to go into the cell of one whose senses were not there.

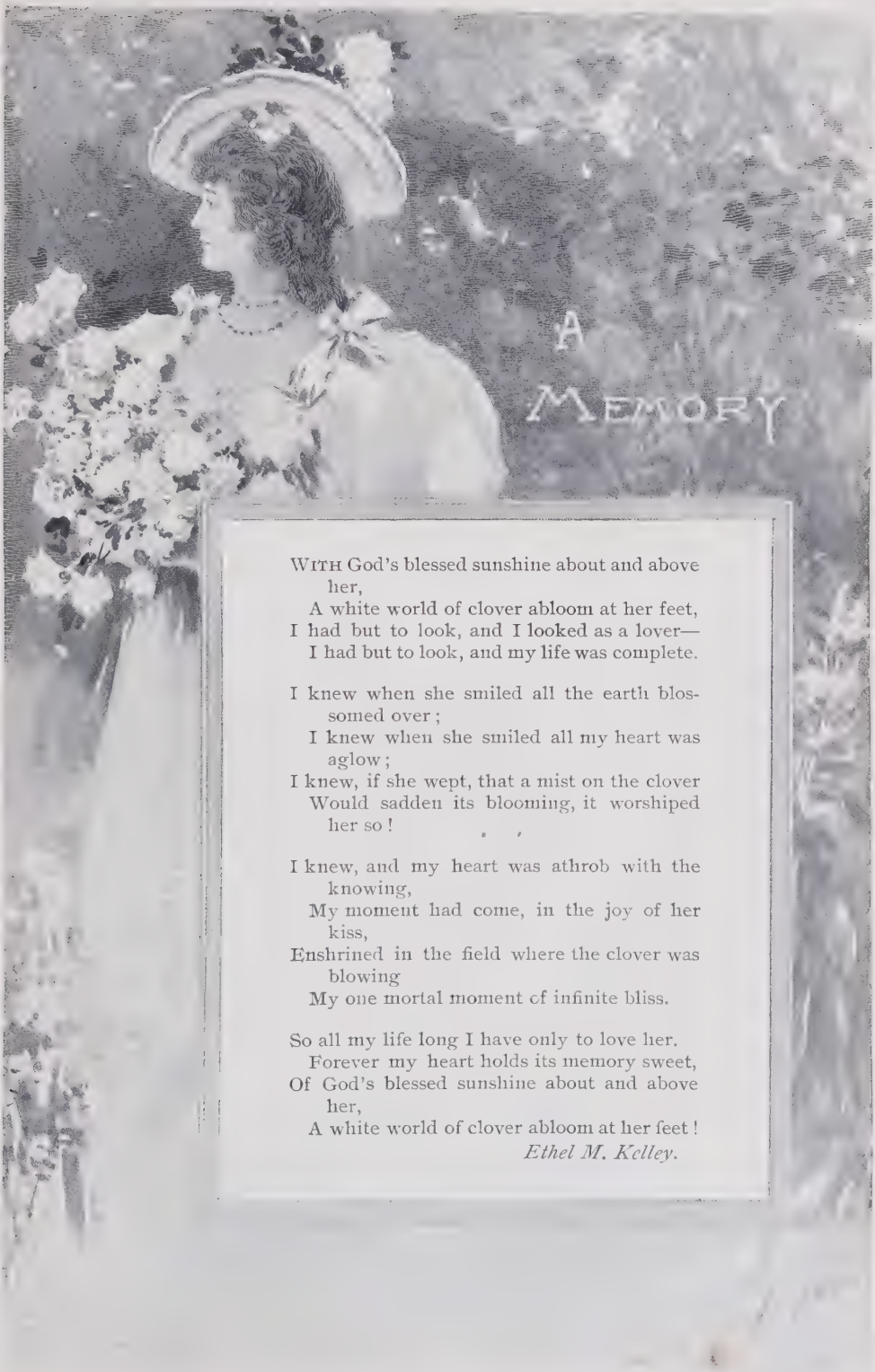
His own door was locked, but he scraped back the key and lit his candle, and stepped into the passage. The voices were still loud in Paul's room, but no one seemed to hear them, for not another sound broke the silence of the sleeping house. The cell beyond Paul's was empty. It was Brother Andrew's cell, and Andrew was at the door down stairs.

When John Storm entered the dark room, candle in hand, Brother Paul was standing in the middle of the floor with one hand outstretched and a ghastly and appalling smile upon his face. He was pale as death, his eyes were ablaze, his forehead was streaming with perspiration, and he was breathing from the depths of his chest. He wiped the dews from his brow, and said in a choking voice, "He has died as he lived—a liar and a scoundrel!"

John took him by the hand and drew him to the bed, and putting him to sit there, he tried to soothe and comfort him. He was terrified at first by the sound of his own voice, but the sophism that had served to bring him served to support him also, and he told himself it could be no breach of the rule of silence to speak to one who was not there.

The delirium of the lay brother spent itself at length, and he fell into a deep sleep, and then John sat some hours by the bed and watched him, with a thrill of joy at the company even of a sleeping man, and a quiver of fear lest he should awake in his right mind, and he must himself be gone.

(*To be continued.*) on page 417



A Memory

With God's blessed sunshine about and above her,
A white world of clover abloom at her feet,
I had but to look, and I looked as a lover—
I had but to look, and my life was complete.

I knew when she smiled all the earth blossomed over;
I knew when she smiled all my heart was aglow;
I knew, if she wept, that a mist on the clover
Would sadden its blooming, it worshiped her so!

I knew, and my heart was athrob with the knowing,
My moment had come, in the joy of her kiss,
Enshrined in the field where the clover was blowing
My one mortal moment of infinite bliss.

So all my life long I have only to love her.
Forever my heart holds its memory sweet,
Of God's blessed sunshine about and above her,
A white world of clover abloom at her feet!

Ethel M. Kelley.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

OUR FOREMOST LIVING POET.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich holds his place in the forefront of living American authors not by the quantity of his work, but by its quality. He was never prolific, and in recent years, though the world has always had a welcome waiting for him, he has written less and less. He is a man of business interests and very considerable property—a fate that seldom overtakes one born to poverty and to literature; and he himself has said that the muse who used to visit him in a garret seems to have deserted him in his days of prosperity.

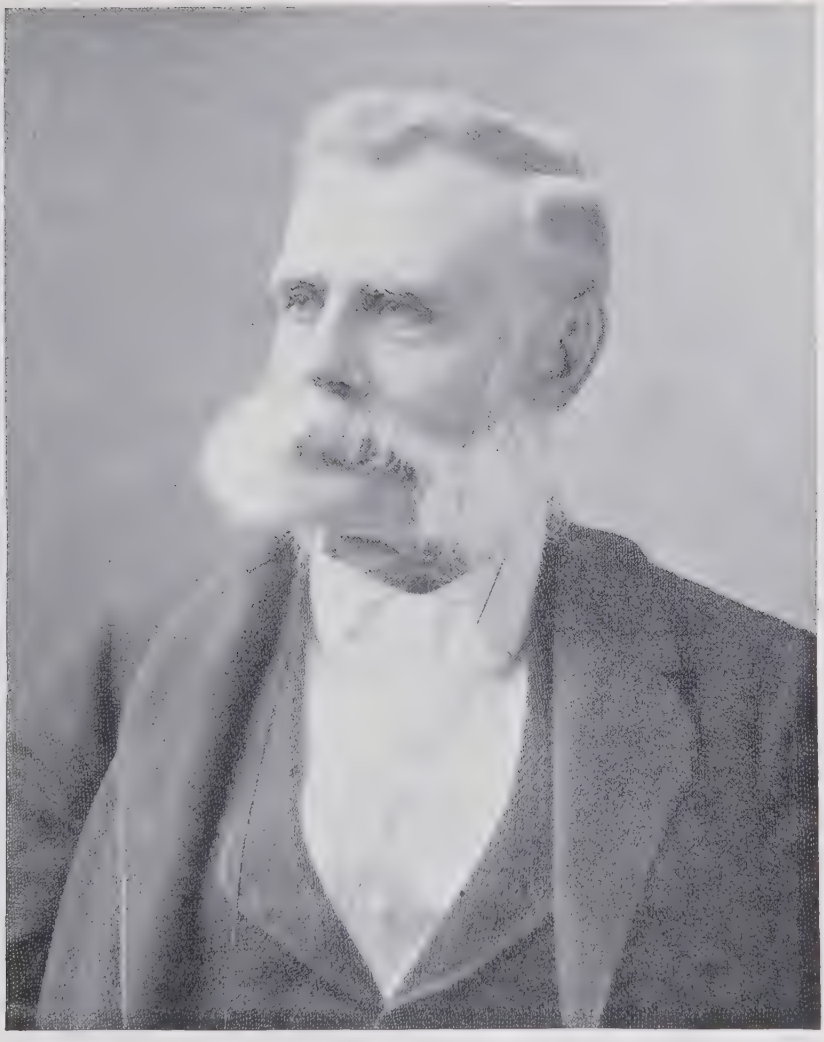
Mr. Aldrich has grown rich not as the direct result of his published work, though some of it has been exceedingly popular, but chiefly through his association with the late Henry L. Pierce, of Boston. Mr. Pierce, who once served as mayor of the New England city, and in Congress, was a most generous friend as well as a man of rare public spirit. Having no family of his own, he became almost a member of the Aldrich household. He took the poet's twin boys into the great cocoa manufacturing company which he controlled, and of which they are now directors. It was at Mr. Aldrich's house in Boston that he died last December, and in his will, besides munificent bequests to charity and to relatives, he left $200,000 to his closest friend, and $100,000 to each of the young Aldriches. Mr. Aldrich also received the dead millionaire's country place at Ponkapog, which he already knew as well as his home, and where he wrote "Our New Neighbors."

THE NEW POSTMASTER GENERAL.

The one department of the government that is thoroughly organized as a great business machine, operated on business principles, and practically free from the interference of partisan politics, is the United States post office. In naming James A. Gary for his postmaster general, President McKinley chose

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

From his latest photograph by the Notman Photographic Company, Boston.



JAMES A. GARY, POSTMASTER GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.
From a photograph by Bachrach, Baltimore.

a business man for its headship, as President Harrison did when he nominated John Wanamaker; for Mr. Gary has always been a business man far more than a politician. He has been a delegate to several Republican conventions, and has served on the national committee of his party; but he has never taken any active or conspicuous part in its management, and has never held a public office. His appointment is a guarantee that the high standard to which our postal service has been brought by his recent predecessors will be thoroughly maintained.

Mr. Gary might be called a "carpet bagger," if any one cared to revive that almost obsolete political term. He was born in Connecticut a little more than sixty years ago, but most of his life has been spent in Maryland, and he is thoroughly identified with Southern interests. He was married shortly before the war to Miss Lavinia Corrie, and has a large family—one son, who is now a partner in his father's old firm, and seven daughters, who are likely to figure prominently in Washington society during the next four years.

THE NEW ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Judge McKenna, the present attorney general, is the first cabinet official from the Pacific Coast since the same post was held by General Williams of Oregon, under President Grant.

He is also one of the very few Catholics who have reached so high a place in political life.

Most Presidents have preferred to intrust cabinet portfolios to men whom they knew personally, and Judge McKenna's appointment was no exception. He met Major McKinley while serving as a Representative from California. The two men were members of the ways and means committee, and became close friends. The Californian held his seat through four Congresses, and left it to become a circuit judge on the Federal bench, where he remained up to the time of his appointment to the cabinet. It was his fortune—or misfortune—to be called upon to decide several of those delicate and important cases arising out of the unlucky enmity that has arisen on the Pacific coast between the great mass of the population and certain corporate interests. Not Solomon himself could conduct and decide such cases without evoking the criticism of prejudice; but very few have seen, in Judge McKenna's course, anything but the fearless and efficient performance of duty.

JOSEPH McKENNA, ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

The judge is a Philadelphian by birth, but went to California with his parents, over the Isthmus of Panama, before he was twelve years old. He had a public school education,

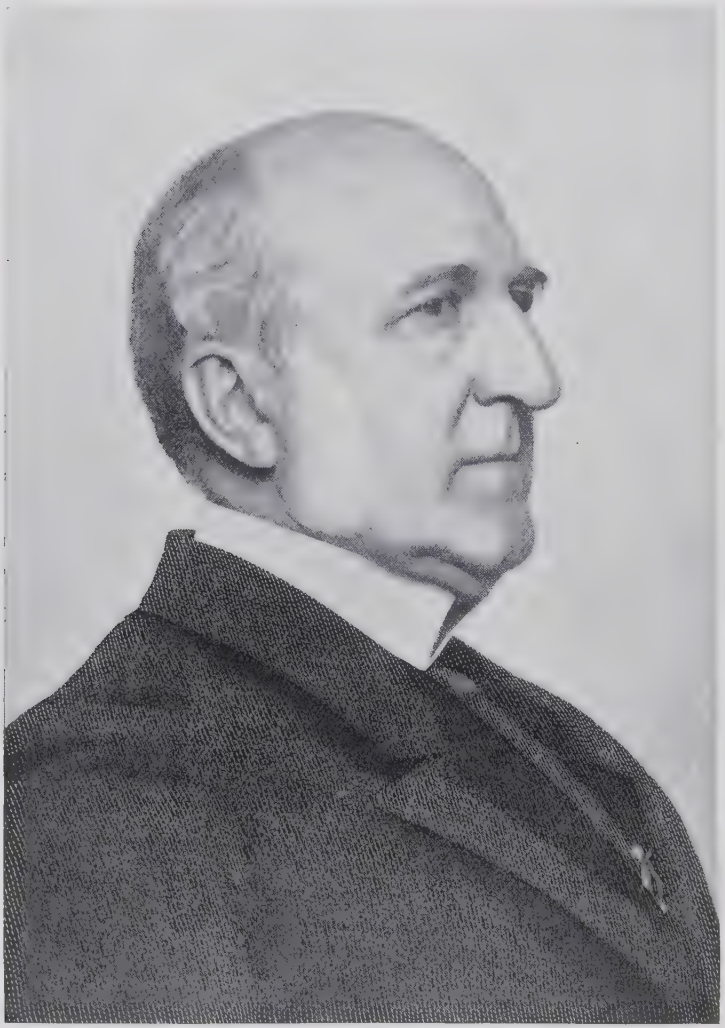
COLONEL FREDERICK DENT GRANT.
From a photograph by See & Epler, New York.

and made his own way as a lawyer from a very modest beginning. He is a middle sized man, quiet of dress and manner, with lightish, grizzled hair, a smooth upper lip, and an expression that bespeaks a kindly, genial temperament. He and his wife, who was a Miss Amanda Bornemann, of San Francisco, celebrated their silver wedding three years ago. They have four children.

GENERAL GRANT'S ELDEST SON.

Colonel Frederick D. Grant is the eldest of General Grant's sons, and the only one who has made any impression upon the public eye. At forty eight his appearance is strikingly reminiscent of the great soldier at the most brilliant point of his career, though most observers would say that the elder Grant's face had a certain rugged strength which in the younger man's has become the more conventional suavity of the modern citizen of the world. Yet Colonel Grant is a good deal more than the mere son of a famous father. He has proved himself a useful and capable public servant. As American minister to Austria he made an excellent record, and he has discharged the less ornamental but more onerous duties of a New York police commissioner with fidelity and credit. Both he and his wife—who was a Miss Honoré, a sister of Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago—are well known and popular in the metropolis.

Colonel Grant is a West Pointer, who served ten years in the army, rose to be a lieutenant colonel, and then resigned to enter business life. His only effort to reach an elective office—when the Republicans of New York nominated him for the secretaryship of state, seven years ago—was a failure. Some people think that wealth and a distinguished parentage are hindrances rather than helps to the ambitious American; and it may be that Colonel Grant would have won a more decided success had his name been different.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1897, by Hollinger & Rockey, New York.

THE BEST KNOWN NEW YORKER.

If any one were asked to name the best known and most popular American, he would be quite likely to name Chauncey Mitchell Depew; and he would not be far from the truth in doing so. Quite certain it is that no American outside of official public life has so wide a reputation as Dr. Depew. For thirty years he has been one of the conspicuous men of New York and of the country at large, and for twenty he has been almost equally well known in England and in Europe generally.

Dr. Depew is a Yale graduate, a lawyer by training. He has not practised since he was a young man, and his legal lore has been lost to view, as it were, among the thousand and one other subjects upon which he is a recognized authority; but that he has not lost in-

HILARY A. HERBERT, LATE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

terest in his old profession is shown by an article contributed to this number of MUNSEY'S, in which he traces the development of the judicial power of the Federal government. He has been charged with a love of notoriety, but such an accusation would come with singularly bad grace from any one connected with the newspaper press, which has for three decades showered him *ad nauseam* with uninvited attentions. He is perpetually overwhelmed with requests for public speeches and lectures upon every sort of occasion and every variety of theme; and that he has responded as far as his powers permit, doing more work outside of his regular calling than most men accomplish in theirs, and giving out of his intellectual energies what another would turn to his own enrichment, is a proof of his remarkable and disinterested liberality. Another is the fact that he has consistently refused to accept public office. He declined a foreign mission as long ago as 1865, and could not be tempted by President Harrison's offer of the great post of secretary of state. It is said that he has had but one political ambition—a desire for the Presidency. His friends agree that if he were nominated, all other candidates would withdraw from the field, leaving him to be elected by acclamation; but unfortunately the politicians control Presidential nominations, and Dr. Depew has never cultivated the political "bosses."

ONE OF THE MAKERS OF OUR NAVY.

One of the most remarkable developments of the last twelve years has been the growth of the American navy from a condition of utter weakness and disrepute to one of efficiency and power worthy of a great nation. The men whose names history will associate with the restoration of the Stars and Stripes to a place of pride upon the seas are Messrs. Whitney, Tracy, and Herbert, the three secretaries under whose administration our new navy has been built.

In another part of this magazine we print

an article by Colonel Herbert, which will be of interest to every American who takes pride in the prestige and the progress of his country. The writer is, of course, a perfect master of his theme. Before he took the marine portfolio, he was thoroughly familiar with the work of the department from his service on the House committee on naval affairs, and from the study he had bestowed on it in connection with the legislation of the previous decade.

His military title dates from the civil war. He had just graduated from the University of Virginia and been admitted to the bar when hostilities began, and he promptly entered the Confederate army. As colonel of the Eighth Alabama regiment he won distinction for gallantry in action, and was severely wounded in the Wilderness. He has now gone back to his old profession, having opened a law office in Washington, but he is likely to be heard from in Southern politics.

GABRIEL HANOTAUX, FRENCH MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
From a photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris.

A MODERN RICHELIEU.

France is fond of discovering a "man of the hour"—a Napoleon, a Gambetta, a Boulanger—whom she acclaims, worships, and then forgets. It seemed, not long ago, as if Gabriel Hanotaux was to be a political hero of this meteoric description. When the Panama scandal swept M. Ribot from office, and smirched a score of promising careers, Hanotaux came up suddenly from obscurity to eminence. He had been a teacher at the Sorbonne, a struggling journalist, a modest subordinate in the foreign office, and an un-

distinguished member of the chamber of deputies; but suddenly Paris hailed him as the man who was to drive Germany from the "lost provinces" and England from Egypt, and generally to assert France's prestige and influence all over the world. As yet, these highly desirable ends have not been fully accomplished, and the cafés of the left bank of the Seine are already beginning to murmur against the idol they so enthusiastically enthroned.

Whether M. Hanotaux himself believed that it was his mission to revive the most glorious traditions of French imperialism, it would be difficult to say. He is certainly a man of ambition, which has not been diminished by his success in climbing the political ladder. He has deliberately taken Richelieu as his model —a dangerous exemplar, one would think, at this end of the nineteenth century. He has devoted an immense amount of study to the history of the great cardinal who built up Bourbon France, and has published a very exhaustive monograph of his life. He has imitated the celibacy of the militant priest, and has even modeled his personal appearance—his expression, and the trim of his small beard and mustache—upon Richelieu's portraits, too closely, Parisians say, for the similarity to be unconscious.

M. Hanotaux is a silent man, and no orator. In the chamber, he answers questions by reading brief written statements with no attempt at rhetorical effect. His home is a small fifth floor apartment on the Boulevard St. Germain, full of books and oriental curiosities—the latter collected when he was secretary of the embassy at Constantinople. One of his ambitions—one quite likely to be gratified—is to secure a seat in Richelieu's great foundation, the French Academy, the only national institution that has survived a century and a half of revolution.

TWO WOMEN NOVELISTS.

When Mrs. Burton Harrison was going abroad, a year ago, an incident occurred on board ship which was rather amusing. The steamer was full, and she shared her state room with a young girl from the West. Mrs. Harrison could not help observing that she was the object of very special attention on the part of her neighbor, and finally she inquired the reason of it.

"I cannot take my eyes from you," was the reply, "and I do not believe that I shall be able to sleep a wink during the whole journey across the ocean. Only think of it! I am traveling in the same state room with the author of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy'!"

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Harrison, "you can go to sleep in peace. You are not traveling with the author of that celebrated book. I must acknowledge that Mrs. Burnett wrote 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and I really cannot consent to appear under false colors."

Mrs. Burnett and Mrs. Harrison are close personal friends, and for some reason a great many people, who ought to know better, insist upon confusing these two clever women. A well known editor once sent Mrs. Harrison a long letter of congratulation upon the success of her dramatization of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Secretary Alger was asked, the other day, to tell of the most conspicuous instance of bravery that ever came under his observation.

"Most men," he said, "are naturally afraid in battle, or before they go into battle. It is safe to say that any soldier who tells you that he never experienced the sensation of fear in battle, is untruthful. I think the greatest display of personal bravery that I ever saw was at Petersburg. A mine had been made under the Confederate earthworks. The fuse had been fixed and lighted, but after waiting for some time without any result, it was apparent that something had gone wrong inside of the mine. Two men instantly volunteered to go in and investigate. Now each one perfectly understood that he was taking his life in his hand by so doing. They went in and came out, after relighting the fuse; neither man was injured in the slightest degree, but each deserved the very highest commendation for true courage, though his action was not as showy and sensational as some of the desperate deeds done in battle. In the field, soldiers are nerved up by excitement, by companionship, and by the fear of disgrace; but when a man steps forward and faces a terrible death deliberately, with no motive but that of duty, he must have a brave heart."

* * * *

When Mark Hanna became chairman of the Republican national committee, and took charge of Major McKinley's canvass for the Presidency, he had never made a public speech of any kind. He did not believe that he could learn the art of thinking aloud on his feet in the presence of a mixed company; but he soon found that it was almost absolutely necessary for him to make the attempt. He did so, and in a very short time he mastered the mysteries of making an after dinner speech. His fluency surprised his life long friends.

"I think," he said the other day, "that learning to make a speech was the hardest job I ever undertook. Last year's campaign was nothing in comparison to it. However, it had to be done, and when once started I

found it was not so difficult as I apprehended, but all the same I still prefer to let the other fellows do most of the talking."

Mr. Hanna is not an orator, but there are some points about his style which many of his fellow Senators would do well to imitate. He never wastes a word, and he never leaves his hearers in any doubt as to his meaning. He goes straight to the point with business-like directness.

* * * *

We don't approve, as a rule, of running down Americans, but if the one that Ian Maclaren met in the Holy Land was a genuine specimen we cheerfully hand him over to the tender mercies of our most acrid foreign critics. Dr. Watson's American was heading for Jaffa, and seemed to be in a hurry to get there, while the story telling Scottish clergyman was making a leisurely and sentimental pilgrimage through Judea. After the usual greetings between the two English speaking men, meeting in a foreign country, had been exchanged, his new acquaintance asked Dr. Watson where he was going.

"To Jerusalem," replied that gentleman, with as much Scottish brogue as it was possible to twist into the two words.

"Jerusalem?" exclaimed the American, in tones of unbounded pity and great disgust. "You don't want to go there. It's a dead slow town. Why, there isn't a single daily newspaper in the place!"

Unfortunately, Dr. Watson's reply is not recorded. If it was, it would probably have been but a faint echo of his thoughts.

* * * *

Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin, has achieved a certain amount of distinction as being one of the very few men who have declined a prominent appointment at the hand of President McKinley. It is understood that Mr. Payne had his choice of going to either Germany, Russia, or Japan as the representative of the United States. He took the matter under advisement for a few days, and like a discreet man said that he must consult his wife before coming to a decision. When he spoke to Mrs. Payne about the matter, she said: "Henry, you know that you were homesick after you had been six months in Europe last summer. How do you think you could stand four years' absence from America?"

The next day Mr. Payne notified the President that he could not accept a foreign appointment. If his party continues its ascendancy in Wisconsin, Mr. Payne will probably succeed Senator Mitchell in the United States Senate two years hence.

* * * *

Major Pond produces the following story from the diary he kept of the adventures that befell him during his last lecture tour with Mark Twain:

At a railroad junction in the West, the lecturer and his manager missed connections, and had to wait for a train. "Major," said Mr. Clemens solemnly, "I find, on consulting my contract with you, that it makes no stipulation about waiting at stations. It states that you are to provide transportation, and I must insist that you live up to your contract."

Major Pond was taken aback for a moment, but he proved equal to the occasion. Seeing a wheelbarrow on the platform, he grasped the handles, and said, "Come, jump in, Mark; Major Pond always keeps his contracts!"

The humorist got into the barrow, and his manager wheeled him up and down the platform, to the amusement and edification of a small company of rural spectators. Major Pond adds that he was glad to be relieved of his labor by the approach of the train.

* * * *

Henry M. Stanley, whose marriage has been childless, has adopted a little boy, a distant relative of his own. While Dr. Nansen was in England, the famous Arctic traveler called upon the great African explorer, and young Denzil Stanley was brought down stairs in honor of the visitor. Mrs. Stanley told him to say something nice to the distinguished Norwegian. The little fellow hesitated a moment, and all the guests gathered around to listen. Then he held one foot in the air, looked up into Dr. Nansen's blue eyes, and solemnly announced: "New boots!"

Should Dr. Nansen come to America, by the way, do not pronounce his name just as it is spelled. He calls it "Naunsen," and his celebrated ice ship the "Fraum."

* * * *

Mrs. McKinley does not regard the familiar comparison between her distinguished husband and the first Napoleon as a compliment to the former. To a lady of the diplomatic circle, who alluded to the resemblance between the French emperor and the American President, she said the other day:

"Well, I suppose he does look like Napoleon, but I am sure he is a very much better man!"

The remark was a truly wifely one, for though the "little corporal" had his strong points it will be remembered that his record as a husband was not exactly a satisfactory one.

* * * *

The German emperor has now four sons who hold commissions in his army. Every Hohenzollern prince becomes a lieutenant in the First Prussian Foot Guards as soon as he is ten years old, and the Kaiser's fourth boy, August Wilhelm, reached that dignified age on the 29th of last January.

LITERARY CHAT

NANSEN.

We are going to have Nansen over here presently, and New York and the United States will show their state of civilization by the way they treat him. In England he has been the hero of the hour, and his great work for science has been appreciated to the fullest extent. In his book, which six translators prepared for the English printers in less than two weeks, we get a plain, straightforward story of his work, which first and last was the most stupendous adventure of this century.

It is not only as an explorer that Nansen is great, but as a teller of the story. One critic has likened him to the old Norse hunter who comes home to his own camp fire in a rugged song. "The audience is uplifted, hearts beat faster; the tense excitement of the story gathers in a lump in each throat; there are sympathy, enthusiasm, passion in the soul of each listener, and the walls seem to recede, the eye actually sweeps the distant horizon to which the imagination is being transported."

He has given each of his readers something of the life he lived. He lived dramatically, and he can tell his story in no other way. His return to his country and to his family sends a thrill to the heart and brain. We, who have marched over the ice with him, who have shared his triumphs and his disappointments, come home with him in triumph. The book is the human story of heroic deeds told by a hero.

In these modern days there could not be a more striking type of the Viking than Nansen. He is a man of imposing appearance. He is thirty five years old, more than six feet in height, with the figure of an athlete. He has very fair hair, which he wears pushed away from his high forehead, and a small, fair mustache across his firm mouth. But his chief beauty is in his blue eyes. He is one of the best runners on the *skis* in Norway, and is at all times so full of alertness and life that people turn to look at him even in the crowded London streets.

He was born on a farm two miles from Christiania, and as a boy he used to walk to school through all sorts of weather. To most people, he is simply an explorer, and they know nothing of his reputation as a zoölogist. After leaving the university, he went to the seas between Spitzbergen and Greenland, and spent five months studying the animal life there. On his return he was appointed curator of the museum at Bergen. In 1885 he won a gold medal for a study in zoölogy, and in 1887 he was made a doctor for his book on anatomy. Two years later he married Eva Sars, whose father and brother are eminent naturalists, and who is herself a well known singer. She continues to sing, for her husband believes in women and men being on an equal footing in everything. Mrs. Nansen is as strong and natural as her husband. Many nights has she passed in the snow in a fur sleeping bag, in some of their long, wild runs over the mountains on snow shoes.

Their home suggests their own personalities. It is on the edge of a fiord, and is built in the old Norwegian fashion, of pine logs. Everywhere on the ends of the logs, and on the furniture, are the quaint old serpent and dragon heads characteristic of Norway. Books and pictures and busts of great men are all over the house.

Nansen is an enthusiastic lover of his grand and ancient home land. He seems to possess the great spirit of its old Norse kings, and to have in him all the material for a saga.

NOVELISTS AS PLAYWRIGHTS.

Since the failure of plays by some of our popular novelists, the professional playwright has been coming eagerly to the front to explain why his esteemed brethren missed the mark, and to tell us the difference between a novel and a play. Louis N. Parker, whose "Rosemary" has been the popular piece of Mr. John Drew's acting this year, has some interesting views upon the subject. He says that we have very few really good dramatists, the reason being that the Anglo Saxon mind is not dramatic by instinct. In Italy, France, and Germany the great novelists are dramatists. But Mr. Parker comes much nearer to the truth of the matter when he tells us that the novelist can appeal to a special audience, while the playwright must appeal to the composite intellect, and consequently must be direct, however complicated his subject may be.

Bronson Howard says that it is as pertinent to ask why a novelist is not a dramatist, as to ask why he isn't a painter or an architect or a lawyer. He cites a dozen instances of great novelists who could not write plays, and says it is because they have never learned the difference between making their audiences see color and scenery through the printed page, and putting the things actually before their eyes. They both simulate, but the arts are radically different.

It is nonsense, however, to say that literature has no place on the stage. Who will deny that Shakspere wrote literature? Yet he was a great dramatist, and his plays bear the dramatist's secret in plainer speech than any given by Mr. Parker or Mr. Howard. The great Elizabethan master worked in the narrow framework of the fundamental passions expressed through incidents which the simplest can understand. It does not need a cultured man to love and hate, to be jealous or ambitious, or to admire a hero. Shakspere lived during the Reformation, but we hear nothing of it in his plays—Catholic and Protestant are merely words, human nature is underneath. The Renaissance was in its full tide, but it might have been any era when he wrote. Fashions, tricks of mind which come from certain forms of culture, Shakspere ignored. The passions which we all have had since the beginning of the world, since Eve was tempted, are the only ones that will hold any audience long. The novelist may play with times and seasons and curiosities of sociology, but the great composite public actually does not understand them clearly enough to take any vivid interest in their portrayal.

THE STORY OF A SAILOR HERO.

Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson" is one of the important books of the year. No living writer was more competent to chronicle a career that was one of the romances of modern history. The author's work on "Sea Power" has already become a standard authority, belonging not to America but to the civilized world, and through it Captain Mahan has become better known abroad than any other officer in our whole military or naval service. All England was delighted when she learned that her great hero was to be shown to the world by such competent hands.

The biographer has tried to make Nelson tell his own story instead of telling it for him, and to tell the story of his inner as well as his outer life. Among the illustrations is a portrait of Lady Nelson which even the present earl, her great nephew, had no idea existed. Captain Mahan discovered two in his search after material. It is not generally known that Nelson was married in a little church in one of the West Indian islands, when quite a young man, and the record is one of the sights shown to tourists.

Captain Mahan draws a vivid picture of Nelson's heroic death in the hour of his most splendid victory. He has little to say concerning Lady Hamilton's "services to the state," for which Nelson, almost with his dying breath, commended her to the care of his country, but appears to consider that they were told to Nelson by Lady Hamilton alone. At any rate, England was quite too respectable to carry out the last request of the man who had done so much for her, and let the woman he loved starve to death.

A PHYSICIAN AND AUTHOR.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is one of the interesting men of the day. He has written a great many books—novels, poems, and medical works—but probably his deepest impression upon his time has been made as a physician, through his own personality. Dr. Mitchell might be called a human magnet, so full is he of that disturbing force which sets every intelligent thing about him in motion. It is told of his best friend, the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, that he was so soul stirring even as a physical presence that audiences in strange places, who did not know his face or name, applauded him as he walked up the aisle of a hall. Dr. Mitchell has something of the same force. He has made a world wide reputation as a specialist in nervous diseases. He said once that he could "cure anybody but fools" of most nervous diseases. Other physicians who studied his methods, and used them, lacked his great success, not at all to the wonder of his patients, who came to believe in him personally as the healer.

Dr. Mitchell is a conservative in many things, and he is altogether an elegant man of the world, brought up in that fine school of manners, the old society of Philadelphia. In his books or out of them, he can be depended upon never to offend good taste. One lives among well bred people in his writings, or among studies made and presented to you from the nicest point of view. He is a very careful workman. In preparing his last novel, which is by far his most ambitious, he made a thorough study of the Philadelphia and the America of colonial times. As an example, we may mention that he wrote to Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, whose studies of early New England are so well known, and asked her for the name and a full description of every article of apparel worn by a lady in America in the years before and about the Revolution. To what use he intended to put the knowledge, his book will probably tell us, but it was a little remarkable that he, a man and a creative novelist, should have realized how entirely the fashions in the smallest items of women's wear change from generation to generation.

"THE MAN WHO WINS."

The popular hero of the day is the man who succeeds. How he succeeds, or just what he has done, matters little; it is the success that counts. People stop to behold

it, to envy it, to fall down before it. Rarely is the worth of it all, or the sacrifice that has been made to obtain it, considered by the world; seldom is it measured beside the true winnings or the best ideals. Occasionally the successful man compares his actual position with what, in the enthusiasm of his youth, was the ideal he hoped to attain. Now and then the ghosts of the true things laid aside for the false, sometimes from necessity, sometimes from weakness, haunt the hours of his rest; but the world is unmindful of the shadows, and considers success only what it seems.

In "The Man Who Wins," Robert Herrick has suggested the full meaning of the verb "to win" by telling, in contrast to that meaning, the story of a successful man. The tale is also a chronicle of a degenerate Puritan family, one of the many which, as the author says, "were not transplanted in time and were left to peter out on the stony farms, or in little clerkships, or in asylums of one sort or another—a stock that had been too finely bred in and in, over and over, for three hundred years." The love of a man full of aims and ideals in life for a beautiful girl of this decaying race, upon whom had fallen the burden of the sins of her fathers, is the romance of the story. Pathetic and helpless as the situation is, the book is interesting because it presents anew the exhaustless power of love, and because its art is perfect, its telling masterful.

It was written in Venice and Heidelberg last year. Its author is one of the few tellers of present day stories who consider the use of faultless English an important factor in making himself clearly understood. As an instructor of English composition, first in Harvard, now in the University of Chicago, it is well for the good name of these institutions that Mr. Herrick's art is of a high order. "The Man Who Wins" is told in a hundred small pages. It might easily have filled a thousand, but not without losing some of its directness, its intentness, its purpose. These elements crystallize the story, and make it really worthy of being read.

Mr. Herrick is one of the most interesting instructors in the great Western university. Especially is he a favorite with the young women of the institution. One of them writes regarding him:

"He is a boyish looking professor. Every new and uninitiated fledgling, if she has occasion to visit the fourth floor of Cobb House, where English reigns, catches a glimpse of a handsome boy, generally in a negligé shirt, sauntering through the halls with a theme in his hands. Of course she takes him for a plodding undergraduate, and expresses open admiration for him. When she finally discovers that this attractive youth is Professor Herrick, she has grasped one startling peculiarity of the university—the youthful appearance of its instructors, from Dr. Harper down.

"But if Robert Herrick is youthful in his appearance, he is a monarch in his class room. The freshmen girls all want to take his courses, but they do not find him as receptive to admiration as they would like. He requires other things for admission to his work. He admits very few, and these find his courses not only tests of writing but of character. He is said to resemble Barrett Wendell, the Harvard instructor in English. He is too self conscious in his choice of words to be successful as a lecturer, and he lacks spontaneity and ready enthusiasm, but as a critic he is superb. On one brilliant girl's theme he characteristically marked: 'This reminds one of radishes.' Perhaps the greatest surprise, however, for the fledgling is when she sometimes meets her professor in his rambles, talking earnestly to his wife and wheeling a perambulator."

"MADEMOISELLE BLANCHE."

The first impression produced by a perusal of Mr. John D. Barry's new novel, "Mademoiselle Blanche," is that one is in touch with a man who has seen much of the world, who has lost his first enthusiasms, and has come to look upon people and things with a critical eye. To say that "Mademoiselle Blanche" deals with the career of a circus performer is to say all that is necessary of its *motif*, for only the very young or credulous imagine that the ring and the sawdust are to any extent associated with romance. To those who are neither, the acrobat tells his own story; but hard and ruthless as this may be, it could hardly be more heart breaking than Mr. Barry's realistic drawing of *Mademoiselle Blanche*.

Mr. Barry gives us the story in a rather offhand manner, even the most touching scenes being treated with something perilously near to flippancy; but this seems to be part and parcel of his plan—the verbal tinsel, as it were, and the flare of cheap lights, under which runs a vein of strong human pathos and passion. "Mademoiselle Blanche" is a book that will bear reading twice, once for the undeniable charm of its surface style, and again to get, as we may say, "behind the scenes." It is a vivid and interesting story, and the fact that it is just a bit cynical and depressing does not damage its quality, but rather strengthens it.

To come back to Mr. Barry himself, though only thirty, he is by no means a newcomer in literature. Some of us remember "A

Daughter of Thespis," which did not attract much attention, despite Miss Georgia Cayvan's verdict that it was the best story of stage life ever written. He has been almost everything that a man may be in the world of books and letters, from a schoolmaster to a novelist, and the impression of varied experiences conveyed by his work is not misleading. We are promised another novel from his pen before long, and if it be as good as "Mademoiselle Blanche," its welcome is already assured. Never was there a better opportunity than today for the man with a story to tell and the ability to tell it. Mr. Barry has both. The very fact that the market is egregiously overstocked with indifferent novels should make this able young American's way easy. Here is a book to which one can point as worth reading, and, whatever the "disgruntled" may say, the public is anything but chary of its praise to those to whom praise is really due.

"PHROSO."

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has done a thing which is so rarely done that it has assumed the proportions of an exploit. He has written a famous book, and then, in the full flush of its success, has written another which at least equals, even if it does not excel it. When the "Prisoner of Zenda" was dramatized, and when, as a natural result, its popularity, already great, became still greater, people said that Anthony Hope's star had reached the zenith, and would shortly begin to fall lower and grow more dim. The prophecy was not an unreasonable one. So many literary rockets have arisen with a mighty rushing sound, and dazzled all eyes with some shining achievement; so many literary sticks have come ingloriously down and been forgotten, that the sudden brilliance of Mr. Hawkins' fame was almost a guarantee of its impermanence.

Now comes "Phroso," and the reading public has an opportunity to realize that Anthony Hope is no "one book man," but a born story teller with a vast store of reserve energy. Far from being talked out when he left Ruritania, he had just begun. He crops up in Neopalia with another princess, another villain, and another collection of bold words and bolder deeds which are as vivid, as absorbing, and, above all, as novel and unhackneyed as were the intrigues and exploits which culminated in the capture of the castle of Zenda. "Phroso" is a notable book, not only for its own sake, but as a fellow to the "Prisoner of Zenda." It is sufficiently like the latter to be far and away the most interesting novel the season has brought forth, and sufficiently unlike to be a proof that its author has not exhausted his literary resources.

"The gods help them that help themselves." No sooner had "Phroso" appeared upon the market than the civilized world was startled by the news that, in defense of Cretan liberty, Greece had defied Europe. The librarians tell us that every submarine explosion in the political world sends waves of interest surging around their desks. Greece was the topic of the moment, and "Phroso," a Grecian romance, had a special share, in consequence, of the public attention. All of which, while very pleasant for Mr. Hawkins, was not an undeserved tribute to his work. King George's bold policy may have helped its sale, but "Phroso," on the other hand, was a book bound to succeed in any event.

"FOR THE WHITE ROSE OF ARNO."

Mr. Owen Rhoscomyl has written thrillingly of buried treasure, given us rousing tales of sea fights with pirates, of reckless adventure on land and sea, where he has had scope enough for the full play of his strong imaginings. Those who have read "The Jewel of Ynys Galon," or "Battlement and Tower," will need no further introduction to this clever British writer; but he has linked himself anew to all lovers of stirring tales through "For the White Rose of Arno."

The "Jewel of Ynys Galon" quickened the pulses with its vivid portrayal of stirring scenes. It was such a book as boys love—and men, too, for it made them boys again while its spell was over them. Hitherto Mr. Rhoscomyl's work has been more of the legendary than the historical order, but "For the White Rose of Arno" is a historical novel. The book deals with the affairs of the Young Pretender, Charles Edward, and his zealous but futile efforts on behalf of the unhappy Stuart cause. The author follows the prince from France to Scotland, goes with him on his southward march from Edinburgh to Derby, and witnesses his humiliation and retreat. He takes up in detail the part played by the Welsh in this action, and explains their failure to afford prompt and substantial support to the Pretender, whose cause they had espoused. Around the leading Welsh characters in this disastrous expedition, Mr. Rhoscomyl weaves a plot of considerable power, which he elaborates with vivid pen picturing. The story is one of never flagging interest. In fact, the book becomes more and more entertaining as the historical treatment is gradually abandoned to make room for the romance of *Ithel* and *Mari*; and with the narrative of this the reader is carried swiftly on to the end, through brave struggle and fierce encounter.

One wishes that Mr. Rhoscomyl would append to his work a pronouncing key to the oddities of Welsh nomenclature, in order that the reader might appreciate the sweetness which these apparently ill favored names possess by nature but not by spelling.

The little principality of Wales, hidden among its own natural fastnesses, overlooked by our restless sightseers, possesses a quaint charm of its own. The manners of its people, the eccentricities of its language, the weirdness of its music, all accentuate this charm, and make it potent over the most casual traveler. It is a country never forgotten by those who have seen it, and every emigrant who leaves its shores clings to its memory as that of a lost and longed for home. Mr. Rhoscomyl takes us with him among these picturesque folk—whether of ancient or modern times matters little, for in the midst of the world's changes they are changeless as their own rugged hillsides. They have steadfastly held to their ancient customs, and clung to the traditions of their race. Small as it is, such a country is rich in possibilities for writers of fiction; rich in legendary lore; rich in historical records that outdate even the legends of other civilizations.

We regret that Mr. Rhoscomyl's latest book is less distinctively Welsh than the "Jewel of Ynys Galon." Indeed, he seems to be breaking away in some measure from the Cymric standpoint, and this we are sorry to note. We think it a pity, too, that a writer of such individuality and power should prefer to hide behind a *nom de guerre* a personality with which a circle of warm admirers would be glad to acquaint themselves.

A BICYCLE BOOK.

"The Wheels of Chance" is the name of a delightfully funny book by H. G. Wells. In the opening chapters, the author sets forth the woes and misadventures of the beginner on the bicycle in a manner that will go straight to the heart of any one who has passed through the trying ordeal of learning to ride. The first of the work calls vividly to mind the style of Jerome K. Jerome, and one is inclined to think that this book does for the wheelman what "Three Men in a Boat" did for the oarsman.

There is a girl in the book; a bicycle girl with ideas. The girl is young; the ideas are old. The girl is garbed in the advanced costume—and so are the ideas. By an eccentricity of fate, the beginner and the girl are thrown together on a tour of the southern counties of England; and the ludicrous situations that ensue could not be handled better.

The author gets in a quiet bit of satire on Dr. Doyle's immortal detective. The reader is introduced to a much bruised and battered person, and, from the sizes and relative locations of the cuts and contusions, Mr. Wells humorously deduces evidence that the battered person is a bicyclist, and even points out the general characteristics of the machine. Again, we all know the nervous gentleman out for a "quiet spin," yet pedaling along for dear life, puffing and wilted. "There is no hurry, sir, none whatever. I came out for exercise, gentle exercise, and to notice the scenery, and to botanize. And no sooner do I get on the accursed machine than off I go hammer and tongs; I never look to right or left, never notice a flower, never see a view; get hot, juicy red—like a grilled chop. Get me on that machine and I have to go. Why should a man rush about like a rocket, all pace and fizzle? Why?"

The happy vein of the book is sustained throughout, and Mr. Wells' humor is natural and straightforward; but in the midst of his fun the author finds time to ask some very serious questions. Laugh as you may—as you must, if you have ever ridden a bicycle—you put the book down with a feeling that the bicycle girl is a problem, one of the serious social problems of the day.

Mr. Wells is an Englishman, and, though comparatively young, is the author of "The Time Visit" and "The Flying Machine."

THE FATAL GIFT OF DIALECT.

We have upon occasions expressed our opinion upon the literary dribble that passes itself off as a "dialect story." A case in point is "The Fatal Gift of Beauty, and Other Stories," by C. E. Raimond. The author has invented a dialect that is *sui generis*, and we hope its genus may not be perpetuated.

We were attracted to this book by its pleasing cover and by the allurements of good typography, but the illusion was quickly dispelled. It is a collection of sketches, presumably character sketches. The first of these is vulgar, but funny. The second is more vulgar, and has not the saving merit of mirth. It is, in fact, a mere Punch and Judy show; the reader is regaled by a succession of knockdowns with a plentiful sprinkling of bruises and broken heads. Thus: "'E got tired ob 'is wife, an' 'e jes took 'er an' tied 'er to 'is 'orse's tail. Yes, sir, an' 'e druve de 'orse up an' down de garden till de men come outer de stable an' jes took my gran'moder away from 'im—treatin' 'er like dat jes 'cause 'e'd got tired!" *et cetera, et cetera.*

The volume under discussion is written in the patois of which we have given a sample, consisting of "a fine blend of Cockney and *platt Deutsch*," as the author calls it, with a

flavoring of French. Surely such an uncanny blend is not of this earth, with its limitations to linguistic possibility. Surely, also, it is time to call a halt on the incursion of the dialect pest, which is rapidly infesting regions of literature that should be safeguarded against its encroachments. One hardly knows whom most to blame—himself for temporizing with it, or the author and publisher for letting its manifestations loose upon the land.

THE WORK OF A CLEVER PARODIST.

The gods of the poetical world are commonly supposed to be not only sufficient unto themselves, but somewhat beyond and above the reach of the parodist. This is due, perhaps, not so much to the actual superiority of the poets as to the extreme scarcity of parodists worthy of the name. Parody is possible only when one is an accomplished mimic, possessing a shrewd ability to discover and make the most of vulnerable spots, and at the same time plenty of tact, good humor, and consideration. Such a combination is rare indeed, but it is found to a marked degree in the work of Mr. Owen Seaman, the author of "The Battle of the Bays."

This little book, which has attracted general attention, is an excellent illustration of the old maxim that the best goods come in the smallest packages. It contains only twenty one poems, but there is not a mediocre one in the lot. The first nine are parodies on the work of Swinburne, Watson, Kipling, Le Gallienne, and others equally well known, and there can be no better way of showing how exceedingly good the parodies are than comparing the original with the mimicry:

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel
Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
The heavy white limbs, and the cruel
Red mouth like a venomous flower;
When these are gone by with their glories,
What shall rest of thee then, what remain,
O mystic and somber Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain?

Of Delight that is dear as Desi-er,
And Desire that is dear as Delight;
Of the fangs of the flame that is fi-er,
Of the bruises of kisses that bite;
Of embraces that clasp and that sever,
Of blushes that flutter and flee
Round the limbs of Dolores, whoever
Dolores may be.

Panatheist, bruiser and breaker
Of kings and the creatures of kings,
I shouted on Freedom to shake her
Feet loose of the fetter that clings;
Far rolling my ravenous red eye,
And rolling a mutinous lid,
To all monarchs and matrons I said I
Would shock them—and did.

Hushed now is the bibulous bubble
Of "lithe and lascivious" throats;
Long stript and extinct is the stubble
Of hoary and harvested oats;
From the sweets that are sour as the sorrel's
The bees have abortively swarmed;
And Algernon's earlier morals
Are fairly reformed.

If "Algernon" possesses any sense of humor—which, to do him justice, is more than likely—even his dignity cannot restrain him from indulging in an appreciative laugh at his own expense when he places his early poems beside the skit of Mr. Seaman's. And as for Mr. Kipling, he can surely find amusement in "The Rhyme of the Kipperling."

There was never a light in the sky that night of the soft midsummer gales,
But the great man bloaters snorted low and the young uns sang like whales;
And out laughed Sal (like a dog toothed wheel was the laugh that Sal laughed she),
"Now who's for a bride on the shady side o' up'ards of forty three?"

And Neddy he swore by bitt and bend, and Billy by bend and bitt,
And nautical names that no man frames but your amateur nautical wit;
And Sam said, "Shiver my topping lifts and scuttle my foc's'le yarn,
And may I be curst, if I'm not in first with a kipperling slued astarn!"

Altogether "The Battle of the Bays" is a marvelously clever piece of satire, and one that, while it may not be long lived, will furnish the literary world with a day's delightful amusement. It is not Mr. Seaman's first book, although it is far and away his best. He is known as England's most apt writer of occasional verse, not excepting Mr. F. C. Burnand. The critics have been comparing him to Calverley, but comparisons are odious. Mr. Seaman is *sui generis*.

A STARTLING BOOK.

The historian who is calm and judicial, as he should be, generally makes a composite picture of the various points of view which contemporary narrators have left him, and succeeds in reducing them to something unlike any real life. It is for this reason that the histories which the critics call "unprejudiced" are generally so dull. It is only when we get our hands on a book written in the full memory of the heat of the events that created prejudice, that we find something living and interesting.

We get this in the "War Diary of 1866 and 1870-1" by the Count of Frankenberg. The author is a Prussian soldier, who was the intimate friend of the royal family, the old Emperor Wilhelm and the crown prince both calling him "Fred" and treating him as the

familiar attendant he was. He had an unusual opportunity to understand all that went on out of sight of the general public, and he gives an explanation of the crown prince's loss of popularity, and shows cause for some of the most widely criticised actions of his son, the present Kaiser. According to Count Frankenberg, the Empress Frederick came to Berlin determined to use every atom of her influence to further the plans of her own country, and every move she made was under the advice of her mother. She has been accused of this many times, but the plain story has never been told from the inside before.

Every night, during the campaign of 1870-1, the crown prince wrote long letters to his wife, giving every detail of the army's movements. These letters were sent to England, and from England to Paris, for the enlightenment of the French. Count Frankenberg says that numerous excuses have been made for the princess in her youth and inexperience, but he calls attention to the fact that she was at this time a mature woman of thirty, who had never before been accused of rashness. He sets down in his diary, as a fact, the statement that the crown prince and future emperor was considered a traitor in his own camp and army, and was looked upon with suspicion as one who would injure German interests for the sake of his wife's country.

But the sternest indictment against the Empress Frederick came in the days of her husband's last illness. The German doctors had said that the growth in the throat of the crown prince was cancerous. It could be operated upon, and it was likely that he would, with care, live many years. But it is against the law of the Hohenzollerns for a man with a mortal disease to reign. In 1887, therefore, Frederick declared in writing that he waived all his rights to the throne. This was before he had consulted his wife. When he told her that his declaration had been filed in the crown archives, she was both dismayed and enraged. She turned to her mother for help, and the queen sent Dr. Morell Mackenzie to say that the growth in the prince's throat was not fatal. We all know how the English doctor was knighted for his "skill," even though the newly crowned emperor died, and in dying proved the German doctors right.

The book is a most interesting one, written in the very anteroom of the royal intimacy. Its author seems to be one of those stalwart Teuton patriots who are always ready to scent a triple alliance between France, England, and the Evil One to injure German interests.

IN BRIEFER MENTION.

Apropos of our mention of Mr. Whistler in the January MUNSEY'S, a correspondent gives us an interesting glimpse of him at West Point in his student days.

It appears that for some reason or other the board of visitors was not in favor with the students, and Whistler was delegated to express the dissatisfaction of his classmates. This he did in a manner as effectual as it was in keeping with his latent talent. One morning a card was exhibited, on which was sketched, roughly and hastily, but with the master touch of the born artist, a figure purporting to be "One of the Bored." It was a laughable cartoon, and a palpable hit. One of Whistler's classmates rescued it and preserved it among his college souvenirs. Now, in the light of the eccentric artist's world wide fame, it is a keepsake of unique value.

* * * *

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett says she has never been able to get a photograph taken which was satisfactory to either her friends or herself. "When they tell me to smile," she adds, "it always comes out in the picture as a leer, and when I try to look dignified and serious the result is simply forbidding. All I ask for is a picture that my friends can *respect!*"

Mrs. Burnett is as charming a talker as she is a writer, but she is a person of contradictions. It is as easy to imagine her writing "Little Lord Fauntleroy" as it is difficult to conceive of her being the creator of "A Lady of Quality." So quiet and unpretentious is her manner, that it is well nigh impossible for one who meets her to realize that she is a famous woman—perhaps the most famous literary woman of the day.

Mrs. Craigie says of one of her heroines: "She divided all mankind into dears, poor dears, and creatures." Mrs. Burnett makes a somewhat similar classification, in which her favorites are "creatures," and her antipathetic acquaintances "persons." Reginald Bathurst Birch, John Drew, and Vivian Burnett are "clever creatures"; reviewers, the dog, and the reporters "tiresome persons"; and Mrs. Burnett promptly assigns every one with whom she comes in contact to the more appropriate of these two shelves.

* * * *

The worthy and reverend clerics who rule Presbyterianism in Britain are scandalized at the behavior of the sons of their kirk. They made wry faces when they saw their ministry reading novels, and when they found them writing them, the shock left the good men dumb with amazement. The Rev. John Watson, known to fame as "Ian Maclaren," has been sternly called to account, and by this time the doors of the fold may have been closed in his face. They could stand Crockett's stories of adventure; these were

Scottish history. Even "The Play Actress" might pass if you closed your eyes to the title; but when Dr. Watson's "Kate Carnegie" came out, with teachings which were not orthodox, it was considered time to stop.

Dr. Watson has his admirers in this country by the thousand, and if his Liverpool parishioners allow him to be turned out of his present pulpit, he can bring his very charming personality, and his recipe for drawing tears, over here. We will take care of him. The syndicates will, in any case. It may be profane, it may show a lack of fashionable literary taste, but Dr. Watson's stories remind some of us of the old fashioned Sunday school books, where the good little boy always died in the last chapter, admonishing his weeping parents and friends. The recipe is the same, only Dr. Watson is an artist in its use. His stories contain so many tear filled eyes to the page, and his publishers are likely to find that his popularity depends largely upon their keeping him up to the proper average.

* * * * *

They cannot let Sir Richard Burton rest in his grave. It may be that his vivid personality so disturbed the balance of things while he lived, that even dead, it will take years to lose the charge of that human magnet. He left other books beside that famous "Scented Garden," which his wife burned in tears and horror at its wickedness; and one of them is about to be published. It has been delayed all this time on account of its militant controversialism. It is a strong and very hostile study of Jewish character. With its announcement came a life of the author, written by his niece.

To most people, Burton is simply the greatest of travelers, who could make brilliant literature of his travels. To himself he was a translator of eastern literatures. Probably not one person in ten thousand has ever seen his "Arabian Nights." Most people, if they ever think about that classic of their youth, put it aside with the other books of the nursery. If they have not picked it up since childhood, a light running over of the old pages they used to know would doubtless be astonishing in its revelation of new meanings. Richard Burton translated it entire. It took him years. The result is forty four sizable volumes, which sell for five hundred dollars, and which cannot be put on the shelves of a public library, for the reasons that destroyed "A Scented Garden." Yet the work is considered an imperishable addition to literature.

The Richard Burton whose name is cropping up in contemporary literature is no connection of his illustrious namesake. He is the son of the late Dr. Burton, a well known Boston clergyman, and he belongs to that literary coterie in Hartford whose shining lights are Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner.

* * * *

Clever conversation is one of the good things of life. Altogether too rarely do we find it in the pages of these latter day novels. Yet the very life of the book, to a great extent, is in the words the author puts into the mouths of his characters; and our impressions of the writer are based largely, though perhaps unconsciously, on the naturalness, the spontaneity, and the fitness of the spoken words.

Dialogue—conversation reduced to its simplest elements—is therefore the making of many a book otherwise commonplace enough. The story itself, the plot, may be only a setting for bright gems of speech. Break away the setting, pluck out the stones, and these, if they are true brilliants, will sparkle all the brighter.

In "Urban Dialogues" Mr. Louis Evan Shipman has thrown away the setting and holds out to us a sparkling handful of well cut gems. His dialogues are only two or three minute talks; each is thoughtfully cut down to the proportions of maximum brilliancy; there does not seem to be a superfluous word, nor is one wanting. Several of them have appeared in the illustrated weeklies, and these, with others, have been gathered into a dainty little volume with a number of illustrations. When we add that these illustrations bear the eagerly looked for signature of Charles Dana Gibson, we feel that no more remains to be said.

Mr. Shipman is a Harvard graduate—quite a recent one, we understand—and a New Yorker of independent wealth. He has a town house and a fine country place in Connecticut. When in town, he is generally to be found at the Players' Club. His friends say that he will become known as the Anthony Hope of America. However this may be, he has discreetly avoided the territory that is distinctively Anthony Hope's.

* * * *

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the well known New York Presbyterian preacher, is putting out a little volume of miscellaneous verse.

Dr. Van Dyke's criticisms of poetry and art are widely familiar. "The Poetry of Tennyson" and "The Christ Child in Art" are products of his versatile pen. His studies, both in this country and abroad, have been varied and extensive; but above all, he is a wholesome, outdoor sort of man, with the love of nature in his heart, and such men make sweet rhymes.

IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS,
GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS;
GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GLARE,
FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

THE EXODUS.

The first of May! The first of May! The
time has come to go!
We've stayed through January's frost and
February's thaw;
We've suffered colds and had "la grippe"
and waded in the snow,
We've cheerfully endured it when the days
were chill and raw;
But now that spring has come around and
trees begin to bud,
The stern decree of Fashion, whom we one
and all obey,
Insists upon our leaving, and we'll say with-
out deceiving,
That we hate to go to Europe, but we do
not dare to stay!

We hate to go! We hate the sea! We loathe
its roll and sway,
We never have a single happy minute on a
ship,
And yet we have to do it or our friends are
sure to say
That our income's not sufficient to permit
of such a trip.
We much prefer America to Germany or
France,
But when the rage is travel there is nothing
left to say;
Our rivals might despise us, and we cannot
take the chance;
We hate to go to Europe, but we do not
dare to stay!

Then ho, for Devon, Brittany, the Isles of
Wight and Man!
Then ho, for Baden Baden and for Cha-
mounix and Aix!
We'll go to Rome and Venice, to Verona and
and Milan,
And finish with a jaunt among the soggy
Scottish lakes;
We'll navigate the Shannon, we'll sail the
Zuyder Zee,
We'll cross the Firth of Forth and travel
onward to the Tay,
Regretting most sincerely that at home we
cannot be—
For we hate to go to Europe, but we do not
dare to stay!

THE PASSING OF ROMANCE.

Romance is dead, dead as a door nail. We write it and act it and paint it, but not one of us lives it. There are some who claim to have met it face to face, and who declare that sound eyes are all that is needed to see it on every side, fresh and radiant as ever; but that is because they are still looking out through the rose colored pane of the great stained glass window that lies between us and life. Most of us are now huddled down behind the chilly blue pane, whose dismal shadow changes the figure of romance into a melancholy corpse, sadly in need of burial.

It is not the best of glass, this *fin de siècle* pane, and many a once revered object, seen through it, gets a ludicious twist or an unpleasant distortion, so that we laugh, or turn away in annoyance. We know in our souls that we are not seeing truly; but the clear white pane is still too high for us to reach, so we squint knowingly through the blue, with a smile of patronage for those who cling to the antiquated red. And so, by our lights, romance is dead.

Nothing shows this more plainly than an up to date love affair. A keen sense of humor is fatal to passionate utterances, and, the world having gone humor mad, even passion has learned to take itself with a grain of Attic salt. Broken hearts are extinct, and sweethearts have petrified into "best girls," while he who would go on his knees must do it simply by way of a joke, or be branded with the terrible stigma of "soft." The girl who, a generation ago, would have whispered to her adorer, with crimson cheeks, "More than life itself do I love you," now laughs and casually remarks, "You know I'm perfectly silly about you!" And both are satisfied. The literal expression of emotion is such bad form!

There is no denying that, by choking back the expression of a feeling, we eventually weaken the feeling itself. Laugh at seriousness long enough, and you will become as flippant within as without. In our revolt from sentimentality, we have gone far towards stifling sentiment itself, and our keen psychological interest in our emotions and complexities is going to put the finishing

touches. For, if we feel a sentiment stirring within us, we immediately pull it up by the roots to see how it grows, and analyze it, and cut it into cross sections, and make it into a novel. Then we wonder why it has stopped flourishing. With love reduced to a science, and Cupid bound down for vivisection, what hope is left for romance?

Here is a sample of a modern love scene:

SHE—Everything is in favor of it.

HE—We were made for each other, as far as tastes and such things go.

SHE—And both our families are wild to have it happen.

HE—And you're just the right height for me.

SHE—And we are neither of us in love with any one else. That, by the way, is rather unflattering. You have had every opportunity to fall in love with me. You don't know how unpopular it makes me feel.

HE—But I can't do it all, and you are such an iceberg. I spent an hour and a half making mad love to you the other evening, but you never changed color, and at the end you said you were too sleepy to sit up another minute. How can one kindle a heart with an asbestos finish? (*Takes her hand.*) I don't believe that means a thing to you.

SHE—Why, I don't dislike it. If I pulled it away, it would be from a sense of propriety, or because some one was coming. But it doesn't affect my pulse.

HE (*throwing her hand down with an impatient gesture*)—Oh, it is no use. All the human nature is civilized out of you. You are not a woman at all—you're a sexless exponent of the higher education.

SHE—So are you.

HE—I know it. We're supercivilized. I wish we were a little nearer Adam and Eve—and Paradise. You look dreadfully pretty, leaning back like that. Would you be very angry if I kissed you?

SHE—That's too extreme. We'll save it for a last resort. Suppose we try walking through the garden in the moonlight? That is said to be dangerous.

HE—Don't you know that it is a significant fact, my wanting to kiss you? You ought to feel encouraged.

SHE—But you don't really care for me, not in the least.

HE—And you don't give a button for me.

SHE (*sighing*)—What a pity it all is!

(*And they stroll away, very sorrowful.*)

MILLINERY IN LITERATURE.

The feminine love of dress has found a new outlet, for the girl of the period, having gowned herself to satiety, has taken to preparing elaborate toilettes for her favorite books. The plain "ready made" of cloth or paper is now looked on as a temporary makeshift, like the straight and unadorned white garment in which a new doll comes home, and is ripped off as quickly as possible. There is a mysterious interval of cutting and fitting, pasting and decorating with deft fingers and all the clever little tools of a professional, and then the volume comes out in a creation calculated to set a whole library in a flutter. How Shakspere must stare and Carlyle snort when the fashionable little "Love Lyrics" trips to its place! How Thackeray's eyes must twinkle under their grave brows! How Homer must crouch down in his faded vellum, trembling lest he be called on to replace dingy comfort with white satin and gold bow knots, and how Austin Dobson must crane forward and sigh to be arrayed like one of these!

It is not a mere matter of ordering materials and learning to handle them, this new occupation for the wealthy unemployed. The stuff used must always have been found, or picked up, or run across. A commonplace purchase of material intended for book binding would be crude and inartistic. The enthusiast keeps a special corner of her traveling trunk set apart for finds in the way of leather, tapestry, damask, silk, canvas, Chinese cottons, Japanese end papers, or any fabric that will give charm and atmosphere to a book and double its importance as a gift. Some take lessons at such famous places as the Doves' Bindery in London, but many learn the trade in the dusty alcoves where the public libraries do their binding, toiling as hard as any apprentice with a living to make. The work requires neat fingers and artistic instincts, as well as long practice. The boards are covered and stamped and tooled, burnished and lettered, or inlaid in different colors of leather from designs made by the ambitious binders or copied from the famous works of Grolier and other masters of the craft.

Often the books themselves are compiled by these fair enthusiasts, who collect a dozen or so of their favorite magazine stories, sew them together, press and clip them and gild their tops, then add the outer covering, and give the whole to some specially favored friend. It is not a cheap fad nor an easy one, but it is quite the prettiest and most refined of all the modern girl's whims.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF TRAVEL.

For a long time we have been familiar with a game known to us as "choochoo cars," and have looked on it as a simple nursery sport, involving merely a row of chairs and a tin or vocal whistle. All at once, the game has grown up and been promoted to the drawing room, where it takes its place as an accepted member of the social world. Its coming out has proved a great success, and many a person who finds a railway journey somewhat tire-

some in the actual fact, revels in the happy excitement of playing vestibule limited.

At a party of this kind, the guests, who have been invited simply to play cards, are greeted as they come in with tickets appointing them to their respective seats and sections. At the door of the drawing room stands an official in brass buttons, who conducts them to their places in the Pullman, a clever arrangement of painted canvas and electric lights. Up and down on either side run the sections, each provided with a card table, and when the last "All aboard!" has been sounded, the whistle blows and the games begin.

Of course all the usual incidents of travel follow. Conductors punch the tickets for every game won or lost, and train boys hurry through, distributing bonbons, punch, and lemonade. At a given hour "Twenty minutes for refreshments" is announced, and all hurry out to fall upon a realistic lunch counter, served by the prettiest of biscuit shooters. The first prize is invariably a silver mounted flask.

The simplest plan for such entertainments would be to hire an old Pullman and have it hauled up in the back yard; but that would not suit at all. The fun of the thing lies in the fact that it only pretends to be a car, for in clever imitation lies a charm which sober reality lacks. The effect might be heightened by having illuminated scenery revolve past the windows. The same mountain, tree, or cataract would probably come around rather often, but in the excitement of progressive hearts or retrogressive slapjack, the guests would not be likely to notice it. A realistic smash up would put a charming finish to the affair. We leave the mechanical details to the clever brains that originate these novel time killers.

THE COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD'S RED SHIRTS.

Even in Europe not all the fads and fancies of Vanity Fair originate among the nobility, but if one could follow to their beginnings the threads to which the fickle fancies of a fashionable world are tied a great many would be found fastened somewhere about a title. Even the Flannel Shirt Club, quite celebrated just now in London, is attached to the person of the Countess of Strafford. The club is a charity, and it came into notoriety shortly after its well known founder buttonholed an elderly, white mustached society leader in London, and said sweetly:

"I want you to join my flannel shirt club."

"Really?" replied the astonished gentleman. "Ah, really, I should be delighted."

"How many shirts may I count on you for?" asked the countess.

"Er, h'm, how many do you want?" stammered the man.

"O-oh," hesitated the countess, "they're not for me—for my poor people, you know."

Lady Strafford has hit upon an original scheme of society charity, and she is receiving thousands upon thousands of flannel shirts from men and women, old and young. Her plan is to give these articles of clothing to convalescent poor people as they are sent away from the hospitals. Red flannel is preferred, because the poor, the countess says, like color. If you buy one red shirt each year for this purpose, you are entitled to membership in the club.

WHEN GEMS FALL ILL.

The newest thing in medical science is an idea propounded by scientists for the especial purpose, apparently, of worrying milady. The dread discovery has been made that gems have diseases. It is not yet known whether these maladies are contagious, whether the same epidemic threatens all gems, or whether each one has its own health destroying bacillus. But the feature of this discovery that is the most destructive to the peace of mind of the fair possessor of costly gems is this: the disease has no remedy. Once attacked, there is no hope of recovery. The only way, therefore, to secure long life for these precious objects is to avoid contagion, and, as much as possible, the risk of original infection.

According to the scientists who have been working on this important problem, certain stones are more easily affected than others, more apt to "catch the disease," so to speak, from a neighbor already suffering from it. These should be protected by a rigid quarantine. Pearls, turquoise, and opals belong to this delicate class. If only the poor deluded mortals who have yielded to the superstitions connected with this latter stone, and mourned the loss of love and affection on the part of its giver, had known that it was simply a disease, only a wandering bacillus, that had robbed the opal of its life and light, what an amount of agony would have been saved for some more practical grief!

Garnets, topazes, and amethysts belong to the rank and file of cheaper gems, and are more subject to disease than the aristocratic rubies and sapphires. But even these fall a victim to the greedy little germs; and grief must fill the heart and soul of their possessor when she observes the slightest hint of pallor on the face of one of her favorites, for she will know that it is doomed. The diamond alone is said to have no susceptibility to contagion, but this may be only an apparent immunity, due to the fact that science has

not yet specialized its ailments and identified its bacillary foe.

Now let medicine advance to a new triumph by discovering a cure for gem diseases—the more abstruse and costly the better.

THE EMERGENCY CLASS.

The tender heart of woman is still alive. If we had a war tomorrow, there would be thousands of lovely Florence Nightingales in embryo to go out and make themselves into angels of mercy. They are forming classes all over the United States, with that unanimity of action which is such an inexplicable feature of all fads. Nobody knows exactly why, all at once, every girl in the country should begin putting two one cent stamps on her letters instead of a single two cent label, or why all the scarf pins should be stuck in on one side rather than the other; but these things have been done as with one impulse, and the "emergency class" has followed the same instinct.

There is one curious thing about these aid to the injured classes—they are never instructed by an old or an ugly surgeon. They seem to appear about a nucleus of young man, like the Bible classes of a country village when an unmarried clergyman is installed; and as a rule their leader is not only young, but handsome, and full of enthusiasm. It is only right and proper, of course, that the instructor himself should be a perfect specimen of health, purely for his scientific value as an example to his students.

Besides supplying the young ladies who have taken such a sudden fancy for hospital work with a fund of information and experience, the classes are doing the young physicians a great deal of good, if not in a pecuniary way, at least in giving them practice. The quick witted dwellers in tenements have discovered that when they get one of the "emergency class" instructors as a medical attendant, all the goods of life flow in after him in the hands of lovely young ladies, and the injured "Johnny" or "Tommy" is fed and amused until his young soul and stomach are surfeited.

The "emergency class" is an institution which appears to work capitally all around.

"WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG" PARTIES.

A couple of summers ago, a young woman, visiting the home of a relative, whom she had not seen since she was in slips and sashes, came across a baby picture in the old family album.

"Who is this Napoleonic youngster?" she asked. "He looks as if he might grow to be something great some day."

The relative drew near.

"Why, that's *you*, taken when you were two months old."

All the young woman could say was: "I never should have believed it!"

There are few of us who recognize ourselves in those little bundles of soft flesh, swathed in tucks, ribbons, and laces, in honor of our first visit to the photographer. If the originals cannot place themselves, how are strangers to do so? Even the wiseacres who know which parent the new baby resembles, fail to detect the young man or woman of the present in the infant of twenty years ago. All this has led, of late, to a new idea—the baby picture party.

The smart young hostess who originated it has already scratched it off her list of original entertainments. It has been used as a feature of an evening party at her home, and will shortly be copied, of course, by the four and forty guests who attended.

On the invitations to such a party is written the request that the guest forward to the hostess, at the earliest possible moment, a picture of herself or himself, taken in early infancy—just how early is not stated. In they come in dribs and drabs, daguerreotypes, tintypes, silhouettes, carte de visites, and a few cabinet photographs—each, in a way, an example of the art in various stages. On the evening of the show they are all arranged on a huge screen, manufactured for the occasion, and numbers are attached to them. The guests receive numbered tablets, and are required to write beside each number their guess as to the identity of the corresponding picture.

The errors that inevitably result create a delightful amount of ill feeling among those dear people who are always thinking up some new form of enjoyment. Sly remarks are made about the woman whose baby form has been secured by a daguerreotype, for daguerreotyped babies cannot be very young at this writing. Miss Susan Slender is very much offended because some one doubts that the plump baby was the beginning of her present self. Mrs. Playne waxes sore when some one with kind intent exclaims, "Oh, you were pretty *then!*" The young man who is represented by a silhouette, which he has purposely picked out from three other baby pictures as being the one which shows that his profile was excellent from the start, is asked by a cutting dame if it was taken at a county fair. When he indignantly denies the allegation, she makes matters worse by replying, "I always thought you were from the country—there was something about you——" But he departs before the explanation is finished.

The atmosphere of the baby party is pretty

sure to grow chilly before the evening is over; but no such consideration will alarm the faddist who has never tried this mode of entertaining her friends. So when the poor black donkey, which has figured at so many entertainments, has had its bray, and his numerical tails have been converted into a duster, fresh amusement may be found in this more personal game of portraits of younger days. It many cases it is amusing to observe how childish the originals are still.

"SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD."

A great many years ago, when "Silver Threads among the Gold" was written and sung, "gray hairs" and "growing old" were considered to be synonymous terms, but times and songs have changed, and words that used to mean the same thing do so no longer. Twenty years ago gray hairs meant old age as plainly as wrinkles, but not so today. Neither is the change in meaning due at all to lexicographers—unless it can be said that the present day writers of dictionaries have been bound to the wheel of fashion, and must follow its tortuous turnings.

The modern young woman has taken quite a fancy to silver threads among her locks. The fashion may have come from the idea that to look intellectual is the proper thing, but more likely it sprang from the belief, inspired by recent *bals poudrées*, that gray hair is really becoming. Still, young women have been known to follow fashions that were neither becoming nor logical, and perhaps the most plausible excuse for the gray hair fad is simply that it *is* the fashion.

THE GIRL AND THE DOG.

The law of harmonious contrast is something which has to be studied before it can be appreciated. Harmony in itself is sufficiently easy of comprehension, and so, for that matter, is contrast. We know that a mezzotint belongs in a black frame and that a blonde must not wear a red dress. These are questions of harmony. We know, also, that a dark line of hills is impressive against a rosy sky. That is a principle of contrast. But what is the law which makes a stunning combination of the ugliest possible dog and the prettiest possible girl? We have called it "harmonious contrast" for want of a better expression.

Expert critics have conceded that the prettiest possible girl is the American, and others, equally expert, have determined that the most hideous canine hitherto discovered is the thoroughbred bulldog. During the last few months, a combination of these two *ne plus ultras* has come to be a not unfamiliar sight on metropolitan streets. To see it, however, just as to see a great many other surprising and interesting things, one has to breakfast promptly and start out promptly afterwards. For the American girl is no sluggard. She is awake and abroad before many of the men whom one hears moralizing about the imperative demands of business; and the bulldog is her companion and her protector—should any one be sufficiently foolhardy to risk his displeasure.

Again, of late it has become a fad for a smitten swain to present his lady with a dog, believing it to be a poor rule which does not work both ways. If "love me, love my dog" holds good, why not also "love my dog, love me"? So when we see the "frank and free young Yankee maiden," swinging along of a fresh spring morning with her canine chaperon, we shall not, perhaps, be far from right if we guess that somewhere there is another poor dog who is being led along in a leash of love as relentlessly as this one in a leash of leather.

Be that as it may, the bulldog, bowlegged and brutal looking, never appears to better advantage than in the early hours of these spring mornings, in the company of the girl whose latest fad he is. His massive collar is of sterling silver and his leash of the finest braided pigskin, unless it happen to be a silver chain. The lines of the bulldog have fallen in pleasant places—until his novelty wears off!

THE HUSK OF THINGS.

Before life became what some one has called "so laboriously elaborate," they used to wrap a bouquet—it was a bouquet in those days, and not "flowers"—in a piece of tissue paper, and if it had a frill around it, it was "elegant." Look in the florist's window today, and see what he displays. It is not roses and violets; at least, there is only a bunch here and there, and seldom of his best. What he does display is the outward and visible sign, the husk, the boxes and wrappings in which the flowers are to be sent. They are painted by artists, tied up with bows by milliners, and in reality made the most expensive part of a flower gift. Gilded and decorated baskets are put out to hold two roses.

It is the same way at the sweet shop. Caskets of Sèvres, of silver and tortoise shell, fit for the crown jewels of a kingdom, are made to hold a handful of burnt almonds, or those idiotic, pseudo poetic candied flowers, which it is good form to eat and impossible to relish. The fashionable milliners and dressmakers follow the lead. You pay almost as much for the satin box your best gown comes home in as you do for the gown.

Were we not light trippers through the fads and follies of the day, what morals we could read from this text!

"THE MAYFLOWER."

The Lyceum's fourth offering for the present season is the prettiest of the quartet, adding beauty of language and sentiment to a pleasing series of stage pictures—which latter feature was all its immediate predecessor, "The First Gentleman of Europe," could boast. There is no attempt to hide under a bushel the fact that Louis N. Parker is co-author of "Rosemary"; indeed, we doubt if the present title would have been chosen were it not pleasantly reminiscent of the winter's great success. The ship that brought the Puritans to new Plymouth is after all merely an incident in the story of *Joan Mallory's* unhappy love making. But there are other reminders of "Rosemary" besides the name—a cleanly purpose and an idyllic atmosphere that are right welcome to the jaded playgoer.

Mary Mannering is a winsome Pilgrim daughter, and in her acting she combines to a rare degree perfect naturalness with effective emphasis of emotional scenes. And in spite of all the praise she has received for this first season's work, she has remained modest and unaffected, as any one may easily see by her demeanor when she reads before the curtain the pretty prologue Mr. Parker has written for his play.

Edward Morgan again does good work. He has an ease of manner and a pleasing voice which Hackett utterly lacks, and by singular good fortune in these last two plays he has had in each case the strongest scene. Joseph Wheelock, Jr., supplies admirable comedy with his broken Dutch, and it goes without saying that Charles Walcot is a bluff sea captain of excellent parts. Nor should mention be omitted of a newcomer, R. Peyton Carter, whose long faced Pilgrim is a happy conception of an unhappy type.

THE PROTOTYPE OF "A CONTENTED WOMAN."

According to his own confession, Charles Hoyt likes "A Midnight Bell" best of all the plays he has written, although the thirteenth, "A Trip to Chinatown," has been the most successful. A year ago his wife, Caroline Miskel, announced that "A Temperance Town" was her favorite; but she is doubtless prejudiced, as it was this piece that introduced her to Hoyt audiences. She certainly ought to like "A Contented Woman," as it was written especially for her. She tells interviewers that her husband thought out the plot while he was clipping hedges at their country place in New Hampshire, and then wrote the play itself in three weeks.

Mrs. Hoyt promises to break the record in the number of times she sits for her photograph. She must have nearly caught up to Lillian Russell already. Her beauty is hereditary, her family being good old Kentucky stock. She is the granddaughter of the late Chief Justice Mendiez of the Blue Grass State, and her father's name is Scales. She was born in 1873, in Toronto, whither her parents had removed at the close of the war. Like so many other American players, she began with Daly; indeed, it is hard to find a woman of any rank on our stage today who has not been, at one time or another, with this master hand at training. She was *Phœbe* in "As You Like It" and *Maria* in "The School for Scandal," but it was such a come down from even these minor parts to being a fairy in "The Foresters" that she abandoned all idea of waiting to be promoted into Ada Rehan's place.

Mrs. Hoyt is an eminently natural actress—a comment which she should be glad to hear, as she has confessed to being ambitious for nothing more. In "A Contented Woman" this attribute is of great service to her, and—her beauty does the rest.

DALY'S LEADING MEN.

"First things" in the careers of men who have "arrived" are always interesting. Mr. Daly's first appearance as manager of a New York playhouse was made August 23, 1869, when he reopened the original Fifth Avenue Theater, occupying the site of the present Hoyt's, in Twenty Fourth Street. The house had passed through many vicissitudes of fortune, varying in complexion from the legitimate under George Brougham to Christy's minstrels, but ever tending one way as to direction—and that downward. Daly's initial offering was Robertson's comedy "Play," with George Clarke and Mrs. Gilbert both in the bill, as frequently happens at the Daly's of today. Mr. Clarke was the first leading man, and Agnes Ethel the leading woman.

John Drew's first appearance with Mr. Daly was made February 15, 1875, in the second Fifth Avenue Theater (now Mr. Miner's) in Twenty Eighth Street, the Twenty Fourth Street house having been destroyed by fire on

MARY MANNERING.

From her latest photograph by Downey, London.

New Year's Day, 1873. The play was "The Big Bonanza," the beginning of a series of Daly adaptations from the German which have proved the author manager's most profitable ventures. Mr. Drew played *Bob Ruggles*, opposite to Fanny Davenport's *Eugenia*, and

Worthing, which brings the record up to the present incumbent of the position, Charles Richman, an actor who is in every way fitted for its high responsibilities.

Mr. Richman is from the West. He was playing as an amateur for charity in Chicago

CAROLINE MISKEL HOYT.

From her latest photograph by Jones & Lotz, San Francisco.

the piece ran until June. Mr. Drew left the company at the end of the season in 1892, his last creation with them being *Robin Hood* in Tennyson's "Foresters." His final appearance in the theater with which he had been so long associated was as *Orlando* in a special performance of "As You Like It," given on April 23 of that year, in celebration of Shakspere's birthday. Mr. Drew was succeeded by Arthur Bourchier, who, in turn, gave way to another Englishman, Frank

when it was suggested that the whole organization resolve itself into a professional troupe and go on tour. The scheme soon met with the inevitable wreckage, but out of the ruins young Richman emerged with a soaring ambition, and in a brief while he has climbed to enviable heights.

He has a good stage presence, and is absolutely without mannerisms. If he will fight off the temptation to rest upon the laurels he has won, and continue as studious

CHARLES J. RICHMAN AS "BRUNO VON NEUHOFF" IN "COUNTESS GUCKI."
From a photograph by See & Epler, New York.

and painstaking as he is, he ought to prove the most acceptable leading man in the history of the house.

THE AMERICAN DUSE.

"I have had a glimpse into the future history of the American stage. I have just seen the actress of the coming generation. She is like a frail bark that is tossed by tempests now, but at the proper time she will get into port, and all the world will fall at her feet."

These words were uttered ten years ago, the speaker being the late Dion Boucicault, the place the lobby of a small Western playhouse, and the occasion the close of a performance in which an actress still in her teens, a dark eyed, red haired girl, had labored pitifully hard to save a tawdry piece from its own inanity. The prophecy was printed in a Boston journal some three years since, when this same actress, after a period of retirement, returned to the stage under her married name. But the time for its fulfilment had not yet come, nor was the harbor sighted until the present spring, when, with the production of "Tess," Minnie Maddern Fiske took her place beside the foremost figures on the contemporary stage.

In this connection it is interesting to recall that the Boston paper already mentioned, in referring to "Hester Crewe," the drama in which Mrs. Fiske's reëntrance was to be

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE AS "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

effected, described its tone as "the moral atmosphere of Hardy's novels."

Mrs. Fiske's art has been likened by more than one metropolitan critic to the genius of Duse; at any rate, each has had the same cradling, as it were, in the arms of the drama. Lizzie Maddern, the mother of Minnie, was a member of the stock company at New Orleans when her daughter was born, while her father, Tom Davies, is still remembered in the West as one of the earliest of the circuit managers. Minnie was only three years old when she first "went on" as the *Duke of York*, in "Richard III." This was at Little Rock, Arkansas, and from that time she played an enormous repertoire of child rôles. She has been both *Heinrich* and *Minna* in "Rip Van Winkle," she was the original *Little Fritz* in the first Joe Emmet's series of "Fritzes," and did not escape becoming an *Eva* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." After all this she was sent for a short time to a convent school, and then, at the age of fifteen, began to star. "Caprice" is the best known of her

MABEL AMBER IN "AT PINEY RIDGE."

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

CLARA LIPMAN.
From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

ventures at this epoch. At twenty two she married Harrison Grey Fiske, proprietor of the New York *Dramatic Mirror*. Their home is in an old fashioned house near Central Park, and books are the predominating feature of it.

Still another trait of Mrs. Fiske's that reminds one of Duse is her dislike of personal notoriety. She is the despair of interviewers. She will see them, but persists in talking of other things than herself. Sifting her skill in acting down to the keynote of its power, this is found to be a deliberateness of method that impresses the beholder with an infallible belief that she who employs it is complete mistress of the situation. The rank she has gained with *Tess* is unquestioned.

A NEW PLAY OF THE SOUTH.

"At Piney Ridge," produced at New York's American Theater on Washington's Birthday, is a good example of what may be done with threadbare situations by skill in reclothing them. "I mixed those babies up" is a device much older than "Pinafore," but it is handled with rare dexterity in the present instance. The auditor becomes interested in the action at the start, a feature which the constructors of certain melodramas lately imported from England and France would do

well to imitate. The scene is laid in the Tennessee mountain region, and the introduction of the race question brings about some effective climaxes. David Higgins, who also wrote "The Plunger," tells his story in strong outline, and has made a play which

NANCE O'NEIL.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

may safely be set down among the season's successes.

Burr McIntosh, well remembered as the creator of *Taffy*, heads the cast, which includes Mrs. McKee Rankin as *Dagmar*, an octoroon reminiscent of *Little Buttercup*, with Mabel Amber as leading woman. Miss Amber has been on the stage nine years, having begun with Lewis Morrison's stock company in Chicago at the time when the late Nelson Wheatcroft was playing villains with this organization. Then she followed the good example set by so many of her sisters of the stage, and entered the Daly training school—for such this theater has really come to be, so fruitful of good is the experience gained there. Later we find Miss Amber filling important rôles in the companies of Robert Mantell and Nat Goodwin. She at one time played *Trilby*. She is *Azelie*, the bank president's daughter, in "At Piney Ridge," and has not failed to take happy advantage of the opportunities afforded her for versatile work.

CONCERNING "THE GIRL FROM PARIS."

There was some discussion in theatrical circles last winter concerning the origin of the catch line phrase "It is to laugh," used as an advertisement for the Herald Square success, "The Girl from Paris." Several people claimed the credit of inventing it, but among the items printed on the subject none noted the coincidence connecting Clara

LILY HANBURY AS "ISHTAR" IN "THE DAUGHTERS OF BABYLON."

From a photograph by Downey, London.

Lipman, who plays the title part, with rôles in which mirth is especially emphasized. Seeking a stage career against the wishes of her father, but with the connivance of her mother, she finally obtained a foothold with Modjeska in "Odette," but her first real hit was with Charles Dickson in "Incog," in which Miss Lipman was *Molly Summers*, the laughing girl. After that she acted for a while in German, and then married Louis Mann, the inimitable German innkeeper of "The Girl from Paris." Here came the second association with laughs, for Mr. and Mrs. Mann went starring in a play written for them by Mrs. D. F. Verdenals, called "The Laughing Girl." Last season Miss Lipman was leading woman in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown."

There is no denying that "The Girl from Paris" has captured New York. But Gotham is no better off in this respect than is staid old London, where "The Gay Parisienne"

(the English name of the piece) ran steadily at the Duke of York's Theater from April 4, 1896, till April 12, 1897, when it was replaced by "Lost, Strayed or Stolen."

NANCE O'NEIL.

It is not often that an actress barely twenty one years of age has her name printed in display type on the programs after her first week's appearance in New York. This good fortune befell Nance O'Neil, now supporting McKee Rankin in "True to Life," produced last Christmas at the Murray Hill Theater, where Miss O'Neil, as "a widow and typewriter," "leaped into popularity in a single night," as the programs aforesaid put it.

Miss O'Neil is another member of that vast host of fair players hailing from the Golden Gate. She is an Oakland girl, and when she was eighteen met Mr. Rankin, who had just opened the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco; and under his auspices she made her début in "Sara." This was in the fall of 1893, and since then she has played almost fifty parts, varying from *Lady Calthorpe* in "La Belle Russe" to *Eliza* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She has always been under Mr. Rankin's stage direction, and attributes whatever success she has gained to the fact that she has never been allowed to be other than perfectly natural.

SOME LONDON HITS AND MISSES.

Few, if any, of the plays transplanted from the American to the English stage are produced there under the original titles. Indeed, "My Friend the Prince," which has "caught on" at the London Garrick, differs in many more respects than that of nomenclature and locale from "My Friend from India." The strange bedfellow whom the son of the parvenu wakes up to find beside him appears to be the only idea Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy has borrowed from Mr. H. A. Du Souchet. There is no barber and no mirror scene. Even without these accessories, the farce has found such favor that it was a difficult matter to provide the Prince of Wales with a box when he desired to attend during the first week of the run.

Far different was the reception meted out to "The Daughters of Babylon," at the Lyric. Instead of proving a worthy follower to "The Sign of the Cross," poor Wilson Barrett's newest piece was treated to a storm of hisses after the final curtain—an ancient English privilege which has never obtained vogue here. The stage pictures were magnificent, and the cast required thirty three principals. Maud Jeffries, Barrett's American leading woman, played *Elna*, the Jewish maiden, while *Ishtar*, the Babylonian courtesan, fell to Lily Hanbury, of whom we give a portrait. Miss Hanbury was here with Beerbohm Tree on his first visit in 1895, and since then created *Antoinette de Mauban* in the St. James' presentation of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Other recent failures in the English capital were "Nelson's Enchantress" at the Avenue, and "His Majesty," a new comic opera by F. C. Burnand and Sir Alexander Mackenzie at the Savoy. Almost simultaneously with the production of Pinero's new comedy at the St. James, Henry Arthur Jones brings forward "The Physician" at the Criterion, where "Rosemary" was revived on February 13.

THE BOSTONIANS AND THEIR NEW OPERA.

A comic opera without a spinal column is a good deal like the dialect "story" without a story. The former depends upon the mounting and the music, while the latter depends upon its vernacular. There are those who flatter themselves with the belief that they find real literary sustenance in the dialect story, and there may be some who cherish the same delusion about the flabby opera. A concert, pure and simple, is just what it seems to be. It is music from beginning to end, all music—one hundred per cent music. It gives certain people what they go to hear, and satisfies them.

But an opera that has no force of theme, no plot, no well defined purpose—nothing but a jumble of brigands and sawdust and time worn absurdities—does not furnish an entirely satisfactory entertainment. It may perhaps contain twenty five per cent of singing to seventy five per cent of rubbish. Let us make ourselves clear. What is rubbish under one condition may be good work under another. If everything—the dancing, the scenic effect, the costumes, the jokes, the witticisms, the repartee—if all these tend to the development of the story, and are true to the story, then they are appropriate and effective; but when they come in in a disconnected way, no one thing bearing any relation to any other, then they are tiresome and an injury rather than an aid to the music.

A good many of these worthless operatic pretenses are floated by the excellence of the company producing them. This was notably true of "The Chieftain." The opera itself had not enough merit to run a night, but Wilson managed to keep it afloat for several months. Hopper and others have had similar experiences—have them, in fact, much too often.

There is, perhaps, no organization more capable of floating an indifferent libretto than the Bostonians. They have recently brought

out "The Serenade," an opera that resembles "The Chieftain." It is scarcely so weak. It has some good work in it, but as a whole it scatters. It is not well knit together. Barnabee himself has a miserable part, and Jessie Bartlett Davis in trousers is not a delight to the eye. Cowles has no songs in which he could make a reputation, if his reputation were not already made. There is some acceptable music here and there, notably in the monastery scene. Mrs. Davis has a couple of good numbers, but as a whole the opera is floated by the company, conspicuous in which is Alice Nielsen, the new soprano. She is decidedly pretty and sings like a bird. A combination of youth and beauty and a sweet voice is resistless.

"The Serenade" has apparently made a hit. At this writing it is "drawing full houses," to use the conventional phrase. It might be more accurate to say that the Bostonians are here again, and are packing the theater. They are prime favorites, and have an assured clientage. Barnabee is a whole company in himself. He has had, moreover, splendid support at one time or another in Whitney, Frothingham, Karl, Macdonald, Miss Beebe, Cowles, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Camille D'Arville, Margaret Reid, and others. Miss Nielsen has brought new strength to the Bostonians, and will add materially to their popularity.

THE WINNING FARCE OF THE SEASON.

The original French version of "Never Again" ran not quite two months in Paris, where as "Le Truc de Seraphin" it was produced at the Variétiés December 22. It will easily fill out the remainder of the season at the Garrick in New York, where the sales for the first two weeks (dating from March 8) even exceeded those for the same period of "Secret Service." While nearly all the fun making devices employed in the farce are old friends —supposedly exemplary husbands "out with the boys," mistaken identity, with much chasing in and out of rooms and behind screens—the situations are present in such generous quantity, the characters are so skilfully sketched and so cleverly impersonated, that "it is to laugh" unrestrainedly throughout the evening.

It has been said of "Never Again" that it is far from being a sermon, but it is a veritable tract beside "Spiritisme." The most objectionable portions are a few unnecessary innuendoes in conversation, which could easily be eliminated, and doubtless will be by the time this notice appears, as they fall quite flat with our audiences. Mr. Frohman presents "Never Again" with a star cast of the "Thoroughbred" order: E. M. Holland, Fritz Williams, Ferdinand Gottschalk, May Robson, Elsie de Wolfe, and Agnes Miller. Gottschalk as a musician of the Von Biene type, and Miss Robson as a mother in law feigning dumbness, make individual hits that will serve as new epoch markers in their careers.

SOMETHING ABOUT LOUIS MANN.

"The Girl from Paris" is badged with the distinction of having the longest consecutive run of any play produced in the metropolis this season. And of the thousands who have seen the piece at the Herald Square, it is safe to assert that ninety per cent have come away with the drollery of the German innkeeper uppermost in their minds. It is a character part beyond dispute, yet Louis Mann makes it the gem it is by a lack of exaggeration that seems to bring it within the limits of the "straight" field. Mr. Mann has been careful to free it from any suggestion of "playing at" the audience. The old German moves about among his guests as though there were no such thing as a proscenium opening, and his quaint witticisms in stocking his supply of mineral water have all the effect of genuine soliloquy.

Mr. Mann is a native New Yorker. His first appearance was made at the age of six at the old Stadt Theater in a series of children's plays in German. This early introduction to the boards, however, appears to have given him little or no confidence, as on the occasion of his "grown up" début with Lewis Morrison and Marie Prescott he flunked on the single line he had to speak. After this his family insisted on his entering mercantile life, but when he had tried and failed in some thirty different situations, he went back to his first love.

He thought leading and juvenile business was his forte, and went barnstorming therein with a persistency unbaffled by defeat. Then he fell in with Charles Dickson (now also with "The Girl from Paris"), who was presenting "Incog." By a mere accident he was thrust into an old man character part in a curtain raiser called "The Salt Cellar," and in this made his first New York hit. His mother went to see the performance, and afterwards her son asked her how she liked it.

"Well," she replied, in her German fashion, "it is a nonsense, but it is to laugh."

Mr. Mann treasured the phrase in his memory, awaiting a good opportunity for its use, which came with the production of "The Girl from Paris." His rôle of *Hans*, the keeper of the spa, was practically written by himself. Last season he was the diffident music professor in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," and previous to that the

Svengali of the "Trilby" burlesque in "The Merry World."

* * * *

"Spiritisme" failed in Paris as dismally as it failed here. Even Bernhardt's acting could not save it, and it gave way to a revival of "La Tosca" after the twentieth performance. The play has achieved one distinction, however—that of being the only out and out fiasco Sardou has made since he has won a recognized place among the playwrights of the world. And it was his judgment, not his skill, that was at fault; the study of spiritualism is a hobby with him, and he allowed his personal interest in the subject to encroach upon his professional discernment. Such a course is almost always disastrous, but Sardou is too clever a man not to easily win our forgiveness. The public may expect a *chef d'œuvre* in his next offering.

* * * *

If its hero were not such a milksop, "L'Arlésienne" might have escaped the blighting frost that nipped its life just as spring opened. Manager McCormick mounted it beautifully, Bizet's music is singularly delicate and apposite, the situations are well placed, and the atmosphere of the piece is full of the charm that exhales from romance beneath sunny skies against a background of ripening fields. But *Frédéri* is impossible; one may summon up sympathy for a love sick girl, but with all due respect to M. Daudet, his whimpering rustic, crying after a "drab," is beyond the pale of dramatic unities.

* * * *

Madeleine Lucette Ryley, whose "Christopher, Jr.," was one of John Drew's last season's successes, is the wife of J. H. Ryley, the original *Bunthorne*, and she herself was the original *Patience*. Her newest play is "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," with Annie Russell and Joseph Holland heading the cast, for a supplementary season at the Lyceum. Margaret Morton, Marguerite Merington, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Madeleine Ryley—our successful woman playwrights are pressing the men hard in point of numbers.

* * * *

Joseph Herbert is to the burlesque field what Gillette is to comedy, with the exception that he rarely, if ever, plays in his own pieces. He is now the French spy in "The Girl from Paris," having passed to that from "Lost, Strayed or Stolen," where he enacted one of the three godfathers in the original New York cast. In "Rob Roy" he created *Sandy MacSherry*, the town crier. His first success in play travestying was made two years ago with "Thrilby," and during the past winter his burlesques on "The Heart of Maryland," "The Geisha," and "Under the Red Robe" have kept Weber & Field's Music Hall constantly crowded. He wrote "The Art of Maryland" without having seen the drama on which it was based.

* * * *

Owing to a quarrel between himself and George Edwardes, the London manager, Mr. Daly asked Mr. Herbert to prepare a version of "The Circus Girl" direct from the German original, "Eine Tolle Nacht" (A Wild Night). But just as this was completed, the differences between the two gentlemen were made up, and the London version is used in New York after all. Mr. Herbert's work, we understand, is to be utilized later in another form. As presented at the Gaiety, "The Circus Girl" has a big cast of favorites, including Ellaline Terriss, Seymour Hicks, Harry Monkhouse, and Maurice Farkoa, whose laughing song was almost the only hit made here in "An Artist's Model."

* * * *

The duel that closes the second act of Olga Nethersole's "Carmen" is capitally fought by Nathaniel Hartwig and William Farnum. The simulation of the dead earnest purpose to kill is perfect, and there is added a grace of movement that makes the spectacle as picturesque as it is realistic. Stage fights are so often mere perfunctory fencing matches that to see one which really stirs the blood is worthy of special mention.

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The beauty of certain scenes in the first and second acts of "Meg Merrilies" will be a pleasant memory to those who were fortunate enough to see one of the seven performances of a piece that must be recorded as a Daly failure. The singing of Nancy McIntosh, Virginia Earle, and Percy Haswell was altogether delightful, while Mrs. Gilbert's jig showed that this wonderful old lady has preserved more than the memory of her ballet dancing days. If these features could be arranged into a curtain raiser, this latest version of "Meg Merrilies" would be a go, although, to be sure, it would have no *Meg* in it.

* * * *

Edward Morgan is winning much praise for his work in the Lyceum stock, where he replaces Stephen Grattan. He is a young Englishman who came to this country in 1888, and drifted to the stage because of his strong fancy for it. Most of his metropolitan experience, previous to his present engagement, was in lugubrious rôles. He was *Frank Pierson*, the convict, in "The District Attorney," *Lloyd Calvert*, the spy, in "The Heart of Maryland," and the man who died of paralysis in the first act of "Two Little Vagrants."

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

A TRIUMPH FOR NORDICA.

The return of Mme. Nordica to the scene of her old triumphs in the Metropolitan Opera House was a signal for the opera going public and the box holders to show that they had no sympathy with the policy that kept her off the stage all winter. It was Lent, many people were out of town, and the German opera, while the dearest possession of the year for hundreds of musical enthusiasts, has not been considered the same fashionable event as the regular season. But Mme. Nordica brought together a typical red letter night crowd. She made her appearance as *Elsa* in "Lohengrin," with Paul Kalisch in the title rôle, and his wife, Lili Lehmann, as *Ortrud*. The whole performance was magnificent. Nordica's personality had never shown to better advantage than as the slandered and tempted *Elsa*. Kalisch was not so good a *Lohengrin* as some that have been seen on that stage, but his wife was a faultless *Ortrud*, and her voice was in all its old glory. Nordica was called out several times between the acts, and flowers were thrown from the boxes to her feet, but the loudest demonstration came after the opera was over, when the great and enthusiastic audience called her before the curtain eleven times.

SOME OF THE SINGERS OF GERMAN OPERA.

The personality of the opera singer who is able to send thrills through a great audience will always be interesting to the general public. When a new singer comes before us, we first listen to him, and then ask what claim he has upon our consideration for other triumphs. Some people are unkind enough to say that the average opera goer does not know when singers are good or bad, but judges them as he judges stocks, by their reputation and market value.

The American début of Herr Ernst Kraus excited a good deal of attention. He came to us with a very good reputation as a Wagnerian singer; he was young, handsome, and well fitted for the heroic rôles he was to undertake. He belongs to the imperial company in Berlin. Opera goers who had been admirers of Alvary looked to this young man to take the older favorite's place; but they have met something very much like disappointment. Kraus' best character was said to be *Siegfried*, which he was young enough to play as few singers have been able to give it; but he was by no means the great tenor the public had looked for. The mantle of popularity which Jean de Reszke must of necessity let fall before long will, to all appearances, have to look for other shoulders than his. But then we can go back and remember that when Jean de Reszke was about the age of this young man, he was a baritone singer to whom Colonel Mapleson was paying something like fifty dollars a week!

Herr Kalisch is too fond of standing on his tip toes and rushing his voice out. We cannot take him in Alvary's place, either. Carl Sommers, who was Mr. Damrosch's leading baritone, was for years at the Berlin opera. Fritz Derschuch is an American by birth, although he received his education in Europe, and lived there until Mr. Damrosch brought him to America.

WAGNER AND MOZART.

Some people who had subscribed to the series of Damrosch operas were a trifle impatient at the production of "The Magic Flute," by Mozart. They wanted the strong meat of a Wagnerian opera, and showed their disapproval of the older operatic school by leaving the house in crowds while the performance was in progress. They may be interested to hear what Wagner himself said of this same opera:

"What a heavenly charm prevails in this work, in its most popular melody no less than in its most sublime hymn! What variety, what many sidedness! The quintessence of all the choice blossoms of art appears here blended into one flower. What spontaneity, and at the same time what consummate art, in every number, from the simplest to the most imposing! In truth, genius has made here almost too gigantic a stride; for in creating German opera, Mozart at the same time gave us the most perfect master work of its kind, which cannot possibly be surpassed—nay, whose scope cannot be enlarged or developed."

To be sure, Mr. Damrosch made no great effort to give a great or even an adequate performance of the "Magic Flute," and did not bring out its real beauties.

THE ORBITS OF THE OPERATIC STARS.

The plans of the prominent opera singers have been so changed by illnesses and dissensions that we hardly know what to expect of them within the next few months.

It is said that Mme. Nordica will go to

Covent Garden in an aggressive mood. She asserts that her contract calls for her appearance in operas in which she intends to be heard, though they also contain great parts for Jean de Reske, and M. de Reszke has declared that he will never again appear on the same stage with Mme. Nordica. We can only wait.

Both Melba and Eames promise to be quite well by that time, ready to appear at their best and to take from Calvé's strong shoulders some of the heavy burden she has borne. Calvé's versatility was never so strikingly shown as in the latter days of the season in America. It is doubtful if any other of the great artists could have done what she accomplished.

The de Reszkes will sing in Germany during the coming summer. They have never appeared at Bayreuth, and while often asked to do so by Mme. Wagner they felt that they could not do justice to the rehearsals and still fill their engagements during the London season.

AN AMERICAN SINGER FROM ENGLAND.

The début of Miss Ella Russell, at a concert of the Symphony Society, was an event in the musical world during the late spring. Miss Russell had already won a great deal of reputation in England as an opera and concert singer, and at the first notes of her first song, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," the critical people who had gathered to hear her looked at one another with approval in their eyes. But it was in Liszt's "Die Loreley," which she sang in German, that her truly artistic nature and training showed themselves and set the audience wild with delight.

Miss Russell's voice suggests that of Materna in its sonorous quality. It is full of a heroically dramatic power, and carries the listener with its strong flood to the emotions which the composer hoped to arouse. She is an American who has lived so much abroad that she has lost almost all sense of belonging to us; and indeed in her artistic life she does not. She had a rather interesting suit in the English courts, a year or two ago, when she sued a manager for putting her name in too small type on the bills. She and the judge agreed that the slight put upon her had a tendency to belittle her reputation as a singer, and she recovered damages.

Miss Russell was born in Cleveland, and studied in Paris and Milan. She comes to America with her husband, Signor de Righini, who is a retired officer of the Italian army.

A FAMOUS "MISERERE."

The Musical Art Society gave, at its second concert this winter, some church music appropriate for the Lenten season. The number that excited most curiosity was the famous "Miserere" by Allegri. Probably there does not exist in the world a more curious and historic piece of music. It is set for nine parts in two choirs, and has belonged to the Sistine Chapel in Rome for nearly three centuries. Its composer, Gregorio Allegri, was a priest and a singer in the papal choir, and this was his one great work. It was considered so beautiful, and so appropriate to its place, that an old edict promised excommunication to any one who should play or sing it outside of the chapel. In 1770, Mozart, then a boy of fourteen, was making an Italian tour with his father; and reaching Rome in Holy Week he was taken to the Sistine to hear the famous "Miserere." The boy went home and wrote the music down from memory. There were other real or pretended copies, one of which came into Dr. Burney's possession. The Emperor Leopold I sent a special embassy to the Pope to secure permission to have it performed at Vienna. Careful preparations were made, but the result was a failure—so much so that Leopold declared that he had been tricked, and that the correct score had not been given to him. The fact is that, as rendered in Rome, the music receives more than half its charm from its impressive surroundings and from the traditions of the way in which it should be produced. It is sung at the time when the Pope and the conclave are prostrated on the ground; the candles are put out one by one, the choir sings more and more slowly until the music dies away. But it must be confessed that, as the Musical Art Society sang it, it was not very effective.

A unique feature of the society's program was the performance upon the viola d'amore by Mr. Voigtlander, of Pittsburg. This old time instrument is probably known well to only one man in the United States, although Mr. Loeffler, of the Boston orchestra, and Mr. Nahan Franko, who is fond of ancient forms of the viol, have experimented with it. It is a large viola, strung with seven chords, with a supplementary set of metal strings underneath. These are not touched, yet they vibrate with the others, giving a remarkable and beautiful tone.

A MARQUIS' OPERA.

The Marquis of Lorne, in whom Americans feel a certain interest as a former governor general of Canada, has written the libretto of an opera. When Lord Lorne was at Ottawa, his mother in law's loyal subjects sometimes objected that he cared more for writing what they chose to consider very stupid books, than for the Dominion and its social and po-

litical interests. Of a truth, his literary productions were not brilliant, but he is said to hope much from this new opera, and it may perhaps be a success. It is called "Diarmid," and is founded upon a northern legend. Its composer goes so far as to say that it is his ambition to do for Scotland what Wagner has done for Germany. With Leoncavallo working upon similar lines in Italy, legendary lore appears in a fair way to be preserved a little longer.

The new opera was played in a London drawing room recently by Hamish McCunn, the Scottish composer, who has written the score, and was very much admired by the fashionable audience which had gathered to hear it.

THE HIRSUTE LION OF THE PIANO.

When Paderewski, like the old woman of Banbury Cross, "comes to town," it is no uncommon sight to see a throng of poor, deluded, music stricken maidens hanging around the stage entrance to catch a glimpse of the famous pianist with his Samson-like head of hair. It would be well if these same young women were to realize that in this case, at least, "distance lends enchantment," for Paderewski is no demigod, but a very human man.

A friend of the writer once joined this band of Paderewski worshipers. It was her dream to procure an autograph. But Ignace Jan had been compelled, in self defense, to arm himself with an order from his physician to the effect that he should on no account use his hands except for practising and at the nightly performances. Not to be denied, the enthusiast betook herself to another friend, who was a personal acquaintance of the pianist. The gentleman had an interview with Paderewski, who at first flatly refused to comply with the request. After much persuasion, however, he snatched the photograph in a pet and wrote his name directly across the *face* of the picture. The action was eminently characteristic of the man. Today the owner looks upon the photograph as one of her choicest possessions. "Just like a genius," she says complacently.

THE MODERN TYRTÆUS.

The song that has been called "the Marseillaise of the Greeks" is being sung about camp fires in Crete, and from end to end of Greece, and is even heard occasionally on the streets of American cities. It thrills every Greek as the "Wacht am Rhein" goes to the heart of the most phlegmatic German, and it sends the excitable Hellene into an intoxication by its music.

The song was written by Constantine Rhigas, who was born at Valestini in 1753. He was one of those dreamers who saw Greece once more free from the hated domination of the Turk. He founded an association of patriots known as the "Comrades," and he went from place to place getting recruits for his bands, and teaching them to sing patriotic songs. For this he was called the Tyrtæus of modern Greece. He heard the Marseillaise of Rouget de Lisle, the song that was the keynote of the French revolution, and immediately set to work to write a similar hymn for his own country. His fate was a tragic one. He believed that if he could see Napoleon, the great conqueror would free Greece. He landed in Trieste, was betrayed, taken to Vienna, and turned over to the Turkish government. He was never heard of again, so it is safe to suppose that he was immediately put to death.

His hymn will not bear translation well. It calls upon the ancient states of Greece to remember their illustrious history:

Yonder, yonder, at Thermopylæ
The war cry has sounded!
Sons of Greece, to arms!
May our tyrants, overwhelmed,
Mingle their blood with our tears
As it flows beneath our feet!

AN AMERICAN WOMAN COMPOSER.

The "Gaelic" symphony, which was recently produced in New York, is the first work of such scope written by an American woman composer.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, who was first known as Amy Marcy Cheney, is just thirty years old, and has been a musician ever since her infancy. She was born in a small New Hampshire town, where her mother taught her to play on the piano. At the age of four she had her own ideas, which she tried to express on the keyboard; and long before she had any theoretical knowledge of music, she was trying to write them down. As she grew older she had a variety of music teachers, and learned harmony with the professor at Wellesley College, but with this exception she was entirely self taught in composition. She studied all the works she could find on counterpoint, fugue, and musical forms. She made her first public appearance as a pianist at sixteen, and a year later she was playing with the Boston Symphony, and with Theodore Thomas' orchestra. Since then she has appeared in many concerts, the entire program being sometimes made up from her own works. She has written a mass in E flat which the Handel and Haydn Society brought out, and a "Festival Jubilate" which was sung at the dedication of the Woman's Building in Chicago.

STORIETTES

CAROLINE—A MEMORY.

The orchestra was playing the "Auf Wiedersehen." It was his favorite waltz, but he stood at the far end of the ball room, leaning languidly against one of the massive pillars that supported the brilliantly lighted dome. With an aimless indolence, he watched one couple after another whirl past and around him. Fragments of their conversation came to him at intervals, softly blended with the musical laughter of women. He knew many of the women. For the past five years he had danced and laughed and flirted with them—to some made love—but all that was over now; at least, it would be on the morrow, for then he was to marry Mildred Van Rassalas.

This was his last bachelor ball. He scarcely knew why he had come. He felt out of place. Already the people had begun to stare wonderingly at him, and that saucy little débutante, Rosa Carey, had just glided up to him whispering something about "the great pity that *she* wasn't there to make life worth living!"

The ball was a bore. He would go around to the club. He found some of his friends on the lookout for him; so he summoned the little throng into the buffet, bade them drink to his health, and while the wine was circling, and one old fellow—a bachelor, by the way—was telling his juniors of his first love, "his divine love," as he termed it, the groom elect stepped away unperceived and entered his room. Stirring the fire that glowed in the grate, he sank into a chair. The sound of the "Auf Wiedersehen" rang in his ears. With it came a flood of memories, and the faces and forms of his old loves took semblance in his mind.

There was Alice—what a bright little creature she was! They had met over at the Blanchards', at some informal affair. She smiled at him so sweetly when they were introduced that he liked her from that moment. It was only a flirtation at first, but such things will turn out differently sometimes. Two months, then came some slight misunderstanding—a few hot words, and—well, she was a jolly little thing—too bad she married that beast of a man, Wiggins, the pork millionaire!

Augusta was tall and stately. The wealth of dark, gleaming hair was her crowning glory. How well it matched her black, fearless eyes, and how it contrasted with her even, white teeth! She wrote poetry, and read deep books, and tried to make him read them. Just to please her he had begun "The Ring and the Book." When he found, however, that the same rather uninteresting story was being told over and over again, he really had to lay it aside. The root of the trouble was that their tastes were not alike. Their minds moved in different avenues. She could not look up to him as a woman should to the man she is going to marry. They realized it, after a while, and it was by mutual consent that the affair was broken off. He really was fond of her, though, and it might have gone rather hard with him, but just at that critical moment Maud came into his life.

Maud was a born flirt. He might have known that she was just amusing herself, but then her eyes—how blue they were, how truthful, how full of womanly sympathy! What a fool he was in those days, those old days! He trusted in her, believed in her, loved her—until that night. How well he remembered it! They were out on the pier at Narragansett. The moon was up, the water smooth and bright as a sheet of silver. He was holding her hand; how small and soft it was!

"Set the day, Maud," he was saying.

"Yes, to be sure. Let it be tomorrow," she laughed.

"No, no. Come now," he had persisted, "set the day. Why should we wait any longer?"

"Oh, Harry, don't be so foolish," she answered, yawning slightly.

"Foolish!" he had answered in surprise. "I am deeply in earnest!"

"In earnest!" Then she threw back her dainty head, and the sound of her laughter went out over the still water. "What, we marry! How absolutely ridiculous!" and she laughed again.

Did he let her see how deeply he felt the sting? Not he! His pride served him with strength to act out the wretched little one sided comedy. He, too, laughed at the idea of their marrying.

He was the gayest man at the ball that night, but with the coming of the morning a great bitterness crept into his heart. Money was the only thing worth having, after all.

Several seasons after that, Mildred Van Rassalas, wealthy and wise in the lore of the world, took society by storm. With a businesslike deliberation he had set about his

task of winning her; and tomorrow was their wedding day!

Alice, Augusta, Maud, Mildred, and—yes, there was another; one who came before them all, and whose memory he still cherished as a sacred heritage. It was so long ago, yet he could see her now, with that calm smile on her child-like face, with the soft light in her clear gray eyes, and the halo of daffodil hair!

Caroline!

How he had loved her—his first love, his "divine love"! He was sure, in those old days, that she loved him, too. Her face would light up at his coming, and her voice take to itself a melody the like of which he had heard not since, nor hoped to hear in this world. What a struggle it was to part without telling her of his love! But then he felt that he must achieve something before he could ask her to be his wife, and he sealed his lips and came to the great city, with a thousand noble ambitions in his heart. His love was too strong, however, to brook years of uncertain waiting. He vividly recalled the night he wrote that letter, telling her all, and asking if he might come to hear the glad answer from her own lips.

Then had followed a feverish state of excitement, while he awaited the answer. Three days, each of which seemed a year, and there came a neat package addressed in her hand. It was only a little tobacco pouch, tied with blue strings, and upon it was worked in embroidery the inscription, "For an Old Bachelor."

He had laid it softly upon the table and sat down. It was broad day. He knew that underneath his window, in the street below, people were passing to and fro and vehicles streaming up and down, and yet no sound came to him. How still the world had seemed in that one great moment! "For an Old Bachelor." He understood. She wished to save him the pain of a long and tiresome refusal. This was her answer! Then, mechanically, he had taken the tobacco pouch and placed it in a corner of his trunk, and had gone out for a walk, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, knowing only that his loss was irredeemable!

Caroline, Alice, Augusta, Maud, Mildred—Caroline!

Aye, she was the first and—even though he was about to lead another to the altar—*she* was the last!

Strange that she had never married. Still watching over her aged father, he had heard. Just like her. What a different man he might have been could he have won her love! Well, he would marry tomorrow. He would cease to be an "old bachelor," and the tobacco pouch?—yes, he would destroy it.

The fire was dull, and a shiver went through the man as he unlocked the trunk. With a reverence greater than that with which he had ever touched the hand of his bride to be, he took up the little memento. For a moment he stood looking at it with dim eyes. Then he laid it gently upon the dull coals, and, as if dreading to see it in flames, went hastily into his bed room, softly closing the door.

Jenkins, the fire maker, came in early the next morning. As he knelt in front of the grate, his eyes fell upon something yellow lying on the dead coals.

"A tobacco pouch the governor has thrown away," he muttered, holding it up by a faded string. "Just the thing for Jenkins' loose crumbs;" and he began to fill it with "plug cut." His finger touched something crisp within the pouch, and he drew forth a tiny slip of paper, upon which was written in faded ink the one word "Come."

"Humph, that must be an out of date invitation to a shindig!" soliloquized Jenkins, as he tore up the tiny slip, and deposited the fragments in the dust pan.

Joseph Sebastian Rogers.

THE RIVALS FOR THE HAND OF WILBUR'S WIDOW.

WILBUR was a young fellow of good family, good education, and just enough means to start himself in business. When he came to a little Wyoming town, not so very far from Fremont's Peak, it did not take the people long to discover that he was a "rustler from 'way back."* He bought a thousand head of cattle, and it was a surprisingly short time before this non gambling, non drinking tenderfoot could count his herd by the ten thousands. Next he went East, married, and brought out to his ranch the prettiest bride ever seen in Sweetwater County. Then he died; and no woman in a strange land ever had more consoling male friends. They would have died for her, one and all. In fact, several did, over pistols and whisky for two.

The race for the desirable situation left vacant by Wilbur's demise eventually narrowed down, however, until there were but two competitors left. One of these was big Bill Brown, a good friend in a difficulty, a bad enemy in a quarrel, a man with a past of evident interest, but the kind of man one would not dare to cross examine to any great extent either on or off the witness stand. He was the owner of a wonderful gold mine, whose location he kept a profound mystery. There were many who would have been willing to spend years hunting for that mine, if only to locate another one near it—but then there were Brown's size, nerve, and readiness

with a gun to take into account; and no one hunted for the mine.

When Brown ran short of money he used to disappear. In a few weeks he would return with three or four pack mules loaded with bags of quartz. And what wonderful quartz it was! People called it "rotten quartz." You could crush it with an ordinary hammer, and it fairly reeked with virgin gold.

Brown certainly had attractions for the eyes of a woman. In spite of his rough blue shirt, his slouch hat with its wide leather band stuck full of matches, and his great beard, and though his hair was grizzled and he had evidently seen many years of rough life, he was undeniably a fine looking man.

But his rival was good looking, too, only in a different way. Young Jack Armstrong was as tall as Brown, but he was a slender, pale, almost melancholy young fellow, a mere boy beside the strapping veteran of the camps. He made a good living at his trade—he was a carpenter—and paid so little attention to other people's business that people paid as little attention to his as human nature would permit. When it was discovered, however, that this pale boy was the only man in town who was not scared out of the race for the widow's hand, the bonds of self restraint suddenly burst. Curiosity stalked forth triumphant, and his every action was noted and commented on.

Every one knew what would happen if Armstrong won the widow. Brown would kill him. No one knew what would happen if Brown won. You can imagine the nervous tension, therefore, when it was discovered that the widow undeniably preferred the pale faced boy. No one wanted to see Armstrong killed; but, as it had to come, the town could hardly wait for the excitement attendant upon the killing.

As a result, some hare brained idiot sent Brown an anonymous note, informing him of the widow's preference for Armstrong. The next day, Brown politely invited Armstrong to go fishing with him in the head waters of the Popo-Agie. The offer was accepted quite as politely, and an hour later the two men rode out of town, driving a pack mule before them along the winding trail. Then the faro dealer abruptly closed his game, and began walking up and down the single street of the settlement. The women lost all interest in household duties, and fed their men folks on half cooked meals, which were eaten unnoticed.

As the sun dropped over the Rockies on the evening of that day, two men stood on the peak of one of the higher foothills at the base of that picturesque chain of mountains. They had done no fishing that day. In fact, they had done nothing but travel silently and drive the pack mule before them until they had reached this baby peak. They could not have fished had they wanted to, for, curiously enough, neither had brought hooks, lines, or bait.

The larger of the two men cut two stakes from a sapling, sharpened them at one end, and then, lying on the ground, drove them into it with a rock in such a manner as to establish a line of sight. Then he turned to the other, and said,

"Armstrong, lie down here and take a sight along the tops of these two stakes."

The latter obeyed silently. "Well?" said he.

"Do you see that white rock in the black ravine?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure? It's thirty miles away."

"I'm sure."

"Half a mile up the ravine from that white rock you are looking at, is my mine—the richest mine God ever put in the Rocky Mountains. The man who owns it is more than a millionaire."

"I congratulate you."

"Don't congratulate me too soon. Now look behind into the valley. Down there, where you can just see the silver bend of the Popo-Agie, lives a woman."

The young man bit his lip, but merely answered, "Yes."

"We both love that woman. She is more to either of us than that mine over there in the mountains, or ten such mines. But the mine, and the money that comes from it, ought to go to the woman. I own the mine. The woman favors you, but with you out of the way I could win her. Now what do you say to this? Here are two six shooters. Examine them, and take your choice. We'll fight here, alone, and fair and square; and the man who comes out alive shall have both mine and woman."

"You take both the six shooters and do all the shooting yourself."

"Man," roared Brown, "do you mean to say that that little woman loves a coward?"

"Do you think it was a coward that agreed to go fishing with such a man as you are, and to go alone and unarmed?"

"If you don't fight, I'll murder you!"

"I don't doubt it."

The big man reached slowly for one of the revolvers, and as slowly cocked it. Then for a moment he seemed lost in thought.

"What do you mean, boy?" he said finally. "What do you mean? I don't believe you are a coward."

"I'll tell you what I mean if you care to listen."

"Go ahead," said the big man surlily and suspiciously.

The other leaned an elbow on either knee, buried his face in his hands, and began.

"Brown," said he, "my father killed a man once, back in the East, where they do not look upon those things lightly. It was a partner who had cheated and ruined him, but it was not a murder. It was done in self defense. Still, it had all the appearance of murder. There were apparently no witnesses. There was but one revolver, and that was one belonging to my father and kept by him in his desk. His partner grabbed it, when they quarreled, from the open drawer. The two men fought for the possession of it, the one to kill, and the other to preserve his life. In the struggle the revolver was accidentally discharged, and my father's partner dropped to the floor, dead. But you can see what chance my father stood before the law. There seemed but one thing to do—escape. It was a mistake, but neither he nor my mother knew that at the time. I was a little boy, and I shall never forget his parting words to me that black night. He made me promise never, under any circumstances, to kill a man, not even in self defense. He told me it was better to die myself than have another man's blood on my hands. Then he kissed my mother and fled. I shall keep my promise, although we never heard of him again. I have no doubt but that in his self accusing frame of mind he eventually killed himself."

"And your mother?" asked Brown, in a voice that was strangely thick.

"Went to work and earned our living until I was old enough to take care of myself, and then, her duty accomplished, she suddenly died. But she did more than take care of herself and me. She cleared my father's name. A woman with whom my father's partner was about to elope had been secreted in the office. She saw the whole thing, and eventually confessed. Mother advertised for information concerning my father all over the country, but it was of no use; by that time he was undoubtedly dead."

"And your mother—she never forgot your father—never married again?"

"You never knew my mother, or you would not ask such a question."

"And after all these years of misery to find this out!" It was the big man who was speaking. "That occurred twenty two years ago, in Dover. She is buried back there in the old family burying ground; and this boy's name is not Jack Armstrong, but Jack Denison——"

The young man jumped to his feet and stood peering excitedly at the older man. The latter was talking to himself: "And my name is not Bill Brown, but——"

"Father!" cried the young man, throwing himself into the other's arms.

"My boy, my boy!" said the other, grasping him in his strong arms and rocking him back and forth as if he were again a baby.

The moon that night looked down on that lonely hill and saw two men locked in each other's arms, lying at full length on the sparse bunch grass, mute but not asleep.

And the sun, the next morning, saw two men walking arm in arm down the mountain side, followed slowly by two horses and a pack mule. At noon they came to a branch trail that seemed important to both.

"You," said the older man, pointing to a ranch over by the river, "to the woman you love and who loves you. I, to the grave of the woman I loved and who loved me so long and so loyally."

Then the two men shook hands and parted. And the people in that Western town have not solved the mystery yet.

Tom Hall.

DECEIVERS EVER.

CHRISTMAS EVE—I was lifting the brownest piece of the Christmas goose to my lips when she looked at me.

She was pretty—bewitchingly pretty. Her teeth were as white as the celery they nibbled, and when you looked into her eyes, you thought of champagne and June skies in Provence.

"She's a vegetarian, you know," whispered the judge's wife, as she nudged me with her fat elbow.

"Oh!" I murmured, and looked across the table.

"She" was demurely eating French peas and mushrooms. If some one had told me that her favorite dish was Japanese cauliflower and kangaroo kidneys, I should have started out on the hunt for them before breakfast. For I love her—I love her passionately!

December 26—I called on her aunt tonight—of course, to see "her." We sat under the chrysanthemums in the colonial window seat and talked—or rather, she talked.

It is true; "there is much learning from these convertites." She took me back into the garden of Eden, and told me that the fatal gift which brought death into the world was not fruit at all, but meat. She insisted that the eternal liver complaint of Prometheus was not due so much to the theft of fire, but to the use of this fire for roasting flesh. I am nearly convinced. If Jeannette is right, all the ills that flesh is heir to are caused by meat pasties, and capons, and

roast pig, and even by innocent lamb chops and unsuspecting spare ribs. If Jeannette is right, the only way to drive disease from the world is to return to the days of nuts, and fruits, and innocence.

But ah, Jeannette! There is one disease that vegetarianism cannot cure; and that is——

December 29—I have tried vegetarianism, indirectly. For three days, meat has not touched the dear brown mouth of Toto. Toto is beginning to look brighter already. He no longer dozes before the fire, as formerly: as soon as he finishes his frugal meal, he scratches at the door and has no rest till I allow him to run out into the garden. After half an hour he returns, looking as fresh as a pug dog can look, with an additional curl to his tail that seems to say, "This diet is doing me good!"

January 1—I have taken the first step that leads to health. At dinner today, at my boarding house in town, Mrs. Broadwell asked in her sweetest tones: "Turkey or prime ribs of beef?" and I answered: "Neither, thank you."

Jones, the dry goods clerk, whose soul is not above buttons, almost fell from his chair, and the three girls from the music school giggled as only "unidea'd" girls can giggle. But I am strong. I will no longer slay "the lamb that looks me in the face"—although really I never saw a lamb look me in the face, and as for killing the poor animal, I have always left that to the corner butcher. But she loves me—ta, ra, la, la, la!

January 3—I have had a shock. I believe in the total depravity—of dogs, at least. Toto stayed out so long today that I went into the garden to look for him. At my approach, I caught him under a currant bush, scratching and pawing the frozen ground, and vainly trying to conceal some very suspicious objects. To my horror, I found three large bones, and an assortment of smaller chicken and turkey souvenirs, all of which were stolen from the next door neighbor. As I said, I believe in the total depravity—of dogs.

January 10—A whole week of it. I feel like the traditional "new man," and yet I am not sure whether I like it. I am losing my desire for smoking. At times, I feel as if I were walking on air.

January 20—We are engaged. We sit under the chrysanthemums every night and write bills of fare. The menu of our bridal breakfast is to be:

A heap
Of candied apples, quince and plum and gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties every one
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

We were a little in doubt, at first, whether shipping from these places would not be too great an expense, especially as I cannot expect an increase in salary until a year from May. Jeannette, however, says she knows a new grocery that gets most of the things from California, and they are almost as good. Besides this, Jeannette says one must make allowance for poetic license, or there would be no object or sense in writing poetry.

February 3—Friends who meet me in the street shake my hand and suggest Bermuda and a complete change of scene. I am getting thin; Jeannette says every one does in the beginning. Jeannette says my eyes are clearer, but when I passed the smoking room at the club, a few days ago, I caught a whisper about "the same strange glitter Lynn had before he went to Colorado."

I still have an appetite, but it is capricious and inconstant. Last Friday a street car advertisement of lemon wafers—Jeannette almost lives on lemon wafers—made me go dinnerless; and last night, the mere smell of brown kale and chestnuts—one of Jeannette's masterpieces—satisfied me for supper. On the other hand, now and then I am seized by an insatiable voracity, and attack anything and everything in the reaches of the vegetarian kitchen. At the same time I am almost constantly pursued by an indefinable feeling of desertion and oppression—a vague fear, whose anatomical origin, the medical student up stairs claims, is "somewhere between the œsophagus and the duodenum," wherever that is.

February 20—I am a shadow of my former self. Were it not for Jeannette's smile, I should have despaired long ago.

I am sure that something is going to happen. There always was a streak of clairvoyancy running through our family. My great grandmother on my mother's side—a Van Wirt—was almost uncomfortably prophetic at times. They say she foretold the fall of Napoleon over a game of cribbage—or was it her husband?

I have a premonition that something is going to happen.

February 22, Washington's Birthday—The end has come before I expected it. The end has come. Let me write it down; it may relieve my mind.

Last night, after I left Jeannette, I passed, as usual, through the darkest and least frequented ways. Suddenly, I found myself coming out from a side street into the full glare of the electric light on Dorset Avenue. A moment later, a thousand devils cajoled me. The horrible nightmare that had pursued me for months flared up at a bound, and assumed definite outline and reality. Right

and wrong were wiped out as by a sponge, and I walked straight into the Dorset Café and boldly bought three big chops, temptingly dressed in paper frills.

Even now I wonder at my reckless daring. I remember that I called the cashier's attention to a mistake she had made in the change. I did not flinch as I concealed the proofs of the crime in my ulster. I whistled as I stepped out into the street; yes, to my horror I even experienced a vague delight, a dim pleasure——

I hardly know how I reached my room at last. But this I know: before I lit the lamp, before I took off either my hat or my gloves, I ravenously devoured the three chops, frills and all.

Then I fell back, exhausted with the fullness of my sin.

March 1—I have not dared to write for a week. The impossible has happened: I have become a hardened criminal.

On awakening the next morning, I wrote to Jeannette that I had a cold, and should not come to see her that night. It was Sunday, and I walked around all day in a dazed condition. Towards evening, I must have become so exhausted that—I hardly know how—I walked into the Dorset Café again. I bought chicken patties this time, and I remember that my moral nature must already have been blunted a little, for I felt a fiendish satisfaction in having found something which could be easily disposed of without leaving any telltale bones or other evidences behind.

I felt so much better that I called on Jeannette after all. She was sorry that I came out with such a cold, but she was glad to see me so rapidly convalescent. My recovery showed the effect of the proper diet in reducing the severity of disease, just as the danger of microbes lurking in carnivorean kisses almost entirely disappeared when it came to a vegetarian's lips. To prove this she kissed me, in spite of my protests. I thought with every kiss that I should stand forth convicted.

I *must* tell her tomorrow.

March 4—But I did not.

I have taken Toto as accomplice, and he sees that no traces of my double life remain in my room. Yesterday I became still more reckless, and for the first time took a meal at a little Vienna restaurant in Fenton Street, with only a German comic paper screening my sin from publicity.

And all this time, Jeannette—oh, I cannot live this lie much longer!

March 15—The worst of it is, I am getting fat again, and feel outrageously well.

I started on Sunday afternoon with the firm resolution to tell Jeannette the truth. I was greeted with a gaiety that seemed almost overdone. I have noticed this two or three times lately. As I was hurried into the library, I was told that the "Florida aunt" had arrived. She is the aunt that converted Jeannette. Some one told me last night that too much devotion to eating and drinking—she was sipping a glass of port when I entered—had brought the old lady to the verge of apoplexy, and that it was a question of dieting or death. She had chosen the lesser evil.

As I was taken around and exhibited in triumph to the guests, every smile that Jeannette gave me was a thorn in my heart, and every little laugh fell like a lash on my conscience. I was ready to drop on my knees then and there, but the vegetarian aunt was beginning to talk in her fat voice, and Jeannette and I were separated.

To my shame I admit that I hardly remember a word of the lecture. When I was not fascinated by the double chin of the vegetarian aunt, I was occupied with visions and memories of a certain hat box at home, in which half of a cold duck was waiting for me.

I thought I noticed once that Jeannette's eyes had a sad and absent look.

March 30—A strange thing has happened. I decided yesterday to confess all before the wedding cards were engraved. I was just finishing the letter when the postman rang and gave me a note in Jeannette's handwriting. I opened it, and was confronted with a revelation that dumfounded me. It was this:

MR. RICHARD TAVERNER, City.

Oh, Richard, Richard, how can I tell you? My heart is breaking! Before we take the fatal step, I must confess a horrible secret—yes, even a crime.

I don't know; perhaps it was the anxiety and worry of the engagement that weakened me, but two weeks ago I began to eat meat, and ever since I have persevered in my wrong doing.

I know your love of truth and rectitude is so strong that you will never forgive me. I inclose the ring and the watch, also Vergil's "Eclogues" and the books on vegetarianism.

I will find an excuse to break off the engagement.

Yours, though parted forever,
JEANNETTE MERINGTON.

Oh, Jeannette! And to think—on further consideration, I have decided not to mail my letter.

May 1—We have been married a year. The cook has just been up to ask whether we want the chops breaded or broiled.

Some day I will tell Jeannette all.

G. Gordon Sattler.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

A PERSONAL CHAT WITH OUR READERS BY MR. MUNSEY.

I DON'T know that a publisher can do a better thing than to put himself in close touch with his readers. It is not conventional, to be sure, but then I am not conventional. I like to break through conventional lines when I can see good business and good editing in doing so. With a circulation averaging close to seven hundred thousand a month, every issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE reaches well nigh four million individual readers. In such a mammoth audience there are, I believe, a good many people who would like to know, from month to month, something of the inside workings of the publishing house that has given to the people the ten cent magazine. A long descriptive article covering the subject would be too formal. It would be read (perhaps) and forgotten. What I want to do is to talk to our readers in a chatty, informal way, just as I would talk to a friend who happened to drop into my office, and with whom I was on very good terms.

Following out this plan, then, I shall talk to "you," not to "our readers." And in doing this I shall not use the editorial "we." Moreover, I shall not promise to confine myself to the "inner workings" of the editor's sanctum or those of the business office.

* * * *

THERE is one thing that I especially wish to emphasize, and that is that an increase or a decrease in the advertising pages of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE does not in any way affect the number of reading pages. It is often said to me, with a deprecatory shrug, of this magazine or that, "It is all given up to advertising." Now this is a great big mistake. The best magazines rarely, if ever, do anything of the sort. They simply add as many pages as the advertising calls for in any particular issue. It may be sixty, seventy, eighty, or a hundred. The magazine itself is not encroached upon. We give now one hundred and sixty pages of reading matter, the same number as *Harper's* and *The Century*.

* * * *

APROPOS of the foregoing, I was forcibly struck with the appearance of a contemporary for April. It looked very nearly as thick as MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, even with our increase of thirty two pages. The normal size of this contemporary is ninety six pages, sixty four pages less than MUNSEY'S. A critical examination revealed the fact that it had in this particular issue but eighty eight reading pages to one hundred and forty four of advertising —or a total of two hundred and thirty two pages to our two hundred and forty four. Apparently, then, in point of size this contemporary differed but slightly from MUNSEY'S. I naturally asked myself: "Does this sort of thing go with the public? If so, and a small magazine, padded out to bulky proportions with advertising, means as much to the public as a genuinely large magazine, then I am simply squandering money to no purpose in giving a publication of one hundred and sixty reading pages."

While thinking over the problem my mind reverted to the saying of the immortal Lincoln: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

* * * *

LAST month I said something about our new machinery that would cut the pages of the magazine. This machinery is not yet all installed. As soon as it is in place, the nuisance of cutting the pages of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE and THE ARGOSY will be a matter of history. We are pushing the work forward with all possible speed.

* * * *

IN conversation recently with the editor of one of the English magazines, I learned that it is the custom with the English people to keep themselves in close touch with the publications they subscribe to. That is to say, they write to the publisher with a frequency and frankness that the American public never dreams of.

These letters from readers, expressing their opinions of the various departments and articles—commenting on stories and verse, on authors and artists—furnish suggestions to the editor that enable him to interpret the public taste more accurately than it is possible for him to do without them.

It was the policy of the old time editor to give the public what he thought it ought to have. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE was the first to break through these conventional lines and give the public what it wanted, as near as we could interpret its wants. This was three years ago; we have been giving a good deal of attention to this interpretation problem ever since.

We have watched the craze of the "new journalism," and have watched the sleepy respectability of the other school. We have sought the middle ground—sought always to treat of matters of human interest, and to handle them with "snap" on the one hand, and without offense on the other. It is told of "Joe" Choate that in speaking of the "new journalism" and the "old," he said: "I can't read the ——" (naming a well known New York morning newspaper) "because it makes vice attractive, and I can't read the ——" (naming an equally well known evening paper) "because it makes virtue repulsive."

Few men could put it so well.

* * * *

I SHOULD very much like to know how many of you read serial stories in magazines—how many of you are reading the two serial stories now running in this magazine. It would be difficult to find stronger stories, and yet I am not wholly convinced that the space they occupy is being used to the best advantage. Sometimes I think that the day for publishing a novel in instalments has gone by. But after all, a magazine is not made to be read from cover to cover by every one. The true idea is to cover so wide a range of subjects—to have its contents so varied—that it will have something in it for every one—some one thing for every one. And at the price at which MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE can be had, any one thing in it is worth the cost of the book.

I have said a good many times, and I might well say a good many times yet, that there is not a family anywhere to which money means so much—ten cents means so much—that it cannot afford to exchange ten cents a month for the art and refinement and information and pleasure a copy of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will bring to the fireside.

* * * *

THE best friends a publication ever has are its readers. If it is generous with them, and honest with them, they will be generous with it and will give it stanch, loyal support. I believe this, every word of it, and it is because I believe it that I am constantly studying how to make MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE better from month to month—studying how to please you a little more with each successive issue.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has not been developed in our publication office alone. You have all contributed to its development by the splendid support you have given it. We have spent very little money in circulation building. We have left that to the people—to you—and you have handled the problem as we never could have handled it—as a million dollars spent in booming could not have handled it. You were on the ground; we were not. You told your friends of the magazine; we could not reach them. And this is the way MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has attained its tremendous circulation—through your friendship for it, through your loyalty to it.

* * * *

THE standard of excellence we have set for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is still a good way beyond us. We are working towards it by degrees. It is a problem that we cannot work out alone. We must work it out with you. The better magazine we are now giving, the larger magazine we are now giving, will bring stronger support from you, and every additional reader we get through you, or from whatever source, brings us just so much additional strength for forging further and further ahead.

* * * *

WHAT we have done for the magazine reader in putting magazines into his hands at a right price we are now going to do for the book reader in putting books into his hands at a right price. I have given a lot of thought to this problem during the last two years, and have a pretty clear idea of what can be done. Our plan, in a word, is to publish first rate books—handsome, cloth bound books—at twenty five cents, retail.

This is, I fancy, a somewhat startling announcement, but it is no more startling than the announcement I made three years ago, when I stated that a first rate magazine could be made and sold profitably at ten cents. When I speak of publishing books at twenty five cents I do not mean cheap reprints made from battered and worn out plates—books printed on paper of cheap newspaper grade—but books made from new plates, printed on good paper, and well and handsomely bound in cloth. We shall open the series with the publication of a story by Robert McDonald, entitled "A Princess and a Woman." The story ran through MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE nearly two years ago. We shall add other books as fast as we secure copyrights, and shall bring out a line of standard books—novels, histories, poems, biographies, and essays.

The policy that has governed us in magazine publishing will govern us in book publishing, so far as it applies to the excellence of quality and to the lowest possible price; and twenty five cents is the price, the standard price we have fixed upon for all books of medium size—such books as are now sold for from one dollar to one dollar and a half.

"A Princess and a Woman" is now ready and can be had from your book dealer at twenty five cents, or can be had direct from the publisher of this magazine at the same price. Get it and see what we mean to do for you in the way of book publishing.

ETCHINGS

HEARD IN PASSING.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread; and the chances are that if you watch the door you will presently see them coming out again with the boodle.

Temperament is fate, as Emerson says; but too often, alas, the fate is ours, while the temperament to which it is due is that of other people.

Most of us live by our wits; but a few, having none, live by the accumulated results of their grandfathers' wits. This last is considered very respectable.

She is a fine girl, but she is not brilliant. Who cares for that? Brilliance in other people is annoying. If one can be brilliant one's self, it is all right; but some one else—what a bore!

Winthrop Packard.

WHAT PITY IS AKIN TO.

Across the burnished weather vane
  Poured all the sunset glory,
When Philip met me in the lane
  And told a foolish story.
He hoped I would return his love;
  I said I'd not begin to,
But pitied him—and didn't know
  What pity is akin to!

For sentiment, I had no doubt,
  Was nothing but a notion,
And finally he turned about
  And went across the ocean.
How fervently I wish him back!—
  I hope it's not a sin to;
I pitied him—and now I know
  What pity is akin to!

Hattie Whitney.

AN AUTHOR'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, were I but a Scotchman
  Wi' haaf a thought at hand,
I'd be the brawest author
  In all this bonny land.

I'd fill my bank with coupons
  From o'er distant seas,
And lecture a' the world round
  For dollars or rupees.

My talks of something trochty,
  My life in prosy Thrums,
With pathos brogued in Scotland
  Would bring chrysanthemums
To wear upon my lapel,
  And ev'ry Vassar miss
Would dote upon my genius
  And greet me with a kiss.

But I am blind to patois,
  And brogues to me are Greek,
I bring no bricks from Babel,
  So none my writings seek.

Alas! I'm not a Scotchman,
  As near as I suspect;
I have no dulcet blather
  And hate thick dialect.

Oh, that auld days richt bierly
  Might drop down frae aboon!
If sae, I'd brank with fortune
  And bruik me golden spoon.

I pray at least that *some* time
  We'll get out of this botch,
And find some readers *some*where
  Who do not care for Scotch!

Joel Benton.

RONDEL.

Since I am I and you are you.
  So must I love thee, wonder eyes;
  The wood thrush knows not why it flies
When falls at eventide the dew
  From the deep chalice of the skies;
Nor know I why, who knows 'tis true,
Since I am I, and you are you,
  So must I love thee, wonder eyes.

I would not know; for, ever new,
  Nor dimmed by knowledge overwise,
  Love's mystery still satisfies
As understanding could not do,
Since I am I, and you are you.

C. E. Merrill, Jr.

THE SISTERS.

Once, in a golden hour,
  At the green prime of spring,
With the whole world a bower
  For mirth and minstreling,

Did I, with youth at heart,
  In ways untrodden long,
Meet her whose name is Art,
  And her whose name is Song.

Just for a little space
  Did the twin sisters stand,
Then glided from the place,
  In loving hand-in-hand.

Was it a vision? No!
In sudden moments still
I see their swift feet go
With sunset o'er the hill;

I glimpse them glinting by
With morning fleet and fair;
One with the kindling eye,
One with the dreamful air.

The forward flood of years
Bears to the bourn of age,
And man hath bitter tears,
For earthly heritage.

But light the plodder's heart
If his path lead along
With her whose name is Art,
And her whose name is Song.

Clinton Scollard.

BRIEF AUTHORITY.

A BROOK once, puffed up by a sudden shower,
Imagined that he had a river's power,
And roughly dealt with neighbor vines and trees—
His oldest friends, that he had loved to please;
To them he used to sing his songs of praise,
Passing their doors upon his woodland ways;
But after falling to his former size,
He looked too mean for them to recognize.
And so it is with some, when lifted high
To brief authority that passes by.

Alfred French.

SUSPICIOUS.

HE wrote "Thine eyes are violet"—
They're brown, but then they might be worse—
"Accept, sweetheart, this triolet."
He wrote "Thine eyes are violet,"
To doubt him is a trial, yet
This dark suspicion doth me curse:
He wrote "Thine eyes are violet"
Because he needs must rhyme his verse.

Anne Virginia Culbertson.

LOVE'S DICTIONARY.

LOVE brought a dictionary out
In beauteous print and binding;
His definitions left no doubt
That they were worth the finding.

For instance, "work" meant "poetry,"
And "life" meant simply "beauty";
And "sorrow free" and "ecstasy"
Were synonyms for "duty."

That black word "care" meant "light as air";
Oh, 'twas a work, no doubt,
That e'en the smallest library
Should never be without.

But when the winter weather came,
Love vanished like a rocket;
And—wasn't it a burning shame?—
That book was in his pocket!

Oh, then I knew the word "bereft"
Meant "life's path harshly ridged,"
For now, alas! I've nothing left
But Webster's Unabridged.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

PRESS SONG.

THEY whir and clash, through the nights and days,
The magical looms of thought;
And in and out, through a thousand ways,
The flashing threads are brought.
Their swift purveyors part and meet,
On rail and ship, on mart and street,
With tireless brain, with hurrying feet,
As the endless web is wrought.

They may not pause when the sun is high,
Nor rest when the light is low;
For while men live, and act, and die,
The word flies to and fro.
It leaps the sea, it spans the plain;
On throbbing wire and mighty chain,
It runs like fire from main to main,
That the world may see and know.

While all men sleep, they whir and clash,
The terrible looms of light;
On eyes that wake shall the message flash,
From far beyond the night;
And songs in the under world begun
Shall touch our lips ere day is done;
For space is nought, and the earth's at one,
Linked by the word's swift flight.

Man calls to man, and not in vain,
The cry to his ear is brought;
All love, and labor, and hope, and pain
Into each soul is wrought.
Work on, ye presses, at life's behest,
For light far spread, and for wrong redressed;
Till time is ended, ye may not rest,
Ye marvelous looms of thought!

Marion Couthouy Smith.

RECIPROCITY.

HE'D lost a wager with his love—
And he was badly smitten—
He sent to her a box of gloves,
And then he got the mitten.

But she, repenting, in her turn—
She missed him; wished him back—
Sent him a lovely dressing coat,
And then she got the sacque.

Charles Bendix.

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"PEONIES."

From the painting by M. Nonnenbruch—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII. JUNE, 1897. No. 3.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

The historical American in art—Current notes from the artists' world, with a series of engravings of representative paintings of the day.

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN INDIAN.

Falling Star, an Abenaki Indian woman, is posing as a model of the typical American Indian for a plaster cast for the American Museum of Natural History. Her face has been painted by several New York artists, and she will doubtless look from many canvases in this year's exhibitions. The public will probably see, in the woman's sad eyes and mouth, regret for the lost glory of her race, though in reality it is a personal grief that has brought the dark shadow of despair into Falling Star's face. Father, husband, brothers, and children are dead, and she is the only support of her old mother. The one thought that can bring a ray of sunlight into the dreary eyes is that soon she will be in her native home, under her own forest trees. The pay she has received as a model is a fortune to this remnant of a mighty race, and she will

"A PARISIAN FOUR IN HAND."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by A. de Clermont-Gallerande.

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"TWILIGHT."

From the painting by F. M. Bredt—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

soon have enough to carry her away forever from the noise and turmoil of the metropolis.

Perhaps the features of her sad face will speak to us from a new penny.

ANOTHER STORY PICTURE.

As is usually the case, the canvas that attracted most attention at the recent exhibition of the National Academy of Design was one that told a strong, simple, human story. The painting was called "Invoking God's Blessing." It represented six Puritans gathered about a table, the head of the family asking a blessing before the beginning of the meal. Both from its artistic merits and the subject matter, the picture is a striking one. It was sent in by Henry Mosler, and is by all odds the best thing he has done since

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"THE VIRGIN AND THE BIRDS."

From the painting by L. Royer—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

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"BARRING OUT DAY AT THE VILLAGE SCHOOL."

From the painting by Ralph Hedley—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

his return from his long residence in Paris.

Mr. Mosler has not yet been elected a member of the National Academy, but it is likely that this well merited tribute will be paid him before long.

ART NOTES.

A tinted marble bust of the divine Sara Bernhardt has just been finished by the veteran Gérome, who, as is well known, is almost as clever with the chisel as with the brush. The work was made for the Luxembourg, and though many requests have come for its exhibition it will not be publicly seen until placed in the great official gallery of contemporary art.

* * * *

By a misprint of a single letter, a painting reproduced in a recent number of this

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"DEVOTION."

From the painting by E. Blair Leighton—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

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"EUTERPE."

From the painting by G. Naujok—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

magazine, "Butterflies," was represented as the work of the well known London artist Charles Perugini, when it should have been credited to his wife. Mrs. Perugini, who before her marriage was Miss Kate Dickens, daughter of the famous novelist, is a very clever and graceful painter of figure and genre subjects, her style showing a decided similarity to her husband's.

The home of the late Sir John Millais in London, on which he spent much of his artistic genius and a fortune in money, was recently put up for sale at auction, but found no purchaser. Sir Frederick Leighton's beautiful residence proved no more acceptable to buyers of homes, and after many unsuccessful attempts to dispose of the property his family has offered it to the nation.

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"CUPID'S GARDEN."

From the painting by Herbert Gandy—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE BYRON'S SERVICES TO THE CAUSE OF GREEK FREEDOM.

RELICS OF BYRON.

The remarkable and interesting collection of Byron souvenirs gathered by Senhor Salvador de Mendonca, Brazilian minister at Washington—Portraits, documents, jewelry, and personal possessions of the English poet, and their close connection with his romantic life.

SENHOR SALVADOR DE MENDONCA, the Brazilian minister to the United States, did not need to wait for the fluctuations of literary fashions to be over, and for the fame of Lord Byron to become a permanent fact, before realizing the historical value of the English poet's belongings. For many years Senhor Mendonca has been an extensive collector, and such a judicious and well informed one that the Brazilian legation in Washington is a treasure house of rare, beautiful, and interesting things.

Of these, the Byron relics are the most interesting to the majority of those who are fortunate enough to see them. They have been gathered with such care that they give in themselves much of the personality of the erratic genius to whom they belonged. The publication of this account of them, with illustrations made from photographs specially taken from the originals, is due to Senhor Mendonca's great courtesy.

First in importance is the portrait in oil of Lord Byron at seventeen. It was painted by the Scotch R. A., Sir Henry Raeburn, and is a fine example of the school of painting of which Sir Joshua Reynolds was the head. But it is not for its artistic qualities that it is most interesting, but because it shows us the personality of Byron's youth. He was still a Harrow schoolboy at this time, as he did not enter Trinity College until the year after, in 1805; but the Byron of this portrait was already a man. In some respects he seems never to have been a child. He never had the unconsciousness of childhood, and he never was young enough to lack the dramatic sense. When he was only a baby, his mother, in one of her outbursts of temper, mocked him and called him a "lame brat." Instead of flying into a passion of grief or rage he only looked at her and said, "I was born so." This incident must have appealed to his own fancy as dramatic, and he never forgot it; for only three years before his death, when he wrote "The Deformed Transformed," he used the identical words:

BYRON'S MINIATURE OF POPE.
Now owned by Senhor Salvador de Mendonca.

BERTHA—Out, hunchback!
ARNOLD—I was born so, mother!

This lameness of Byron's had much to do with the formation of his character. He did not have a club foot, as is so generally imagined, but something much more painful because it made him ludicrous. A contraction of the Achilles tendon in each foot prevented his putting his heels to the ground, and made him step through life on tiptoe. If he could have run and walked, he would have been able to take the necessary exercise which would have kept down his hereditary tendency to flesh, and he would have dissipated in healthy games that fever of his nature which made him so precocious in his love affairs.

The Byron that we see in this portrait of Senhor Mendonca's had already had three attachments, which left so deep an impression upon his mind that years later, when he was in the full tide of an unusually full life, he wrote poems about them. The first of these began when he was only ten. The story of this boyish passion has been ridiculed and disbelieved, but Dante loved Beatrice in even earlier childhood. The second was for his cousin, Margaret Parker, who was not only the *Thyrza* of his later work, but was the inspiration for his first poem, written in 1800. Already in a decline, she died two years later, and Byron, who was in his fifteenth year, wrote an elegy upon her beginning:

PENCIL PORTRAIT OF BYRON AS A YOUTH.
Drawn by C. Linsell in 1827, *after Byron's death.*

"A HEAD THAT STATUARIES LOVED TO COPY."

From Sir Henry Raeburn's portrait of Byron, owned by Senhor Salvador de Mendonca.

Hush'd are the winds, and still the evening gloom,
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return and view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

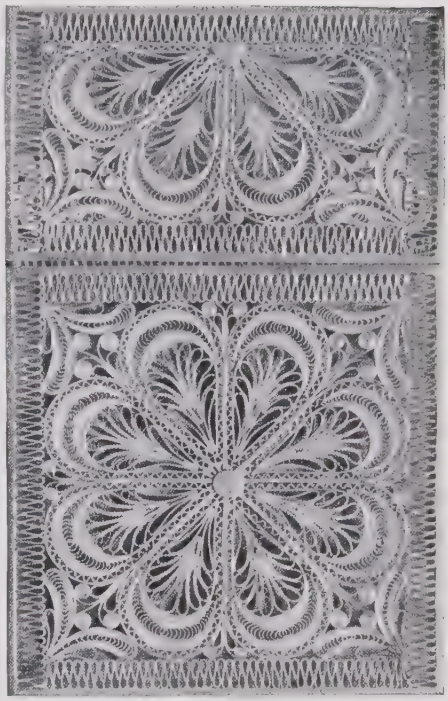
It was just at the time when this portrait was painted that he was suffering deeply through losing his next love, Mary Chaworth, the heiress of Annesley Hall, who was a year his senior, and who could not be made to regard him seriously. Yet seven years later we find him writing a poem expressive of his feelings at seeing her the wife of another man. At this time he was still wearing the love token of Margaret, and Trelawney, who was the intimate friend of Byron and Shelley during their exile in Italy, says that he wore it until his death.

The Raeburn portrait is a wonderfully

vivid portrayal of a youth with a passionate nature and great magnetism.

A second portrait is a miniature on ivory, which was painted by Alfred Chalon, and presented to Sir Walter Scott by Charles Leslie, the Royal Academician. It hung in the office of Scott's printing house in Edinburgh until the novelist's death, when it was sold for the benefit of the firm's creditors. Its present owner acquired it about fourteen years ago, at a sale of some of the effects of Fitz-Greene Halleck, which had passed into the possession of one of the New York poet's relatives. This lady told Senhor Mendonca that the miniature had been given to Halleck by Washington Irving, to whom it was presented by William D. Ticknor of Boston; but from the sale of Scott's office to Mr. Ticknor, Senhor Mendonca has never been able to trace the painting's history.

In addition to these portraits, Senhor Mendonca has several others, among them that on the bronze medal which was struck by the Greek government in commemoration of Lord Byron's efforts in behalf of Hellenic liberty. On one side it bears



BYRON'S GOLD FILIGREE CARD CASE.
Now owned by Senhor Salvador de Mendonca

PENCIL SKETCH OF THE HELLESPONT AT THE POINT WHERE BYRON SWAM ACROSS IT.
From Senhor Salvador de Mendonca's Byron Album.

Byron's profile, with the simple inscription "Byron," in Greek letters. On the obverse, a young and vigorous bay tree flourishes, unharmed by the forked lightning which flashes from low hung clouds. Underneath is the inscription "Aphthiton aiei" — "Imperishable forever."

The personal relics of Byron which belong to the years of his early manhood were acquired by Senhor Mendonca at a sale of the collection owned by Mr. Robert Francis Cooke, a former partner of the firm of John Murray, the poet's publisher and intimate friend. They were sent to

ADA, BYRON'S DAUGHTER, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF LOVELACE.

From a pencil drawing by C. Linsell.

"Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child,
Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart?"

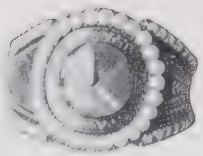
Around the rim are four names, "F. Pikering, F. Foroingtontos, Kaoierosis, A. I. Stewart." The portrait upon the medal shows the elegant Byron of his later days. There was no tendency to stoutness then, but the clear cut, classic face which we have grown to accept as a model of a certain type of manly beauty.

Between the Byron who volunteered for the war in Greece, and Byron the boy of seventeen, there was a life which was much longer than most, although it ended so prematurely.

Mr. Murray after Lord Byron's death in Greece. Two rings, a card case, a bodkin case, two tiny perfume bottles inclosed in a walnut shell, are among the articles which the poet constantly used and carried upon his person. They are all daintily exquisite in workmanship—well illustrating the effeminacy and affectation in vogue in Byron's time.

One of the rings contains a tiny portrait of Lady Byron, by H. Bone; and through their separation and all their differences her husband wore it. Many

stories have been told concerning Lady Byron. One was that Byron married her for money; another, that it was a mere temporary infatuation of the impressionable poet's. The facts appear to be that Byron knew Miss Anne Isabella Milbanke well for two years, and that his marriage was the result of a manly devotion. He wrote to Moore, who was his intimate friend: "I must reform thoroughly; and



BYRON'S PEARL SCARF RING.

and, most of all, from the fact that Lady Byron found it impossible to realize that her husband was not a domestic personage. If he had been, he would not have been himself, and he would probably never have interested the world. When he was irritable,

MINIATURE OF BYRON BY ALFRED CHALON.

Formerly owned by Sir Walter Scott, now by Senhor Salvador de Mendonca.

seriously, if I can contribute to her happiness, I shall secure my own."

The young couple seem to have lived very affectionately for several months after their marriage. The beginning of the trouble appears to have come from Lady Byron's jealousy of her cousin, Lady Caroline Lamb, from the officiousness of friends, his wife thought him insane, and before long was calling in doctors to prove him so.

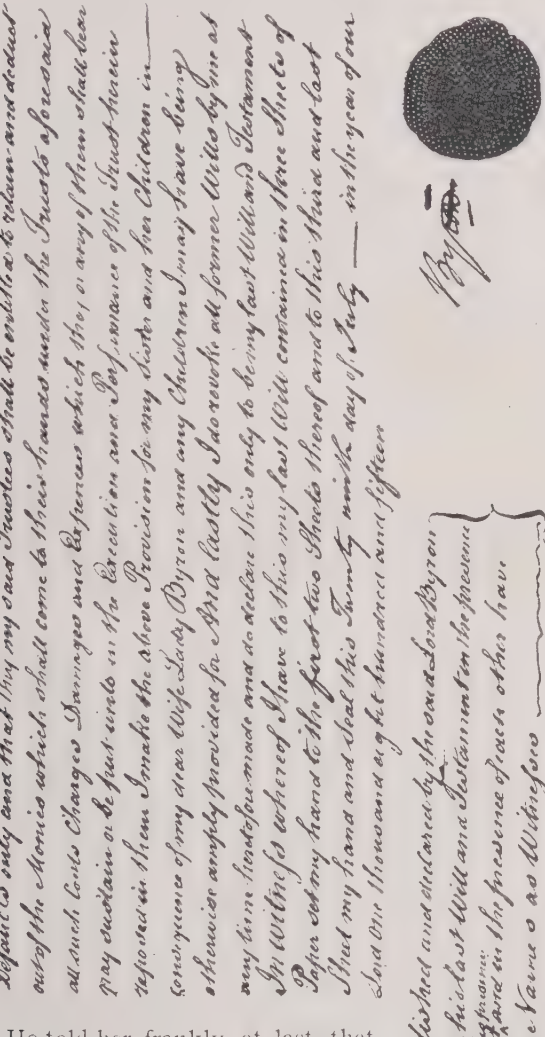
FINGER RING WITH MINIATURE OF LADY BYRON.

It must be admitted that Byron was superlatively selfish. He was very sympathetic, very generous, except when he had set his own heart upon a thing, and then his temperament was dangerous to the peace of any one who disturbed or crossed him. Within a few months after his marriage, he became restless, and wanted to get out of the fogs and chill of England to the blue skies of the south.

BYRON AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN

From a pencil drawing by C. Linsell.

His wife refused to go; she did not care to leave her family. Immediately she became, in his eyes, a hard and unsympathetic person, bent on denying him enjoy-



THE CONCLUDING PORTION OF BYRON'S WILL.

ment. He told her frankly, at last, that he did not desire her to go. She could have her own pleasure, and enjoy herself at home while he journeyed.

The difference having once arisen between them, they drifted further and further apart. Byron was troubled about money matters, and he was of the petulant nature to vent his annoyance on any one who came near. He had the impulsive nature which Lady Byron was the very woman to fail to understand. It was just at the time of the birth of their daughter, Ada, that Mrs. Clermont, Lady Byron's old governess, who has been called "the mischief maker," came to visit her, and to listen to all the story of her husband's unpleasantness. It is said that she even broke open Byron's desk, and took from it letters written to him before his marriage, which were used

in Lady Byron's jealous indictment of him.

But that Byron gave his wife abundant cause, finally, for a separation, there is no sort of doubt. At first, when she left him and went to the country, just after the birth of her daughter, although they had not been "compatible," there is proof that Lady Byron did not intend to leave her husband, but expected him to join her for a long stay. Even the lawyers thought that it was merely an attack of temper on both sides, and that it could be patched up. But in the mean time there was a new cause for grievance which made them all decide that nothing but a separation was possible. This was probably his friendship with the clever and brilliant Miss Clairmont, who was the daughter of William Godwin's second wife, and who became the mother of Byron's daughter Allegra.

This strange man could set all the women in England weeping over his "Fare Thee Well," and could wear the portrait of his wife in a ring on his finger, while he was consoling himself for a separation which he had himself brought about, by a liaison with another woman. The new love followed so closely upon the old that it seems incredible that the poet could have suffered much. "Fare Thee Well" could have been little more than a theatric performance by which Byron, whose self love was great, wished to win sympathy and consideration for himself. And yet we have proof, at the very end of his life, that he thought of his wife, and had some idea of ultimately returning to her.

He said himself that the verses of farewell were never intended for publication, and were sent to the printer without his knowledge. They should never have been seen except by the person to whom they were addressed. Knowing Byron's temperament, we may understand that they were not all insincere, but were the result of genuine emotion. In him, as in many men of genius, the bad was large as well as the good.

"My blood is all meridian," he truly said of himself. Lady Byron, on the contrary, was of the calm, tranquil, and commonplace order which considered Byron's outbreaks of passion as signs of insanity, and turned from him in cold disgust when they were shown to her. And yet, three months after he left England, through Mme. de Staël's advice, he made overtures to her to return to him—and here is this ring with her portrait, which he wore to the last!

Another of the personal trinkets is a scarf pin of blue enamel, set with pearls, and containing a lock of hair. It is marked "Souvenir G. G. B."—George Gordon Byron—and also with an initial "A." It was a present from Byron's sister Augusta, Mrs. Leigh.

This sister was the one person to whom Byron remained constant throughout his life, although she humored him less than any one else. She had none of his beauty of feature, but was a very plain woman—a "goody dowdy," somebody called her; but she showed in her face her sweetness of disposition.

Lady Byron was something of an heiress, and certain inherited property was entailed upon her children, so that with her marriage settlement she was well provided for. In the early days of his marriage Byron made a will by which he provided for his sister and her children. This was not only with his wife's consent, but with her approval. Whatever may have been said to the contrary, Lady Byron and Augusta Leigh were devoted friends. During all the trouble surrounding the separation, Mrs. Leigh was steadfast in her devotion to her sister in law, and she was the one person to whom Byron never spoke in bitterness of his wife, simply because she would not allow it. When the final storm broke over Byron's head, which drove him from England forever, smarting under accusations of every conceivable crime, it was his sister who remained his friend.

This storm of hatred and disgrace, which not only rendered Byron's name odious at the time, but which, for at least a generation, made many conservative people think all his poetry bad, was in great part the result of his having had a private instead of a public deed of separation. He once remarked that the causes which led to the separation were "so simple that they were hard to understand"; and where people could not know, they imagined.

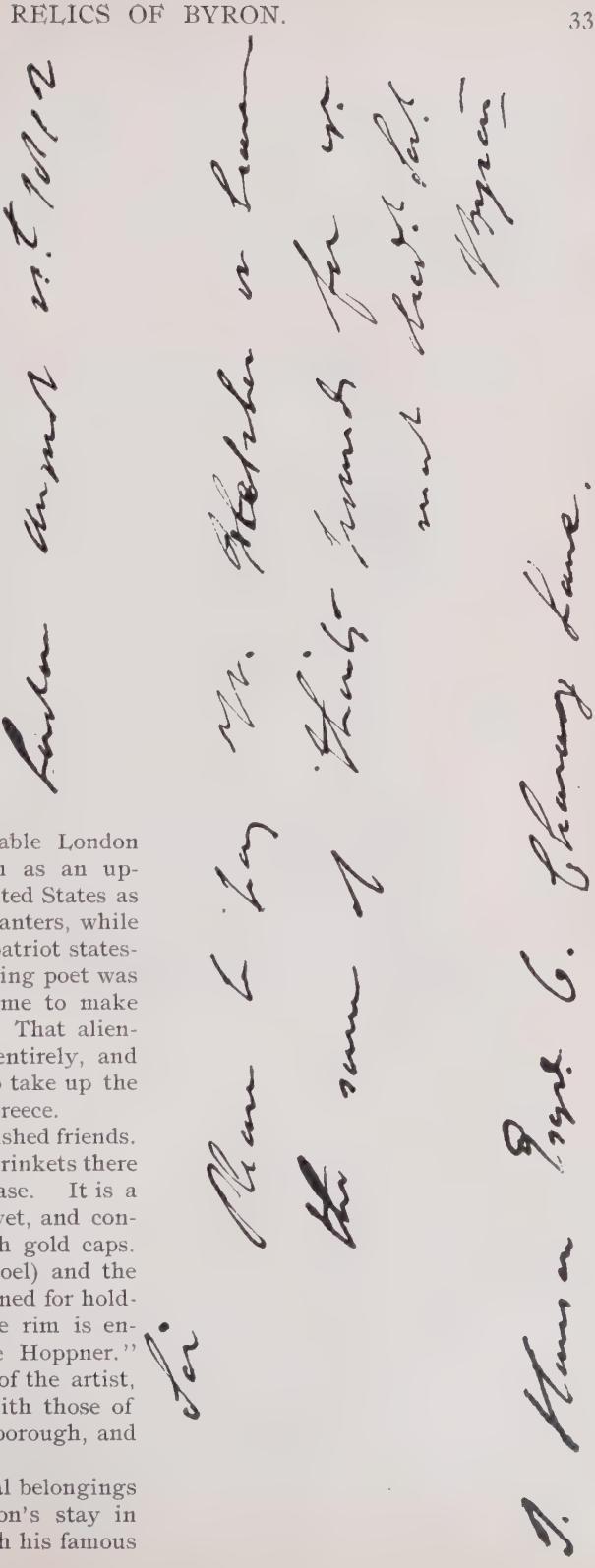
Then, too, his published work showed

him a skeptic, and in poetry, at least, a libertine. The Byronites had been content to accept all this as only romance, in the beginning; but when he was alienated from his wife, and there was a tangible fact to take hold of, they grouped about it all the jealousies and petty dislikes which so successful and so erratic a young man was certain to encourage, until he was fairly overwhelmed with obloquy. Men saw their womenkind falling at his feet, and they chafed at the sight; and it was not only as the adored of women that he was hated by men, but he exasperated them by his political views and sympathies.

At the time when England was calling Bonaparte the Corsican ogre, and loyally hating his very name, Byron was declaring his admiration for the conquering hero of the age. Fashionable London scorned George Washington as an upstart, and sneered at the United States as a federation of American planters, while Byron was eulogizing the patriot statesman. Worst of all, the daring poet was far enough ahead of his time to make sport of the prince regent! That alienated the Tories from him entirely, and there was nothing left but to take up the travels that were to end in Greece.

Byron kept many distinguished friends. Among Senhor Mendonca's trinkets there is a curious little perfume case. It is a walnut shell, lined with velvet, and containing two tiny bottles with gold caps. One is initialed "N" (for Noel) and the other "B." They were designed for holding attar of roses. On the rim is engraved "Souvenir Madame Hoppner." Mme. Hoppner was the wife of the artist, whose portraits take rank with those of Reynolds, Lawrence, Gainsborough, and Romney.

Two more of these personal belongings date from the time of Byron's stay in Italy, and are connected with his famous



A DRAFT FOR THIRTY POUNDS PAYABLE TO WILLIAM FLETCHER, BYRON'S SERVANT.

friendship with the Countess Guiccioli. They are a directoire French gilt clock of beautiful workmanship, which, despite its age, is still running, and a pair of small bronze Italian candlesticks, also directoire in style. The stems are supported by dogs with ruby eyes, and the bases are ornamented with Byron's coronet.

BYRON'S CLOCK.

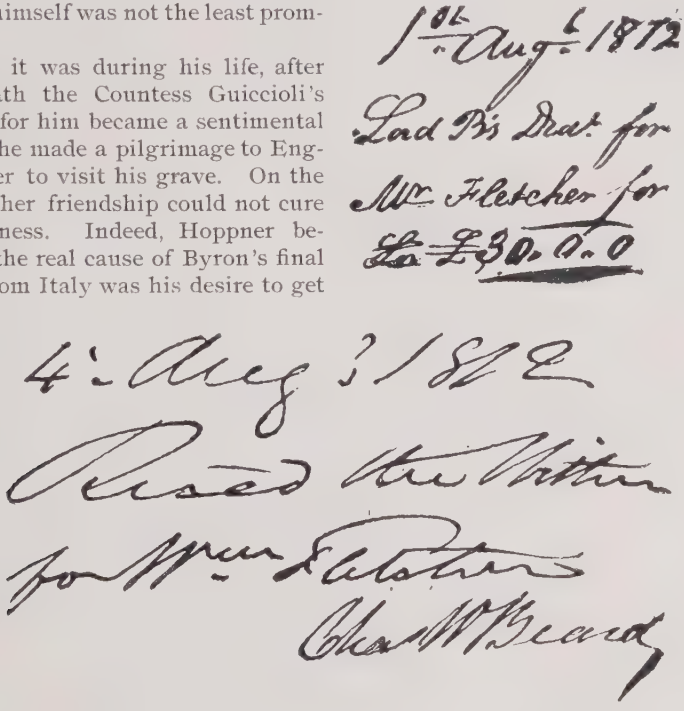
Now in the collection of Senhor Salvador de Mendonca.

The Guiccioli episode in Byron's life has been made the subject of endless talk. Moore, who was the poet's intimate friend, said that Teresa Guiccioli was the one love of Byron's life, but others who saw the two much together declared that she had no real love for him, and he felt very little for her. Leigh Hunt said of her that she "fancied she walked in the eyes of the whole world, a heroine by the side of a poet."

It was at Venice that the Countess Guiccioli met him, not long after she had been taken from a convent to become the wife of a man old enough to be her grandfather. Her influence upon Byron was far from being wholly bad. He had been leading a very dissipated life, and from this, the lowest depth to which he ever sank, she raised him, if not to a plane of lofty morality, at least to one of tranquillity, and, for a time, of contentment. She drew him from his liaison with Marguerita Cogni, who was his *donna di governo* at Venice. The reign of this black eyed peasant girl had not been undisputed. Byron said in one of his letters that "the beauty for which the Venetian women were once so celebrated is no longer to be found among the *dame*, or higher orders, but all under the *fazzioli*, or kerchiefs, of the lower." It was among the latter class, at this time, that he sought his companions, in a mad endeavor to drown his sorrows and his wrongs amid scenes that were neither dignified nor decorous. "More than once," says Brockeden, "of an evening, when his house has been in possession of such visitants, he has been

known to hurry away in his gondola and pass the greater part of the night upon the water, as if hating to return to his home. It is certain that to this least defensible portion of his whole life he always looked back, during the short remainder of it, with painful self reproach; and among the causes of the detestation which he always felt for Venice, the recollection of the excesses to which he had there abandoned himself was not the least prominent."

Whatever it was during his life, after Byron's death the Countess Guiccioli's admiration for him became a sentimental passion. She made a pilgrimage to England in order to visit his grave. On the poet's side, her friendship could not cure his restlessness. Indeed, Hoppner believed that the real cause of Byron's final departure from Italy was his desire to get away from her. That he was tired of Italy when he decided to go to Greece, there can be no doubt.



INDORSEMENT UPON THE DRAFT PAYABLE TO WILLIAM FLETCHER.

In his devotion to Greece and her cause Byron was altogether sincere and manly. Bowring, who was in a position to know, said, in an article printed immediately after the poet's death, that those who supposed that Lord Byron embarked for Greece with the ignorant ardor of a schoolboy or the flighty fanaticism of a crusader, made a grievous mistake. He thought he saw a good chance of his being useful in a country which he loved; a new field of honorable distinction was open to him, and he expected to derive no mean gratification from witnessing so remarkable and historic a spectacle as the emancipation of Greece from Turkish rule. Trelawney, who accompanied him, believed that had Byron lived the crown of the new kingdom might have been offered to him; but it is probable that had he worn the regal robes he would have cast them off within a few years.

Among Senhor Mendonca's valuable collection is a book from which several of our illustrations are taken. It was made up of remnants, sketches, poems, and papers in Lord Byron's possession and found among his effects, which were gathered together and formed into a souvenir album by W. A. Crawford. Crawford dedicated and presented the book to the three daughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who were once owners of Byron's will. It consists of between four and five hundred pages. Here are paintings, letters, sketches, and hundreds of documents in some way connected with Byron. Many of them are by well known artists of the early part of the century.

The book contains a number of exquisite pencil sketches by the artist Charles Linsell, a fine head of Christ by

Benjamin West, and two small oil paintings by Wouverman. The pictures are interspersed with original poems and notes of Byron's travels. No part of the album has ever appeared in print, previous to the publication of the illustrations which accompany this article. The beautiful profile of Byron reproduced on page 331 is a facsimile of a pencil sketch on one of its leaves, and so is the full length portrait given on page 336, showing him as a curly haired youth in nautical costume, posing against a rock, with the sea as a background. There is also a pencil portrait of Byron's daughter, Augusta Ada, afterwards Countess of Lovelace, which is accompanied by a poem "To Ada."

The sketch of the Hellespont, showing where Byron swam across, is also by Linsell. It is accompanied by a written memorandum:

THE HELLESPONT—SESTOS AND ABYDOS.

Leander swam both ways, and Lord Byron only from Europe to Asia, his object being only to ascertain that the Hellespont could be crossed at all by swimming. In that, he and Mr. Ekenhead succeeded—the one in an hour and five minutes, and the other in an hour and ten minutes, and the tide not in their favor, but the contrary. It is not practicable from the Asiatic shore—the swimmers must be obliged to make the real passage of one mile extend to three or four, owing to the force of the current. Any young man in tolerable health might succeed in it from either side. Lord Byron was three hours in crossing the Tagus, which is much more hazardous. In crossing the Hellespont, he started from the little cape above Sestos and landed a little below the frigate "laying to" under the Asiatic castle. The pencil view comprehends the space crossed by Lord Byron and also by Leander. The view of Sestos and Abydos is in the distance.

MORNING AT AMALFI.

JUST a faint shimmer through the pearly mist
That veils the hills and valley and the bay—
See! through the twilight hush, far in the east,
Comes the first herald of approaching day;
And, fluttering drowsy wings,
A bird awakes and sings.

Slowly along the gray horizon steals
A tender, roseate flush, and more and more
Its luster spreads, touching the giant crags,
And glinting on the waves that lap the shore;
And where Amalfi lies,
The morning chimes arise.

White and serene, above the little town,
Nestled among the cave seamed cliffs that tower
To meet the clouds, the monastery stands,
Smiling a welcome to the daybreak hour;
And fresh and sweet, the breeze
Stirs in the orange trees.

A dazzling flash—a sudden, golden glow
Illumines all the sapphire bay and sky.
High in my balcony, I look far down
And see the tiny boats skim swiftly by;
And on her shining way
Hastens the radiant day!

Grace H. Boutelle.

TO A VIOLIN.

Of what does she dream, oh, violin,
When she draws her bow
O'er thy quivering strings?
Is it her soul or thine
That awakens and sings
Till my soul lies hushed within?

Ah, were I a thing of ivory and wood,
And she held me close
While I touched her cheek,
I, too, would awaken
And throb and speak,
Till her sweet soul understood!

Frances M. Eddy.

PHIL MAY, AS SKETCHED
BY HIMSELF.

A DRAFTSMAN OF HUMANITY.

Phil May, the young English artist who has won fame by the humor and the pathos of his character studies of contemporary types.

IT has been said that Mr. James McNeill Whistler, on being asked "What may be the future of British art?" instantly replied "Phil May."

I don't think that Mr. Whistler ever really said that, because it usually takes him at least twenty four hours to evolve one of the so called "repartees" on which his fame as a wit rests; but the epigram will live, not because Mr. Whistler's name is attached to it, but because it contains a great big kernel of unalloyed truth. Already Mr. May is receiving, in other countries as well as his own, the recognition which he fairly deserves.

There are few men in London better calculated to delight and interest the intelligent American traveler than this young artist of *Punch*, who is more American in thought and habit than are three quarters of the people in New York.

In person Mr. May is of medium height and slender build. His face is a peculiar one, because of the heavy shock of brown hair that comes well down over his forehead, the long nose, the very light eyebrows, and the amused smile that hovers perpetually about his lips. He is extremely quiet and modest, talking very little, and then in a low voice, but listening always, and apparently profiting by what he hears and sees. He is a notable figure in London life, and there are very few circles of society in the English capital in which he has not some acquaintance. But whether chatting with a swell in a club window, or hovering about the *avant scène* of a music hall, or watching a dozen children dancing to the music of a hand organ, he is always the same observant, keenly humorous, appreciative, and quiet Phil May, known in every part of London, and popular wherever known.

His work is generally done in the big studio that occupies the greater part of the second floor of his house. He lives in London most of the year, in one of those delightfully quiet little byways that are to be found everywhere throughout Kensington, Chelsea, and, in fact, in almost every quarter of the town. The late Lord Leighton lived in the same street about three doors away from him, and two or three other artists of note have been his neighbors. He is, of course, a regular attendant at the weekly *Punch* dinner, but disclaims any intention of posing as the "successor" to the late George Du Maurier. He was a member of the staff for some time previous to the elder artist's death, and the styles of the two men are so totally different that it is absurd to speak of the one as filling the place of the other.

It is always a dangerous thing to attempt to show that a man is a humorist by repeating his witticisms, because, after all, there is no recognized standard of value in wit or humor. I may say, however, that to those who have known Mr. May, or seen photographs of him, the sketch by himself which accompanies this article is sure proof of his qualifications as a true humorist. No one else could have made fun of his own features as cleverly and truthfully as he has.

But the strongest proof of his humorous quality is to be found in his pictures of London street life, now widely known through the medium of his book, "Gutter Snipes." The sadness and pathos of some of these faces could only have been drawn by a humorist, for no one else could possess a fitting appreciation of the sorrows of such lives.

In a word, Phil May's reputation has been made not by his broadly humorous work, in which he also excels, not by his exquisite skill as a draftsman, but by his humanity, by the tender sympathy with which he approaches even the roughest, the raggedest, and the most besotted of the unfortunates that his genius depicts. With a few strokes of his pencil he writes the whole sad history of a human life. He does this not by a mere slavish study of externals, but from his own inner perception of what suffering and endurance really mean.

In this peculiar line of work I know of no one, either in this country or in England, worthy to be compared with him.

Nothing better can be said of Phil May than this appreciative and characteristic remark of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson:

"If a man's bad I can tell you why he's bad, but when he's as good as Phil I can't tell you why he's good, because if I could I could do just what he's doing, and I can't. All I can say is that his work is just *sticky* with human interest, and that's all there is about it!"

James L. Ford

THE HEART'S PENSIONERS.

"TEACH us to dance like you,"
Said Feet to Heart.
"That you shall always do
When I my joy impart."

"Teach us to plead like you,"
Said Lips to Heart.
"Oh, Lips, be true, be true!
More tenderness, less art."

"Give me your fire and dew,"
Said Head to Heart.
"Oh, thoughts, so dull and few,
In April splendor start."

"Quicken me through and through,"
Said Life to Heart.
"Dear Life!" she said. It flew
Fleet as a feathered dart.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

A REASONABLE COURTSHIP.

BY MYRTLE REED.

The irrepressible conflict of love and logic, sense and sentiment—How it was fought out in the lives of Tom Elliot and Belle Marshall, and how the battle ended.

WHEN Tom Elliot graduated from Harvard, that power of the mind which is known as reason had become a fetish with him. Every human action, he argued, should be controlled by it. The majority of people were largely influenced by their feelings; he, Thomas Elliot, twenty six, good looking, and fairly wealthy, would turn his mental advantage to some account and be guided solely by his reason.

He explained his theory to an attractive young woman who had gone out on the river with him. Partly because her mind was too much occupied with the speaker to comprehend the full purport of his remarks, and partly because her feminine tact forbade opposition to an unimportant thing, Miss Marshall nodded her pretty head in entire assent.

"It's an assured fact," he went on, "that all the unhappiness in the world is caused by the inability to reason. Married life is miserable just because it is not put upon a reasonable basis. Any two human beings capable of reasoning would be happy together if that point were kept constantly in view. Perfect, absolute truthfulness, and constant reasoning from it, form the only sure foundation for happiness. Am I right?"

She twisted the corners of her handkerchief. "Yes, I think you are."

Elliot paced up and down with his hands in his pockets—a symptom of nervousness which women mistake for deep thought.

"Belle," he said suddenly, "I have always liked you. You have so much more sense than most girls. I am not going to flatter you, but you are the only woman I ever saw who seemed to be a reasonable being. What I want to ask is, will you try it with me?"

Miss Marshall opened her brown eyes in amazement. Since she left boarding school, the approach of the Elliot planet had materially confused her orbit. She had often dreamed of the offer of Tom's heart and hand, but for once, the consensus of masculine opinion to the contrary, a woman was surprised by a proposal.

"What on earth do you mean?" she gasped.

"Just this. You and I are congenial, of an equal station in life, and I believe we could be happy together—happier than the average married couple. There's no wishy washy sentimentality about it; we know each other, and that is enough."

There was a terrific thumping going on in the region where Miss Marshall had mentally located her heart. She took refuge in that platitude of her sex which goads an ordinary lover to desperation:

"This is so sudden, Mr. Elliot! I must take time to consider."

"Very well, take your own time. I'll be a good husband to you, Belle, if you'll only give me the chance."

In the solitude of her "den," Belle Marshall gave the matter serious consideration. Safely intrenched behind a formal proposal, she admitted to herself that she loved him—a confession which no woman ever makes until the Rubicon has been crossed. But even the most love blinded damsel could not transfigure Elliot's demeanor into that of a lover. Within her reach, in a secret drawer, was a pile of impassioned letters and a withered rose; on her desk a photograph of a handsome face which she had last seen white to the lips with pain. He had called her cruel, and she had smiled faintly at the Harvard pin which she wore, and bade him go.

Then there was another, of whom Belle

did not like to think, though she went to his grave sometimes with a remorseful desire to make some sort of an atonement. He was only a boy—and some women know what it is to be loved by a boy.

She compared the pleading of the others with Elliot's businesslike offer, and wondered at the severity of fate. Then she wrote a note: "Miss Marshall accepts with pleasure Mr. Elliot's kind invitation to become his wife," and sent it by a messenger.

Before burning her relics, as an engaged girl should, she sat down to look them over once more. With a Spartan-like resolve, she put every letter and keepsake into the sacrificial flame. When it was over, she sighed, for she had nothing left but memory and the scarcely impassioned promise of the morning: "I'll be a good husband to you, Belle, if you'll only give me the chance."

Her note would doubtless be answered in person, and she donned a pretty white gown, that she might not keep him waiting. She tried vainly to tone down her flushed cheeks with powder.

"You're a nice sort of a girl," she said to herself, "for a reasonable marriage!"

Just then the door bell rang, and she flew to answer the summons. There was no one else in the house, the coast was clear, she was an engaged girl. She started in surprise as Elliot walked solemnly on by her after she had closed the door.

"Nice afternoon," he said.

There was no doubt about it; Miss Marshall had expected to be kissed. Still unable to speak, she followed him into the parlor. He turned to offer her a chair, and instantly read her thought.

"You need fear nothing of the kind from me," he said, in the blundering way which men consider a high power of tact. "It's not hygienic, and is a known cause of disease. Above all things, let us be sensible."

"You got my note?" she inquired faintly.

"Yes, and I came to thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me. I assure you I fully appreciate it—more, perhaps, than I can make you understand."

Throughout his call he was dignified and friendly, but she was in a state of nervous excitement which bordered on hysteria.

"You are nervous and overwrought," he said in a kindly way; "perhaps I would better go. I'll come again soon, and you shall name the day, and we will make plans for our future."

He shook hands in parting, and Belle ran up stairs as if her life depended on it. Once in her own room she locked the door, then threw herself down among her sofa pillows in a passion of tears.

"A—cause — of — of — *disease!*" she sobbed. "Oh, the brute!"

She had kept her lips for her husband, and the wound went deep. When she descended the stairs, calm and collected, her eyes were set and resolute, and there was a look around her mouth that boded ill for Mr. Thomas Elliot, of Harvard, '94.

The next day he asked her to drive.

"I don't want to hurry you in the least," he said, "and the time shall be left to you. Only tell me a little while before, that's all. And, Belle, remember this: I am going to be perfectly and absolutely truthful with you, in everything, and I expect you to be the same with me."

It was not long before she found out that he meant what he said.

"Do I look nice?" she asked him one evening as they were about to start for the theater.

"I'm sorry to say that you do not," rejoined Elliot. "You've got too much powder on your nose, and that hat is a fright."

Her eyes flashed, but she said nothing. Offering him her handkerchief, she commanded him to "wipe off the powder," and Elliot did so, wondering in a half frightened way what the mischief was the matter with Belle.

They were early, and sauntered along the brilliantly lighted street with plenty of time to look into the shop windows. One firm had filled its largest window with ties of a dashing red.

"I think I'll get one of those," Tom said. "They're right stylish just now, and I think it would be becoming, don't you?"

"No, I don't," she answered promptly.

"Only a man with a good complexion can wear one of those things."

Tom had always thought his dark, clear skin one of his best points, and that Belle should insinuate that it wasn't rather hurt his pride. Neither spoke until they entered the theater; then, manlike, he said the worst possible thing.

"That's a pretty girl over there," inclining his head toward a blond beauty. "I always liked blonds, didn't you?"

Belle was equal to the occasion. "Yes, I like blond men; I don't care so much for the girls."

Elliot's lower jaw drooped thoughtfully. He was as dark as Egypt himself.

Neither enjoyed the play.

"Seeing it a second time has quite spoiled it for me," Tom said. "Last week I took Miss Davis, and we both liked it very much."

Belle's stony silence at last penetrated Tom's understanding.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't take another girl to the theater," he explained, "just because I happen to be engaged to you. It isn't announced yet, and won't be until you are willing. And you know it doesn't change my regard for you in the least to go with any one else. You are welcome to the same freedom."

A great light broke in upon Belle. The next time he called, she had gone to play tennis with a Yale man. He saw them laughing and chatting a little way down the street, and the owner of the blue sweater was carrying her racket. Tom was angry, for the Yale man was an insufferable cad, and she had no business to go with him. He would speak to her about it.

On the way home, he wisely decided to say nothing about it. Perhaps Belle wasn't as fully accustomed to being guided by reason as he was, though she was an unusually sensible girl. He must be gentle with her at first, and she would grow by degrees.

Acting on this impulse, he took his cherished copy of Spencer's "Ethics," and presented it to her.

"You'll like this," he said, "after you get into it, and it will help you amazingly about reasoning."

A well developed white arm threw the Spencer vigorously against the side of the house. Elliot was surprised, for a woman like this was utterly outside the pale of his experience. Perhaps she didn't feel well. He put his arm around her.

"What is it, Belle?" he asked anxiously.

The singular phenomena increased in intensity, for Belle jerked away from him with her eyes blazing.

"How dare you touch me!" she said, then walked out of the room.

Inside of ten minutes the idea came to Elliot that she did not intend to return until he left the house. Her handkerchief lay on the table, and he picked it up. He looked carefully into the hall, but saw no one. Then the apostle of reason put the handkerchief into his pocket and walked home in a brown study.

Four years at college had taught him absolutely nothing of women, and he was evidently on the wrong track. It wasn't reasonable to humor her in such tantrums, but he sent a box of roses by way of a peace offering, and received in return a note which emboldened him to call.

An old time, friendly chat put them on an equal footing again, and Elliot grew confidential.

"Every thought of mine rightfully belongs to you, I suppose," he said one day.

"Every thought of mine *is* of you," she replied softly, and he watched the color in her cheeks with a sensation akin to pleasure.

He thought about it in the night afterward. It was nice for a fellow to know that a girl like Belle thought of him so often. If it had been a proper thing to do, he wouldn't have minded kissing her when she said it, for he had never seen her look so pretty.

The Yale man had gone back to college, and Elliot settled down in business with his father. He and Belle were the best of friends, and he looked forward with increasing pleasure to the day which she had not yet named. He planned a European tour which he was sure would both surprise and please her. He did not intend to mention it until after the ceremony.

Surely no lover ever had a more reasonable and attractive path to travel. Belle was everything that could be desired. When his visits were infrequent, she did not seem to miss him, and—rarest quality in woman!—never asked him any questions as to the way in which he had spent the time away from her. Tom felt like a pioneer who had emancipated his sex by applying the test of reason to every duty and pleasure in life.

The summer waned, and beside the open fire in the long cool evenings she seemed doubly attractive. In a friendly way, he took her hand in his as they sat in front of the flaming brushwood, then started in surprise.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The queerest thing," Tom answered. "When I touched your hand just now, I felt a funny little quiver run up that arm to my elbow. Did you ever feel anything like that?"

Belle forsook the path of absolute truth.

"No; how queer!"

"Isn't it!" He took her hand again, but the touch brought no answering thrill. "Must have been my imagination, or a chill," commented Tom.

Alone in her room, Miss Marshall laughed softly to herself.

"Imagination! Or a chill! What a dear, funny, stupid thing a man is!"

Sunday evening Tom invariably spent with Belle. When he called on the first evening of the following week, he was astonished to find that she had gone to church with the Yale man. Mrs. Marshall explained to him that it was the young man's farewell visit; his mother was ill, and he had been summoned home.

"Must be very ill," Tom said ironically, under his breath, as he went back to his cheerless room.

There was a queer tightness somewhere in his chest which he had never felt before, and the Yale man seemed to be connected with it in some inscrutable way. He slept fitfully and dreamed of Belle in a little house, with an open fire in the parlor, where he would be a welcome guest and the alumni of other colleges would be denied admittance. He was tempted to remonstrate with her, but had no reasonable ground for doing so. They would be married shortly, and the matter would end.

The next time he went to see her, the peculiar tightness appeared in his chest again, and he could hardly answer her cheerful greeting. He noted that she had acquired a Yale pin, which flaunted its ugly blue on her breast. He trembled violently as he sat down, and drops of perspiration stood out on his brow. She was alarmed, and brought him a glass of water. As she stood over him, the womanly concern on her face touched him not a little, and he threw his arms around her and drew her down to him.

"Kiss me once, Belle!" he pleaded hoarsely.

With a violent effort, she freed herself.

"It's not hygienic," she explained, "and frequently causes disease."

Tom stared at her in open mouthed wonder, and soon after took his departure.

Once in his room, he sat down to close analysis of himself. He had been working too hard, and was temporarily unbalanced. She was quite right in saying that it caused disease; such a thing must not happen. His reason had been impaired by long hours in the office; otherwise he would never have thought of doing such a foolish, unreasonable thing.

In the morning he received a note from her. She had been summoned to the bedside of a sick sister, and would be away from home as long as she was needed.

The next month was a long one for Tom. He was surprised to find how much of his life could be filled by a woman. After they were married, there would be no such separations. He wrote regularly, and received in return such brief notes as her duties permitted her to write. Then, for a week, none came, and he went to her home to see what news of her had been received there.

The servant admitted him, half smiling, and in a white house gown, by the open fire, he saw Belle.

She had never seemed half so sweet and womanly, and with a cry he could not repress, he caught her in his arms. She struggled, but in vain, and at last gave her lips willingly to his. In that minute, Tom learned more than all his college course had taught him. Utterly unconscious of his own temerity, he kissed her

again and again. The little white figure was silent in his arms, and bending low, he whispered a word which no reasonable man would ever be caught using.

Her face shining with tears, Belle looked up.

"Tom," she said, "do you love me?"

"Love you!" he said slowly. "Why—I guess—I must!"

She laughed happily, and he drew her closer.

"Dear little girl," he said tenderly, "do you love me?"

The answer came muffled from his shoulder: "All the time, Tom!"

"All the time! You darling! What an infernal brute I have been!"

He evidently intended to kiss her again, for he tried to lift her chin from his shoulder. Providence has taught women a great deal about such things. Her eyes flashed with mischief as she struggled to release herself.

"You must let me go, Tom; this isn't reasonable at all!"

But his training with the Harvard crew had given him a strength which kept her there.

"Reasonable!" he repeated. "Reason be hanged!"

CAPTAIN AND MATE.

Across the sunlit summer sea
The morning breezes steal;
"And will you sail as mate?" said he.
"See, Love is at the wheel!

We'll sail away forevermore
Till twilight stars reveal
The Port Beyond, the voyage o'er,
And Love still at the wheel."

The sweet south breezes stir the sail,
Salt ripples lap the keel;
"Dost fear, my mate?" "Nor fog, nor gale,
While Love is at the wheel!"

Thick mists arise and tempests black
The shadowy shore conceal;
The rough winds roar across our track,
But Love is at the wheel.

Sharp streaks of lightning slit the sky,
Our timbers crack and reel,
"Captain, canst breast the breakers high?"
"Ay, Love is at the wheel!"

The light empurpled turns to dark
And shades the tossing keel;
"What think you, mate?" "My captain, mark,
Still Love is at the wheel?"

The evening bells are calling clear,
Dark shadows o'er us steal,
But oh, the harbor lights are near,
And Love is at the wheel.

Our anchor drops beyond the bar;
"My captain, let us kneel;
We glide into the dim Afar
With Love still at the wheel!"

Ethel A. Botterill.

MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

The author of "Rudder Grange" sketches and explains his literary preferences, and singles out two English authors—Defoe and Dickens—as the men who, above all others, established and exemplified the principles of the highest art in fiction.

FAVORITISM is generally injustice; it is difficult to build up an object of regard without taking something from other objects worthy of regard with which to increase its altitude. But favoritism must always exist; it is natural that it should. It is the effort of the human mind to join in the work of the great forces of evolution by promoting the survival of what it considers the fittest.

Nor would I say that injustice is always undesirable. Even a man happily married cannot be of a fair mind. There are a thousand chances to one that his wife is not really the best woman in the world, but he shuts his eyes to this great truth—which he must see if he opened them wide enough—and deliberately commits injustice toward all other women. But this is proper, and it is seldom that the other women cherish any resentment.

Next to unjust favoritism in regard to matrimonial consorts, comes the disposition to exalt certain authors, keeping down, at the same time and partly for the purpose of said exaltation, certain other authors. This is not a propensity to be condemned. It is as natural as any other form of favoritism, and its advantages are great, not only to those who are preferred, but to those who prefer. Of course there must be moderation. When a man dies of *delirium tremens* it is nearly always in consequence of addiction to a favorite drink. An impartial use of varied intoxicants seldom brings about this result. A man with one favorite author is in a dangerous condition. At any time he is liable to be attacked by a mental congestion, the result of a want of variety in literary diet.

But as we are all liable to favoritism, and are glad of it, just as we are glad of many evils which beset us—such as the necessity of wearing clothes—I do not hesitate to say that I have my favorites in fiction; but my preference is not confined to one author, for that would necessitate too much injustice. When my mind calls for its favorites among the writers of fiction, two authors immediately present themselves. It is true that they are pushed and hustled by others who press toward the front rank, but these two calmly hold their places.

The first of my favorite authors of fiction is Daniel Defoe, and he comes to the front as naturally as if he saw a sail upon the horizon and was anxious to discover to what sort of craft it belonged. I was once in a sail boat with an old sea captain who was talking to me about books. He read a great deal in winter time, and was particularly fond of biographies. He mentioned several of these with approbation, and then his brow clouded.

"There is one book in the world," said he, "which I hate. I wish I never had read it."

When I inquired the name of the objectionable work he informed me that it was "Robinson Crusoe."

"The man was a fool," said he, "and I can't bear to think of a sailor being such an out and out fool."

* Under this title MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will print a series of articles in which the leading literary men of the day will discuss a question interesting to all readers of novels. The first paper of the series, contributed by William D. Howells, appeared in the April number; the second, by Professor Brander Matthews, in the May number.

In the mariner's opinion poor *Robinson* was guilty of many follies, the greatest of which was his willingness to remain for twenty eight years upon a desert island; but the captain did not say to me that no seaman would do such a thing as that; he declared that *Robinson Crusoe* was a fool because he *did* do it. If he had read of the adventures of the castaway in any story or novel, his reflections upon the author of said fiction would have been very severe; but in this case he criticised *Robinson* himself. He was the only real personage in the case. The author of the book was not considered at all.

This little incident recalls the great art of the most artless of writers. He had told a story so well that he had lifted its hero entirely out of the region of fiction, and made him a living, responsible man, who should be judged as other subjects of biographies are judged.

But although *Robinson Crusoe* now stands in the eyes of a large part of the world as one who was a veritable man, there is a great difference between him and the statue of Galatea. Each of these was the work of a man, fashioned after a pattern which pleased him, and each was afterwards endowed with vitality and intelligence. But the statue was directly imbued with life. *Crusoe* owed his human existence to his surroundings. He was an outgrowth of a story. Had he been the hero of any other story he would have been in great danger of becoming a mere character in fiction.

Defoe's prominence in my mind is based upon his ability to transmute a fictional narrative into a record of facts; things which might have been became, in his hands, things which actually were. But it is to the story itself that his supremacy as a fictional writer is confined; it does not extend to his personages. It is in the relation of a story, not in the delineation of character, that this great author excels.

Robinson Crusoe himself is not a very interesting personage. We believe in him, but we do not care very much for him. We may not concur in the opinion of the old sea captain and think him a fool, but we must admit that he very often failed to make good use of his exceptional opportunities. He was extremely commonplace in the most extraordinary situation. As to the man Friday, he could have been done as well by Mungo Park. Had the worthy ex-cannibal been less melodramatic, though quite as faithful, he might have possessed a stronger personal interest. The merchants, the pirates, the natives, the English, and the Spaniards of the story could all have held their place in literature, and perhaps a better place, without the aid of Daniel Defoe, but without Defoe there could never have been the immortal story.

To reduce romance to realism without depriving the former of any of its charms was the example set by Defoe to the writers of English fiction. His characters, his situations, his incidents, his material, and his machinery have all been surpassed, but his story telling never.

It was not merely the careful collection and arrangement of details which gave to the work of Defoe its unique effect. Herodotus and Trollope were masters of detail, and neither of them lost an opportunity of training his imagination to act as the exponent of facts, but in both, under the real clothes and accouterments of noted personages we see the figures of wax and wire. There have been artists, other than Meissonier, who could paint well the texture of cloth and the texture of skin, buckles, swords, and feathers; but if the figures on the canvases of these other artists should suddenly be imbued with life, would they possess practical skin and garments, and would their swords come out of their scabbards, and would their feathers wave in the wind? If all the machinery of Robinson Crusoe, from the beginning of the story to the end of it, could be set in motion by some magic wand, it would move as smoothly, as steadily, and as accurately as the mechanism of a Jacquard loom. Not a cog would fail to catch, not a pivot be wanting, not a thread be dropped, not a color misplaced.

I do not intend to analyze or endeavor to explain the method by which Defoe gave life to his fictitious work. It would be very easy to dissect this method and to examine all its structural parts, but if we were to do so we should find that all these parts had been used over and over

again by writers of many ages and climes, some of these authors, in fact, having used all of them and in almost the same combinations; but the soul of Defoe's method, which gives it its actual life, is his own actual belief in the reality of his work.

While writing his "Surprising Narrative," Defoe must have known, if he thought of the matter at all, that other men had written narratives more surprising, the characters of which were more worthy of attention and literary immortality than those which he put into his own story. He must have known, too, that his story would have been much improved if he had left out of it a good deal that he put into it, but this knowledge had no effect whatever upon him. He knew that he was not writing the adventures of a Scotchman named Alexander Selkirk, who had been left on a desert island, but that he was telling, in the most straightforward manner, what had happened to the son of a certain foreigner of Bremen who acquired a good estate as a merchant at Hull and afterwards settled at York. The adventures which befell this man were known only to Defoe, and he told them to the rest of the world just as they had occurred; and when a thing happened to *Crusoe* which had no effect upon the story one way or the other, it was related because it had happened. If days passed without the occurrence of anything which could give an excuse for record, that fact was stated, and the dates of uneventful days set down, and this for the simple reason that there had been such days.

When *Crusoe* found in the hull of the wrecked vessel a roll of sheet lead too heavy for him to lift, and which he left where it was because he could not lift it; when he took a dose of tobacco tea because he was sick and almost frightened to death, and at that immortal moment when he saw the footprint on the sand, he was always the real man who was doing things and having things happen to him, and Defoe was another man who was making a record of those things just as they were done and just as they had happened.

Cervantes did not believe in *Don Quixote*, and still less did he believe in *Sancho Panza;* but he believed in the purpose of his story, and the characters and events were obliged to accord themselves to that purpose. Defoe had no purpose in writing "Robinson Crusoe" except to relate events which, when he was describing them, he believed had truly happened. But when Defoe wrote what he could not believe, because he knew but little about his subject, and therefore could not compel his imagination to put his material before his eyes as if it had all been real, living, and true, then he failed. The second part of "Robinson Crusoe" was not successful. Defoe did not believe in this work, and he should not have expected other people to be interested in it. In this estimation of the author of "Robinson Crusoe," I do not consider his other works. Some of them are well worthy of him, but none of them shows that rare power which breathes actual life into inanimate fiction.

I may sum up what I have to say about Defoe in the statement that it is the telling of his story and not the story itself which charms me and holds me to my allegiance. "Robinson Crusoe" is not the best work of English fiction, but it is, in my opinion, the best told story.

The other author who shares with Defoe my chief regard as a writer of fiction is Charles Dickens. This may sound very much as if one should say his favorite flower is the rose; but there are now people who are tired of roses and are weary of Dickens, and so the remark is not quite so trite as it would have been a quarter of a century ago.

There is great dissimilarity between Dickens and Defoe; they impress the human mind by entirely different methods. Defoe relies for his power upon the telling of his story, but if Dickens imagined that the telling of his stories gave him his power over his readers, he made a great mistake. He is an author who has written good stories and poor ones, in some of which he possibly had but very little interest; but in all these stories, even the worst of them, there are characters which will live as long as English literature shall endure.

To this statement it may be immediately objected that this author never drew a character without exaggerating it; but it

must be remembered that there was never a woman so perfect in form and feature as the Venus de' Medici, nor ever a woman so big as the Venus of Milo, and yet each of these is the work of a true artist; each is the exponent of true art; each is exaggerated beyond nature in order to produce a perfectly natural effect. *Mr. Turveydrop* was exaggerated for the same reason, and the result has been the same. There is now a recognized class of civilized beings of whom this well appointed gentleman is the type. None of them attains to his actual size or perfection, but upon the pedestal of exaggeration, upon which he has been placed, he appears as natural as they.

Dickens' use of his material, which in quantity and variety has never been equaled by that of any other author, was extravagant; often needlessly so, and much of the art by which he used it was bad art; but although bad art is often good nature, it is not always so in the case of Dickens' plots and events, nor even in the case of his characters. Some of them have nothing to do with nature of any kind. They are truly fictitious, and nobody—reader or author—ever believed in them.

It is very easy to select from the army of characters which Dickens has given us, those which were the truly beloved children of his brain. Sometimes he seemed to adopt a hero or a heroine, generally the latter, and to make himself believe that she was really his own offspring. Such a character occurs in one of Dickens' poorest novels, "Our Mutual Friend." This is *Bella*, and in regard to her, Dickens writes in the notes to the manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend," in which he frequently calls upon himself to do his duty by his characters, these words: "Make *Bella* as attractive as I can." Now he would never have written, in relation to *Mr. Pickwick*: "Make him as jolly, as funny, and as good hearted as I can." It would not have been necessary. *Pickwick*, in the mind of Dickens, was a real man; *Bella Wilfer* was not a real person, and, do his best, he could not make her the lovely woman he wanted her to be.

But *Bella* is only an example of the exceptions to my statement that I take more general delight in the characters of Dickens than in those of any other author. His personages are men and women to be loved, hated, laughed at, laughed with, turned from our doors, taken to our hearts, remembered always, because wherever we see real human beings we recall some one or other of the people in the little world created by Charles Dickens.

The reading of the novels of Dickens suggests to my mind a walk through the Midway Plaisance of the Chicago Exposition. That was a little world filled with people, scenes, and things of all sorts and varieties and degrees of usefulness, beauty, rarity, and oddity. The people were all alive, real action was going on on every side, the roar of the lions in the animal house was as true to life as were the monotonous chants of the Javanese. Each separate building possessed its personages, its atmosphere, its peculiar characteristics, and its purpose, just as if it had been a novel distinct in itself, and yet owing its existence to the same originating brain.

With all this actual din and bustle of actual life, this coming together of personages of so many different physiques, so many different natures, so many different intentions, customs, and qualities, each group or combination of groups set down in the midst of carefully arranged accessories, there came to the rambler through this wondrous avenue of cosmopolitan spectacles a certain feeling of incongruity—which it was well to dispense with if he wished to enjoy thoroughly what he saw and heard.

If this rambler, for instance, had chanced to enter the inclosure which contained a Street in Cairo, he almost might have imagined himself in a veritable Egyptian town. The houses, it is true, were mere shells and imitations of eastern buildings, and all the backgrounds and surroundings, the minarets, the domes, the kiosks, the open air shops, were as artificial and made up as if they had been constructed for the stage of a theater. Most of them were interesting, some were very good, and a few were a little absurd, but they all combined to give an Egyptian air to the scene and to act their parts as directors of the imagination.

But among all this artificial architecture, and in and about these fictitious surroundings, there were the living beings of real Cairo. The dark faced man who wore the red fez once sold rings and bracelets in a shop near the Ezbekeeyah, and the much browner fellow talking to him has a family in a mud hovel near the Mosque of Mohammed Ali. Those camels swiftly moving on their cushioned feet among the crowds in the narrow street once ambled over the hot desert sands, and took from the river Nile water for their long journeys. The women who writhed and shuffled through the dances in the little theater, not long ago were charming by the poetry of their motion (poetry of very blank verse) the gay young blades of real Cairo; and from shouting camel boy to the serenest of successful merchants, we saw here, there, and everywhere the real living beings of Egyptian life.

A very similar impression is apt to be made upon a rambler through the pages of Dickens' novels. Here he sometimes sees a story as artificial as the most flimsy of make believe shop fronts—take, for instance, the *Boffin-Harmon* conspiracy in "Our Mutual Friend"—and in almost every novel he may find machinery, scenery, and properties, very well in their way, but which would not interest him were it not for the personages to whom they serve as backgrounds and opportunities.

I do not mean to be understood that many of the astonishing constructions which we beheld in the lively Midway were not most excellent of their kind and worthy of admiration in themselves, nor do I mean to say that the stories of Dickens are not often worthy of his best characters and move as grandly and powerfully as the great Ferris wheel; but I believe that Dickens' characters, in general, are so superior to his stories, in general, that it is to the memory of the first that his works will owe that fame which is certain to be enduring.

Many of Dickens' favorite personages, those who presented themselves to him because they knew that he would like them and that they would like him, are so much better than the stories in which he put them, that for the continuance of their existence they do not need the stories at all. Even now, although it is such a comparatively short time since everybody was reading Dickens, there are hundreds and thousands of people who are familiar with his characters, who remember their charms, their delightful eccentricities, and the wonderful force and vividness of them, who do not at all remember, and in many cases do not care, in what novel they figure and with what scenes and events they are associated. Many a passenger on a ferry boat beholds *Mrs. Gamp* sitting opposite him with her basket, her bottle nose, and her general air of bleary pudge. He remembers her instantly, he recalls her modest statement that a shilling's worth of gin and water, warm, is her allowance; he recalls the mythical *Mrs. Harridge*, and he chuckles inwardly at the delight of his acquaintance with *Sarah Gamp;* but if you were to ask him in what novel she appeared, and who it was she nursed, it is very likely that he would be unable to tell you. *Sairey* does not need a novel to make her remembered.

The very smell of a piece of lemonpeel will recall to many persons the famous convivialities of *Dick Swiveller* and the *Marchioness*. With these two jolly companions some persons are far better acquainted than they are with many of their own relatives; but for the life of them they could not tell you in what novel *Mr. Swiveller* and his young friend lived and moved. There are hundreds of persons who never refer to hypocrisy without alluding to *Pecksniff*, or speak of the super-faithfulness of a clinging wife without declaring that "she would never desert *Mr. Micawber*," but who would not know whether these two characters made their appearance before the public in "Great Expectations" or "Nicholas Nickleby."

In our walks in life, and in our thoughts in life, we meet with Dickens' characters as we meet with old friends. Of course, we are likely to remember where old friends live, what business they do, and what sort of families they have, but this is not at all necessary to our recognition of them, or to our hearty satisfaction in being with them again. They have their own individuality, they may depend for

their force and impressiveness upon a few companion characters, but they do not need a story. More than that, they are so thoroughly real, they live and breathe so actually, that they give to the buildings, streets, and scenes in which the great author has placed them an interest of association as realistic and powerful as though they had been actual heroes of history. The traveler in London who stands by the iron gate of "Tom-all-Alone's" seldom fails to clasp its upright bars simply because this was the gate before which *Lady Dedlock* kneeled and died, and these were the bars she clutched.

I must now recur to what I said at the beginning of this paper to the effect that it is impossible, especially in the world of literature, to indulge in favoritism without injustice. As I conclude, there come to me from many quarters appeals from characters in novels, who know that their authors have interested me, instructed me, and charmed me as much as those about whom I have been writing. From the bright paradise of fictional creations comes down the clear voice of *Colonel Newcome*, and from an entirely opposite direction rise the shrill tones of *Becky Sharp*, calling on me not to forget Thackeray. The *Rev. Dr. Primrose* exclaims in amazement that I have omitted to mention that disciple of Defoe who created him, and, in the midst of multitudinous expostulations from the great domain of English fiction, there come to me voices from other lands calling out the names of Hugo, Dumas, Balzac, Daudet. But in front of all who have created fiction stand, firm and unmoved, Defoe and Dickens, who, as I look upon it, have established the great principle that the author who believes in his story will tell the best story, and the author who believes in his characters and loves them will make them real beings, who shall live with his readers and be held by them always as companions and friends.

A SUMMER NOON.

HUSHED is the wild bird's note; he doth not sing,
Nor floats his love call forth from flowering bough;
Too weary he for melody—see how
He listlessly doth droop his languid wing.
The saucy bumblebee forgets to sting
A chance intruder mischief bent, and now
In drowsy slumber dreams. Oh, bee, 'tis thou
Art laziest of creatures; buzzing thing,
For once thy busy wings are silent. Yea,
A butterfly in safety hovers nigh,
Nor fears thy noisy hum this sunny noon,
But pauses near to feast—ah, welladay!
He too, heeds naught, for fast asleep doth lie
Another victim of thy spell, fair June!

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

SIX BRAVE SOLDIERS.

BY MARY TRACY EARLE.

A human drama of war time—The coward and the fighting men, and the sudden and tragic crisis that gave Oscar Dillow his baptism of fire.

OSCAR DILLOW had fainted on the battlefield without a wound, and as a consequence the wounds came afterward when he was laid up with nervous fever, while the other men lay around him on the hay and passed the time in thrusting at his pride. Sometimes it seemed as if he had none, and then they prodded deeper, hoping they might reach it somewhere out of sight. One day a little fellow named Parmlee struck it, and the prostrate giant staggered to his feet.

It was a burning day. The sunlight came through chinks and knot holes, and fell in shafts of torture on the wounded men. Horseflies, the only original properties left in Ferguson's barn, pervaded it officiously. Outside, on the hill beyond Ferguson's fields, the shells were screaming. Dillow had dropped into one of those fitful dozes into which his overwrought nerves relaxed between the outbursts on the hill, when little Parmlee came and stood beside him. Parmlee had been to the kitchen tent of the sanitary commission, and had brought back enough oyster stew for each man in the barn, and each man had had his share, excepting Dillow. Now Parmlee was waiting beside him, with a dipperful of it in his hand, but a contemptuous smile upon his face.

"Six oysters—for a coward," he thought as he shifted his lame leg discontentedly and waited.

It seemed to him against all the laws of war. He himself had had a deep flesh wound just above the knee, and Dillow had turned gray in the face at the sight of it and had fallen over him, nearly shattering all his bones and holding him in torment. And here was Dillow, still lying almost as gray and inert as he had lain upon the field. Parmlee thanked all his stars for not having been obliged to lie underneath the big fellow all this time; and yet his injured leg almost refused to carry oysters to Dillow, although it was ready enough in lending itself to the other men who were on their backs. They were brave soldiers. It aggravated the limb to have to wait upon a coward.

As Dillow kept on dozing, the one thing the little attendant wanted to do was to spill the stew into his face and wake him; but some impulse caused him to look across to the next bundle of hay and meet a pair of hungry eyes that were gazing up from it. Beneath the eyes there yawned a grinning, hungry mouth, and a humorous hungry finger pointed into it. Eyes, mouth, and finger all belonged to a man who had fought well. He had had one dipperful of oysters, but yearned for more. Little Parmlee hesitated a moment, thought of the instructions given him at the tent, and then, grinning in answer, tiptoed round the gigantic sleeper, and fed an oyster into the open mouth, which closed upon it as tightly and far more blissfully than the shell in which it had once lived.

Parmlee had only meant to rob the coward of one oyster, but as soon as that was gone, and he glanced about again, he saw four other gaping mouths quite near at hand. He went from one to another like a parent bird, and as he dropped the longed for morsel into each it closed upon it with an expression of great bliss. There was but one oyster in the plate now, and it looked so lonely and so tempting as it circled through the broth that before he really knew he had swallowed it himself. Then he winked silently at the five brave soldiers, and they winked at him.

The broth might possibly have gone spoonful by spoonful after the oysters, if

Dillow had not wakened and seen the plate. His listless eyes found interest.

"Hello, Parmlee," he said, lifting himself a little, and sniffing expectantly, "are you bringing me some oyster stew?"

"Yes," said Parmlee, and he held the dipper for the giant's big, unsteady hands. He did not notice what young hands they were. Parmlee was only eighteen, and too young himself to notice such things, or to make allowances, and he never guessed that Dillow was as young as he; but then no one had ever made allowances for Dillow. It is not customary to make allowances for giants.

Dillow took the plate and searched it with his eyes, and finally looked up as one does who hears some news too sad to credit.

"Oyster stew without any oysters?" he asked.

"They give the oysters to wounded men," said the smaller boy in a grim voice. "They think you're too much like an oyster a'ready—just as active an' fiery as an oyster, an' the same strength an' muscle to your size."

He laughed, and the five men near by joined with him like a chorus, and then licked their lips where a pleasant little memory still lingered.

Oscar Dillow looked from one to another of them, and understood. A spasmodic jerking took possession of his hands, so that he could not lift the spoon. Parmlee held the dipper up impatiently, and he swallowed the broth at a single gulp, and gave the plate so sudden a push that it flew out of Parmlee's hands. The little fellow looked after it in surprise, while Dillow struggled to a sitting posture and glared at the men.

"Oh you——you——*you!*" he began, groping wildly after invective and self justification and prophecy, but the whole wreck that he had made of his manhood, and the whole insult to it, rose in him, struggling together and strangling him, until his voice broke out into a cry, and he fell back upon his bed and snatched the sheet over his face to hide it.

The men looked from one to another, and laughed aloud. They felt a little sheepish, but they were more certain than ever that the oysters had been well placed.

"What he needs now is his shell to crawl into," one said.

"Don't worry," came another humorous growl. "He'll just drop into the water up Salt River and grow himself another shell."

"Plenty o' shells right here, ready an' callin' for him," chuckled still another voice, as a spitting, screaming missile went over the barn.

Parmlee stooped and lifted the sheet for a final peep at the coward who lay shuddering from the sound of the shell as the live flesh shudders from the knife.

"Hush, boys," he said, replacing the sheet, and turning to hobble cheerily out as he had come. "He's about to get a little rest. Sh-h-h-h-h! Oysters is so active that they need a little relaxation now an' then."

As Dillow lay there, trying to shut his ears to the comments that passed above him, the horror of the battle on the hill seemed suddenly a trifling thing compared to the horror of his life. He threw back the sheet and sat up. The man who had eaten the first oyster rose to his elbow, too, and looked at the big boy who had had nothing left but broth.

"Gettin' hungry again?" he asked.

"No," said Dillow, passing his hand across his dizzy head. "I'm gettin' up to wait until you're well enough for me to lick."

He rose to his feet and staggered against the wall, white and quivering. There was a small window over one of the mangers, and he looked out on fields full of confusion, where the army had swept forward to battle, leaving last week's wounded in Ferguson's barn like a drift mark on the beach. But now, from under the cloud on the hill, a wave of men in blue were falling back and breaking like water round a rock wherever a pursuing shell exploded in their midst. Here and there an officer galloped about, beating back the men and being overborne, and in the nearer fields the ambulances and army wagons tore back and forth like a distracted flock, sometimes colliding with one another, sometimes passing over a trampled swath of fallen men. Dillow clenched his hands and looked on with his lips shut tight. The men behind him on the hay ques-

tioned him eagerly, but he did not hear. At last he turned to them.

"Boys," he said, and there was a sob in his throat that gave weight to the fever thinned voice, "boys, I'm going to lick you, but while I wait for you to get strong enough, I'm goin' out there."

They stared at him.

"What'll you do there?" questioned three voices at once. "You'd be mighty useful as a breastwork, if they was fortifyin', but if they're rampagin' back here through the field——"

"I'll fight," said Dillow. "The boys are falling back. They're needing fighting men."

"An' the oyster riz in his might, an' sez he, 'I'll fight, I'll fight!'" sang the first brave soldier, but the coward made no retort.

He crept to the place where clothes were hanging in the place of vanished harnesses, and, propping himself against a stall, began to dress. His head swam, his heart fluttered, his hands shook the garments, and the men looked on with interest and unbelief, throwing in suggestions and offering their own wardrobes—not being fighting men. When he was half dressed Dillow sat down on his pile of hay, too spent to finish. A warning "Sh-h-h-h!" passed from lip to lip, followed by a laugh, for they all thought that he was giving up; but one of the five explained in his defense:

"You don't understand, you fellows. He's ready and waitin'. He's goin' to fight on the half shell!"

A light pattering of spent bullets came down on the roof, and silence fell with them. It was as if the little rattle had been a death summons to each man. Finally they looked at one another.

"We had ought to be moved," some one said soberly. "Wonder where Parmlee's gone to. He had ought to tell somebody to move us."

"H'm," said other voices, "Parmlee's too busy movin' fellows at the front—ain't nobody to look out for us."

Dillow sat on his pile of hay, and clenched his hands between his knees. The din and turmoil grew about them as the firing came in hot and close across the fields. The angry crackling of musketry was shaken by long, deep mouthed baying from the guns, and shells screamed oftener about them.

"My God!" said one.

Dillow looked up slowly and wonderingly at their terrified faces. It made very little difference to him to be waiting for death here, or to be waiting for it at the front, in action; there was nothing in him to take fire and carry him beyond the thought of danger. Knowing that these men had that which he lacked, it seemed even more pitiful to see them all afraid. He felt that if he had gone out he might have prevented it, that out of the sheer strength of his pity he might have led the forces aside so that the firing should not fall so close to the wounded in the barn. He could see his own ghost dash out through the shot and the shell and bid the commanders beat their forces to one side, and he followed the apparition with a breathless reverence until he remembered that he himself was still sitting with clenched hands upon the hay.

He jumped to his feet with an oath and started toward the door, and fell. A bomb had struck the barn. Its explosion rent the air and filled it with dust and shivered wood. For a moment Dillow thought that he himself and all the rest were dead. Then he found that he could rise and look about. One side of the barn was gone, and the hay and dry wood were bursting out in fire. The stronger men were running and creeping and writhing from their beds, but there were some too weak to move, and some pinned down by timbers, and these cried hoarsely after the escaping ones. Overhead the flames had sprung into the loft; the stalls about the men were traveled by little tongues of fire that ran as the rats came running and squealing out of harm.

Dillow bent and gathered up one of the helpless men, and took him out, passing the laboring, groaning ones who helped themselves. Then he ran back into the fire for the next. His knees rocked and his breath was thick with smoke. The cinders fell crackling over him, the loft sagged lower and lower toward his head.

"Five!" he kept insisting to himself. "There are five who can't move;" and he lifted another piteous form and dragged it out into the grass.

It seemed to take him years to go and come; the flames ate swiftly through the parched barn timbers, and the roar was like the thunder of cannon in his ears. Three times again he stumbled back into the thick of it, three times he came out staggering, his great weak body bending double, his gaunt, blackened, and bleeding arms wrapped about a nerveless form, the clothes burned off his back, the hair burned on his head, the blood making red furrows down his black, distorted face. A falling beam had struck him, but he did not know.

"Five," he was breathing in his short, thick breaths, "five fightin' men."

He started once more, and his seared flesh burned the hand that held him back.

"Lemme go," he cried, turning fiercely on the surgeon who was holding him. "I got to get 'em—they're fightin' men!"

"You've got 'em, you idiot!" screamed the surgeon, holding fast. "You've got 'em all but the big coward, and the devil himself couldn't pull him out of there."

Little Parmlee came hobbling up among the witnesses. "That's him! That's him!" he cried, but Dillow wrenched himself free. He had been crouching double, as if he still carried a weight, but now his eyes fell on the five brave soldiers lying smoke stunned on the grass, and he knew that his self imposed task was done.

"All—but—the—coward," he muttered in a voice that came like the wind through yellow corn.

A ripple of life straightened him. He stood up sheer and black against the tower of flame that rose into the heavens, flinging out its long, bright banners to the sun. The exultation flickered out, he swayed a moment, and then little Parmlee and the surgeon caught him in their arms and laid him down.

The surgeon looked up at the expectant faces.

"He's gone," he said simply. "That was a brave soldier."

The men who had hats uncovered their heads in silence. Far off the regiment was surging like a wave against the hill. The tide had turned.

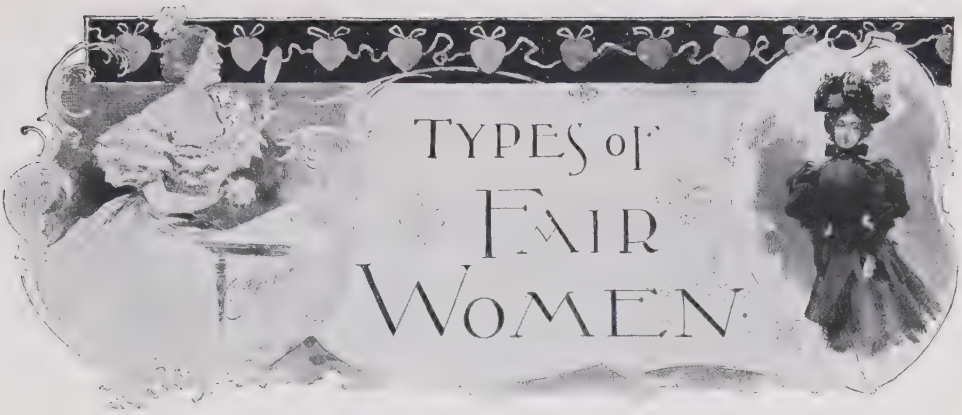
"MOTHER AND HOME."

THERE was a kindly tone that through the glow
  Of feverish dreams, heart sickness, and despair,
  Came like the echo of an angel's prayer,
And on my world worn spirit poured the flow

Of the sweet waters of the long ago!
  There was a vision filled this foreign air
  With peace that only childhood's heart can wear.
Oh, strangely linked in happiness and woe

Are all life's changes! Youth's impatient eye
  Looks through the mists of golden morning bloom
To the bright hills where rests the glittering sky;
  But manhood turns, in sunshine as in gloom,
Back from his triumphs to the spells that lie
  In the fond, childish words: "Mother and home!"

Harry Janvier Smalley.



THERE is an erroneous impression that the more intellectuality you give a woman, the more you take away from her beauty; that the two qualities are incompatible. But facts prove the exact contrary. The more a normal, sane woman is educated, the more attractive she grows. It is no mean simile to say that she becomes like a beautifully cut precious stone, with its many facets to catch every light. Fathers and mothers are learning this more and more every year, and with that devotion to their children which is the most striking characteristic of American parents, they are giving their daughters wide contact with the great world as a necessary part of their education. The modern American girl has often finished her education abroad, and in any case she considers it necessary to know one or two

MISS GEORGIA GREEN, OF VIRGINIA.
From a photograph by Perkins, Baltimore.

languages besides her own; for her ambitions show her not one country, but many, as her field.

Indeed, we seem to be producing a new type of American girl. This is the one who has been educated abroad from her childhood, and has learned not only the language but the manners of other countries. She has within her just a suggestion of that independence and girlish freedom which our women enjoy at home, and which they take as a matter of course; and it gives her modest manner a graceful piquancy possessed by no other girl in the world.

Miss Haldeman, of Dresden, is an exponent of this sort of education. She came originally from Leavenworth, Kansas, but her mother made a home in Dresden when her daughters were very young. They leave the Saxon city for the spring season in Paris, going from there to another home in a picturesque part of Ireland. Miss Haldeman is now only eighteen, but next season she will probably come home to America to enter society. She has a sister, Mrs. Wilson, who lives in Paris, and is identified with the artistic and literary life of the French capital; and her sisters have seen much of this in the informal way possible to young girls.

MISS ANNIE WILLIS DALLAS.
From a photograph by Cummins, Baltimore.

Another American girl who has been much abroad is Miss Annie Willis Dallas, the daughter of Mr. Trevanion B. Dallas, who was educated in France during the

second empire under the direction of his aunt, the Princess Murat. Miss Dallas is the granddaughter of Commodore Dallas of the United States navy, who fired the first gun in the war of 1812. His father was secretary of the treasury under Madison, and his younger brother, George Mifflin Dallas, was United States Senator from Pennsylvania, minister to Russia and to England, and Vice President of the United States. She is also a direct descendant of Colonel Fielding Lewis and his wife, Betty Washington, the only sister of George Washington. Her grandaunt, Catherine Daingerfield Willis, married Prince Achille Murat, the son of the King of Naples and Caroline Bonaparte, and it has been the playful boast of Miss Dallas that she was a niece (somewhat removed) of the two greatest men in history—George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte.

Last year Miss Dallas visited, in England, her cousin, Mr. Dallas Yorke, whose daughter, now the Duchess of Portland, won her husband in spite of a proposal made him to marry a daughter of the Prince of Wales. There is said to be a striking likeness between the duchess, who is a tall and stately beauty, and her American cousin.

Mrs. Eldred Tucker, of Devonshire, England, is an American girl who is also closely related to many of the old Virginia families. She was Miss Nancy Norton, daughter of Captain Hatley Norton of the Confederate army, and grandniece of Chief Justice Marshall. Miss Norton's mother was Miss Green of Washington, sister to the late Princess Iturbide of Mexico. In Maryland, the Platers, Keys, and Carrolls are Mrs. Tucker's close relatives, her great grandfather on the maternal side being George Plater, first Governor of Maryland.

When she married Eldred Tucker, who belongs to one of the prominent families of his county, Miss Norton was said to be one of the handsomest American girls who have gone to England as brides. She is of the Titian style of beauty, with a splendid physique, and auburn hair. She was a graduate of the famous Georgetown convent.

Two other Southern girls who are noted for their beauty, and of whom we give portraits here, are Miss Georgia Green, of Warrenton, Virginia, and Mrs.

MISS GEORGETTE HALLDEMAN, OF DRESDEN.
From a photograph by Otto, Paris.

MRS. ELDRED TUCKER, OF DEVONSHIRE, ENGLAND.

From a photograph by Schumacher, Los Angeles.

Frank Fogg, Jr., who was Miss Emily Bransford, of Nashville, before her recent marriage.

Warrenton, like so many of the old Virginia towns, is noted for its fair daughters. For the past season or two who is also his business partner, is the best known lawyer in Nashville. His home, a few miles out of the city, is filled with books and the spoils of many years spent abroad. It is one of the fine houses of the old régime in the South, and for

MRS. FRANK FOGG, JR., OF NASHVILLE.

From a photograph by Calvert Bros. & Taylor, Nashville.

Miss Green has been called the belle of Northern Virginia. Her father, Mr. Charles Green, is a prominent lawyer, and their home is one of the most hospitable in the Old Dominion.

Mrs. Frank Fogg has been a noted Tennessee beauty for several years, and has attracted a great deal of attention upon her visits to the watering places and country houses of the North during the summer months. Her husband's father, two generations it has entertained all the distinguished men who have gone to Nashville. As the new light of the old home, Mrs. Fogg bids fair to keep up its fame.

A year or two ago, when the Countess of Warwick gave her great fancy dress ball—an event as much talked about at the time as a recent function of the same sort here in America—Lady Feo Sturt was considered the most beautiful and

MRS. JAMES J. FAYE, OF NEW YORK.
From a photograph by Mendelssohn, London.

picturesque of the younger women present. She comes of a famous line of men and women. Her father is the Earl of Hardwicke, a name which has figured in the history of England for nearly two centuries, since the title was founded by Sir Philip Yorke, lord chancellor in the reign of George II. Her family is very prominent socially, and the Prince of Wales was godfather to Lady Feo's brother, the present heir to the earldom. It was quite a dozen years ago that she married the Hon. Humphrey Sturt, eldest son of Baron Alington, and member of

Parliament for a Dorsetshire district. Although Lady Feodorowna still looks like a young girl, she is the mother of two handsome children—a boy, and a girl who gives every evidence of inheriting her mother's piquant, delicate features. But it is not only Lady Feo's beauty and position which make her famous. She has a charm of manner which is irresistible to all classes, and there is no more popular woman in London society. The Alington peerage is a new one, the present Lord Alington having been created a baron in recognition of his thirty years' service as a Conservative member of Parliament. He is now past seventy, and at his death the title, and the family seat of Crichel, in Dorsetshire, will pass to Lady Feo's husband.

An American woman who holds a position more enviable than that of many a woman of title is Mme. Von Andrée. She was a Miss Palmer, born in America, but educated in Paris, and married very young to a German gentleman who holds an important official post in London. She belongs to the most exclusive set in society, and is seen at all the smartest gatherings during the season, quite doing away with the impression common on this side of the world, that the great world of London is made up exclusively of titled people. Our portraits of Mme. Von Andrée and of Lady Feo Sturt are from paintings by that clever miniature artist, Miss Amalia Küssner of New York.

MME. VON ANDRÉE.
From a miniature by Amalia Küssner.

LADY FEODOROWNA STURT.
From a miniature by Amalia Küssner.

Mrs. James J. Faye is a New York woman whose fondness for country life has caused her to give up almost all her time to her beautiful place at Sandy Point. As Miss Henriette Graves, she was hardly known to metropolitan society, for she was educated abroad, and married almost immediately after her return. She possessed a fortune of her own, and this, added to her husband's, made it possible for them to take

MISS CAROLINE LE ROY WEBB, OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, New York.

up almost any form of pleasure or work. They are wonderfully congenial in their ideas and habits, and are both devoted to outdoor sports. They keep fine stables, and are expert either in the saddle or with the ribbons. They are enthusiastic entertainers, and their place is always as full of guests as an English country house at the height of the shooting season.

Miss Caroline Le Roy Webb is the daughter of General Alexander S. Webb, the president of the College of the City of New York. Her mother was a member of the Remsen family, whose prominence dates from the old Knickerbocker days. Mrs. Webb was a great beauty in her time, and her daughter adds to this inheritance much of the wit of the Webbs.

CORLEONE.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Corleone" is the latest of Mr. Crawford's remarkable stories of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the modern society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of an old Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of true love and of exciting adventure.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

CORLEONE is the title of the Pagliuca d'Oriani family, to whom a sadly diminished estate descends at the death of the spendthrift prince who had been head of the house. Besides the widow of the dead nobleman's brother, Donna Maria Carolina, there are her three sons—Tebaldo, Francesco, and Ferdinando—and a daughter, Vittoria, who has spent the greater part of her seventeen years in a convent at Palermo. Brought up in obscurity and almost in poverty, the brothers are ill fitted to assume their new station in life, but with the exception of Ferdinando, who remains at Camaldoli, their Sicilian homestead, the family move to Rome, where they are received in the society of the Italian capital.

In Rome Vittoria meets and loves Orsino Saracinesca. Saracinesca's father is Giovanni, Prince of Sant' Ilario, and his grandfather is the aged Prince Saracinesca, the head of this old Roman family. The monotony of the young patrician's existence has palled upon him, and he gladly accepts the chance of employment offered by his cousin, the Marchese di San Giacinto, who purchases Camaldoli, in order to further a scheme for a new railroad, and asks Orsino to take charge of the property. Vittoria, who knows that her brother Ferdinando objected to the sale of Camaldoli and is determined to prevent its occupancy, is greatly alarmed for her lover's safety, but in spite of her pleadings, Orsino accompanies San Giacinto to Sicily. As they are nearing the Corleone homestead they are shot at by concealed foes, and Orsino returns the fire, killing a man who is identified by the soldiers of their escort as Ferdinando Pagliuca.

Leaving San Giacinto to take possession of Camaldoli, and to allay, if possible, the vengeful resentment Ferdinando's death has aroused in the neighborhood, Orsino returns to Rome to obtain special protection from the government, and to attempt to pacify the Corleone. To his surprise, Tebaldo and Francesco, unwilling to jeopardize their social status, publicly deny the relationship of the deceased, alleging it to be a mere coincidence of names. He then makes a formal proposal for Vittoria Corleone's hand, which the crafty Tebaldo meets by asking for the consent of Orsino's father, as the son has no independent fortune. This consent the Prince of Sant' Ilario flatly refuses to give, and on visiting the apartment of the Corleone, Orsino encounters the widow, Donna Maria Carolina, who curses him as the murderer of her son. He prepares to return to Sicily in company with his brother, Ippolito Saracinesca, who is a priest and a musician ; and his only comfort is the knowledge that Vittoria still trusts and loves him.

Meanwhile Tebaldo Corleone is in a situation of some doubt and difficulty. For mercenary reasons he is anxious to marry an American heiress, Miss Lizzie Slayback. At the same time both he and his brother Francesco—between whom there is mutual distrust and bitter jealousy—are enamored of a young and beautiful Sicilian girl, Aliandra Basili, the daughter of a notary at Randazzo, a village near their old homestead. Aliandra is a singer, and has made a decided success in Rome as a prima donna.

XVII.

TEBALDO'S own affairs were by no means simple. He had made up his mind to get Miss Lizzie Slayback for his wife, and her fortune for himself; but he could not make up his mind to forget the beautiful Aliandra Basili. The consequence was that he was in constant fear lest either should hear of his devotion to the other, seeing that his brother Francesco was quite as much in love with the singer as he was himself, and, but for native cowardice, as ready for any act of

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treachery which could secure his own ends. By that weakness Tebaldo held him, for the present, in actual bodily fear, which is more often an element even in modern life than is generally supposed. But how long that might be possible Tebaldo could not foresee. At any moment, by a turn of events, Francesco might get out of his power.

Aliandra's season in Rome had been a great success, and her career seemed secured, though she had not succeeded in obtaining an immediate engagement for the London season, which had been the height of her ambition. She had made her appearance too late for that, but the possibility of such a piece of good fortune was quite within her reach for the ensuing year. Being in reality a sensible and conscientious artist, therefore, and having at the same time always before her the rather vague hope of marrying one of the brothers, she had made up her mind to stay in Rome until July to study certain new parts with an excellent master she had found there. She therefore remained where she was, after giving a few performances in the short season after Lent, and she continued to live very quietly with her old aunt in the little apartment they had hired. A certain number of singers and other musicians, with whom she had been brought into more or less close acquaintance in her profession, came to see her constantly, but she absolutely refused to know any of the young men of society who had admired her and sent her flowers during the opera season. With all her beauty and youth and talent, she possessed a very fair share of her father's profound common sense.

Of the two, she very much preferred Francesco, who was gentler, gayer, and altogether a more pleasant companion; but she clearly saw the advantage of marrying the elder brother, who had a very genuine old title for which she could provide a fortune by her voice. There were two or three instances of such marriages which had turned out admirably, though several others had been failures. She saw no reason why she should not succeed as well as any one.

Tebaldo, on his part, had never had the smallest intention of marrying her, though he had hinted to her more than once, in moments of passion, that he might do so. Aliandra was as obstinate as he, and, as has been said, possessed the tenacious instinct of self preservation, and the keen appreciation of danger, which especially characterize the young girl of the south. She was by no means a piece of perfection in all ways, and was quite capable of setting aside most scruples in the accomplishment of her end. But that desired end was marriage, and there was no probability at all that she would ever lose her head and commit an irrevocable mistake for either of the brothers.

She saw clearly that Tebaldo was in love with her, as he understood love. She could see how his eyes lighted up and how the warm blood mantled under his sallow brown skin when he was with her, and how his hand moved nervously when it held hers. She could not have mistaken those signs, even if her aunt, the excellent Signora Barbuzzi, had not taken a lively interest in the prospects of her niece's marriage, watching Tebaldo's face as an old sailor ashore watches the signs of the weather and names the strength of the wind, from a studdingsail breeze to a gale.

What most disturbed Aliandra's hopes was that Tebaldo was cautious even in his passion, and seemed as well able to keep his head as she herself. His brother often told her that Tebaldo sometimes, though rarely, altogether lost control of himself for a moment, and became like a wild animal. But she did not believe the younger man, who was always doing his best to influence her against Tebaldo, and whom she rightly guessed to be a far more dangerous person where a woman was concerned.

Francesco had once frightened her, and she was really afraid to be alone with him. There was sometimes an expression which she dreaded in his satyr-like eyes, and a smile on his red lips that chilled her. Once, and she could never forget it, he had managed to find her alone in her room at the theater, and without warning he had seized her rudely and kissed her so cruelly while she struggled in his arms that her lips had been swollen and had hurt her all the next day. Her maid had opened the door

suddenly, and he had disappeared at once without another word. She had never told Tebaldo of that.

Since then she had been very careful. Yet in reality she liked him better, for he could be very gentle and sympathetic, and he understood her moods and wishes as Tebaldo never did, for he was a woman's man, while Tebaldo was eminently what is called a man's man.

Aliandra was, as yet, in ignorance of Miss Slayback's existence, but she saw well enough that Tebaldo was concealing something from her. A woman's faculty for finding out that a man has a secret of some sort is generally far beyond her capacity for discovering what that secret is. He appeared to have engagements at unusual times, and there was a slight shade of preoccupation in his face when she least expected it. On the other hand, he seemed even more anxious to please her than formerly, when he was with her, and she even fancied that his manner expressed a sort of relief when he knew that he could spend an hour in her company uninterrupted.

When she questioned him, he said that he was in some anxiety about his affairs, and his engagements, according to his own account, were with men of business. But he never told what he was really doing. He had not even thought it necessary to inform her of the sale of Camaldoli. Though she was a native of the country, he told her precisely what he told every one in regard to Ferdinando Pagliuca's death.

"Eh — you say so," she answered. "But as for me, I do not believe you. There never was but one Ferdinando Pagliuca, he was your brother, and he was a friend of all the brigands in Sicily. You may tell these Romans about the Pagliuca di Bauso, but I know better. Do you take me for a Roman? We of Randazzo know what a brigand is!"

"You should, at all events," answered Tebaldo, laughing, "for you are all related. It is one family. If you knew how many brigands have been called Basili, like you!"

"Then you and I are also related!" she laughed, too, though she watched his face. "But as for your brother, may the Lord have him in peace! He is dead, and Saracinesca killed him."

Tebaldo shrugged his shoulders, but showed no annoyance,

"As much as you please," he answered. "But my brother Ferdinando is alive and well in Palermo."

"So much the better, my dear friend. You need not wear mourning for him, as so many people are doing at Santa Vittoria."

"What do you mean?" asked Tebaldo uneasily.

"Did you ever hear of Concetta, the beautiful daughter of Don Atanasio, the apothecary?" asked Aliandra, quietly smiling.

Tebaldo affected surprise and ignorance.

"It is strange," continued the singer, "for you admire beauty, and she is called everywhere the *Fata del' Etna*"—the Fairy of Etna—"and she is one of the most beautiful girls in the whole world. My father knows her father a little—of course, he is only an apothecary"—she shrugged her shoulders apologetically—"but in the country one knows everybody. So I have seen her sometimes, as at the fair of Randazzo, when she and her father have had a biscuit and a glass of wine at our house. But we could not ask them to dinner, because the mayor and his wife were coming, and the lieutenant of carabineers—an apothecary! You understand?"

"I understand nothing beyond what you say," said Tebaldo. "You did not consider the apothecary of Santa Vittoria good enough to be asked to meet the mayor of Randazzo. How does that affect me?"

"Oh, not at all!" laughed Aliandra. "But everything is known, sooner or later. Ferdinando, your brother, was at the fair, too—I remember what a beautiful black horse he had, as he rode by our house. But he did not come in, for he did not know us. Now, when Don Atanasio and Concetta went out, he was waiting a little way down the street, standing and holding his horse's bridle. I saw, for I looked through the chinks of the blinds to see which way Concetta and her father would go. And your brother bowed to the ground when they came

near him. Fancy! To an apothecary's daughter! Just as I have seen you bow to the Princess of Sant' Ilario in the Villa Borghese. She is Saracinesca's mother, is she not? Very well. I tell you the truth when I tell you that Don Ferdinando took the two to dine with him in the best room at the inn. They say he thought nothing good enough for the apothecary's daughter, though he was of the blood of princes! But now Concetta wears mourning. Perhaps it is not for him! Eh?"

Aliandra had learned Italian very well when a child, and was even taking lessons in French, in order to be able to sing in Paris. But as she talked with Tebaldo she fell back into her natural dialect, which was as familiar to him as to herself. He loved the sound of it, though he took the greatest pains to overcome his own Sicilian accent in order not to seem provincial in Rome. But it was pleasant to hear it now and then in the midst of a life of which the restraints were all disagreeable to him, while many of them were almost intolerably irksome.

"How much better our language is than this stilted Roman!" he exclaimed, by way of suddenly turning the conversation. "I often wish you could sing your operas in Sicilian."

"I often sing you Sicilian songs," she answered. "But it is strange that Concetta should wear mourning, is it not?"

"Leave Concetta alone, and talk to me about yourself. I have never seen her——"

"Do not say such things!" laughed Aliandra. "I do not believe much that you say, but you will soon not let me believe anything at all. Every one has seen Concetta. They sing songs about her even in Palermo—*La Fata del' Etna*——"

"Oh, I have heard of her, of course, by that name, but I never remember seeing her. At all events, you are ten times more beautiful than she——"

"I wish I were!" exclaimed the artist simply. "But if you think so that is much."

"It would be just the same if you were ugly," said Tebaldo magnanimously. "I should love you just as I do—to distraction."

"To distraction?" She laughed again.

"You know it," he answered, with an air of conviction. "I love you, and everything that belongs to you—your lovely face, your angelic voice, your words, your silence—too much."

"Why too much?"

"Because I suffer."

"There is a remedy for that, my dear Tebaldo."

"Tell me!"

"Marry me. It is simple enough! Why should you suffer?"

Her laughter was musical and sunny, but there was a little irony in its readiness to follow the words.

"You know that we have often spoken of that," he answered, being taken unawares. "There are difficulties."

"So you always say. But then it would be wiser of you not to love me any more, but to marry where you do not find those difficulties. Surely it should be easy!"

She spoke now with a little scorn, while watching him; and as she saw the vulture-like droop of his eyelids she knew that she had touched him, though she could not quite tell how. She had never spoken so frankly to him before.

"Not so easy as you think," he replied, with a rather artificial laugh.

"Then you have tried?" she asked. "I had thought so. And you have failed? My condolences!"

"I? Tried to marry?" he cried, realizing how far she was leading him. "What are you making me say?"

"I am trying to make you tell the truth," she answered, with a change of tone. "But it is not easy, for you are clever at deceiving me, and I wonder that you cannot deceive the woman you wish to marry."

"I do not wish to marry any one," he protested.

"No—not even me. Me, least of all, because I am not good enough to marry you, though you are good enough to pursue me with what you call your love. I am only an artist, and you must have a princess, of course. I have only my voice, and you want a solid fortune. I have only my honor, but you want honors through your wife for yourself, and you would tear mine to rags if I yielded a hair's breadth. You make a mistake,

Don Tebaldo Pagliuca. I am a Sicilian girl, and I came of honest people. You may suffer as much as you please, but unless you will marry me, you may go on suffering, for you shall not ruin me."

She spoke strongly, with a strange mixture of theatrical and commonplace expressions; but she was in earnest, and he knew it, and in her momentary anger she was particularly fascinating to him. Yet her speech made no real impression upon his mind. He tried to take her hand, but she drew it away sharply.

"No," she said. "I have had enough of this love making, this hand taking, and this faith breaking. You sometimes speak of marrying me, and then you bring up those terrible, unknown difficulties, which you never define. Yes, you are a prince—but there are hundreds of them in our Italy. Yes, I am only an artist, but some people say that I am a great artist—and there are very few in Italy, or anywhere else. If it is beneath your dignity to marry a singer, Signor Principe di Corleone, then go and take a wife of your own class. If you love me, Tebaldo Pagliuca, as an honest man loves an honest woman—and God knows I am that—then marry me, and I, with my voice, will make you a fortune and buy back your estates, besides being a faithful wife to you. But if you will not do that, go. You shall not harm my good name by being perpetually about me, and you shall not touch the tips of my fingers with your lips until you are my lawful husband. There, I have spoken. You shall know that a Sicilian girl is as good as a Roman lady—better, perhaps."

Tebaldo looked at her in some surprise, and his mind worked rapidly, remembering all she had said during the preceding quarter of an hour. She spoke with a good deal of natural dignity and force, and he was ready to admit that she was altogether in earnest. But his quick senses missed a certain note which should have been in her tones if this had been a perfectly spontaneous outburst. It was clear, as it always had been, that she wished to marry him. It was not at all clear that she loved him in the least. It struck him instantly that she must have heard something of his attention to the foreign heiress, and that she had planned this scene in order to bring matters to a crisis. He was too sensible not to understand that he himself was absurdly in love with her, in his own way, and that she knew it, as women generally do, and could exasperate him, perhaps, into some folly of which he might repent, by simply treating him coldly, as she threatened.

During the silence which followed, she sat with folded arms and half closed eyes, looking at him defiantly from under her lids.

"You do me a great injustice," he said at last.

"I am sorry," she answered. "I have no choice. I value my good name as a woman, besides my reputation as an artist. You do not justify yourself in the only way in your power, by explaining clearly what the insuperable difficulties are in the way of our marriage."

The notary's daughter did not lack logic.

"I never said that they were insuperable——"

"Then overcome them, if you want me," answered Aliandra implacably.

"I said that there were difficulties, and there are great ones. You speak of making a fortune by your voice, my dear Aliandra," he continued, his tone sweetening. "But you must understand that a man who is a gentleman does not like to be dependent on his wife's profession for his support."

"I do not see that it is more dignified to depend on his wife's money, because she has not earned it by hard work," retorted the singer scornfully. "It is honestly earned."

"The honor is entirely yours," said Tebaldo. "The world would grant me no share in it. Then there are my mother's objections, which are strong ones," he went on quickly. "She has, of course, a right to be consulted, and she does not even know you."

"It is in your power to introduce me to your mother whenever you please."

"She is too ill to see any one——"

"She has not always been ill. You have either been afraid to bring an artist to your mother's house, which is not flattering to me, or else you never had the slightest intention of marrying me, in spite of much that you have said.

Though I have heard you call your brother Francesco a coward, I think he is braver than you, for he would marry me tomorrow, if I would have him."

"And live on what you earn," retorted Tebaldo, with ready scorn.

"He has as much as you have," observed Aliandra. "Your uncle left no will, and you all shared the property equally——"

"You are not a notary's daughter for nothing," laughed Tebaldo. "That is true. But there was very little to share. Do you know what was left when the the debts were paid? A bit of land here in Rome—that was all, besides Camaldoli. Both have been sold advantageously, and we have just enough to live decently all together. We should be paupers if we tried to separate."

"You are nothing if not plausible. But you will forgive me if I say that this difficulty has the air of being really insuperable. You absolutely refuse to share what I earn, and you are absolutely incapable of earning anything yourself. That being the case, the sooner you go away the better, for you can never marry me, on your own showing, and you are injuring my reputation in the mean time."

"I am engaged in speculations, in which I hope to make money," said Tebaldo. "I often tell you that I have appointments with men of business——"

"Yes, you often tell me so," interrupted Aliandra incredulously.

"You are cold, and you are calculating," retorted Tebaldo, with a sudden change of manner, as though taking offense at last.

"It is fortunate for me that I am not hot headed and foolish," replied Aliandra coolly.

They parted on these terms. She believed that her coldness would bring him to her feet if anything could; but he was persuaded that his brother had betrayed him and had told her about the American heiress.

XVIII.

Orsino made his preparations for returning to Sicily with a heavy heart. His situation was desperate at present, for he had exhausted his ingenuity in trying to discover some means of seeing Vittoria a last time. To leave San Giacinto to do what he could with Camaldoli, and refuse to go back at all, for the present—which seemed to be his only chance of a meeting with Vittoria—was a course against which his manliness revolted. Even if there had been no danger connected with the administration of the new estate, he would not have abandoned his cousin at such a time, after promising to help him, and indeed to undertake all work connected with the place. San Giacinto was a busy man, to whom any sacrifice of time might suddenly mean a corresponding loss of money, for which Orsino would hold himself responsible if he brought about the delay. But as it was, since the position he had promised to fill was a dangerous one, nothing could have induced him to withdraw from the undertaking. It would have seemed like running away from a fight.

It was a consolation to have his brother's company, as far as anything could console him, though he could not make up his mind for some time to confide in Ippolito, who had always laughed at him for not marrying, and who probably could not understand why he had now allowed himself to fall in love with one of the very few young women in the world whom he might be prevented from marrying. He was grave and silent as he put together a few books in his own room, vaguely wondering whether he would ever read them.

Ippolito was collecting a number of loose sheets of music that lay on the piano, on a chair beside it, on the table among Orsino's things, and even on the floor under the instrument. He had taken off his cassock, because it was warm, and he wore a gray silk jacket, which contrasted oddly with his black silk stockings and clerical stock. From time to time, without taking his cigar from his lips, he hummed a few notes of a melody in the thin but tuneful voice which seems to belong to so many musicians and composers, interrupting himself presently and blowing a cloud of smoke into the air. Now and then he looked at Orsino as if expecting him to speak.

At last, having got his manuscript music into some sort of order, he sat down at the piano to rest himself by expressing an idea he had in his head.

"How glad you will be not to hear a piano at Camaldoli!" he said, stopping as suddenly as he had begun.

"It is a horrible instrument," Orsino said; "but it never disturbs me, and it seems to amuse you."

Ippolito laughed.

"That is what you always say, but I know you will be glad to be rid of it, and it will do me good to play the organ at Santa Vittoria for a change. As that is three quarters of a mile away, it will not disturb you."

"Nothing disturbs me," replied Orsino, rather sadly.

Ippolito made up his mind to speak at last.

"Orsino," he began quietly, "I know all about you and Donna Vittoria. As we are going to be so much together, it is better that I should tell you so. I hate secrets, and I would rather not make a secret of knowing yours—if it is one."

Orsino had looked round sharply when the priest had first spoken, but had then gone back to what he was doing.

"I am glad you know," he said, "though I should not have told you. I have spoken to our father and mother about it. The one calls me a fool, and the other thinks me one. They are not very encouraging. As for her family, her mother curses me for having killed her favorite son, and her brothers pretend that she is mad, and then intrench themselves behind her to say that it is impossible. I do not blame them much—Heaven knows, I do not blame her at all. All the same, Vittoria and I love each other. It is an impossible situation. I cannot even see her to say good by. I wish I could find a way out of it!" He laughed bitterly.

"I wish I could," echoed his brother. "But I am only a priest, and you call me a dilettante churchman, at that. Let us see. Let us argue the case as if we were in the theological school. No—I am serious—you need not frown. How many things can happen? Three, I think. There are three conceivable terminations. Either you part forever and forget each other——"

"You may eliminate that," observed Orsino.

"Very well. Or else you continue to love each other, in which event you must either succeed in getting married, or not, and those are the other two cases."

"One does not need to be a theologian to see that. Similarly, a man must either live or die, and a door must be either open or shut, on pain of not being a door at all."

"I have not finished," objected Ippolito. "In fact, I have only begun. For the sake of argument, we will assume first that you continue to love each other, but cannot be married."

"That is the present position."

"It is not a position which usually lasts long. At the end of a certain time you will naturally cease to love each other, and we obtain a second time the case which you at first eliminated."

"Eliminate it again," said Orsino gravely.

"Very well. There remains only one possible issue, after your eliminations. You must be married. On any other assumption you will forget each other. Now in such cases as yours, how do people act? You are a layman, and it is your business to know."

"When both are of age they 'respectfully require' their respective parents to give their consent. If it is refused, they marry and the law protects them."

"So does the church," said the priest. "But it does not provide them with an income afterwards, nor in any way guarantee them against the consequences of family quarrels. Those are subdivisions of the case which you can neither modify nor eliminate."

"Well," said Orsino wearily, "what do you conclude for all this?"

Ippolito's gentle face grew suddenly grave, and seemed squarer and more like his brother's.

"From what I know of the world," he answered, "I conclude that men who mean to do things do them, and let the consequences take care of themselves. If you mean to marry Vittoria d'Oriani, you will marry her, without any help and without any one's advice. If you do

not mean to marry her, you will not, because, under the circumstances, she can assuredly not marry you, as women have been known to marry husbands almost against their will."

"You have a singularly direct way of putting things," observed Orsino thoughtfully.

"That is simply the result of your eliminations," answered the priest. "If you do not love her enough to take her in spite of everything and everybody, you must restore into the list of possibilities the certainty that before long you will not love her at all. For I conceive that half a love is no better as a basis of warfare than half a faith. I do not mean to breed war with our father and mother. That is a serious matter. I am only pursuing the matter to its logical conclusion and end, in words, as you will have to do in your acts, sooner or later."

"Meanwhile I am doing nothing," said Orsino. "And I am horribly conscious that I am doing nothing."

"You are going away," remarked Ippolito. "That is not inaction."

"It is worse than inaction—it is far worse than doing nothing at all."

"I am not so sure of that. It is sometimes a good thing to force an interval between events. In the first place, I often hear it said that a separation strengthens a great passion, but destroys a small one. All passions seem great when the object is present, but distance brings out the truth. By the time you have been a month at Camaldoli you will know whether it is essential to your happiness to marry Vittoria d'Oriani, or not."

"And suppose that it is? We come back to the same situation again."

"Yes—we come back to the eternal situation of force against force."

"And you mean that I should use force? That is—that I should marry her and take all the consequences, no matter what they may be?"

"I do not mean that you should. I distinguish. I mean that you will, that is all. I am not considering the moral ground of the action, but the human source of it. Your marriage may be the cause of great difficulties and complications, but if you are persuaded that it is quite necessary to your life to marry that young lady, you will marry her. It is by no means an impossible thing to accomplish, nor even a very difficult one."

"You do not tell me how far it is a matter of conscience to consider the consequences."

"It is of no use to tell courageous men that sort of thing," said the priest. "They take the consequences, that is all. No man who ever wanted a thing with his whole heart ever stopped to consider how his getting it would affect other people, unless the point of honor was involved."

"And there is no point of honor here, is there?" asked Orsino, as a man asks a question to which he knows the answer.

"You know what you have said to Donna Vittoria," answered Ippolito. "I do not."

"I have asked her to marry me, and she has consented." Orsino laughed a little dryly. "That is the way one puts it, I believe," he added.

"Then I should say that unless she, of her own accord, releases you from your word, the point of honor lies in not withdrawing it," replied the priest. "If you did, it would mean that you were not willing to take the risks involved in keeping it, would it not?"

"Of course it would. I wish you could make our father see that."

"People of the previous generation never see what happens in ours. They only infer what ought to happen if all their own prejudices had been canonical law for fifty years."

"That is sedition," laughed Orsino, whose spirits had risen suddenly.

"No, it is criticism, and criticism is only called sedition under despotic governments. There is no reason why grown men, like you and me, should not criticise their fathers and mothers up to a certain point, within limits of respect. We honor them, but they are not gods, that we should worship them. When we were little boys we supposed that our father knew everything about everything. We are aware, now, that we understand many things which have grown up in our day much better than he does. To go on supposing that he knew everything, in spite of evidence, would be a gross form of superstition. Superstition, I suppose, means a survival—

to wit, the survival of some obsolete belief. That is exactly what it would be in us to maintain artificially the belief of our childhood in our parents' omniscience. Has your love for Donna Vittoria anything to do with the actual amount of her knowledge at any moment? No. But love appears to be made up of passion and affection. Therefore affection is independent of any such knowledge in its object. Therefore we love our parents quite independently of what they know or do not know about life, or mathematics, and we may, consequently, criticise such knowledge in them on its own merits, without in the least detracting from our affection for themselves."

"You are a very satisfactory brother," said Orsino, smiling at Ippolito's speech. "But I am not sure that you are a strictly orthodox priest on the question of family relations."

"I give you a theory of such relations," answered Ippolito. "In actual practice I believe that our mother is one of the wisest women living, without being in the smallest degree intellectual. It is true that my experience of women is limited, but I hear a great deal of talk about them. She is fond of Donna Vittoria, I am sure."

"Yes—very. But she sees fifty reasons why I would better not marry her."

"So do I," said Ippolito calmly.

"You? Why, you have been urging me to marry her in spite of everything!"

"Oh, no. I have only proved to you that if you love her enough, you will marry her in spite of everything. That is a very different thing."

"Priest!" laughed Orsino. "Sophist!"

"Anything you like," answered Ippolito, swinging round on the piano stool and striking a chord. "All the same, I hope you may marry her, and have no bad consequences to deal with; and I will help you if I can."

"Thank you," said Orsino; but his voice was drowned by a burst of loud and intricate music, as Ippolito's white fingers flew over the piano while he stared at the ceiling, his head thrown back, his cigar sticking up from between his teeth, he himself apparently unaware of what his hands were doing, and merely listening to the music.

Orsino was momentarily cheered and encouraged by all his brother had said, but the situation was not materially improved thereby. It was, indeed, almost as bad as it could be, and an older and wiser man than Orsino would have expected that something must occur before long, either to improve it or to cut it short at once and forever, for the simple reason that it could neither last, as it stood, nor be made more difficult by anything which could happen.

XIX.

When Orsino and Ippolito reached Camaldoli everything seemed to be quiet, and San Giacinto himself was greatly encouraged by the turn matters had taken. During the first day or two after Orsino's departure, there had still been considerable curiosity among the people of Santa Vittoria, and more than once San Giacinto had made little speeches, in his direct manner, to the peasants and villagers who hung about in the neighborhood of the big old house. But after that he had not been disturbed, and everything appeared to be progressing favorably. The year was one of abundance; the orange crop, which in Sicily is all gathered before May, had turned out well; the grapes promised an abundant vintage; and even the olives had blossomed plentifully, though it was still too early to make accurate predictions about the oil. On the whole, the prospects for the year were unusually satisfactory, and San Giacinto congratulated himself on having chanced to buy the place in a good year. In an agricultural country like that part of Sicily, the temper of the people is profoundly affected by the harvest.

The outlaws had not been heard of in the neighborhood since Ferdinando Pagliuca's death. They were said to be in the region about Noto, at some distance from Camaldoli, towards the southwest. San Giacinto was surprised at not having even received an anonymous letter from one of Ferdinando's friends. He did not suppose that the present pacific state of things could last forever, but he had been prepared to meet with a great deal more opposition in what he did.

On the other hand, he was hindered at

every step by small difficulties which always seemed to be perfectly natural. If he wished to build a bit of wall, he found it impossible to obtain stone or quicklime, though there were plenty of masons professing themselves ready to work. He pointed to a quantity of slaked lime drying in a deep tank near the gate of Santa Vittoria.

"Eh," said the head mason, shaking his head, "that belongs to the mayor, and he will not sell it."

And, in fact, the mayor flatly refused to part with a single hodful of the lime, saying that he himself was going to repair his house.

The masons said that by and by it could be got from the lime burners, who had sold their last burning to a man in Randazzo. Stone was to be had for the quarrying, in the black lands above Camaldoli, but there were no quarrymen in Santa Vittoria, and the gang of them that lived higher up Etna had taken a large contract.

"Patience," said the head mason gravely. "In time you will have all you want."

As the bit of wall was not a very important matter, San Giacinto did not care to go to the expense of bringing material from a great distance, and decided to wait. Meanwhile he hired certain men from Bronte to come and clear out all the bush and scrub from among the trees. They came without tools. He gave them tools that belonged to the tenants of Camaldoli, the same which the latter had lent him on the first day to make a clearing close to the house. The Bronte men worked for two hours, and then came out of the brush and sat down quietly in the sun.

"The tools are not good for anything," they said gravely. "We cannot work with them."

"What is the matter with them?" asked San Giacinto.

"They are dull. They would not cut strings."

"Take them away and have them ground," said San Giacinto.

"Are there knife grinders in this country?" asked the men. "Where are they? No. They come, they stay a day, perhaps two days, and they go away."

San Giacinto looked at the men thoughtfully a moment, then turned on his heel and left them to their own devices. He began to understand. The men neither wished to refuse to work for him, nor dared to do the work they undertook, when its execution would in any way improve the defensive conditions of Camaldoli. San Giacinto came back when the men were gone, with two or three of the soldiers, took a hatchet himself, and leading the way proceeded to cut away the thorns and brambles, systematically clearing the ground so as to leave no cover under which an armed man could approach the house unnoticed. He regularly devoted a part of each day to the work, until it was finished.

As soon as Ferdinando's body had been removed, there had been no difficulty in getting men to work indoors, and by the time Orsino arrived, considerable improvements had been effected. But the men would not have begun work in a house where an unburied dead person was still lying.

The three Saracinesca strolled up to Santa Vittoria late in the afternoon, San Giacinto and Orsino carrying their rifles, while Ippolito walked along with his hands behind him, just catching up his little silk mantle, staring hard at all the new sights of the road, and mentally wondering what sort of instrument he would find in the little church.

The place was a mere village, without any medieval wall, though there was a sort of archway at the principal entrance which was generally called the gate. Just beyond the shoulder of the mountain, away from Camaldoli, and about fifty yards from this gateway of the village, was a little white church with a tiled roof. It had a modern look, as if it had been lately restored. Then the village straggled down the rough descent towards the shallow valley beyond, having its own church in the little market place. It was distinctly clean, having decently paved streets, and solid stone houses with massive mullions, and iron balconies painted red. There were a few small shops of the kind always seen in Italian villages. The apothecary's was in the market place, the general shop was in the main street, opposite a wine seller's; the

telegraph office—a very recent innovation—was over against the chemist's and was worked by the postmaster; and in what had once been a small convent, further on, at the outskirts of the town, the carabineers were lodged. At San Giacinto's request, fifty men of the line infantry had been quartered in the village within the last few days, the order having been telegraphed from Rome on Orsino's representations to the minister of the interior. The people treated the men and their two young officers civilly, but secretly resented their presence.

Nowadays, every Italian village has a walled cemetery at some distance from it. The burial ground of Santa Vittoria overlooked Camaldoli; being situated a quarter of a mile from the little white church, and on the other side of the hill, so that it was out of sight of the village. It was a grimly bare place. Four walls, six feet high, of rough *tufo*, and unplastered, inclosed four or five acres of land. A painted iron gate opened upon the road, and against the opposite wall, inside, was built a small mortuary chapel. The cemetery had not been long in use, and there were not more than a score of black crosses sticking in the earth to mark as many graves. There was no pretense of cultivation. The clods were heaped up symmetrically at each grave, and a little rough grass grew on some of them. There was not a tree, nor a flower, nor a creeper, to relieve the dusty dreariness of it, and the road itself was not more dry and arid. The little grass that grew had pushed itself up just in the gateway, where few feet ever passed, and every one knows what a desolate look a grass grown entrance gives to any place, even to a churchyard. There were low, round curbstones on each side of the gate.

The three gentlemen strolled slowly up the hill in the warm afternoon sunshine, talking as they came. Ippolito was a little ahead of the others, for he was light on his feet, and walked easily.

"That is the cemetery," observed San Giacinto to Orsino, pointing to the hill. "That is where they buried your friend Ferdinando Corleone on the day you left. I suppose they will put up a monument to him."

"His brothers will not," answered Orsino. "They disown all connection with him."

"Amiable race!" laughed San Giacinto. "There is a figure like a monument sitting outside the gate," he added. "Do you see it?"

"It is a woman in black," said Orsino. "She is sitting on something by the roadside."

They were still a long way off, but both had good eyes.

"She is probably resting and sitting on her bundle," observed San Giacinto.

"She is sitting on a stone—on one of the curbstones," said Ippolito. "She has her head bent down."

"He sees better than either of us," said Orsino, with a laugh. "I wonder why nobody ever expects a priest to do anything particularly well except pray? Ippolito can walk as well as we can, he sees better, he could probably beat either of us with a pistol or a rifle if he tried, and I am sure he is far more clever in fifty ways than I am. Yet every one in the family takes it for granted that he is no better than a girl at anything that men do. He was quite right about the woman. She is bending over—her face must be almost touching her knees. It is a strange attitude."

"Probably some woman who has a relation buried in the cemetery—her child, perhaps," suggested Ippolito. "She stops at the gate to say a prayer when she goes by."

"Then she would kneel, I should think," answered Orsino.

Almost unconsciously they all three quickened their pace a little, though the hill grew steeper just there. As they drew near, the outline of the woman in black became distinct against the dark *tufo* wall behind her, for the sunlight fell full upon her, where she sat. It was a beautiful outline, too, full of expression and simple tragedy. She sat very low, on the round curbstone, one small foot thrust forward and leading the folds of the loose black skirt, both white hands clasped about the higher knee, towards which the covered head bent low, so that the face could not be seen at all. Not a line nor fold stirred as the three men came up to her.

Orsino recognized Concetta, though he

could not see her features. Her exceptional grace betrayed itself unmistakably, and he would have known anywhere the white hands that had been lifted up to him when he had stood at the window in the gray dawn. But he said nothing about it to San Giacinto, for he understood her grief, and he could not have spoken of her without being heard by her just then.

But Ippolito went up to her, before his brother could hinder him. She was a lonely and unhappy creature, and he was one of those really charitable people who cannot pass by any suffering without trying to help it. He stood still beside her.

"What is your trouble?" he asked gently. "Can any one help you?"

She did not move at first, but a voice of pain came with slow accents from under the black shawl that fell over her face, almost to her knee.

"God alone can help the dead," it answered.

"But you are alive, my child," said Ippolito, bending down a little.

The covered head moved slowly from side to side, denying.

"Who are you, that speak of life?" asked the sorrowful young voice. "Are you the Angel of the Resurrection? Go in peace, with Our Lady, for I am dead."

Ippolito thought that she must be mad, and that it might be better to leave her alone. His brother and cousin had gone on, up the road, and were waiting for him at a little distance.

"May you find peace and comfort," said the young priest quietly, and he moved away.

But he turned to look back at her, for she seemed the saddest woman he had ever seen, and her voice was the saddest he had ever heard. Something in his own speech had stirred her a little, for when he looked again she had raised her head, and was lifting the black shawl so that she could see him. She was about to speak, and he stopped where he was, two paces from her, surprised by her extraordinary beauty and unnatural pallor.

"Who are you?" she asked slowly. "You are a stranger."

"I am Ippolito Saracinesca, a priest," answered the young man.

At the name, she started, and her sad eyes opened wide. Then she saw the other two men standing in the road a little way off. Slowly, and with perfect grace, she rose from her low seat.

"And those two — there — who are they?" she asked.

"They are also Saracinesca," said Ippolito. "The one is my brother, the other is my cousin. We are three of the same name."

He answered her question quite naturally, but he felt sure that she was mad. By this time San Giacinto was growing impatient, and he began to move a few steps nearer to call Ippolito. But the latter found it hard to turn away from the deep eyes and the pale face before him.

"Then there were three of you," said Concetta, in a tone in which scorn sharpened grief. "It is no wonder that you killed him between you."

"Whom?" asked Ippolito, very much surprised at the new turn of her speech.

"Whom?" All at once there was something wild in her rising inflexion. "You ask of me who it was whom you killed down there in the woods? Of me, Concetta? Of me, his betrothed? Of me, who prayed to your brother, there, that I might be let in, to wash my love's face with my tears? But if I had known to whom I was praying, there would have been two dead men lying there in the chapel of Camaldoli—there would have been two black crosses in there, behind the gate—do you see? There it is! The last on the left. No one has died since, but if God were just, the next should be one of you, and the next another, and then another—ah, God! If I had something in these hands——"

She had pointed at Ferdinando's grave, throwing her arm backwards, while she kept her eyes on Ippolito. Now, with a gesture of the people, as she longed for a weapon, she thrust out her small white fists, tightly clenched, towards the priest's heart, then opened them suddenly, in a despairing way, and let her arms fall to her sides.

"Saracinesca, Saracinesca," she repeated slowly, her voice sinking; "three Saracinesca have made one widow! But one widow may yet make many widows, and many mourning mothers, and the

justice of Heaven is not the justice of man."

San Giacinto and Orsino had gradually approached Ippolito, and now stood beside him, facing the beautiful, wild girl, in her desolation. Grave and thoughtful, the three kinsmen stood side by side.

There was nothing theatrical nor unreal in the situation. One of themselves had killed the girl's betrothed husband, whom she had loved with all her soul. That was the plain fact, and Orsino had never ceased to realize it. Unhesitatingly, and in honorable self defense, he had done a deed by which many were suffering greatly, and he was brought face to face with them in their grief. Somehow, it seemed unjust to him that the girl should accuse his brother and his cousin of Ferdinando's death.

As she paused, facing them, breathless with the wave of returning pain, rather than from speaking, Orsino moved forward, a little in front of Ippolito.

"I killed Ferdinando Corleone," he said gravely. "Do not accuse us all three, nor curse us all three."

She turned her great eyes to his face, but her expression did not change. Possibly she did not believe him.

"The dead see," she answered slowly. "They know—they know—they see both you and me. And the dead do not forget."

A flying cloud passed over the sun, and the desolate land was suddenly all black and gray and stony, with the solemn vastness of the mountain behind. Concetta drew her shawl up over her head, as if she were cold, and turned from the three men with a simple dignity. She knelt down on the rough, broken stones, where the blades of coarse grass shot up between, close to the gate, and she clasped her hands together round one of the dusty, painted iron rails.

"Let us go," said San Giacinto's deep voice. "It is better to leave her, poor girl."

She did not look back at them as they walked quietly up the road. Her eyes were fixed on one point, and her lips moved quickly, forming whispered words.

"Maria Santissima, let there be three black crosses! Mother of God, three black crosses! Mother of Sorrows, three black crosses!"

And over and over again, she repeated the terrible little prayer.

XX.

The three men entered the village and walked through the main street. The low afternoon sun was shining brightly again, and only the people who lived on the shady side of the street had opened their windows. Many of them had little iron balconies in which quantities of magnificent dark carnations were blooming, planted in long, trough-like earthenware pots, and hanging down by their long stalks that thrust themselves between the railings. Outside the windows of the poorer houses, too, great bunches of herbs were hung up to dry in the sun, and strings of scarlet peppers had already begun to appear, though it was early for them yet. Later, towards the autumn, the people hang up the cantaloup melons of the south, in their rough green and gray rinds, by neatly made slings of twisted grass; but it was not time for them yet.

In some of the houses the people were packing the last of the oranges to be sent down to Piedimonte and thence to Messina for England and America, passing each orange through a wooden ring to measure it, and rejecting those that were much too small or much too large, then wrapping each one separately in tissue paper, while other women packed them neatly in thin deal boxes. The air smelt of them and of the carnations in the balconies, for Santa Vittoria was a clean and sweet village. The cleanliness of the thoroughbred oriental, a very different being from the filthy Levantine, begins in Sicily, and distinguishes the Sicilians of the hills from the Calabrians, and from the Sicilians of such seaport towns as Messina. Moreover, there are no beggars in the hill towns.

San Giacinto had his pocket full of letters for the post office, and wished to see the lieutenant in command of the soldiers; but Orsino had nothing to do, and Ippolito had made up his mind not to return to Camaldoli without having seen the organ in the church. The two

brothers went off in search of the sacristan, for the church was closed.

They found him, after some inquiry, helping to pack oranges in a great vaulted room that opened upon the street. He was a fat man, cross eyed, with a sort of clerical expression.

"You wish to see the organ," he said, coming out into the street. "Truly you will see a fine thing! If you only do not hear it! It makes boom, boom, and wee, wee—and that is all it makes. I wager that not even ten cats could make a noise like our organ. Do you know that it is very aged? Surely, it remembers the ark of Noah, and Saint Paul must have brought it with him. But then, you shall see; and if you wish to hear it, I take no responsibility."

Ippolito was not greatly encouraged by such a prospect.

"But when you have a festival, what do you do?" he inquired.

"We help it, of course. How should one do? Don Atanasio, the apothecary, plays the clarinet. He is a professor! Him, indeed, you should hear when he plays at the elevation. You would think you heard the little angels whistling in Paradise! I, to serve you, play the double bass a little, and Don Ciccio, the carpenter, plays the drum. Being used to the hammer, he does it not badly. And all the time the organ makes boom, boom, and wee, wee. It is a fine concert, but there is much sentiment of devotion, and the women sing. It seems that thus it pleases the saints."

"Do not the men sing too?" asked Orsino idly.

"Men? How could men sing in church? A man can sing a *cantilena* in the fields, but in church it is the women who sing. They know all the words. God has made them so. There is that girl of the notary in Randazzo, for instance—you should hear her sing!"

"I have heard her sing in Rome," said Orsino. "But she sings in a theater."

"A theater? Who knows how a theater is made? See how many things men have invented!"

They reached the door of the church.

"Signori, do you really wish to see this organ?" asked the sacristan. "There is a much better one in the little church outside the gate. But the day is hot, and if you only wish to see an organ, this one is nearer."

"Let me see the good one, by all means," said Ippolito. "I wish to play on it—not to see it! I have seen hundreds of organs."

"Hundreds of organs!" exclaimed the man to himself. "Capers! This stranger has traveled much! But if it is indeed not too hot for you," he said, addressing Ippolito, "we will go to Santa Vittoria."

"It is not hot at this hour," laughed Orsino. "We have walked up from Camaldoli."

"On foot!" The fat sacristan either was, or pretended to be, amazed. "Great signori like you, to come all that distance on foot!"

"What is there surprising in that?" inquired Ippolito. "We have legs."

"Birds also have legs," observed the man. "But they fly. It is only the chickens that walk, like the poor people. I say that money is wings. If I were a great signore, like you, I would not even walk up stairs. I would be carried. Why should I walk? In order to be tired? It would be a folly, if I were rich. I, if you ask me, I like to eat well, to drink well, and then to sleep well. A man who could do these three things should be always happy. But the poor are always in thought."

"So are the rich," observed Ippolito.

"Yes, signore, for their souls, for we are all sinners; but not for their bodies, because they have always something to eat. What do I say? They eat meat every day, and so they are strong, and have no thought of their bodies. But one of us, what does he eat? A little bread, a little salad, an onion, and with this in our bodies we have to move the earth. The world is thus made. Patience!"

Thus philosophizing, the fat man rolled unwieldily along beside the two gentlemen, swinging his keys in his hand.

"If I had made the world, it should be another thing," he continued, for he was a loquacious man. "In the first place, I would have made wine clear, like water, and I would have made water black, like wine. Thus if the wine seller put water

into his wine we should all see it. Another thing I would have done. I would have made corn grow on trees like olives. In that way, we should have planted it once in two hundred years, as we do the olive trees, and there would have been less fatigue. Is not that a good thought?"

"Very original," said Orsino. "It had never struck me."

"I would also have made men so that their hair should stand on end when they are telling lies, as a donkey lifts his tail when he brays. That would also have been good. But the Creator did not think of it in time. Patience! They say it will be different in Paradise. Hope costs little, but you cannot cook it."

"You are a philosopher," observed Ippolito.

"No, signore," answered the sacristan. "You have been misinformed. I am a grocer, or, to say it better, I am the brother of the grocer. When it is the season, after Santa Teresa's day, I kill the pigs and salt the hams and make the sausages. I am also the sacristan, but that yields me little; for although there is much devotion in our town at festivals, there is little of it among private persons. Sometimes an old woman brings a candle to the Madonna, and she gives a soldo to have it lighted. What is that? Can one live with a soldo now and then? But my brother, thanks be to Heaven, is well to do, and a widower. He makes me live with him. He had a son once, but, health to you, Christ and the sea took the boy when he was not yet twenty. Therefore I live with him, to divert him a little, and I kill the pigs, speaking with respect of your face."

"And what do you do during the rest of the year?" inquired Orsino, as they neared the gate.

"Eh, I live so. According to the season, I pack oranges, I trim vines, I make the wine for my brother, and the oil, I take the honey and the wax from the bees, I graft good fruit upon the wild pear trees—what should I do? A little of everything, in order to eat."

"But your brother seems to be rich. Have you nothing?"

"Signore, to me money comes like a freshet in spring and runs away, and immediately I am dry. But to my brother it comes like water into a well, and it stays there. Men are thus made. The one gives, the other takes; the one shuts his hand, the other opens his. My mother, blessed soul, used to say to me, 'Take care, my son, for when you are old, you will go in rags!' But thanks be to Heaven, I have my brother, and I am as you see me."

They came to the little church with its freshly whitewashed walls and tiled roof.

"This is the chapel of Santa Vittoria," said the fat sacristan. "The church in the town is dedicated to Our Lady of Victories, but this is the chapel of the saint, and there is more devotion here, though it is small, and at the great feast of Santa Vittoria, the procession starts from here and goes to the church, and returns here."

"It looks new," observed Ippolito.

"Eh, if all things were what they seem!" The man chuckled as he turned the key in the lock. "You shall see inside whether it is new. It is older than Saint Peter's in Rome."

And so it was, by two or three centuries. It was a dark little building, of the Norman period, with low arches and solid little pillars terminating in curiously carved capitals. It had a little nave with intercommunicating side chapels, like aisles. Over the door was a small loft containing the organ, the object of Ippolito's visit. In the uneven floor there were slabs with deep cut but much worn figures of knights and prelates in stiff armor or long and equally stiff looking robes, their heads surrounded by almost illegible inscriptions. Over the principal altar there was a bad painting of Saint Vittoria, half covered with *ex voto* offerings of silver hearts, while on each side of the picture were hung up scores of hollow wax models of arms, legs, and other parts of the human body, realistically colored, all remembrances of recoveries from illness, accident, and disease, attributed to the beneficent intervention of the saint. But above, in the little vault of the apse, there were some very ancient and well preserved mosaics, magnificently rich in tone. There was, of course, no dome, and the dim light came in through low windows high up in the nave, above the lower side chapels.

The church was clean and well kept, and on each side there were half a dozen benches painted with a vivid sky blue color.

The two brothers looked about, with some curiosity, while the fat sacristan slowly jingled his bunch of keys against his leg.

"Here the dead walk at night," he observed cheerfully, as the two young men came up to him.

"What do you mean?" asked Orsino, who had been much amused by the man's conversation.

"The old Pagliuca walk. I have seen their souls running about the floor in the dark, like little candle flames. A little more, and I should have seen their bodies, too, but I ran away. Soul of my mother! I was frightened. It was on the eve of Santa Vittoria, five years ago. The candles for the festival had not come, though we had waited all day for the carrier from Piedimonte. Then he came at dark, for he had met a friend in Linguaglossa, and he was a drunkard, and the wine was new, so he slept on his cart all the way, and it was by the grace of the Madonna that he did not roll off into the ditch. But I considered that it was late, and that the office began early in the morning, and that many strangers came from Bronte and the hill village to our festa, and that it would be a scandal if they found us still dressing the church in the morning. So I took the box of candles on my back and came here, not thinking to bring a lantern, because there is always the lamp before the altar where the saint's bones are. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. But what about the Pagliuca?"

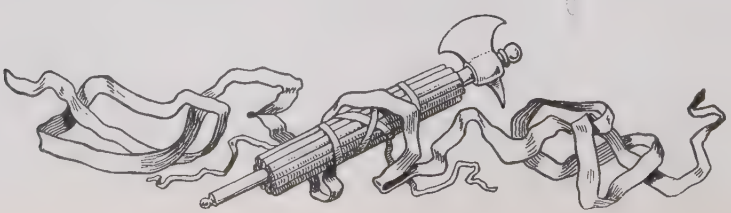
"My brother said, 'You will see the Pagliuca'—for every one says it. But I had a laugh at him, for I thought that a dead man in his grave must be as quiet as a handkerchief in a drawer. So I came, and I unlocked the door, thinking about the festival, and I came in, meaning to take a candle from the box and light it at the altar lamp, so that I might see well to stick the others into the candlesticks. But there was the flame of a candle burning on the floor. It ran away from me as I came in, and the others ran after it, and round and round it. Then I knew that I saw the souls of the old Pagliuca, and I said to myself that presently I should see also their bodies—an evil thing, for they have been long dead. Then I made a movement—who knows how I did? I dropped the box and I heard it break, and all the candles rolled out upon the floor as though the dead Pagliuca were rattling their bones. But I counted neither one nor two, but jumped out into the road with one jump. Santa Vittoria helped me; and it was a bright moonlight night, but as I shut the door, I could see the souls of the Pagliuca jumping up and down on the pavement. I said within me, when the dead dance, the living go home. And my face was white. When I came home, my brother said, 'You have seen the Pagliuca.' And I said, 'I have seen them.' Then he gave me some rum, and I lay in a cold sweat till morning. From that time I will not come here at night. But in the daytime, it is different."

Orsino and Ippolito knew well enough that in old Italian churches, where many dead are buried under the pavement, it is not an uncommon thing to see a will-o'-the-wisp at night. But in the dim little church, with the dead Pagliuca lying under their feet, there was something gruesome about the man's graphic story, and they did not laugh.

"Let us hope that we may not see any ghosts," said Orsino.

"Amen," answered the sacristan most devoutly.

(*To be continued.*) ab page 497



THE garden plot of pansies,
Alyssum, and mignonette—
You ask me if I remember—
I would that I might forget!
You ask me if I remember—
My heart with a passionate cry
Spurns all the days that are yet to be,
And turns to the days gone by!

I play again in the garden
With a maiden by my side;
I wreathe the royal pansies
In a crown for my little bride;
I lay the crown on the golden head;
She smiles through brimming tears;
That smile, alas, it haunts me yet,
With the lack of the lonesome years!

I was a child, and she a child;
From manhood's high estate
I scan the past, and ponder
The strange decrees of fate.
Was I a child in days gone by,
When we played in the mignonette?
If I was a child, how happens it
That my heart will not forget?

Why do the purple pansies
From their dim box borders rise,
To gloom, the ghosts of a vain regret,
At the gates of my paradise?
Why do I turn from the heart that loves
With a love that will abide,
To cling to the wistful memory
Of the little heart that died.

Will H. Waitt.

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

III—THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (Second Paper).

Gainsborough's relations with the fashionable world of the Georgian era and with his fellow artists—His most celebrated subject, Georgiana, the "Dashing Duchess" of Devonshire, and the strange fate of her famous portrait.

IT seems remarkable that a man who found in rustic people and in rural scenery the most congenial field for his art, should have excelled in painting beauty and fashion. Reynolds, who generally was most just toward Gainsborough, in some of his discourses to the Academy made statements concerning his fellow craftsman's art which sound a little curious in the calm judgment of today. Upon one occasion he said:

"If Gainsborough did not look at nature with a poet's eye, it must be acknowledged that he saw her with the eye of a painter; and gave a faithful, if not poetical representation of what he saw before him."

Again, he speaks of Gainsborough's

CATHERINE, LADY EDEN.

From an engraving by G. H. Every after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

MRS. BEAUFOY.

From an engraving by G. Sanders after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES (AFTERWARDS KING GEORGE IV).

From an engraving by John Raphael Smith after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

fancy pictures as having "mean and vulgar forms." The fact is that Gainsborough saw nothing without idealizing it, whether it was a king, a wood cutter, or a cotter's baby. He tried always to secure elegant models for his canvases, and when he could not, he made his figures elegant, simply because he could not help it.

There were other critics who complained of his want of finish and detail; but it was all a part of his calm and serene nature that he did not consider these complainers at all. In the portrait of Fisher, the musician, his son in law, he has shown what he could do in the matter of finish, if he regarded it as expedient. To Mr. Eager, whose portrait had been sent home and criticised, the painter wrote:

LADY DUDLEY.

From an engraving by J. Scott after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

You please me very much by saying that no other fault is found in your picture than the roughness of surface, that part being of use in giving force to the effect, at a proper distance, and what a judge of painting knows an original of a painting from a copy by. I am much better pleased that they should spy out things of that kind than to see an eye half an inch out of its place, or a nose out of drawing, when viewed at a proper distance. I don't think it would be more ridiculous for a person to put his nose close to a canvas and say that the colors smell offensive, than to say how rough the paint lies.

NANCY PARSONS, LADY MAYNARD.

From an engraving by G. Sanders after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

Reynolds speaks of the finish of Gainsborough's work, but it is to give him credit. He spoke of his mannerisms as "all those odd scratches and marks, which on a close examination are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which, even to experienced painters, appear rather the effect of accident than design; this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places, so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence."

But whenever Sir Joshua praised Gainsborough, you can feel, somehow, a mental reservation. This man had had

FRANCES, LADY DE DUNSTANVILLE.

From an engraving by G. H. Every after the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

no training to speak of, he did not paint in the least like anybody else, so consequently there must be something wrong with his work. As Reynolds could not specify anything else, he concluded that the younger artist was not "poetical."

One of Gainsborough's biographers tells us that he used to paint with brushes whose handles were six feet long, so that he could touch the features on the canvas at the same distance as that from which he viewed the sitter. This is probably the reason for those "odd scratches and marks" which disturb us so little now, but which were so annoying to Sir Joshua and his pupils, although the older master so much admired him, and at the last was always obliged to say that he did, particularly as a portrait painter.

Gainsborough painted many beautiful women. The portrait of Nancy Parsons, who became Lady Maynard, was one of the famous pictures that are always quoted among the lists of his beauties. Lady Eden, Lady de Dunstanville, Lady Dudley, and Mrs. Beaufoy were others who gave him an opportunity to set their dignity and charm upon his canvases.

The latter half of the reign of George III was for all social purposes the reign of George IV, for this gay and dissipated prince was the leader of fashion, notwithstanding his reputation. Gainsborough's portrait of him as the Prince of Wales preserves for us a better presentment of the real man than many of the biographies. George gave more cause for scandal than any other prince in English

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

From an engraving by T. G. Appleton after the famous "lost painting" by Thomas Gainsborough.

history, but he was not altogether as depraved as some chroniclers would have us think. He had a good deal of intellectual ability and address, could tell stories with a fine and original sense of humor, and enjoyed every day without thinking of the next. It was the people he lived among, those who knew him intimately, who gave him the title of the "first gentleman of Europe," and it was not an insincere tribute to great personal attractions. With his ideality and imagination, Gainsborough has shown many of these characteristics in his portrait of the young prince.

But the portrait which has done most to make Gainsborough's name popular among all classes, and has set his fame beside that of Reynolds, is that of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. More than all of his other paintings, this one seems to embody his striking characteristic—a picturing of something which actually *is*. In the "Dashing Duchess" he undoubtedly had a model whose personality was particularly congenial to his art. Every portrait painter of her time, with any pretension to distinction, put her upon canvas. Sir Joshua painted her as a child, and so did Gainsborough, but it was not until she was in the very zenith of her beauty—that impulsive, blooming beauty which swayed ministers upon questions of state, and which brought princes to her feet—that Gainsborough found in her the inspiration for his great portrait. Critics have said that he has done better work, and from a technical point of view that may be true; but no painting of his has stirred the popular imagination as this living presentment of the most wonderful and elusive of women.

Georgiana Spencer was the eldest daughter of Lord Spencer, who after her birth was created the first Earl Spencer; but the nature that made her what she was, her impulsiveness, her "claim withal as large a license as the wind, to blow on whom she pleased," and her total lack of providence, were a direct inheritance from her grandfather, "Jack" Spencer, the grandson and the spoiled favorite of the powerful Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough. "Torismonde," as his grandmother called him, led a life of profligacy and extravagance. His mother was another ancestress who left Georgiana a legacy of beauty and wilfulness. She was Lady Sunderland, who was famous as "the little Whig," on account of her fondness for meddling in politics.

When Georgiana Spencer was only a child in the nursery, she showed the brilliancy of mind that might have made her famous in some more serious field than that of court life. She learned more of everything—literature, music, art, and politics—than the cleverest society women care to learn. When she was only seventeen, she married the fifth Duke of Devonshire, who was ten years older than she. Although her husband was antipathetic to her in every respect, being unimpressionable and taciturn, he appears to have allowed her to have full sway. She became the queen of the Carlton House circle, the intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, and the sun about which revolved so many other women whom we see in Gainsborough's portraits.

Devonshire House became the gathering place for a motley company. The Duchess was a Radical, and dared to bring to her husband's London mansion anybody she fancied. The prince could always be found there, and Sheridan, then the wit of England, was almost as constant; but it was Fox with whom the Dashing Duchess is most associated. Perhaps the best known episode of her career was her purchase of a vote for Fox by a kiss. She used to go about making speeches to the common people, and asking for votes. A butcher came up and said that he would change his vote if the fair pleader would give him a kiss, which she did, amid the wildest applause. Fox was elected, and by the Duchess of Devonshire's desire, the prince gave a grand fête at Carlton House, at which he appeared in a costume of blue and buff, the Radical colors.

This was the period of the duchess' greatest beauty and charm, and it was at this time that Gainsborough painted his portrait of her. She was twenty seven years old. Her hair was tinged with red, and her eyes were so bright that an old Irishman, who saw her upon one of her electioneering journeys, called out that

he could light his pipe at her eyes. It is said that when Gainsborough was painting the portrait, and had almost finished it, he drew his wet brush across the mouth, and sat back in despair, saying: "Her grace is too hard for me."

And yet the latter years of her life were made miserable by jealousy of Lady Elizabeth Foster, who afterwards became her husband's second wife. Her beauty waned, but she never lost her prestige in her own set, and to the world she will always be the magnificent creature Gainsborough left her on his canvas.

The original of this painting is lost, and probably destroyed. In 1875 it was sold at auction in London, and brought fifty thousand dollars. The firm of dealers who purchased it put it upon exhibition; and one morning, when the gallery was opened, it was discovered that the picture had been cut from the frame and abstracted. It has never been recovered, nor has there been the slightest clue to the mystery of its fate.

It is said that Gainsborough learned to paint the high color which even now gives almost the brilliance of enamel to the faces of his beautiful women, by painting a great deal in artificial light. He had lamps with red shades, and painted his sitters as he saw them in the ruddy glow. He was an indefatigable student, particularly of that detail in which some of his critics thought him deficient. His drawings were masterly, and when he died, he left more than a thousand of them, many of which were copied and published by his nephew.

In 1788, the great Warren Hastings trial was on, and Gainsborough went reluctantly to Westminster Hall with the fashionable throng which flocked there. One day he felt a chill, and went home. The doctor said that he had a little swelling of a gland of the neck, but as weeks went by it developed into a cancer, and soon he was on his death bed. All of his old friends came around him, proving that he had more friends than he imagined when he appealed to Sheridan to follow him to his grave. He would not die without being sure that he was at peace with all men, and he sent for Sir Joshua Reynolds to say good by. As his fellow painter leaned over the bed, Gainsborough said faintly:

"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party."

He was buried in Kew churchyard, and the most distinguished men in England came to do him the last honors. Sir Joshua was one of the pall bearers. Amid the great throng was one sorrowing friend who remembered how, only a few months before, he had promised the dead painter that at least one friend would follow him to the grave.

JUNE.

THERE'S one I hold supremely dear;
And thirty days of every year
We meet with hearts in tune.
She never will inconstant be;
But I shall sometimes fail, ah me,
To keep my tryst with June!

Sanda Enos.

THE ETHNOLOGY OF THE POLICE.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The former president of the New York police commission draws interesting comparisons between the chief elements of our population—The Irish, the Germans, the native Americans, and the Jews, their characteristics as officers, and how men are selected for the force.

THE New York police force, in its ethnic make up, is a very fair representative of the city of New York, and indeed of the whole United States, for it includes masses of men of very distinct national origin.

Even in Revolutionary days, the population of the United States, and especially of the Middle and the Southern States, was of mixed origin. The dominant strain was English, but there were large German, Dutch, and French elements, and a considerable Celtic element, both Scotch and Irish. Since then there has been an enormous growth by immigration, as well as by natural increase, and among the immigrants the Germans and Irish have furnished the largest proportion, with plenty of English, Scandinavian, and French extraction, and in later years great masses of Italians, Slavs, and Jews. All these races, and notably the Germans and Irish, have contributed to the upbuilding of New York, which has also drawn heavily on the country population. For a long time the leading race elements in the New York police force have been, as they are now, Irish, German, and native American, with a sprinkling of almost every other race under the sun.

The majority of the adult males of voting age in New York are of foreign birth. As might be expected, this means that a large number of the police force are also of foreign birth. The proportion is by no means so large, however, as many people seem to think. During the last days of Tammany rule, before the present board came into power, it rose as high as one third, and in special batches of appointments as high as one half. After the advent of the present board the proportion of native born increased steadily, until on our last lists it grew to be about ninety out of the hundred. Of course, however, a very large percentage of these were of foreign parentage. The ordinary working man, skilled mechanic, and the like, in New York, is apt to be of foreign parentage, even though of native birth, and he is also the ordinary recruit of the police department. Under the present board a very large number of appointments were made—more than sixteen hundred all told, this being about four times as many as have ever previously been made in a corresponding period. As we raised the requirements, moral, mental, and physical, we found it difficult to fill these vacancies as quickly as we wished, and we had to draw on the country districts to make up the deficiency in applicants of the proper caliber from the city itself.

Ever since the civil war, men of Irish birth and parentage have furnished a larger number of recruits to the New York police force than any other nationality. At one period they very much exceeded those of all other races combined. This was partly due to the fact that the dominant party in New York included the bulk of the Irish vote, and had as leaders men who were mostly of Irish extraction. In consequence, there did at one time grow up a feeling that men of German or American origin had no chance of getting on the police force. I don't think that this feeling was justified, even under Tammany. Tammany looked upon all races of mankind with a broad and genial tolerance, provided only that they came up (or rather down) to its standard. If a man had political influence behind him, he would be appointed, no matter whether

he was a native American, a German, or a Jew, just as quickly as if he were an Irishman. The reason that the Irish so overwhelmingly predominated was because their race furnished the great mass of active political workers of the party. During the latter days of Tammany rule, when the police department literally seethed with corruption, promotions and appointments went by purchase as a matter of course. Men had to furnish money even though they had political backing, and if the money was furnished the scoundrels who drove the bargains cared nothing as to the source from which it came.

All this was changed during our administration. The civil service law was enforced in the letter and spirit, and no heed whatever was paid to the politics or religion of applicants, or anything else except their qualification for the place they sought. The fact that even under the changed conditions the people of Irish birth or parentage continued to lead in point of numbers, shows the need of some other explanation. I think this explanation is to be found partly in the fact that men of Irish birth seem to have a natural tendency to seek public office, and partly because they furnish excellent material out of which to make policemen. Of the men of foreign birth appointed on the force, four fifths are Irish. The Irishman coming to our shores is not hampered by the necessity of learning a new language. Unlike the German, he does not come from a country which has been thrifty and materially prosperous, and he has not been accustomed to the sharp competition of modern industrial and commercial life. Serving the government appeals to him as something which is attractive in itself, and which confers dignity upon him. Among New Yorkers of Irish parentage the boy is rather more apt than among New Yorkers of other parentage to grow up among people who take a great deal of interest in ward politics and in the local precinct heroes, among whom some of the policemen are sure to figure. The boy hears from his earliest days a good deal about the "force," and he wants to get on it.

Besides, when he does get on he makes a very good policeman. No man who has studied the civil war needs to be told that men of Irish blood fight well; and the career of the policeman necessarily implies in those who would successfully follow it the presence of the soldierly virtues —courage, daring, and alert resolution. If to these qualities the young fellow of Irish parentage joins intelligence, he has a chance of rising very high indeed. A very large percentage of those whom I was instrumental in getting promoted to the higher places were of Irish origin. It is needless to say that I did not take this into account in making promotions. If men earned promotion, I tried to see that they got it, without the slightest reference to whether they were of Irish, German, or American parentage, or whether they were Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, or of no recognized faith at all. The inspectors, captains, sergeants, and roundsmen whom I joined in making were made because we believed in their capacity, integrity, and courage; and on the whole I think a larger number were of Irish extraction than of any other.

Of course, the men we thus got were widely different in stamp from those who had formerly been accustomed to enter the service. In the old days more than half the appointees had at one time or another served as bartenders or keepers of liquor saloons. Under us, not more than one in a hundred had so served. We appointed a great many men from the various societies, notably temperance societies, of the different churches, both Catholic and Protestant.

I remember one Catholic priest, whom I came to respect very highly during my service; he told me that nearly thirty of his parishioners had been appointed to the police force during my term. They were appointed simply on their merits; they were young fellows of fine physique and good character, who possessed fair intelligence and school training. It was largely a matter of chance that we happened to get them at first. One or two of them entered our examinations, although without much hope of appointment. They passed. Their characters were investigated, and it was found they were trustworthy, honest, and hard working, and they were forthwith appointed. As he afterwards informed me, the priest made the discovery

that the word of some saloon keeper or professional politician was no longer necessary to secure an appointment, and he encouraged the young men of his church to apply. I found that when he said a man was of good character, it meant that he really thought so, and that he knew about it, and had good reason to believe that what he said was the exact fact—which was important, for too many citizens, including too many clergymen, will cheerfully recommend any man, wholly without regard to the facts. Accordingly, I began to lay great stress upon Dr. W.'s recommendations, and in return the young men of his church began to wake up to the fact that if they applied for the force it rested purely with themselves whether they got on.

We drew on the east side college settlement; and on various churches. I remember in particular one Methodist church, in the country district which was annexed to New York. Its pastor took the trouble to examine for himself into our system, concluded we were honest, and advised his parishioners to enter the examinations. They did, and we appointed in the neighborhood of twenty; native Americans of a very good stamp, boat builders, ship carpenters, mates of coasting schooners, and the like—for the church was on Long Island Sound.

Some Catholic priests, like some Protestant clergymen, and like a great many laymen of all creeds or none, would seek to get men advanced for improper reasons. I soon found out who these men were, and then simply disregarded whatever they said. Others, like my very dear friend, the late Father Casserly of the Paulist Fathers, I speedily found to be absolutely sincere, upright, and trustworthy. Men who were prompt to tell me of the good deeds of a man not of their own faith, and who never vouched even for a parishioner unless they were convinced that he really was what they said—with these I could work hand in hand.

For the professional "know nothing" I soon grew to feel much distrust. I always endeavored to keep my temper with every one, and to listen patiently to every complaint, but when one man attacked another because of his creed or his birthplace, I got rid of him in summary fashion. I treated with equal shortness those who sought to have a man advanced because of his creed. I remember that on one occasion I received, on the same day, a letter from a certain agitator much given to attacking Catholics, urging the promotion of a certain man because he was a Protestant, and, as he asserted, had been kept down by Catholic influence; and two other letters, one from a priest and one from a professional politician, urging the promotion of another man because he had weight in "Catholic Irish circles," and because they thought the Catholic Irish entitled to "recognition." For a moment I thought of refusing to investigate the record and capacity of either man. Finally I did investigate, and found that they were both bad. I took the utmost pleasure in writing to their various backers that the men were unfit for promotion, and that even if they were fit, I should certainly decline to promote them when they relied on such arguments for advancement. I added that I should positively refuse to "recognize" any creed, or any nationality, or anything else except fitness. In other words, if there were ten promotions, and the best ten candidates were Jews, they would secure all the prizes, but if they were not the best, then none of them would be promoted; and no consideration as to "recognizing" any body of men, or any nationality, would enter into the matter one way or the other, whether they were Jews, Catholics, or Protestants.

Next to those Americans of Irish parentage, the two leading elements on the police force are the Americans of old native American stock, and the Americans of German parentage. The representatives of both of these, but especially of the former, increased very much during our term of service; towards the last, when a good many applicants came from the country, more than ninety per cent of the appointees were men of native birth, and half of these of the old native American strain.

There were, of course, not nearly as many men of German as of Irish birth appointed on the police force, because the Germans have to learn a new language. Of the Germans appointed some have

been soldiers or sailors in the German army, or have served their term in our own army; these all make excellent officers—indeed, the best we got were honorably discharged soldiers of the United States army or navy. Of the Germans who have not had this advantage, a certain proportion always display a slight hesitancy in time of crisis, which probably comes from the fact that they never get thoroughly habituated to their strange surroundings. The Americans of German parentage are usually entirely indistinguishable from the men of old native American stock. Of course, if they have lived in a German speaking community, they still retain certain traits of their parentage. Otherwise they are generally like their fellow Americans of the old native stock; if they come from the country, they are like other countrymen—if they come from the city, they have the stamp of the city upon them.

The native Americans furnish, relatively to their numbers, the largest proportion of both the best and the worst men in the service. They are, on the average, men of superior intelligence to any other class, and this intelligence tends to make them either better or worse than their fellows, accordingly as their course is shaped for good or for evil. Most of the native Americans of are country birth, although not all. A great many of them, though born on a farm or in a small town, have lived for some time in the city, working as drivers of milk wagons or express carts, as clerks, as mechanics, gripmen, and so forth. Next to the men who have been in the United States army or navy, the best, on the average, are the railroad men—engineers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen.

The man fresh from the country always needs some breaking in. If he is a weedy, run-to-seed sort of a fellow, he goes to pieces under the strain. If he has the right stuff in him, he becomes one of the best men on the force. At first he has to learn to be quick and alert, and obey orders instantly, instead of following out his natural bent, which is to reach the object at which he supposes his superior aims by his own methods. For the first few months he is not as well able to handle a tough as is the policeman of city birth, and notably the policeman of Irish parentage. The countryman is not accustomed to fight, or to the sudden emergencies of city life, and in the first crisis or two in which he finds himself involved is apt to show hesitancy at just that fatal moment which decides whether the matter shall go one way or another. After he has once been knocked down by a gang of toughs and soundly thrashed, or has had some similar mishap befall him, all his troubles are at an end. When he again gets on duty he is a made man, and from that time on he can be depended upon for any kind of rough or dangerous work.

We have representatives of many other nationalities. One of the best roundsmen whose promotion I secured, was of Italian parentage. We appointed a number of men of Polish and Bohemian ancestry on the force; we also appointed a number of Frenchmen, some of whose parents came from France and some from Canada. We appointed one Greek, who horrified some of his fellow officers, notably those of Irish birth, by his cheerful readiness to tell about them when they had done wrong.

But next to the three leading strains, the most important is the Jewish. Few people have any idea of the fact that there are a large number of Jewish policemen on the New York force. The great bulk of the Jewish population, especially the immigrants from Russia and Poland, are of weak physique, and have not yet gotten far enough away from their centuries of oppression and degradation to make good policemen; but the outdoor Jew who has been a gripman, or the driver of an express wagon, or a guard on the Elevated, or the indoor Jew of fine bodily powers who has taken to boxing, wrestling, and the like, offers excellent material for the force. He is very intelligent, and, like the native American, is apt to be very good or very bad. Not only did we appoint a number of Jewish policemen, but we promoted a number, sometimes for marked proficiency in the discharge of their ordinary duties, sometimes for conspicuous gallantry in saving life or in arresting armed and dangerous criminals.

There was one amusing incident which I recall in connection with our Hebrew

policemen. It was at the time when the German Anti-Semite, Ahlwardt, came over to New York to preach a crusade against the Jews. A great many of the Jews became alarmed and incensed about his speaking here, and called upon me to prevent it. Of course I told them I could not—that the right of free speech must be maintained, and that unless he incited to riot, he would be allowed to speak against the Jews, just as we should let Jews speak against Christians. On thinking it over, however, it occurred to me that there was one way in which I could undo much of the mischief which he was trying to do, and I directed that so far as possible the policemen detailed to protect him at his meetings should themselves be Jews. This was done, and Herr Ahlwardt delivered his violent harangues against the men of Hebrew faith, owing his safety to the fact that he was scrupulously protected by men of the very race which he was denouncing. I doubt if this could have been done in most cities, and I felt it spoke very well for New York that we could do it.

On another occasion, when a former Catholic priest came to New York to make a series of attacks upon the Catholic church, I had him protected by a bodyguard composed as nearly as possible only of Catholic policemen. In the same way we protect with equal impartiality the Orangemen's and the St. Patrick's Day processions, and German, French, and Italian national celebrations.

In short, in spite of their wide diversity of race origin, and in spite of some very evident shortcomings, the New York police as a body are a first class set of men, and Americans through and through. They are brave, well disciplined, and efficient, and they have a very strong esprit de corps. In time past they have been corrupt, but this was because of the system under which they worked, and we accomplished an enormous amount towards putting a complete stop to this corruption. The prime reason why we succeeded so well in our efforts to improve a body of men who had been terribly demoralized was because we treated them on their merits, wholly without regard to their creed or the birthplace of their parents, rewarding the good man and punishing the bad, without heeding anything save the virtues or faults of either.

THE STARS.

AROUND me surged vast fields of breeze bent grain;
Faint from the forest came the owl's weird cry;
All else was silent. To the midnight sky
I looked, and said, "The stars their watch maintain—
I am not quite alone."

Adown the city's crowded streets I sped,
Beneath the garish glare of many a light;
I looked beyond them to the solemn night;
The steadfast stars were watching overhead—
I was again alone.

Elizabeth Harman.

A BUTTERFLY LOVER.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

The series of awkward predicaments into which Jerome Latimer was precipitated by his amatory recklessness—A story of man's weakness and woman's wit.

IT was long past midnight when the laboratory door opened, and some one entered, dragging his feet wearily. Dr. Perry did not look up from his work. There was only one person in the world who opened that door without knocking, and for him no greeting was necessary. The newcomer leaned back with a pipe between his teeth, and stared moodily at the test tube that was being revolved in the flame of a burner. There were a few quick movements and a vile odor; then the doctor's forehead relaxed.

"Say, Will, I wish you'd look at me for a minute," began the other.

Will held the test tube up to the light and squinted through it before he turned around.

"Well, Jerome, what about you?" he said.

"Just give me a good look and see if you notice anything."

"Well, you have on your dress suit, and your shirt bulges abominably, and your face is about as cheerful as a weeping willow. The cars have stopped running, so you're evidently going to stay all night with me, and—yes, I might have known it—your shoes are soaking. Take them off this minute." The other shook his head impatiently. "If you get rheumatism again, I'll try my new liniment on you, and it won't do a thing to you. Oh, no! You thought that last burned——"

For the sake of peace, Jerome pulled off the soaked shoes, which had been brilliant patent leathers a short hour before.

"Now look again," he said. "Do you notice anything unusual about me? For instance, would you take me for a man who was engaged to be married?"

"You don't mean to tell me——"

"I haven't told you a thing," said Jerome irritably. "I wish you'd answer a straight question. Do you think I seem engaged?"

Will looked relieved.

"No, you ass," he said.

Jerome's face lighted up.

"Then maybe I'm not," he said triumphantly; but his face clouded over again. "You may be wrong. Perhaps you don't understand the symptoms. If an awful goneness under your shirt front, a weakness in your jaw, and an insane desire to get out of town mean anything, I've got it."

Will stared at him in perplexed silence.

"Have you been asking some one to marry you?" he asked at last, with some sternness.

"I don't know," was the unhappy answer. "There's just one person in the world that does know, and that's the girl."

An anxious gravity had settled over both faces. They spoke in lowered tones, with long pauses.

"It's Poppy, I suppose," Will ventured.

Jerome shook his head.

"Not she! Poppy would never do anything so foolish. She looks on me as a sort of an entrée."

"Pleasant, but not exactly supporting," added Will. "Daffodil, then?"

"No, no. That is merely a high art flirtation. We do it all by letter, any way."

"I should say you did. One can't call there with any comfort, one is so interrupted by messenger boys and special deliveries laden with blue envelopes."

"Poor little Daffodil! I'm afraid that is all over now," said Jerome with a sigh.

"For heaven's sake, who is it?" exclaimed the doctor. "I can't go through

your whole flower garden. Is it Hyacinth?"

"I wish it were. I could get out of that all right. No, it's—Mignonette."

"Mignonette!"

There was an uncomfortable silence, during which Jerome studied his pipe with conscious intentness.

"You haven't been trying any of your monkey business on her?" the doctor broke out. "She isn't——"

"I tell you I don't know what I've done, and I recognize just what she isn't without your telling me. If she weren't such a thoroughbred, and so much my superior in every way, I'd be wiggling out of it by myself. But she is different. I swear I'd marry that girl rather than hurt her feelings."

"Tell me the whole thing," commanded the other.

"Well, you know we have been playing for some time."

The doctor nodded grimly.

"Honestly, Will, I've done that girl a lot of good," Jerome said earnestly. "She was just a little too serious, too proper, before, and I made up my mind I'd educate her out of it. That was the real reason I went into the affair. I really don't see why I'm not in love with her."

"Get to the point."

"Well, then, tonight we were at the Greers' dinner, and some way we both got fearfully intense. It has happened several times before, but this——! I talked a lot of rot to the effect that a man didn't formally propose to a girl any more; he just went on deeper and deeper till they both sort of understood each other without needing to speak, though some day he would drop an offhand remark about announcing it, or something, that changed it from a tacit to a formal engagement. You know how you go on when you're half in love for the moment, and she looks awfully pretty and——"

"I know the way you do," said the doctor shortly. "Go ahead."

"Well, we went on from bad to worse, and I grew pretty reckless. Poppy was at the other end of the table, and I—well, any way, something came up about last names, and, like a big fool, I said, 'When we are married, are you going to refer to me as Jerome or Mr. Latimer?' Imagine that, right on top of my proposing theory!"

"What did she do?"

"Gave me a queer little look, a sort of a flash, that struck me all of a heap. If that was fooling, then she has gone 'way ahead of her teacher. At that minute the girls all got up to leave the table, and thank the Lord, I didn't have another chance to see her alone. But when she shook hands and said good night, she——"

"Well?"

"Oh, I don't know—only it didn't seem like a refusal. What do you think? Don't you suppose she was just playing, as I was? Most girls understand that sort of thing."

The doctor smoked in silence till roused by an impatient

"Well?"

"Why don't you go to see her and find out?" he suggested.

"But, for heaven's sake, Will, don't you know that the first thing a man does on seeing his fiancée is to—well, commit himself? She would think it funny if I didn't, if we are engaged, and if we aren't, she'd think it funny if I did. So you see——"

"Can't you see her in public, where there would be no chance to commit yourself?"

"But I can't wait for a crowd to assemble. If I'm engaged, I've got to send some flowers first thing in the morning, and a note or two during the day, and chase up there myself in the afternoon, be persuaded to stay to dinner, and hang around till midnight or so. You don't seem to understand."

"I'm afraid I don't," said Will, turning out the light. "Open the hall door and we can see our way. Here, take your shoes."

Jerome dragged on the wet shoes and began to struggle into his overcoat.

"What's that for?" asked the doctor.

"There's no use staying," was the savage answer. "I came to you for advice—the one person I'd go to in the world—and I can't get the least word out of you. If you are not interested enough——"

The doctor was leaning in the doorway, looking strangely big and dark in the dim light.

"Jerome, if you have led a girl on to

care for you and to give herself away, a girl like Mignonette," he said slowly, "I think you are in honor bound to stand by her. If there is any throwing over to be done, leave it to her. That is what I honestly think, and I wish to heaven I didn't. Now come to bed."

The next morning Jerome woke up with a yawn and a sigh, and put out his hand for his watch.

"Eight o'clock; time those flowers were starting," he said, but Will refused to be flippant. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he went on, after a few minutes. "I've planned it all out. I have a touch of grip or something—this cold really is bad—and am strictly forbidden to leave the house; that will account for the lack of flowers and notes. Meanwhile you—by the way, how well do you know Mignonette? Well enough to run in on her at odd times?"

"Um h'm."

"I thought so. You used to go up there more than I did before I began on her education. Suppose, then, that you drop in on her this morning, incidentally let fall that I am confined to the house, and see how the land lies. Pump her, you know."

"I'll be hanged if I will."

"I would do that for you. You might help me just that much, Will. You couldn't go in and cut me out, could you? I give you leave to say anything you want about me; run me down all you like. Tell her you pity the girl that marries me, and all that. Go on."

"Well, I will go and see her," Will finally agreed, after much arguing, "and I'll say that you are laid up. I won't promise another thing."

"That's great. Perhaps you'd better telephone to the office. Father has a way of expecting me down," Jerome added.

Dr. Perry nodded and hurried off, half angry at himself and wholly angry at Jerome.

It was only through the maid's stupidity that he accomplished his errand that morning; and yet it was a very natural blunder on Katy's part. Mignonette had complained of neuralgia at breakfast, and had declared her intention of spending the day on the divan in the little morning room.

"My head aches dreadfully. I don't want to see a soul today," she said emphatically as she went off, looking pale and forlorn.

There had followed a parental discussion as to whether it could be anything serious—for grip was holding high carnival that winter—and about the advisability of sending for a doctor, all of which Katy heard as she waited on the table. Certain details of etiquette had never come under her notice, so when Dr. Perry rang at about eleven o'clock, she ushered him promptly into the morning room with a serene "The doctor, ma'am," and shut the door behind him.

Mignonette half started up, with a dismayed consciousness of her ugly little flannel wrapper, but sank back again as she remembered her slipperless feet. Dr. Perry was not in the least embarrassed, but propriety evidently demanded that he should appear so.

"I am afraid Katy thought that I came professionally," he said with one hand on the knob and a preternaturally serious expression. "I hope you will excuse——"

Mignonette had found herself again, and faced the situation with a cordial little smile, scorning vanity's shocked whispers.

"But I'm very glad to see you," she said. "You haven't been near me for ages. Do come over and shake hands. I'm not contagious, truly."

Will dropped his pose with a laugh.

"Can't I catch you, no matter how hard I try?" he said. "You don't look alarmingly ill."

"Well, I am," with some resentment. "If you were any kind of a doctor, you'd know at a glance that I had a bad headache and six inches of neuralgia in my shoulder."

"I see three symptoms, but they give me a pretty clear idea of your case," Will said. "One is this pile of novels. What's that—'Little Women'? Is that your taste in literature?"

"I always go back to my childhood when I'm laid up," said Mignonette. "Books like that sort of stroke your hair and warm your feet and tuck you up. They are so comfortable. If you were a girl, you would understand just what they do for one. What is the next symptom?"

"Oh, I suppose it's that funny little striped business you're wearing. Don't cover it up; I like it. It makes you look about sixteen."

"I believe I was when it was first made. And the third symptom?"

"I don't think I'll tell you. You might not like it."

"Yes, I shall. You must, or I will take the case out of your hands."

"Well, then, there is a little look about your eyes that would suggest—oh, but the thing is impossible. You never cry, do you?"

Mignonette flushed a little under his teasing scrutiny, but her eyes defied him gallantly.

"How odd!" she said, cocking her eyebrows in brazen surprise. "It must be my headache. Are they so very red?"

"Not red at all; just a little shadowy and interesting at the corners. Probably it is the headache," said Will, outwardly routed. He might not have retreated so easily if the remembrance of his errand had not intruded itself with annoying distinctness. "By the way, I left a friend of yours more or less laid up this morning," he went on with an effort. "Jerome has as little idea of taking care of himself——" He shook his head abstractedly, though he knew well enough that the color had rushed up into Mignonette's face, and her eyes had beaten a hasty retreat.

"Is he—is it serious?" she asked after a pause, self consciousness in every syllable.

"Oh, no. I shall keep him locked in today, if I can; but it is not much more than a cold," he said, inwardly hating his errand when he saw her look of bright relief. "Jerome has no prudence," he went on, resolved to get it over with as soon as possible. "He is a good deal of an infant in some ways. He is one of those people who never know their own minds two days running. He simply follows his impulses without the slightest thought of consequences. You never can depend on him."

"I thought he was your best friend," said Mignonette coldly. "He always speaks as if you were. I always believed that the friendship between you was rather an ideal one. He is very loyal to you."

Will, having slandered his friend entirely from a sense of duty, felt injured at her tone. Explanation was impossible, and so, a few minutes later, they parted somewhat stiffly. Mignonette lay staring into space for half an hour after he had gone, then jumped up and dressed to go out. Her headache was better, she said, and she wanted some air.

Late that afternoon the most miserable young man in all the city dragged himself up Mignonette's front steps. Will had come back unaccountably short and disagreeable, with a dry account of what he had noticed—namely, one violent blush and a tendency to partisanship. He added that if Jerome were any kind of a man, he would go up there himself that very afternoon and settle the affair one way or the other. Whatever happened, Dr. Perry would have nothing more to do with it, and didn't want to hear another word on the subject.

Jerome hung around, aggrieved and nervous, until after four o'clock, when conscience from within and coolness from without started his feet in the right direction.

As he entered the hall, Mignonette came impulsively to meet him, holding out to him both hands and the most radiant little smile that ever greeted a reluctant lover. He took the hands, and then, feeling as though he were breaking all the commandments as well as settling the noose around his own neck, he stooped slowly down. Mignonette drew back with shining eyes and a laughing whisper, "Oh, my dear, the girls!"

Jerome straightened up in alarm. In direct line of vision through the door, which Mignonette had left open behind her, were two of the most inopportune guests a diabolical fate could have summoned. By the table sat Daffodil, in whose pocket even now might be concealed the impetuous letter in which, twenty four short hours ago, he had told her all that this correspondence meant to him, and what his days would be if there came a drought when the precious little white envelopes ceased to fall on his path. It was a beautiful, artistic letter, somewhat in the style of a "prose fancy," and he had secretly regretted that there were special passages in it that might un-

fit it for future use in his biography. If his sense of humor had been less keen, he might have kept a copy of it.

On the piano stool perched, of all the girls in the world, Poppy—Poppy, on whose desk at home stood a frame containing fourteen different views of himself, ranging through long dresses and bibs, Scotch kilts and billow curls, braided jackets and shapeless knickerbockers, and all the stages of masculine adornment that lie between staring infancy and complacent manhood; Poppy, for whose amusement he had offered marriage in a new and original form once a week for the last three months, on the comfortable understanding that she would always decline. She liked the little attention, she said, and it kept her hand in. What perverse chance had brought them all together?

Daffodil greeted him smilingly, having evidently missed the significance of that tableau in the hall, but Poppy, on the piano stool, merely gave him a curt nod, and devoted all her attention to the gaudy cover of a new song.

"And she hasn't missed a trick," he thought miserably, as he did his best to smile adoringly at Mignonette, talk fervently to Daffodil, and propitiate the unsmiling Poppy with glances of humorous understanding. Of course he became confused—few men are clever enough to keep three love affairs going at once—and sent the right glance to the wrong girl; but Mignonette, sunny, talkative, full of eager little laughs and exclamations, apparently noticed nothing. Her little air of proprietorship was charming, but it exasperated Jerome to the swearing point under Daffodil's unsuspicious smiles and Poppy's hostile glances. Once, in passing him, Mignonette laid her hand for an instant on his shoulder. The piano stool gave a vicious twirl, and a moment later Poppy took her departure. The other caller seemed in no hurry to go. It was nearly dinner time when she reluctantly rose.

"I've stayed disgracefully long," she said, "but the truth is, I dread going home tonight, for I'm all soul alone, and it's so dismal."

Mignonette sent Jerome an appealing "What else can I do?" glance, as she said readily,

"Stay here and take dinner with us. And, Jerome, you must stay too, so that you can take her home."

"You're a dear," said Daffodil, pulling off her gloves. "I know I hinted, but I did want to be asked. I suppose I really ought to be at home writing letters," she added, pushing back a blue envelope that was escaping from her pocket, with a significant glance at Jerome. Mignonette looked from one to the other with a puzzled expression, and for several minutes was rather silent. Jerome squirmed on the hook and prayed for death.

Dinner was a long misery. Daffodil evidently thought that he had stayed entirely on her account—not an unnatural mistake, considering his last letter—and did her best to give him a good time. She was daring, confidential, brimming over with the secret of their picturesque correspondence. Some of her allusions hovered so close to the blue envelope in her pocket that Jerome grew cold and faint. He cursed his trick of butterfly lovering as he saw Mignonette becoming quieter and graver every moment. Her eyes no longer flashed signals across to him, and, as they left the dining room, he noticed that she drew away from the arm Daffodil tried to slip over her shoulder. After he had taken the guest home, a couple of weary hours later, he hurried back to see what he could do with his haughty fiancée and the tangled web by which he was surrounded, but the house was dark and he dared not ring.

Dr. Perry looked up with a frown as Jerome came wearily into the laboratory half an hour later.

"Well, are we to congratulate you?" he asked in an unfriendly tone.

"Does carbolic acid hurt?" was all Jerome said.

"Oh, no. It refreshes and invigorates."

"Blow out the gas, then, and I'll try that. Ass, ass, ass!" Jerome added, beating his head softly against the wall. "Yes, I'm engaged all right. I've had a very happy evening;" and he plunged into a dismal tale of his sufferings.

"I don't see but what it turned out rather well," said Will, without a trace of sympathy. "You want Mignonette to throw you over, and it looks very much

as if she would. I think you were in luck."

"But I tell you, she cares," burst out Jerome. "I don't want to get out of it that way. I feel as if I'd—I'd stepped on a kitten. If you had seen her face when I came—and then when I left! I hate myself from head to foot. If ever I try to educate a girl again! And that isn't all."

Will gave an impatient shrug.

"Oh, there's more, is there?"

"You know I took Daffodil home," said Jerome slowly. "I had been wondering all the evening just what was the matter with her, and then I found out. It was the letter I wrote her yesterday."

"In which you accidentally asked her to marry you," added Will, relaxing into an unwilling smile.

"Why, I didn't suppose I had," said the other earnestly. "All my letters have been more or less impetuous, and I didn't know this was such a big advance. I believe I did say something about what she meant to my life, but, good heavens, she's old enough to know better!"

"You ought to wear a button with 'I'm only fooling' printed on it," suggested the doctor.

"'I'm a darned fool' would be more appropriate," said Jerome, scowling. "Well, on the way home Daffodil grew sort of quiet, and she said she hadn't answered my sweet little letter because she hadn't quite known what to say; but I'm to go up there tomorrow at five and we'll talk it all over—and oh, Lord, I'm afraid I'm engaged to her too."

Will laughed in spite of himself.

"All aboard for Salt Lake," he said.

"Yes, it's funny," said Jerome impatiently. "It's a great joke when you aren't in it. I wonder how many more of my little friends are getting their trousseaus ready. Poppy isn't, I'll bet, but she's the only one I'm sure of. I have always wondered why men didn't give girls a better time, and make life more interesting for them. Now I know. And to tell you the honest truth," he added, getting up to go, "being out with Poppy feels worse than being in with all the rest."

Jerome lay awake most of the night, rehearsing an adroit interview with Daffodil which would lead her gently back into the realm of toy love making, without arousing her suspicions, but in the morning it seemed less feasible.

"What does a girl always think you want to marry her for?" he exclaimed impatiently.

A note from Mignonette added to his troubles.

"I want to talk with you very seriously," she wrote. "Come at five, and I will see that we are not interrupted." Five—that was the very hour to which Daffodil had pinned him down.

"That's right. Pile it on," said Jerome. "If I were twins, I might manage it. Oh, hang it all! I wish I were married and out of harm's way."

Jerome could have slipped out of both appointments, but he was no coward, and there was in him a certain joy in an exciting situation, a game with edged tools, which tempted him irresistibly to try his skill. Moreover, an unacknowledged passion to have all his world in sympathy with him—or, if you will, a little in love with him—made him hesitate to appear in the sorry guise of a man running away. So he decided to try the dangerous experiment of keeping both appointments by going to Mignonette's house half an hour early. Daffodil would be more likely to forgive tardiness; and if she were a little angry, the interview would be less difficult, for Jerome had determined to act as if the fatal letter and last night's talk had merely been clever moves in the game of hearts with which they had been trifling.

As he stood in Mignonette's parlor, nervously wondering what the upshot of it all would be, he heard voices on the stairs, one of which sent a chill through him, for it was indubitably Daffodil's. Both girls were laughing.

"I think we've punished him enough," Mignonette was saying. "Did you ever see any one suffer as he did last night?"

"I hope it did him good," said Daffodil. "Jerome is altogether too promiscuous. He needed a lesson. He carries that butterfly lovering altogether too far. Why, his simplest note would amount to an offer of marriage from any one else."

"Dear me, it was fortunate I went to you that morning," Mignonette ex-

claimed. "I never was so worried in my life. Somehow, the more I thought of it, and the way he looked when he said good night, the more certain I was that he had been in earnest after all, and had misunderstood my fooling. If you could have seen that anxious, tragic expression! I don't see how he did it so well!"

"He meant it at the moment," said Daffodil. "He means all those letters I showed you—while he's writing them. It is his power of being in earnest that makes him such a dangerous trifler. It was too bad that girl had to call at the same time he did. We could have carried it much farther if she hadn't. Do you think she noticed?"

"I don't believe so. I was very discreet," said Mignonette, whose knowledge of Poppy was slight. "I wish I hadn't quarreled with Dr. Perry over the affair. He was running Jerome down, and I snubbed him for his disloyalty, while probably, all the time, Jerome had put him up to it."

"Well, it all went off beautifully," said Daffodil, opening the front door. "I wonder which of us he will honor this afternoon!"

"I am going to put him out of his misery," laughed Mignonette. "I shall simply say, 'My dear boy, it was all a parable acted out for your benefit. Take it well to heart.' He has had discipline enough."

Jerome listened in a trance of bewilderment. At first he felt foolish, then angry, then his love of a good joke swept everything away in a silent wave of laughter. He heard Katy's voice in the hall, and a gasp of dismay from Mignonette, and had just time to slip into the little library beyond and assume a "waiting here for hours" expression when Mignonette's flushed face appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, you're in here," she began uncertainly.

"Yes. Katy suggested that I should come in by the fire," was the guileless answer. Jerome's brain had been working rapidly. "I thought you were never coming. I am so happy today," he added, taking both her hands and squeezing them. "This is the first time I've seen you alone since the Greers' dinner, and there is so much to say. I couldn't wait till five."

Mignonette was plainly disconcerted. "So happy?" she stammered. The parable speech was quite forgotten.

"Hasn't a man a right to be happy when he is engaged to marry the sweetest girl in the whole world?" He smiled at her affectionately, but she sprang up in dismay.

"But you aren't engaged," she exclaimed. "It's all—I mean——"

"Yes, it's all a secret yet," said Jerome. "You are one of the first persons I've told, but you have been so good to me, I wanted you to know it right away. Her letter only came this morning."

Mignonette dropped into a chair, and stared at him in such frank amazement that the happy, childlike expression nearly failed him.

"Her letter?" she said.

Jerome's mind had rushed ahead of his words, rapidly improvising.

"Yes. I expected to go East again this month, but I couldn't get away, so I wrote instead. I simply couldn't wait any longer. Have I been very queer and absent these last few days? I really haven't known what I was saying or doing, I was in such suspense. You have been awfully good to me. I fancied you guessed a little, you were so sympathetic. Did you?"

"No—oh, no, I didn't guess," said Mignonette.

"I don't know what I should have done without you," he went on. "I feel as fond of you as if you were my dear little sister. I hope you and she are going to be great friends."

Mignonette's thoughts were racing back and forth over the past in hopeless confusion, like hounds after a lost trail, but she began to think of appearances.

"Do tell me about it," she said, with a weak show of enthusiasm. "I suppose it happened when you were East last summer. What is her name?"

"It's Violet White," said Jerome, inwardly hoping that he had not hit on a brand of cold cream or a new soap. "Yes, it began last summer, and of course we've been corresponding ever since. I wish you could know her. She isn't like most girls. But I've done nothing but talk of

my affairs, and you wanted to see me about something serious. What was it?"

But Jerome had enjoyed all the revenge he was to be allowed. Mignonette had collected her wits and clothed herself in a defensive armor of smiling composure.

"Never mind my affairs today. Yours are vastly more interesting," she said easily. "I want to know all about your fiancée. Is she pretty?" And she plunged into a lively cross questioning, which kept Jerome's imagination hard at work. Indeed, if Mignonette had paid the slightest attention to his answers, she might have noticed some strange inconsistencies about Miss White, whose home appeared to be in three different States, and whose eyes changed recklessly from blue to brown as the question was absently repeated. When he caught himself shifting her from an only child into the eldest of a large family, Jerome got up to go.

There was triumph in his eyes as he walked away, leaving Mignonette still bewildered with the task of putting two and two together and getting any plausible results. At the corner a new thought sobered him. What if this absurd tale should come to Poppy's ears? Mignonette was to receive a full and penitent confession by the first mail in the morning, but meanwhile, chance could do anything, and Poppy was quite angry enough as it was, thanks to the accidental part she had played in the farce comedy. With a sudden resolve to tell it all from beginning to end, and throw himself on her mercy, Jerome jumped on the nearest car that could carry him Poppyward.

It was still early, so Mignonette, after a dazed interval, put on her things and went out, intending to carry the news to Daffodil. She felt bewildered, and just a little mortified, for, though she recognized the joke, she was not quite ready to laugh at it. When a turn brought her face to face with Dr. William Perry, she stopped and spoke to him, with a sudden impulse to make up and be friends. Will met her more than half way.

"I was just going down town to buy a wedding present," he said. "This is the first spare minute I've had all day. Do come and help me. I'm so stupid at such things. I never can think of anything but butter knives and gravy ladles."

"Is it for Jerome?" asked Mignonette, glancing up at him with a little laugh. She was curious to see how much he knew.

Will looked a trifle blank, and some of the animation died out of his face.

"No, not this one," he said gravely, as they walked down the long slope that led to the region of shops. "Is it settled —how soon he is to need his?"

"Oh, it is too early for that, isn't it?" said Mignonette. "We were talking about it this afternoon, but nothing was said about dates."

"I want to tell you," Will said with an effort, "how much I think Jerome is to be congratulated."

Something in his tone puzzled Mignonette.

"You like it, then?" she said absently.

"When the girl you admire most in the whole world marries your best friend, I suppose you ought to be pleased," said Will, with an odd smile.

Mignonette was conscious of a strange pang, but she laughed bravely, to show that she was heart whole, and did not give a button who was first with this towering young man beside her.

"How well did you know her?" she asked.

"As well as she would let me, didn't I?" answered Will, somewhat to her surprise. Did he suppose she kept track of his affairs? "I might have known her much better," he went on, "but Jerome appeared on the scene, and I didn't care to be number two, so I drew back. There's the history of a broken heart in a nutshell."

He laughed and struck the pavement a ringing blow with his stick. Mignonette eyed him gravely.

"And you cared?" she asked.

It seemed an eternity before he answered.

"Yes, I cared," he said, meeting her eyes, which suddenly filled and drooped.

"Violet White must be a very fascinating girl," she said after a long silence.

"Who is she?" asked Will.

"Why, Miss White, Jerome's fiancée. We were just talking about her."

"I don't know what you mean," said Will helplessly.

"Have I got the name wrong?" with a puzzled frown. "I mean the girl Jerome is going to marry. Isn't it Violet White?"

They had both stopped, careless of the hurrying crowd on either side, and were staring at each other in bewilderment.

"At eleven o'clock last night he was engaged to you," said Will slowly. "The Lord knows who it is by this time."

A sudden light irradiated Mignonette's face.

"Then you weren't talking about Miss White?" she began, turning to walk on.

"I was talking about you. I thought you knew."

"I didn't dream it."

"You thought I meant——"

"That horrid Violet White," said Mignonette.

They turned into a quieter street, for they had things to say that could not be shouted. When they had placed together their parts of the mystery, they came to a fairly clear understanding of the whole.

"Jerome found us out, and that is the way he got even," laughed Mignonette. "You don't know how I blessed you that dreadful morning when you told me he was ill. I had played invalid so that I needn't see him if he came. I didn't dare go out, for fear I'd meet him. When I found he was laid up, I resolved to tell the whole thing to a girl I knew and get her advice, without giving his name. When I finished she just said, 'If the man is Jerome Latimer, you needn't worry.' And then she showed me some of his letters to her. I was tremendously relieved, but all the same I didn't like having been fooled, and so we made up our minds to punish him."

"And incidentally punished me," said Will.

"Oh, dear me, we forgot the wedding present," exclaimed Mignonette. "It's too late to go back now."

"Yes, it's too late to go back now," said Will with meaning.

The laboratory was deserted that evening, but towards midnight two cheerful faces came together at the door and went in for a smoke. After half a pipe of silence, Jerome looked up.

"Poppy says she won't marry me," he began, and there was another pause before he added, "but she says she'll be engaged to me, just to keep the other girls away."

The two men laughed, and hunched themselves down in ungainly comfort.

"What will Violet White say?" asked Will.

Jerome laughed.

"What a guy they made of me!" he said. "They showed splendid team work. I suppose you know all about everything?"

"Yes, pretty much. She told me her side tonight."

"Oh, that's where you were. I must get another name for that girl. 'Mignonette' is altogether too artless and innocent. How would 'Foxglove' do?"

"Leave it to me. I'll find you one," said Will.

Jerome stared.

"Perhaps you would prefer Mrs. William Perry," he suggested.

Will only laughed.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

THE HALL OF THE OLD CHARTERHOUSE.
Drawn by William Thomson.

GLIMPSES OF THACKERAY.

The old time London scenes in which the author of "Vanity Fair" lived and worked, and amid which he set the characters of his famous novels.

HE was a cynic! By his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways;
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
His hand so swift to give, his tongue to praise!

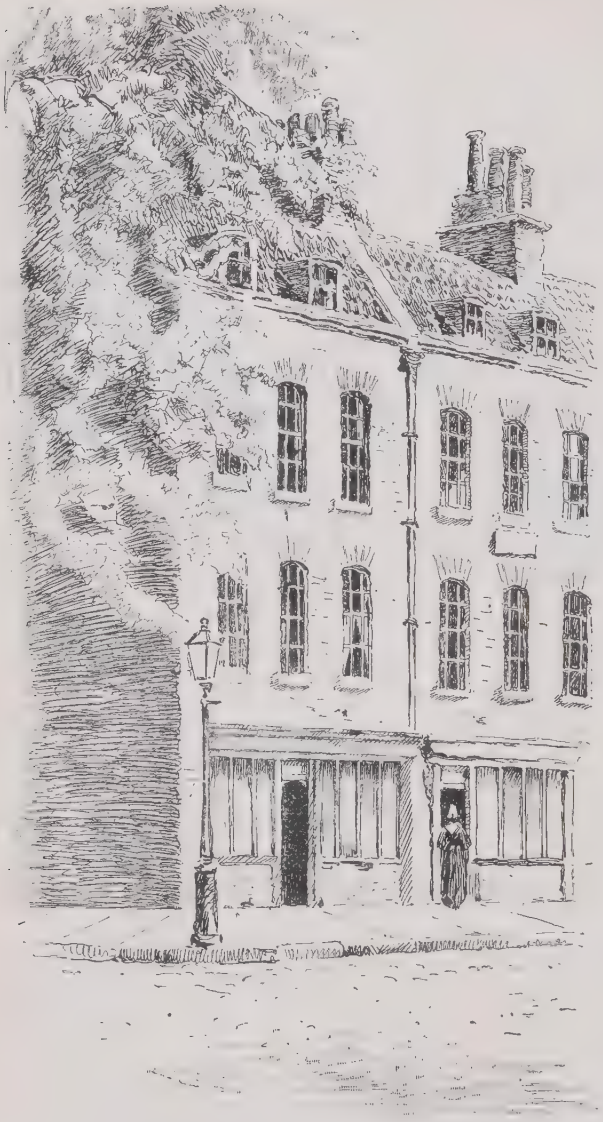
He was a cynic! You might read it writ
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver hair;
In those blue eyes, with childish candor lit,
In that sweet smile his lips were wont to wear.

He was a cynic! By the love that clung
About him from his children, friends, and kin;
By the sharp pain light pen and gossip tongue
Wrought in him, chafing the soft heart within!

SHIRLEY BROOKS wrote this poem in memory of Thackeray, just after the great novelist's death, and he caught the spirit of the man he and so many others had loved. That the author of "Vanity Fair" was cynical in some of his work can hardly be denied. He took a positive delight in crushing a foible wherever he found it, and he had such a horror of snobs and snobbishness that sometimes, when he saw a grain of this failing, he could not resist the temptation to make the whole lump which it contaminated ridiculous. But after all, he himself believed in human nature. Where in his books has any one been taught that happiness in this world ever comes from anything save honor and frank virtue? That is not the teaching of a cynic.

Thackeray's life has been so little known generally that the world might have believed almost anything of him. The one person who could write it fully, who could give the perfect character sketch that would put the living man before us, would be his daughter, Anne Thackeray Ritchie; but he made her promise, before his death, that she would write no biography of him.

We know that for two hundred years the Thackerays had belonged to the best professional class in England, and had had in their veins some of its best blood. For two centuries they had won their way to fame and fortune through their pens, or tongues, or swords.



28 CLERKENWELL ROAD, WHERE THACKERAY LODGED AS A YOUNG MAN.

Drawn by William Thomson.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta, where his father and his grandfather had been in the Indian civil service. His father, Richmond Thackeray, as a young man, was the leader of the gayest set in the Asiatic city. His mother was only nineteen when she married, and twenty four when she was left a widow; but she was not to be one long. She married Major Carmichael Smith, who remained Thackeray's intimate and close friend until the day of his death.

The boy, whose father had left him a fortune of about a hundred thousand dollars, was brought home from India very young, and was sent to Charterhouse School, which is now at Godalming, in Surrey, but which then occupied its old quarters in the heart of London. We find him there, a gentle, timid little fellow, who never cared to play games, and had no skill in them. He gave up his play time to making very bad parodies and to editing a school magazine.

In his early days Thackeray disliked the school very much, and always spoke of it as "Slaughterhouse," but as he grew older all its unpleasantness faded away, and he saw the literary value of the place, which he drew in the "Grey Friars" where gentle *Colonel Newcome* ended his life.

Before he was eighteen Thackeray went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, but he did not remain there long enough to take his degree. It was long enough, however, to father a little paper called *The Snob*, which bore on its title page the information that it was "not conducted by members of the university."

When he left Cambridge, he told his stepfather and his mother that it was his intention to become an artist, and he set off to Weimar to study there. He spent most of the next few years traveling backward and forward between Germany and England. As a boy, he was idle; indeed, and in spite of all the work he did, he had a strong inclination for idleness throughout his life. One of his friends said of him that he detested "the elbow grease of thinking." At this time he thoroughly enjoyed himself. He had

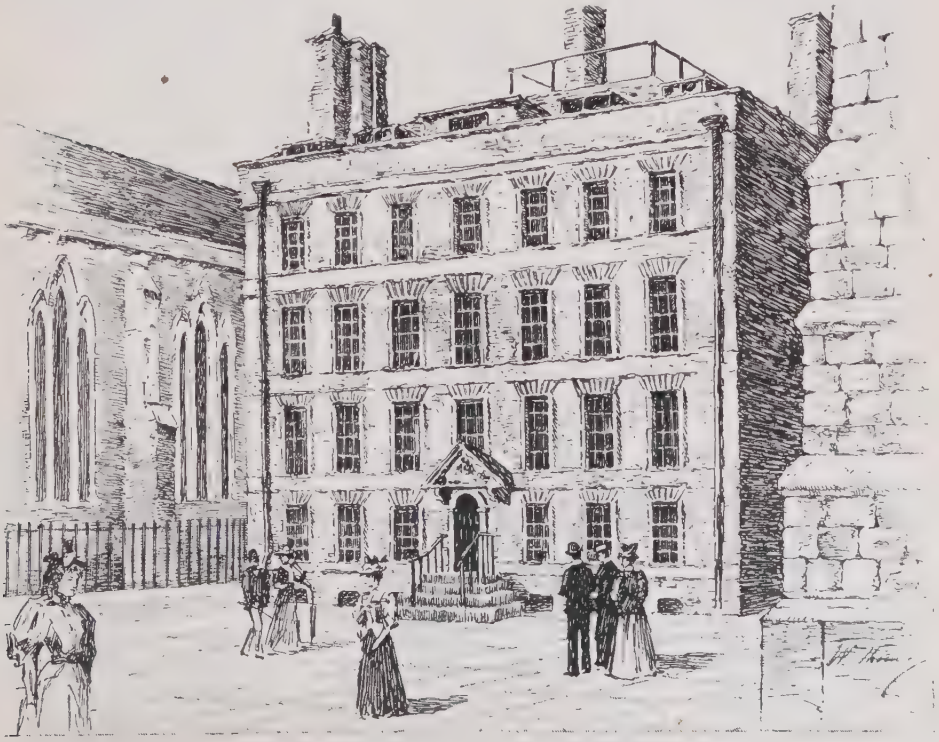
money enough to do what he pleased, and he did it. He never learned to draw. Perhaps it was not in him to learn to draw correctly, but he could always illustrate—which is a different thing altogether. We never find his illustrations to his own stories inefficient. He conveys the feeling of his text, and that is something which not one artist in ten, nor in twenty, can do.

Then he came of age, and went home, to take his fortune into his own hands, and to squander it all within about a year. Some of it disappeared in an Indian bank, a good deal of it was lost at cards, and the rest went into a newspaper. Like every novelist, Thackeray was fond of using his own experiences as material, and he has given the history of this disastrous journalistic venture in "Lovel, the Widower." After telling how he was swindled into buying *The Museum*, he describes the futile ambitions in which he indulged:

> I daresay I gave myself airs as the editor of that confounded *Museum*, and proposed to educate the public taste, to diffuse morality and sound literature throughout the nation, and to pocket a liberal salary in return for my services. I daresay I printed my own sonnets, my own tragedy, my own verses — I daresay I wrote satirical articles—I daresay I made a gaby of myself to the world. Pray, my good friend, hast thou ever done likewise? If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man.

It was after the loss of his fortune that Thackeray went to Dickens, in 1835, and proposed to become the illustrator of the rising young novelist's next book. Dickens declined the suggestion because his drawings were not good enough, and then he turned to literature. Literature is such an easy thing to turn to! Any one can command pen and paper.

Although the world has long ago agreed that Thackeray was her gifted child, literature was not very kind to him in the beginning. He had a terrible struggle. He wrote for newspapers, but he had no permanent place until he was taken upon the staff of *Fraser's Magazine*. He had to live very poorly, and



LAMB COURT, TEMPLE, WHERE "PENDENNIS" LIVED.

Drawn by William Thomson.

his path was still a hard one even after he became one of the props of the magazine. His first story was "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," and it was so little esteemed that the publishers asked him to shorten it.

It was then that Thackeray's friends found in him the great despondency which came upon him now and then all through his life. He was not sure of himself. He knew that there was in him the ability to write a clever story, but he distrusted his power to keep himself up to the mark in his task. He did not enjoy his work. He had no confidence that the public would like his books, or that he would be able to continue writing. Even until the last, he doubted the continuance of his popularity.

Much of Thackeray's own experience, and of his youthful ideas of life, he put into "Pendennis." It was a labor of love to tell of the starting of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and of the life in chambers in the Temple. He knew the Temple and the streets about it thoroughly, and since his death many of us have hunted up Lamb Court, where *Major Pendennis* had so much trouble in climbing three flights of "abominable black stairs."

Thackeray lived in a great many places, from his old lodgings in the Clerkenwell Road to the beautiful house which he built in Kensington Gardens,

THE OLD CHARTERHOUSE, THACKERAY'S "GREY FRIARS."
Drawn by William Thomson.

and in which he died. That house is standing yet, next to one covered with old ivy, which gives it a picturesque background. He liked Kensington, and after he moved away from 16 Kensington Square, he was in the habit of coming back to look at the place until he was a well known figure on the streets, and till he finally built the house in the Palace Gardens.

It was in Kensington that "Vanity Fair" was written. Looking back from today, it seems almost impossible that there ever could have been a time when Thackeray was not famous, but "Vanity Fair" was the first book upon which he put his own name. Before that he had kept to his humorous *nom de guerre* of

NO. 2 KENSINGTON GARDENS, WHERE THACKERAY DIED.

Drawn by William Thomson.

THE CLOISTERS OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.
Drawn by William Thomson.

"Michael Angelo Titmarsh." It was not until 1848 that he achieved what might be called success with this story, the publication of which was completed that year.

Eleven years before, young Thackeray had married Miss Isabella Shawe, the daughter of a colonel in the army. He had three children, two of whom—Mrs. Ritchie, whose work is so well known, and Mrs. Leslie Stephen—grew up to be the greatest delight to him, as if in compensation for his terribly unhappy married life. After the birth of her third daughter, his wife became ill, and lost her mind. At first Thackeray would not believe that it was anything but illness, and night after night, after his work at the office of *Fraser's* or *Punch* was over, he would sit up with the poor demented creature, when everybody but the devoted husband could see that there was no cure for her. It was finally necessary to put her into an asylum, where she lived, hopelessly insane, long after her husband's death.

It was during these terrible years that Thackeray was writing the sense and nonsense, the fun and satire, which, with John Leach's pictures, were making the reputation of *Punch*. Into every joke there must have gone an aching heart.

At first the publishers fought very shy of "Vanity Fair." It was different from anything they had ever had before, and they hardly understood it. Thackeray said that people had become accustomed to abnormal characters in fiction. Heroes were made what men ought to be, and heroines what women would like to be, with the consequence that they were like no real men and women that ever lived. He intended his characters to be natural.

The story was brought out in thirty seven numbers, and as it neared its ending, Thackeray found himself a famous man. He had fairly opened his oyster with his pen. Before this he had been a figure of some prominence in the literary set of London, principally through his connection with *Punch*, and people of distinction had already sought him out; but the general public did not know him as it knew Dickens, until after the publication of "Vanity Fair." His intimates of those days all give the same account of him, as the ever genial, kind hearted friend. "If," said one, "I could only remember the impromptus which fell from his lips, or only had the drawings of his which we used to chuck around as though they were worth nothing!"

On all occasions of jollity he would hide the melancholy that was a part of his nature, and let the spirit of fun take full possession of him. These ought to have been happy days for Thackeray; and but for his never ending sorrow over his wife, they probably would have been. He

had made money; fame and friends were his. He had an attractive personality and a splendid physique. He was six feet four inches in height, with hair that was prematurely gray. His broad shoulders, full chest, and distinguished air always made the London crowd turn aside to make a way for him. His children and his friends were all in all to him, and "Esmond" that he wrote his lectures upon "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," and brought them to America, where he delivered them to great audiences. "Esmond" did not at once take its place, even among the critics, as its author's best book, and with the general public it never has ousted "Vanity Fair." He sorrowed over its

16 KENSINGTON SQUARE, ONE OF THACKERAY'S HOMES.
Drawn by William Thomson.

his relations with them were very beautiful; but always there went with him the sorrow of his life. It made all things, even his fame, seem unsure. Young children, however sweet, cannot make a home, and Thackeray was driven back to the clubs for friends and companionship. Presently—it is hardly to be wondered at—he began to select his characters from the people he saw there, and from the club windows.

In 1849 he wrote "Pendennis," and then "Esmond" and "The Newcomes." "Pendennis" fairly wrote itself, but for "Esmond" he saturated his mind with the history and literature of Queen Anne's time. It was while he was at work on lack of instant popularity, and then said, "Well, after all, *Esmond* is a prig!"

In 1857 Thackeray was a candidate for a seat in parliament, standing for Oxford, and coming within fifty votes of an election; but it was his great good fortune that he missed it. He was not made for official work. He was anything but methodical, and how he would have despised the British legislator when he saw him daily at close range! His home was in the Bohemia he loved, and in the society of the men who had come through it with him. The every day commonplace was always intolerable to him.

Two years later he undertook the great work of his life in the editorship of

the *Cornhill Magazine*. Thackeray had name enough, now, to give éclat to anything with which he was connected. He associated with himself such people as Alfred Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Charles Lever, Anthony Trollope, John Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, and his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie. He kept the editorship for only two years, but he continued to write for the *Cornhill* up to the day of his death, on Christmas Day, 1863. He found editorial work too tedious and confining.

He took a great deal of pains with his own novels, in the way of hunting up local color, and verifying his ideas of places and scenes, but this was more play than work to him. He enjoyed putting into his stories places that he knew. The *Osbornes'* house in Russell Square, *Becky Sharp's* little house in Curzon Street, the haunts of *Pendennis* and *Warrington*, the "back rooms" in the dingy byways around Fleet Street where they worked or made merry with their fellow knights of the quill—all these were places he could see not only in his mind, but with his bodily eye. And then, too, under all of his stories ran that sermon which he felt it was his mission to preach:

THE SMALL ROOM AT THE BACK OF 28 WILDERNESS ROW.

Drawn by William Thomson.

Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of folly, fortune, glory, ruin.

Anna Leach.

THE CHRISTIAN.*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

THE central figures of the story are John Storm and Glory Quayle, and its opening scene is laid in the Isle of Man. John Storm is the only son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, prime minister of England. The two noblemen are estranged through jealousy, both having loved John's mother. Lord Storm brings up his son for a career in public life, and is bitterly disappointed when the young man decides to enter the church.

Near Lord Storm's place in the Isle of Man is the house of Parson Quayle, whose only son marries a Frenchwoman, the daughter of an actress. Both the young people die, leaving a little girl, Glory, to the care of her grandfather. At twenty Glory determines to earn her own living, and when young Storm, whom she has known since she was a baby, goes to London to his curacy at All Saints', Belgravia, she accompanies him and obtains a position as hospital nurse. In London Glory forms associations which cause Storm much uneasiness. Polly Love, an associate of hers at the hospital, comes to grief through Lord Robert Ure, whose friend Drake proves to have been Glory's playmate years ago. The directors dismiss Polly, but ignore Lord Robert's complicity, in spite of John Storm's emphatic protest. The utter worldliness of Canon Wealthy, the vicar of All Saints', is a severe shock to the earnest young curate. Disillusioned and sorely distressed at his apparent inability to accomplish any good in such an environment, he resigns and enters a conventual institution known as the Society of the Gethsemane. But even here he fails to find the spiritual refuge he seeks. A lay brother, Brother Paul, is tormented by fears as to the fate of his sister, Polly Love. When these are confirmed by an incautious admission of John Storm, he goes to the father superior and begs to be allowed to make an effort to reclaim the erring girl. His petition is refused. John Storm, who has been made guardian of the gate, cannot endure the sight of Brother Paul's suffering, and in defiance of the monastic rule he lets Brother Paul out at night, telling him to go to the hospital and inquire for Glory, who will direct him to his sister.

But meanwhile, on learning of John Storm's determination to enter the monastery, Glory breaks the hospital rules in a fruitless attempt to see him, and is dismissed in consequence. She bravely resolves to win a place for herself yet, and seeks the assistance of Drake. The latter misinterprets her motives, however, and she flees from him in grief and shame. She tries to obtain an engagement to sing or recite, but her attempts to gain a footing on the stage end in nothing but humiliation. Glory is finally persuaded by Agatha Jones, a young woman with whom she has become acquainted, to try the cheap foreign clubs, where entertainments are given. Here her efforts meet with frantic applause, but the shame and humiliation of it all overcome her, and when an encore is demanded she breaks down. Fortunately Carl Koenig, a composer and the organist at All Saints', who has heard Glory's voice at the hospital and has been looking for her, chances to be in the house, and he takes the girl under his protection. Glory is installed at his own home in care of his wife, and the musician not only secures an engagement for her to sing at All Saints', but also arranges to bring her out at the fashionable houses as a social entertainer.

In the morning after Brother Paul's departure from the monastery, he is still missing, and John confesses all to the father superior, who tells him Paul's tragic life story. John Storm learns with horror that another sister of the missing lay brother had been wronged and that Paul had slain her betrayer. To show his unshaken faith in John Storm, in spite of his recent lapse, the father reappoints him guardian of the gate. Early the following morning Paul returns to the monastery. He has failed to find either his sister or Glory Quayle, but brings John the tidings of the latter's dismissal from the hospital. Maddened by preying doubts and fears, John, at his own urgent request, is confined in his cell under the rule of silence and solitude. His cell adjoins that of

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Brother Paul, who is dying of consumption, and after several weeks of this solitary confinement, he yields to the temptation and exchanges signals with Paul by knocking on the adjoining partition. With but this pitiful apology for companionship the time passes, until finally, one night, Paul, who under the monastic rule is left in strict seclusion, is seized with delirium, in which he reënacts the awful scene of his crime. Compelled to listen, John is overwhelmed with pity, and regardless of the rules goes to the unfortunate man and soothes him.

XXXIX (*Continued*).

NEXT day, when Brother Andrew came to John's cell with the food, he began to sing as if to himself while he bustled about the room.

"Brother Paul is sinking—he is sinking rapidly—Father Jerrold has confessed him—he has taken the sacrament—and is very patient."

This, as if it had been a Gregorian chant, the great fellow had hit upon as a means of communicating with John, without, as he supposed, breaking rule and committing sin.

John did not lock his door on the following night. On going to bed he listened for the noises he had heard before, half fearing and yet half wishing that he might hear them again. But he heard nothing; and towards midnight he fell asleep. Then something made him shudder, and he awoke with the sensation of moonlight on his face. The moon was indeed shining, and its sepulchral light was on a figure that stood by the foot of the bed. It was Paul, with a livid face, murmuring his name in a voice almost as faint as a breath.

John leapt up and put his arms about him.

"You are ill, brother—very ill."

"I am dying."

"Help! Help!" cried John, and he made for the door.

"Hush, brother, hush!"

"Oh, I don't care for rule. Rule is nothing in a case like this. It was monstrous to leave you alone. Help!"

"I implore you, I conjure you," said Paul in a voice strangled by weakness. "Let them leave us alone a little longer. I have something to say to you, something to confess. I have to ask your pardon."

In two strides John had reached the door, but he came back without opening it.

"Why, my poor lad, what have you done to me?"

"When you let me out of the house to go in search of my sister——"

"That was long ago—we'll not talk of it now, brother."

"But I cannot die in peace without telling you. You remember that I had something to say to her?"

"Yes."

"It was a threat. I was going to tell her that unless she gave up her way of life, I should find the man who had been the cause of it and follow him up and kill him."

"It was only a temptation of the devil, brother, and it is passed, and now——"

"Don't you see what I was going to do? I was going to bring trouble and disgrace upon you also as my comrade and accomplice. That's what a man comes to when Satan——"

"But God willed it otherwise, brother—let us say no more about it."

"You forgive me, then?"

"Forgive? It is I who ought to ask for your forgiveness, and perhaps if I told you everything——"

"There is something else. Listen! The Almighty is calling me. I have no time to lose."

"But you are so cold, brother. Lie on the bed and I'll cover you with the bed clothes. Oh, never fear—they shan't separate us again. If the father were at home—but no matter. There, there!"

"You will despise and hate me—you who are so holy and brave hearted, and have given up everything, and conquered the world, and even triumphed over love itself."

"Don't say that, brother."

"It's true, isn't it? Everybody knows what a holy life you live."

"Hush!"

"But I have never lived the religious life at all, and I only came to it as a refuge from the law and the gallows, and if the father hadn't——"

"Another time, brother."

"Yes, the story I told the police was true, and I had really——"

"Hush, brother, hush! I won't hear you. What you are saying is for God's ear only, and whatever you have done God will judge your soul in mercy. We have only to ask Him——"

"Quick, then; the last sands are running out," and he strove to rise and kneel.

"Lie still, brother; God will accept the humiliation of your soul."

"No, no, let me up; let me kneel beside you. The prayer for the dying—say it with me, Brother Storm; let us say it together. 'O Lord, save——'"

"*O Lord, save Thy servant.*"

"*Which putteth his trust in Thee.*"

"*Send him help from Thy holy place.*"

"*And — evermore — mightily defend him.*"

"*Let the enemy have no advantage over him.*"

"*Nor the—wicked——*"

"*Be unto him, O Lord, a strong tower.*"

"*From the——*"

"*O Lord, hear our prayers.*"

"*And——*"

"Paul! Paul! Speak to me! Speak! Don't leave me. We shall console and support each other. You shall come to me, I shall go to you. No matter about the religious life. One word! My lad, my lad!"

But Brother Paul had gone. The captured eagle with the broken wing had slipped its chain at last.

In the terrible peace which followed, the air of the room seemed to become empty and void. John Storm felt chill and dizzy, and a great awe fell upon him. The courage which he had built up in sight of Brother Paul's sufferings ebbed rapidly away, and his old fear of rule flowed back. He must carry the lay brother to his cell; he must be ignorant of his death; he must conceal and cover up everything. The moon had gone by this time, for it was near to morning, and the shadows of night were contending with the leaden hues of dawn.

He opened the door and listened. The house was still quite silent. He walked on tiptoe to the end of the corridor, pausing at every cell. There was no sound anywhere, except the sonorous breathing of some heavy sleeper and the ticking of the clock in the hall.

Then he returned to the chamber of death, and, lifting the dead in his arms, carried it back to the room which it had left as a living man. The body was light and he scarcely felt its weight, for the limbs under the cassock had dried up like withered twigs. He stretched them out on the bed that they might be fit for death's composing hand, and then closed the eyes and laid the hands together on the breast, and took the heavy cross that hung about the neck and put it as well as he could into the nerveless fingers. By this time the daylight had overcome the shadows of the fore dawn, and the ruddy glow of morning was gliding into the room. Traffic was beginning to stir in the sleeping city, and a cart was rattling down the street.

One glance more he gave at the dead brother's face, and going down on his knees beside it he said a prayer and crossed himself. Then he rose and left it, stole back to his room, and shut the door without a sound.

There was a boundless relief when this was done, and partly from relief and partly from exhaustion he fell asleep. He slept for a few minutes only, but sleep knows no time, and a moment in its garden of forgetfulness will wipe out the bitterness of a life. When he awoke he stretched out his hand as he was accustomed to do and rapped three times on the wall. But the tide of consciousness returned to him even as he did so, and in the dead silence that followed his very heart grew cold.

Then the father minister began to awaken the household. His deep call and the muffled answer which followed it rose higher and higher and came nearer and nearer, and every step as he approached seemed to beat upon John Storm's brain. He had reached the topmost story—he was coming down the corridor—he was standing before the door of the dead man's cell.

"*Benedicamus Domino,*" he called, but no answer came back to him. He called again, and there was a short and terrible silence.

John Storm held his breath and listened. By the faint click of the lock he knew

that the door had been opened and that the father minister had entered the room. There was a muttered exclamation and then another short silence, and after that there came the click of the lock again. The door had been closed and the father minister had resumed his rounds. When he called at the door of John Storm's cell not a tone of his voice would have told that anything unusual had taken place.

The bell rang and the brothers trooped down the stairs. Presently the low, droning sound of their voices came up from the chapel where they were saying lauds. But the service had scarcely ended when the father minister's step was on the stair again. This time another was with him. It was the doctor. They entered the brother's room and closed the door behind them. From the other side of the wall John Storm followed every movement and every word.

"So he has gone at last, poor soul."

"Is he long dead, doctor?"

"Some hours, certainly. Was there nobody with him, then?"

"He didn't wish for anybody. And then you told us that nothing could be done. We thought prayer was the only way we could help him at last."

"Still, a dying man, you know—— But how strangely composed he looks! And then the cross on his breast as well!"

"He was very devout and penitent. He made his last devotion yesterday with an intensity of joy such as I have rarely witnessed."

"His eyes closed, too! You are sure there was nobody with him?"

"Nobody whatever."

There was a moment's silence, and then the doctor said, "Well, he has shipped his anchor at last, poor soul."

"Yes, he has launched on the ocean of the love of God. May we all be as ready when our call comes!"

They came back to the corridor, and John heard their footsteps going down stairs. Then for some minutes there were unusual noises below. Rapid steps were coming and going, and the hall bell was ringing and the front door was opening and shutting.

An hour later Brother Andrew came with the breakfast. He was obviously excited, and, putting down the tray, he began to busy himself in the room and to sing as before his pretense of a Gregorian chant:

"Brother Paul is dead—he died in the night—there was nobody with him—we are sorry he has left us, but glad he is at peace—God rest the soul of our poor Brother Paul."

It was Easter Day. At midday service in the church the brothers sang the Easter hymn, and a mighty longing took hold of John Storm for his own resurrection from his living grave.

Next day there was much coming and going between the world outside and the adjoining cell, and late at night there were heavy and shambling footsteps, and even some coarse and ribald talk.

"Bear a 'and, mate."

"Well, they won't have their backs broke as carry this one down stairs. He ain't a Danny Lambert, any way."

"No, they don't feed ye on Bovril in places syme as this. I'll lay ye odds yer own looking glass wouldn't know ye arter three months hard on religion and dry tommy."

"It pawses me 'ow people tyke to it. Gimme my pint of four half and my own childring to foller me."

Early on the following morning a stroke rang out on the bell, then another stroke, and again another. "It is the knell," thought John.

A group of the lay brothers came up and passed into the room. "Now," said one, as if giving a signal, and then they passed out again with the measured steps of men who bear a burden. "They are taking him away," he thought.

He listened to their retreating footsteps. "He has gone," he murmured.

The passing bell continued to ring out minute by minute, and presently there was the sound of singing. "It is the service for the dead," he told himself.

After a while both the bell and the singing ceased, and then there was no sound anywhere except the dull rumble of the traffic in the city outside—the deep murmur of the mighty sea that flows on for ever.

"What am I doing?" he asked himself. "What bolts and bars are keeping me? I am guilty of a folly. I am degrading myself."

At midday Brother Andrew came with his food. "Brother Paul is buried," he sang; "the coffin was beautiful—it was covered with flowers—we buried him in his cassock, with his beads and psalter—we left the cross on his breast—he loved it and died with it in his hands—the father has come home—he said mass this morning."

John Storm could bear no more. He pushed the lay brother aside and made straight for the superior's room.

The father was sitting before the fire, looking sad and low and weary. He rose to his feet with a painful smile, as John broke into his cell with blazing eyes, and cried in a choking voice—

"Father, I cannot live the religious life any longer. I have tried to—with all my soul and strength I've tried to, but I cannot, I cannot. This life of prayer and penance and meditation is stifling me, and corrupting me, and crushing the life out of me, and I cannot bear it. Forgive me, father. I am your son, and I shall love you and honor you and revere you always; but I must break my obedience and leave you, or I shall be a hypocrite and a liar and a cheat."

XL.

THE dinner party at the home secretary's took place on the Wednesday of Easter week. It had rained during the day, but cleared up towards night. Glory and Koenig had taken an omnibus to Waterloo Place, and then walked up the wide street that ends with the wide steps going down to the park. Two lines of lofty stone houses go off to right and left, and the house they were going to was in one of them.

There was red baize on the street and an awning from the curb to the door. They passed up to the hall. A footman received them with somber but easy familiarity. The artistes? Yes. They were shown into the library, and light refreshments were brought in to them on a tray. Three other members of the choral company were there already. Glory was seeing it all for the first time, and Koenig was describing and explaining everything in broken whispers.

A band was playing in the well of the circular staircase, and a second footman stood in an alcove, behind an outwork of hats and overcoats, ticketing them with numbers. The first footman reappeared. Were the artistes ready to go to the drawing room?

They followed him up stairs.

The band had stopped, and there were the distant hum of voices and crackle of plates. Waiters were coming and going from the dining room, and the butler stood at the door giving instructions. At one moment there was a glimpse within of ladies in gorgeous dresses, and a table laden with silver and bright with fairy lamps. When the door opened the voices grew louder, when it closed the sounds were deadened.

The upper landing opened on to a salon which had three windows down to the ground, and half of each stood open. Outside there was a wide terrace lit up by Chinese and Moorish lanterns. Beyond was the dark patch of the park, and farther still the towers of the Abbey and the clock of Westminster, but the great light was not burning tonight.

"De House naivaire sits after six o'clock on Vednesdays," added Koenig, who was giving Glory these details.

They passed into the drawing room, which was empty. The standing lamps were subdued by coverings of yellow silk lace. There was a piano and an organ.

"Ve'll stay here," said Koenig, opening the organ, and Glory stood by his side.

Presently there were ripples of laughter, sounds of quick, indistinguishable voices, waves of heliotrope and the rustle of silk dresses on the stairs. Then the ladies entered. Two or three of them who were elderly leaned their right hands on the arms of younger women, and walked with ebony sticks in their left. An old lady wearing black satin and a large brooch came last. Koenig rose and bowed to her. Glory prepared to bow also, but the lady gave her a side inclination of the head as she sat in a well cushioned chair under a lamp, and Glory's bow was abridged.

The ladies sat and talked, and Glory tried to listen. There were little nothings, punctuated by trills of feminine laughter. She thought it rather silly. More than once the ladies lifted their lorgnettes and

looked at her. She set her lips hard and looked back without flinching.

A footman brought tea on a tray, and then there was the tinkle of cup and saucer, and more laughter. The lady in satin looked round at Koenig, and he began to play the organ. He played a solo superbly, but nobody seemed to listen. When he finished there was a pause, and everybody said, "Oh, thank you; we're all—er——" and then the talk began again. The vocal soloist sang some ballad of Chopin or Schumann, and as long as it lasted an old lady with an ear trumpet sat at the foot of the piano, and a young girl spoke into it. When it was over, everybody said, "Ah, that dear old thing!" Then there was an outbreak of deeper voices from the stairs, with lustier laughter and heavier steps.

The gentlemen appeared, talking loudly as they entered. Koenig was back at the organ and playing it as if he wished it were the 'cello and the drum and the whole brass band. Glory was watching everything; it was beginning to be very funny. Suddenly it ceased to be so. One of the gentlemen was saying in a tired drawl, "Old Koenig again! How the old boy lasts! Seem to have been hearing him since the Flood, don't you know."

It was Lord Robert Ure. Glory caught one glimpse of him, then looked down at her slipper and pawed at the carpet. He put his glass in his eye, screwed up the left side of his face, and looked at her.

An elderly man with a leonine head came up to the organ and said, "Got anything comic, Mr. Koenig? All had had the influenza last winter, you know, and lost our taste for the classical."

"Vith pleasure, my lord," said Koenig, and then turning to Glory, he touched her wrist. "How's de pulse? *Ach Gott!* beating same like a child's. Now is your turn."

Glory made a step forward, and the talk grew louder as she was observed. She heard fragments of it.

"Who is she?"

"Is she a professional?"

"Oh, no—a lady."

"Sing, does she, or is it a whistle?"

"No, she's a professional; we had her last year; she does conjuring."

And then the voice she had heard before said, "By Jove, old fellow, your young friend looks like a red standard rose!"

She did not flinch. There was a nervous tremor of the lip, a scarcely perceptible curl of it, and then she began.

It was "Mylecharaine," a Manx ballad in the Anglo Manx, about a farmer who was a miser. His daughter was ashamed of him because he dressed shabbily and wore yellow stockings; but he answered that if he didn't the stockings wouldn't be yellow that would be forthcoming for her dowry.

She sang, recited, talked, acted, lived the old man, and there was not a sound until she finished except laughter and the clapping of hands. Then there was a general taking of breath and a renewed outbreak of gossip.

"Really, really! How—er—natural?"

"Natural—that's it, natural. I never —er——"

"Rather good, certainly; in fact, quite amusing."

"What dialect is it?"

"Irish, of course."

"Of course, of course," with many nods and looks of knowledge and a buzz and a flutter of understanding.

"Hope she'll do something else."

"Hush! she's beginning."

It was "Ny Kiree fo Niaghtey," a rugged old wail of how the sheep were lost on the mountains in a great snowstorm; but it was full of ineffable melancholy. The ladies dropped their lorgnettes, the men's glasses fell from their eyes and their faces straightened, the noisy old soul with the ear trumpet sitting under Glory's arm was snuffling audibly, and at the next moment there was a chorus of admiring remarks.

"'Pon my word, this is something new, don't you know!"

"Fine girl, too!"

"Fine! Irish girls often run to it."

"That old miser—you could see him!"

"What's her next piece?—something funny, I hope."

Koenig's pride was measureless, and Glory did not get off lightly. He cleared the floor for her, and announced that with the indulgence, etc., of my lord and lady, etc., the young artiste would give an imitation of common girls singing in the street.

The company laughed until they screamed, and when the song was finished Glory was being overwhelmed with congratulations and inquiries.

"Charming! All your pieces are charming! But really, my dear young lady, you must be more careful about our feelings. Those sheep now—it was really quite too sad."

The old lady with the ear trumpet asked Glory whether she could go on for the whole of the afternoon, and if she felt much fatigued sometimes, and didn't often catch cold.

But the lady in satin came to her relief at last. "You will need some refreshment," she said. "Let me see now if I cannot——" and she lifted her glass and looked round the room. At the next moment a voice that made a shudder pass over her said:

"Perhaps *I* may have the pleasure of taking Miss Quayle down."

It was Drake. His eyes were as blue and boyish as before, but Glory observed at once that he had grown a mustache, and that his face and figure were firmer and more manlike. A few minutes afterwards they had passed through one of the windows on the terrace and were walking to and fro.

It was cool and quiet out there after the heat and hubbub of the drawing room. The night was soft and still. Hardly a breath of air stirred the leaves of the trees in the park below. The rain had left a dewy moistness in the air, and a fragrant mist was lying over the grass. The stars were out, and the moon had just risen behind the towers of Westminster.

Glory was flushed with her success. Her eyes sparkled and her step was light and free. Drake touched her hand as it lay on his arm and said:

"And now that I've got you to myself I must begin by scolding you."

They looked at each other and smiled.

"Have I displeased you so much tonight?" she said.

"It's not that. Where have you been all this time?"

"Ah, if you only knew!" She had stopped and was looking into the darkness.

"I *want* to know. Why didn't you answer my letter?"

"Your letter?" She was clutching at the lilies of the valley in her bosom.

He tapped her hand lightly and said, "Well, we'll not quarrel this time, only don't do it again, you know, or else——"

She recovered herself and laughed. Her voice had a silvery ring, and he thought it was an enchanting smile that played upon her face. They resumed their walk.

"And now about tonight. You have had a success, of course."

"Why of course?"

"Because I always knew you must have."

She was proud and happy. He began to be grave and severe.

"But the drawing room after dinner is no proper scene for your talents. The audience is not in the right place or the right mood. Guests and auditors—their duties clash. Besides, to tell you the truth, art is a dark continent to people like these."

"They were kind to me, at all events," said Glory.

"Tonight, yes. The last new man—the last new monkey——"

She was laughing again and swinging along on his arm as if her feet hardly touched the ground.

"What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing—I am only thinking how polite you are," and then they looked at each other again and laughed together.

The mild radiance of the stars was dying into the brighter light of the moon. A bird somewhere in the dark trees below had mistaken the moonlight for the dawn, and was making its early call. The clock at Westminster was striking ten, and there was the deep rumble of traffic from the unseen streets round about.

"How beautiful!" said Glory. "It's hard to believe that this can be the same London that is so full of casinoes and clubs and—monasteries."

"Why, what does a girl like you know about such places?"

She had dropped his arm and was looking over the balcony. The sound of voices came from the red windows behind them. Then the soloist began to sing

again. His second ballad was the "Erl King":

Oh, come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled!

"Any news of John Storm?" said Drake.

"Not that I know of."

"I wonder if you would like him to come out again—now."

"I wonder!"

At that moment there was a step behind them, and a soft voice said, "I want you to introduce me, Mr. Drake."

It was a lady of eight or nine and twenty, wearing short hair brushed upwards and backwards in the manner of a man.

"Ah, Rosa—Miss Rosa Macquarrie," said Drake. "Rosa is a journalist, and a great friend of mine, Glory. If you want fame, she keeps some of the keys of it, and if you want friendship—but I'll leave you together."

"My dear," said the lady, "I want you to let me know you."

"But I've seen you before—and spoken to you," said Glory.

"Why, where?"

Glory was laughing awkwardly. "Never mind now. Some other time, perhaps."

"The people inside are raving about your voice. 'Where does it come from?' they are saying—'from a palace or Ratcliff Highway?' But I think *I* know. It comes from your heart, my dear. You have lived and loved and suffered—and so have I. Here we are in our smart frocks, dear, but we belong to another world altogether and are the only working women in the company. Perhaps I can help you a little, and you have helped me already. I may know you, may I not?"

There was a deep light in Glory's eyes and a momentary quiver of her eyelids. Then without a word she put her arms about Rosa's neck and kissed her.

"I was sure of you," said Rosa. Her voice was low and husky. "Your name is Glory, isn't it? It wasn't for nothing you were given that name. God gave it you!"

The party was breaking up and Koenig came for "his star." "I vill give you an engagement for one, two, tree year, upon my vord I vill," he said as they went down stairs. While the butler took him back to the library to sign his receipt and receive his check Glory stood waiting by the billiard table in the hall, and Drake and Lord Robert stepped up to her.

"Until when?" said Drake, with a smile, but Glory pretended not to understand him. "I dare say you thought me cynical tonight, Glory. I only meant that if you are to follow this profession I want you to make the best of it. Why not look for a wider scene? Why not go directly to the public?"

"But de lady is engaged to me for tree year," said Koenig, coming up.

Drake looked at Glory, who shook her head, and then Koenig made an effort at explanation. It was an understood thing. He had taught her, taken her into his house, found her in a Sunday——

But Drake interrupted him. If they could help Miss Quayle to a better market for her genius, Mr. Koenig need be no loser by the change. Then Koenig was pacified, and Drake handed Glory down to a cab.

"We're good friends again, aren't we?" he said, touching her hand lightly.

"Yes," she answered.

There was a letter from Aunt Rachel waiting for her at the Priory. Anna didn't like these frequent changes, and she had no faith in music or musicians either, but the parson thought Anna too censorious, and as for Mr. Koenig's Sunday evening companies, he had no doubt they were of Germans chiefly, and that they came to talk of Martin Luther, and to sing his hymn. Sorry to say his infirmities were increasing; the burden of his years was upon him and he was looking feeble and old.

Glory slept little that night. On going to her room she threw up the window and sat in front of it, that the soft night breeze might play on her hot lips and cheeks. The moon was high and the garden was slumbering under its gentle light. Everything around was hushed, and there was no sound anywhere except the far off rumble of the great city as of the wind in distant trees. She was thinking of a question which Drake had put to her.

"I wonder if I should?" she murmured.

And through the silence there was the unheard melody of the German song:

Oh, come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled!

XLI.

The Priory—May Day.

DEAR AUNTIE RACHEL—The great evening is over! Such dresses, such diamonds—you never saw the like! The smart folks are just like other human beings, and I was not the tiniest bit afraid of them. My own part of the program went off pretty well, I think. Mr. Koenig had arranged the harmonies, accompaniments, and symphonies of some of our old Manx songs, so I sang "Mylecharaine," and they listened and clapped, and then "Ny Kirree fo Niaghtey," and they cried (and so did I), and then I imitated some work girls singing in the streets, and they laughed and laughed until I laughed too, and then they laughed because I was laughing, and we all laughed together. It was over and done before I knew where I was, and everybody was covering me with—well, no, not kisses, as grandfather used to do, but the society equivalent—ices and jellies, which the gentlemen were rushing about wildly to get for me.

But all this is as nothing compared to what is to happen next. I mustn't whisper a word about it yet, so false face must hide what the false heart doth know. You'll *have* to forgive me if I succeed, for nothing is wicked in this world except failure, you know, and a little sin must be a great virtue if it has grown to be big enough, you see! There! How sagacious of me! You didn't know what a philosopher you had in the family, did you, my dears?

It is to be on the 24th of May. That will be the queen's birthday over again; and when I think of all that has happened since the last one I feel as romantic as a schoolgirl and as sentimental as a nursery maid. Naturally I am in a fearful flurry over the whole affair, and, to tell the truth, I have hied me to the weird sisters on the subject; that is to say, I have been to a fortune teller and spent a "goolden" half sovereign on the creature at one fell swoop. But she predicts wonderful things for me, so I am satisfied. The newspapers are to blaze with my name, I am to have a dazzling success and become the idol of the hour, all of which is delightful and entrancing, and quite reasonable at the money. Grandfather will reprove me for tempting Providence, and of course John Storm, if he knew it, would say that I shouldn't do such things under any circumstances; yet to tell me I oughtn't to do this and I oughtn't to do that is like saying I oughtn't to have red hair and I oughtn't to catch the measles. I can't help it! I can't help it! so what's the good of breaking one's heart about it?

You must know, dear Aunt Rachel, that I met Mr. Drake at the house of the home secretary, and he introduced me to a Miss Rosa Macquarrie, who is no longer very young or beautiful, but a dear for all that! And she, being a journalist, has bruited my praises abroad, with the result that all the world is ringing with my virtues. Listen, all men and women, while I sound mine own glory out of a column as long as the Duke of York's:

"She is young and tall, and has auburn hair" (always thought it was red myself) "and large gray eyes, one of which seems at a distance to be brown" (it squints) "giving an effect of humor and coquetry and power rarely, if ever, seen in any other face. Her voice has startling varieties of tone, being at one moment soft, cooing, and liquid, and at another wild, weird, and plaintive, and her face, which is not strictly beautiful" (oh!) "but striking and unforgettable, has an extraordinary range of expression. She sings, recites, speaks, laughs, and cries (literally), and some of her selections are given in a sort of Irish *patois*" (oh, my beloved Manx!) "that comes from her girlish lips with charming vivacity and drollness." All of which, though it is quite right, and no more than my due, *of course*, made me sob so long and loud that my good little hippopotamus came up stairs to comfort me, but, finding me lying on the floor, he threw up his hands and cried, "*Ach Gott!* I taught it vas a young lady, but vhatever is it?"

Yet wae's me! Sometimes I think how many poor girls there must be who have never had a chance, while I have had so many and such glorious ones; who cannot get anybody to listen to them, while I am so pampered and praised; who live in narrow alleys and serve in little dark shops where men and men things talk to them as they can't talk to their sisters and wives, while I am held aloft in an atmosphere of admiration and respect; who earn their bread in clubs and casinoes, where they breathe the airs of the hotbeds of hell, while I am surrounded by everything that ennobles and refines! O God, forgive me if I am a vain presumptuous creature, laughing at everything and everybody, and sometimes forgetting that many a poor girl who is being tossed about in London is just as good a girl as I am, and as clever and as brave!

But hoot! "I likes to be jolly and I allus is." So Aunt Anna doesn't like this Wandering Jew existence? Well, do you know I always thought I should love a gipsy life? It has a sense of movement that must be delightful, and then I love going fast. Do you remember the days when Cæsar used to take the bit in his teeth and bolt with me? Lo, there was little me, cross legged on his bare back, with nothing to trust to but Providence and a pair of rope reins; but, oh my! I couldn't breathe for excitement and delight! Dear old maddest of created Cæsars, I feel as if I were whacking at him yet! What do you think of me? But we "that be females are the same craythurs alwis," as old Chalse used to say, and what a woman is in the cradle she continues to be to the end. There again! I wonder who told you that, young lady!

But to tell you the truth at last, dear Aunt Rachel, there is something I have kept back

until now, because I couldn't bear the thought of any of you being anxious on my account, especially grandfather, who thinks of Glory so much too often as things are. Can't you guess what it is? I couldn't help taking up my life of Wandering Jew, because I was *dismissed* from the hospital! Didn't you understand that, my dears? I thought I was telling you over and over again. Yes, dismissed as unfit to be a nurse, and so I was, according to the order of the institution first, and human love and pity last. But all's well that ends well, you know, and now that my wanderings seem to be over and I am in my right place at length, I feel like one who is coming out of a long imprisonment, a great peril, a darkness deeper even than John Storm's cell. And if I ever become a famous woman, and good men will listen to me, I will tell them to be tender and merciful to poor girls who are trying to live in London and to be good and strong, and that the true chivalry is to band themselves together against the men who are selfish and cruel and impure. Oh, this great, glorious, devilish, divine London! It must stand to the human world as the seething, boiling, bubbling waters of Niagara do to the world of Nature. Either a girl floats over its rapids like a boat, and in that case she draws her breath and thanks God, or she is tossed into its whirlpool like a dead body and goes round and round until she finds the vortex and is swallowed up!

There! I have blown off my steam, and now to business. Mr. Drake is to give a luncheon party in his rooms on the 24th, in honor of my experiment, but the great event itself will not come off until nearly half past nine that night. By that time the sun will have set over the back of the sea at Peel, the blackbird will have given you his last "guy smook," and all the world will be dropping asleep. Now, if you'll only remember to say just then, "God bless Glory!" I'll feel strong and big and brave.

Your poor, silly, sentimental girlie,

GLORY.

XLII.

SOME weeks had passed, and it was the morning of the last day of John Storm's residence at Bishopsgate Street. After calling the Brotherhood, the father had entered John's room and was resting on the end of the bed.

"You are quite determined to leave us?" he said.

John answered firmly but respectfully, "Quite determined, father."

"You are of the same mind as at Easter?"

"Precisely the same."

"Then this is the last time I am to call you?"

"Yes."

The father sighed deeply, and said in broken sentences, "Our house is passing through terrible trials, my son. Perhaps we did wrong to come here. There is no cross in our foundations, and we have built on a worldly footing. 'Unless the Lord build the house——' It was good of you to delay at my request the execution of your purpose, but now that the time has come—— I had set my heart on you, my son. I am an old man now, and something of the affection of the natural father——"

John Storm had reached for the old man's hand. "Father, if you only knew——"

"Yes, yes; I know, I know. You have suffered, and it is not for me to reproach you. The novitiate has its great joys, but it has its great trials also. Self has to be got rid of, faith has to be exerted, obedience has to be learned, and, above all, the heart has to be detached from its idols in the world—a devoted mother, it may be; a dear sister; perhaps a dearer one still."

There was silence for a moment. John's head was down; he could not speak.

"It is not for me to probe the heart that does not reveal itself to its spiritual father. That you wish to return to the world only shows that you came before you heard the call of God. Some other voice seemed to speak to you, and you listened and thought it was God's voice. But God's voice will come to you yet, and you will hear it and answer it and not another. Have you anywhere to go to when you leave this house?"

"Yes, the home of a good woman. I have written to her—I think she will receive me."

"All that you brought with you will be returned, and if you want money——"

"No, I came to you as a beggar—let me leave you as a beggar too."

"There is one thing more, my son."

"What is it, father?"

The old man's voice was scarcely audible. "You are breaking obedience by leaving us before the end of your novitiate, and the community must separate itself from you as from one who has violated his vow and cast himself off from grace. This will have to be done before you cross our threshold. It is our duty to the brotherhood; it is also our duty to God. You understand that?"

"Yes."

"And will be prepared for it?"

"Yes."

"It will be in the church a few minutes before midday service."

"Yes."

The father rose to go. "Then that is all?"

"Yes, that is all."

The father's voice was breaking. "Good by, my son."

"Good by, father — and God bless you!"

A leather trunk which he had brought with him on the day he came to the brotherhood was returned to his room, containing the clothes he had worn in the outer world as well as his purse and watch and other belongings. He dressed himself in his habit as a secular priest and put the cassock of the society over it, for he knew that to remove that must be part of the ordeal of his expulsion. Then the bell rang for breakfast, and he went down to the refectory.

The brothers received him in silence, hardly looking up as he entered. Nevertheless, by their furtive glances he could plainly see that he was the only subject that occupied their thoughts. When the meal was over he tried to mingle among them that he might say farewell to as many as were willing that he should do so. Some gave him their hands with prompt good will, some avoided him, and some turned their backs upon him altogether.

But if his reception in the refectory was chilling, his welcome in the courtyard was warm enough. At the first sound of his footstep on the paved way the dog came from his quarters under the sycamore. One moment the creature stood and looked at him with its sad and bloodshot eyes, then with a bound it threw its fore paws on his breast, and then plunged and pitched around him and uttered deep bays that were like the roar of thunder.

He sat on the seat and caressed the dog, and his heart grew full and happy. The morning was bright with sunshine, the air was fragrant with the flowers of spring, and birds were singing and rejoicing in the tree.

Presently, Brother Andrew came and sat beside him. The lay brother, like a human dog, had been following him about all morning, and now in his feeble way he began to talk of his mother, and to wonder if John would ever see her. Her name was Pincher, and she was a good woman. She lived in Crook Lane, Crown Street, Soho, and kept house for his brother, who was a pawnbroker. But his brother, poor fellow, was much given to drinking, and perhaps that had been a reason why he himself had left home. John promised to call on her, and then Brother Andrew began to cry. The sprawling features of the great fellow were almost laughable to look upon.

The bell rang for terce. While the brothers were at prayers John took his last look over the house. With the dog at his heels—the old thing seemed resolved to lose sight of him no more—he passed slowly through the hall and into the community room and up the stairs and down the top corridor. He looked again at every inscription on the walls, though he knew them all by heart and had read them a hundred times. When he came to his own cell he was touched by a strange tenderness. Place where he had thought so much, prayed so much, suffered so much—it was dear to him after all! He went up on the roof. How often he had been drawn there as by a devilish fascination! The great city looked innocent enough now under its mantle of sunlight, dotted over with green; but how dense, how difficult!

Then the bell rang for midday service, though it was not yet noon, and he went down to the hall. The brothers were there already, making ready to go into the church. The order of the procession was the same as on the day of his dedication, except that Brother Paul was no longer with them—Brother Andrew going first with the cross, then the lay brothers, then the religious, then the father, and John Storm last of all.

Though the courtyard was full of sunshine, the church looked dark and gloomy. Curtains were drawn across the windows, and the altar was draped as for a death. As soon as the brothers had taken their places in the choir the father stood on the altar steps and said,

"If any member of this community has one unfaithful thought of going back to the outer world I charge him to come to

this altar now. But woe to him through whom the offense cometh! Woe to him who turns back after taking up the golden plow!"

John was kneeling in his place in the second row of the choir. The eyes of the community were upon him. He hesitated a moment, then rose and stepped up to the altar.

"My son," said the father, "it is not yet too late. I see your fate as plainly as I see you now. Shall I tell you what it is? Can you bear to hear it? I see you going out into a world which has nothing to satisfy the cravings of your soul. I see you foredoomed to failure and suffering and despair. I see you coming back to us within a year with a broken and bleeding heart. I see you taking the vows of lifelong consecration. Can you face that future?"

"I must."

"There is no help for it," said the father, and taking a book from the altar he read the awful service of the degradation—

"*By the authority of God Almighty, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and by our own authority, we the members of the Society of the Holy Gethsemane do take away from thee the habit of our order and depose and degrade and deprive thee of all rights and privileges in the spiritual goods and prayers which, by the grace of God, are done among us.*"

"Amen! Amen!" said the brothers.

During the reading of the service John had been kneeling. The father motioned to him to rise, and proceeded to remove the cord with which he had bound him at his consecration. When this was done he signaled to Brother Andrew to take off the cassock.

The bell was tolled. The father dropped to his knees. The brothers, hoarse and husky, began to sing *In exitu Israel de Ægypto*. Their heads were down, their voices seemed to come up out of the earth.

It was all over now. John Storm turned about, hardly able to see his way. Brother Andrew went before him to open the door of the sacristy. The lay brother was crying audibly.

The sun was still shining in the courtyard, and the birds were still singing and rejoicing. The first thing of which John was conscious was that the dog was licking his rigid fingers.

A moment later he was in the little covered passage to the street and Brother Andrew was opening the iron gate.

"Good by, my lad."

He stretched out his hand, then remembered that he was an excommunicated man, and tried to draw it back, but the lay brother had snatched at it and lifted it to his lips.

The dog was following him into the street.

"Go back, old friend."

He patted the old creature on the head, and Brother Andrew laid hold of it by the neck. A hansom was waiting for him with his trunk on the top.

"Victoria Square, Westminster," he called. The cab was moving off when there was a growl and a lurch—the dog had broken away and was running after it.

How crowded the streets were! How deafening was the traffic! The church bell was ringing for midday service. What a thin tinkle it made out there, yet how deep was its boom within! Stock Exchange men with their leisurely activity were going in by their seven doorways to their great counting house in Capel Court.

He began to feel a boundless relief. How his heart was beating! With what a strange and deep emotion he found himself once more in the world! Driving in the dense and devious thoroughfares was like sailing on a cross sea outside a difficult headland. He could smell the brine and feel the flick of the foam on his lips and cheeks. It was liberty, it was life!

Feeling anxious about the dog, he drew up the cab for a moment. The faithful creature was running under the driver's seat. Before the cab could start again a line of sandwich men had passed in front of it. Their boards contained one word only. The word was "Gloria."

He saw it, yet it barely arrested his consciousness. Somehow it seemed like an echo from the existence he had left behind.

The noises of life were as wine in his veins now. He was burning with impatience to overtake his arrears of knowledge, to see what the world had gone

through in his absence. Leaning over the door of the hansom, he read the names of the streets and the signs over the shops, and tried to identify the houses which had been rebuilt, and the thoroughfares which had been altered. But the past was the past, and the clock would turn back for no man. These men and women in the streets knew all that had happened. The poorest beggar on the pavement knew more than he did. Nearly a year of his life was gone—in prayers, in penance, in fasting, in visions, in dreams—dropped out, left behind and lost forever.

Going by the Bank, the cab drew up again to allow a line of omnibuses to pass into Cheapside. Every omnibus had its board for advertisements, and nearly every board contained the word he had seen before—"Gloria."

"Only the name of some music hall singer," he told himself. But the name had begun to trouble him. It had stirred the fibers of memory, and made him think of the past—of his yacht, of Peel, of his father, and finally of Glory—and again of Glory—and yet again of Glory.

He saw that flags were flying on the Mansion House and on the Bank, and pushing up the trap of the hansom, he asked if anything unusual was going on.

"Lawd, down't ye know what day it is terday, sir? It's the ole lydy's birthday. That's why all the wimming's going abart in their penny carridges. Been through a illness, sir?"

"Yes, something of that sort."

"Thort so, sir."

When the cab started afresh he began to tell himself what he was going to do in the future. He was going to work among the poor and the outcast, the oppressed and the fallen. He was going to search for them and find them in their haunts of sin and misery. Nothing was to be too mean for him. Nothing was to be common or unclean. No matter about his own honor! No matter if he was only one man in a million! The kingdom of heaven was like a grain of mustard seed.

When he came within sight of St. Paul's the golden cross on the dome was flashing like a fiery finger in the blaze of the midday sun. That was the true ensign! That was the great example! It was a monstrous and wicked fallacy, a gloomy and narrow formula, that religion had to do with the affairs of the eternal world only. Work was religion! Work was prayer! Work was praise! Work was the love of man and the glory of God!

Glorious gospel! Great and deathless symbol!

XLIII.

Behind Buckingham Palace there is a little square of modest houses standing back from the tide of traffic, and nearly always as quiet as a cloister. At one angle of the square there is a house somewhat larger than the rest, but just as simple and unassuming. In the dining room of this house an elderly lady was sitting down to lunch alone, with the covers laid for another at the opposite side of the table.

"Hae ye the spare room ready, Emma?"

Yes, ma'am," said the maid.

'And the sheets done airing? And baith the pillows? And the pillow slips—and everything finished?"

The maid was answering "Yes" to each of those questions when a hansom cab came rattling up to the front of the house, and the old lady leapt out of her seat.

"It's himself," she cried, and she ran like a girl to the hall.

The door had been opened before she got there, and a deep voice was saying, "Is Mrs. Callender——"

"It's John! My gracious! It's John Storm!" the old woman cried, and she lifted both hands as if to fling herself into his arms. "My goodness, laddie, but you gave poor auld Jane sic a start! Expected ye? To be sure we expected you, and terribly thrang we've been all morning making ready. Only my daft auld brain must have been a wee ajee. But," smiling through her tears, "has a body never a cheek that you must be kissing at her hand? And this is your dog?" looking down at the bloodhound. "Welcome? Why, of course it's welcome. What was I saying the day, Emma? 'I'd like fine to have a dog,' didn't I? and here it is to our hand. Away with ye, James, man, and show Mr. Storm to his

room, and then find a bed for the creature somewhere. Letters for ye, laddie? Letters enough, and you'll find them on the table up stairs. Only, mind ye, the lunch is ready, and your fish is getting cold."

John Storm opened his letters in his room. One of them was from his uncle, the prime minister:

I rejoice to hear of your most sensible resolution. Come and dine with me at Downing Street this day week at seven o'clock. I have much to say and much to ask, and I expect to be quite alone.

Another of his letters was from his father:

I am not surprised at your intelligence, but if anything could exceed the folly of going into a monastery it is the imbecility of coming out of it. The former appears to be a subject of common talk in this island already, and no doubt the latter will soon be so.

John flinched as at a cut across the face and then smiled a smile of relief. Apparently Glory was writing home, wherever she was, and there was good news in that, at all events.

"Come your ways in, laddie, and let me look at ye again. Man, but your face is pale and your bonnie eyes are that sunken; but sit ye down and eat. They've been starving ye, I'm thinking, and miscalling it religion. It's enough to drive a reasonable body to drink. Carnal I am, laddie, but I just want to put some flesh on your bones. Monks indeed! And in this age of the world too! Little Jack Horners sitting in corners saying, 'Oh, what a good boy am I!'"

John defended his late brethren. They were holy men; they lived a holy life; he had not been good enough for their company.

"But I feel like a sailor home from sea," he said; "tell me what has happened."

"Births, marriages, and deaths? I suppose ye're like the lave of the men and think nothing else matters to a woman. But come now, more chicken? No? A wee bit? Ay, but ye're sair altered, laddie! Weel, where can a body begin?"

"The canon—how is he?"

"Fine as fivepence. Good as ever in the pulpit? Yes, but it's a pity he doesn't bide there, for he's nothing to be windy of when he comes out of it. Deacon now, bless ye, or archdeacon, or some sec botherment, and his daughter is to be married to yon slip of a curate with the rabbit mouth and the heather legs. Weel, she wasna for all markets, you ken."

"And Mrs. Mackray?"

"Gone over to the angels. Dead? Nae, ye're too expecting altogether. She's got religion, though, and holds missionary meetings in her drawing room of a Monday, and gives lunches to actor folks of a Sunday, and now a poor woman that's been working for charity and Christianity all her days has no chance with her any way."

"And Miss Mackray?"

"Poor young leddy, they're for marrying her at last! Yes, to that Ure man, that lord thing with the eyeglass. I much misdoubt but her heart's been somewhere else, and there's one auld woman would a hantle rather have heard tell of her getting the right man than seeing the laddie bury himself in a monastery. She's given in at last, though, and it's to be a grand wedding, they're telling me. Your Americans are kittle cattle—just the Jews of the west, seemingly, and they must do everything splendiferously. There are to be jewels as big as walnuts, and bouquets five feet in diameter, and a rope of pearls for a necklace, and a rehearsal of the hale thing in the church. Yes, indeed, a rehearsal, and the deacon, honest man, in the middle of the magnificence."

John Storm's pale face was twitching.

"And the hospital," he said, "has anything happened there——?"

"Nothing."

"No other case such as the one——" he faltered.

"Not since yon poor bit lassie."

"Thank God."

"It was the first ill thing I had heard tell of for years, and the nurses are good women for all that. High spirited, yes; but dear, bright, happy things, to think what they have to know and to be present at! Lawyers, doctors, and nurses see the worst of human nature, and she'd be a heartless woman who'd no make allowances for them, poor creatures!"

John Storm had risen from the table with a flushed face, making many ex-

cuses. He would step round to the hospital; he had questions to ask there, and it would be a walk after luncheon.

"Do," said Mrs. Callender, "but remember dinner at six. And hark, ye, hinny, this house is to be your home until you light on a better one, so just sleep saft in it and wake merrily. And Jane Callender is to be your auld auntie until some ither body takes ye frae her, and then it'll no be her hand ye'll be kissing for fear of her wrinkles, I'm thinking."

The day was bright, the sun was shining, and the streets were full of thoroughbred horses in gorgeous carriages with coachmen in splendid liveries going to the drawing room in honor of the royal birthday. As John went by the palace, the approaches to it were thronged, the band of the Household Cavalry was playing within the rails, and officers in full dress uniform, clerical dignitaries in academic robes, civil servants in court dress with swords and cocked hats, and ladies in gold and silver brocade with bouquets and white plumes were filing through the gates toward the Throne Room.

The hospital looked strangely unfamiliar after so short an absence, and there were new faces among the nurses who passed to and fro in the corridors. John asked for the matron, and was received with constrained and distant courtesy. Was he well? Quite well? They had a resident chaplain now, and being in priest's orders, he had many advantages where death was so frequent. Was he sure he had not been ill? John understood. It was almost as if he had come out of some supernatural existence. People looked at him as if they were afraid.

"I came to ask if you could tell me anything of Nurse Quayle?" he said.

The matron could tell him nothing. The girl had gone; they had been compelled to part with her. Nothing serious? No, but totally unfit to be a nurse. She had some good qualities certainly—cheerfulness, brightness, tenderness—and for sake of these, and his own interest in the girl, they had put up with inconceivable rudeness and irregularities. What had become of her? She really could not say. Nurse Allworthy might know, and the matron took up her pen.

John found the ward sister with the house doctor at the bed of a patient. She was short and even curt, said over her shoulder she knew nothing about the girl, and then turned back to her work. As John passed out of the ward the doctor followed him and said perhaps the porter might be able to tell him something.

The porter was difficult at first, but seeing his way clearer after a while he admitted to receiving letters for the nurse and delivering them up to her when she called. That was long ago, and she had not been there since New Year's Eve. Then she had given him a shilling and said she would trouble him no more.

John gave him five shillings and asked if anybody ever called for her. Yes, once. Who was it? A gentleman. Had he left his name? No, but he had said he would write. When was that? A day or two before she was there the last time.

Drake! There could not be a shadow of a doubt of it. John Storm looked at the clock. It was 3.45. Then he buttoned his coat and crossed the street to the park with his face in the direction of St. James' Street.

Horatio Drake had given a luncheon in his rooms that day in honor of Glory's first public appearance. The performance was to come off at night, but in the course of the morning there had been a dress rehearsal in the salon of the Corinthian Club. Twenty men and women, chiefly journalists and artists, had assembled there to get a first glimpse of the débutante, and cameras had lurked behind portières and in alcoves to catch her poses, her expressions, her fleeting smiles and humorous grimaces. Then the company had adjourned to Drake's chambers. The luncheon was now over, the last guest had gone, and the host was in his dining room alone.

Drake was standing by the chimney piece, holding at arm's length a pencil sketch of a woman's beautiful face and lithe figure. "Like herself, it's alive to the finger tips," he thought, and then he propped it against the pier glass.

There was a sound of the opening and closing of the outer door down stairs, and Lord Robert entered the room. He looked heated, harassed, and exhausted. Shak-

ing out his perfumed handkerchief he mopped his forehead, drew a long breath, and dropped into a chair.

"I've done it," he said; "it's all over."

Polly Love had lunched with the company that day, and Lord Robert had returned home with her in order to break the news of his approaching marriage. He gave his version of what had occurred. While the girl had been removing her hat and jacket he had sat at the piano and thumbed it, hardly knowing how to begin. All at once he had said, "Do you know, my dear, I'm to be married on Saturday?" She had said nothing at first, and he had played the piano furiously. Heavens, what a frame of mind to be in! Why didn't the girl speak? At last he had looked round at her, and there she stood smiling, grinning, gasping, and white as a ghost. Suddenly she had begun to cry. Good God, such crying! Yes, it was all over. Everything had been settled somehow.

"But I'll be in harder condition before I tackle such a job again," said Lord Robert.

There was silence for a moment. Drake was leaning on the mantelpiece, his legs crossed, and one foot beating on the hearthrug. The men were ashamed, and they began to talk of indifferent things. Smoke? Didn't mind. Those Indian cigars were good. Not bad, certainly.

At length Drake said in a different voice, "Cruel but necessary, Robert — necessary to the woman who is going to be your wife, cruel to the poor girl who has been."

Lord Robert tossed his head and snorted like a colt, rose to his feet impatiently, stretched his arm and shot out his striped cuff and walked to and fro across the room.

"'Pon my soul I believe I should have stuck to the little thing but for the old girl, don't you know. She's made such a good social running lately—and then she's started this evangelical craze too. No, Polly wouldn't have suited her book anyhow."

Silence again, and then further talk on indifferent things.

"Wish Benson wouldn't sweep the soda water off the table."

"Ring for it."

"The little thing really cares for me, don't you know. And it isn't my fault, is it? I had to hedge. Frank, dear boy, you're always taunting me with the treadmill we have to turn for the sake of society, but with debts about a man's neck like a millstone, what could a man do?"

"I don't mean that you're worse than others, old fellow," said Drake, "or that sacrificing this one poor child is going to mend matters much——"

"No, it isn't likely to improve my style of going, is it?"

"But that man John Storm was not so far wrong, after all. For this polygamy of our lavender glove tribe the nation itself will be overtaken by the judgment of God one of these days."

Lord Robert laughed derisively.

"Go on," he cried. "Go on, dear boy! It's funny to hear you, though—after to-day's proceedings too," and he glanced significantly around the table.

Drake brought down his fist with a thump on the mantelpiece. "Hold your tongue, Robert. How often am I to tell you this is entirely different? Because I discover a creature of genius and try to help her to the position she deserves——"

"You hypocrite, if it had been a man instead of a charming little woman with big eyes, don't you know——"

But there had been a ring at the outer door, and Benson had come in to say that a clergyman was waiting down stairs.

"Little Golightly again!" said Lord Robert wearily. "Are these everlasting arrangements never——"

The man stopped him. It was not Mr. Golightly; it was a stranger; would not give his name; looked like a Catholic priest; had been there before, he thought.

"Can it be—talk of the devil——"

"Ask him up," said Drake. And while Drake bit his lip and clenched his hands, and Lord Robert took up a scent bottle and sprayed himself with eau de cologne, they saw a man clad in the long coat of a priest come into the room—calm, grave, self possessed, very pale, with hollow and shaven cheeks, dark and sunken eyes which burned with a somber fire, and head so closely cropped as to seem to be almost bald.

(*To be continued.*) on page 577

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THREE NEW SENATORS.

Senator Boies Penrose, Don Cameron's successor as the representative of the second State of the Union, is one of the youngest men in the "upper house" of Congress. A lawyer by profession, he has practised but little, having devoted most of his time and attention to politics and office holding. His life has hitherto been uneventful, or eventful only in his rapid promotion from municipal politics to the national arena. His career there lies before him, and it may, as his friends predict, prove a distinguished one.

He is undoubtedly a man of ability. He was trained at Harvard, where he graduated in 1881, and in Wayne MacVeagh's law office. At Harrisburg, where he first went as a member of the Legislature when he was only twenty four, he speedily made his mark as a clever speaker and as a leader of his party. Still more striking testimony to his powers is the fact that Senator Quay, who is a judge of men, selected Mr. Penrose as one of his most trusted lieutenants. He has, of course, owed much to the influence of the older politician. Two years ago it was expected that he would be nominated for mayor of Philadelphia. Apparently he had a clear field before him,

BOIES PENROSE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

From a photograph by Lemer, Harrisburg.

but at the last moment, while Senator Quay was catching tarpon in Florida, a combination was effected which brought about his defeat. Mr. Quay is understood to have been deeply chagrined, and to have determined that Mr. Penrose should receive a vindication. This was amply secured by his election to the Senate, to the complete discomfiture of those who were urging the nomination of John Wanamaker.

While Pennsylvania's two Senators may be counted upon to act together in political matters, the situation is different with South Carolina's representatives. Judge Earle, the new Senator from the Palmetto State, gained his seat after a bitter fight with the faction led by his colleague, Mr. Tillman, of "pitchfork" fame, and the two men have been political antagonists for years. Senator Earle is a typical Southerner, a member of an old South Carolina family. Like the vast majority of the men who make our laws, he is a lawyer. When his State seceded from the Union, he was too young to receive a commission, but he entered the ranks as a private, and carried a musket throughout the war. Amid a countless multitude of generals and colonels, Judge Earle and Congressman John Allen of Mississippi are probably the only Confederate privates who have achieved the distinction of seats in the national legislature.

Senator Earle does not lack experience of public life, having served as attorney general of South Carolina, as a circuit judge, and in the State Assembly. He is a finished speaker, and is likely to prove an acquisition to the Southern wing of the Senate.

JUDGE JOSEPH H. EARLE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.
From a photograph by Reckling, Columbia.

While Senator Earle, a boy of fifteen, was fighting for the Confederacy, another of the newly elected Senators, who was just three years younger, entered the Federal service as a telegraph messenger at Rolla, Missouri. His name was George Turner, and after half a dozen years as messenger and operator he went to Mobile, to study law in his brother's office, and to make a career for himself in the South. He became a Republican leader in Alabama, but left the State in 1884 to accept a place, offered him by President Arthur, upon the supreme bench of Washington Territory, as it was then. When his term expired he settled at Spokane, where he

GEORGE TURNER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM WASHINGTON.
From a photograph by Maxwell, Spokane.

practised law up to the time of his election to the Senate.

Senator Turner was a member of the famous "306" who fought so desperately for Grant's third nomination at the Chicago convention in 1880. He takes no little pride in his "306" medal, though he is now estranged from his former political associates. He stumped his State for Bryan last year, and is an earnest and outspoken champion of the unlimited coinage of silver. He also advocates government ownership of railroads and telegraphs.

A BOSTON JOURNALIST AND POET.

James Jeffrey Roche is an exemplar of the saying that poets are born, not made. He has been writing verses since he was old enough to write anything, and his literary tastes were inherited from his father, a noted Irish scholar in his day. Besides several volumes of verse, he has published a novel, a drama, and a "Life of John Boyle O'Reilly," and has done a variety of journalistic work. He was the poet on the occasion of the dedication of the national monument at Gettysburg.

Mr. Roche succeeded John Boyle O'Reilly as editor of the Boston *Pilot*, the oldest and one of the most important Catholic newspapers of the country. He was born about fifty years ago in Queen's County, Ireland, but has spent most of his life in the New England metropolis. We are often told that Boston's old time supremacy in American letters has passed to New York; be this as it may, she still possesses a group of writers which is doing much for American literature, and of which Mr. Roche

is one of the best known and most popular members.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Theodore Roosevelt's appointment as assistant secretary of the navy takes from the field the Assembly. He was badly beaten as a Republican candidate for the mayoralty of the metropolis, but made a good record as one of President Harrison's civil service commissioners—which post he resigned two years ago to accept the thankless and difficult po-

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, EDITOR OF THE BOSTON "PILOT."

From a photograph by James Notman, Boston.

of New York's municipal politics—temporarily, at any rate—one of its most interesting figures.

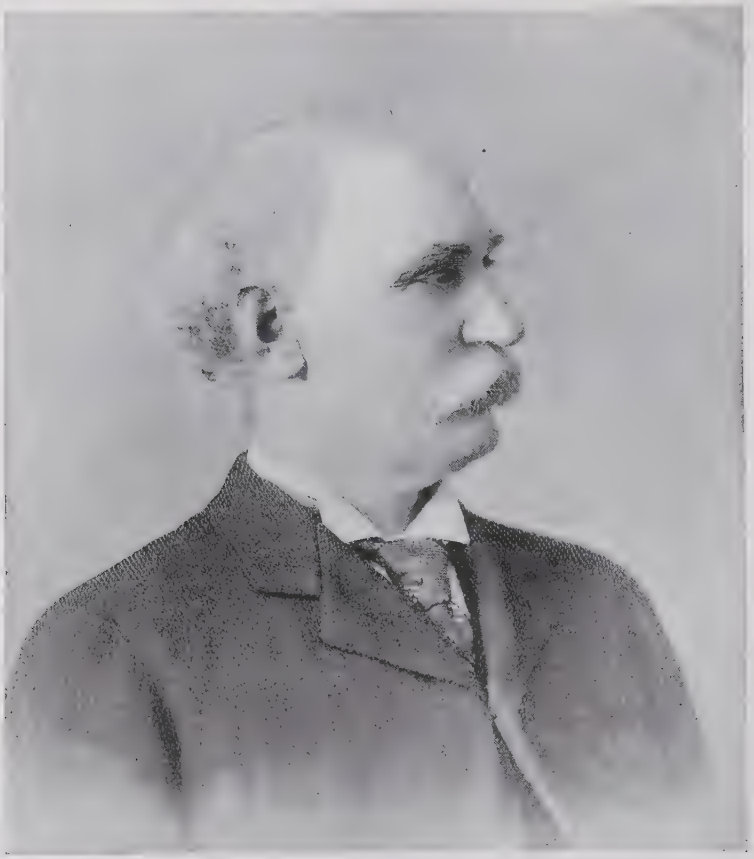
Though Mr. Roosevelt is not quite forty, he has had fifteen years' experience of public life. It began with his election to the New York Legislature in 1882, two years after he graduated from Harvard. Young as he was, in his second term at Albany he became the leader of his party, then the minority one, in

sition of president of the New York police board.

A member of one of the oldest Knickerbocker families, possessed of an adequate fortune, owning a fine country home on Long Island and important business interests in the West, with a marked taste and talent for literary work and a great fondness for outdoor sports, Mr. Roosevelt has devoted himself to politics from public spirit rather than ambi-

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1897, by George G. Rockwood, New York.



ROBERT TREAT PAINE, OF BOSTON.
From a photograph by the Notman Photographic Company, Boston.

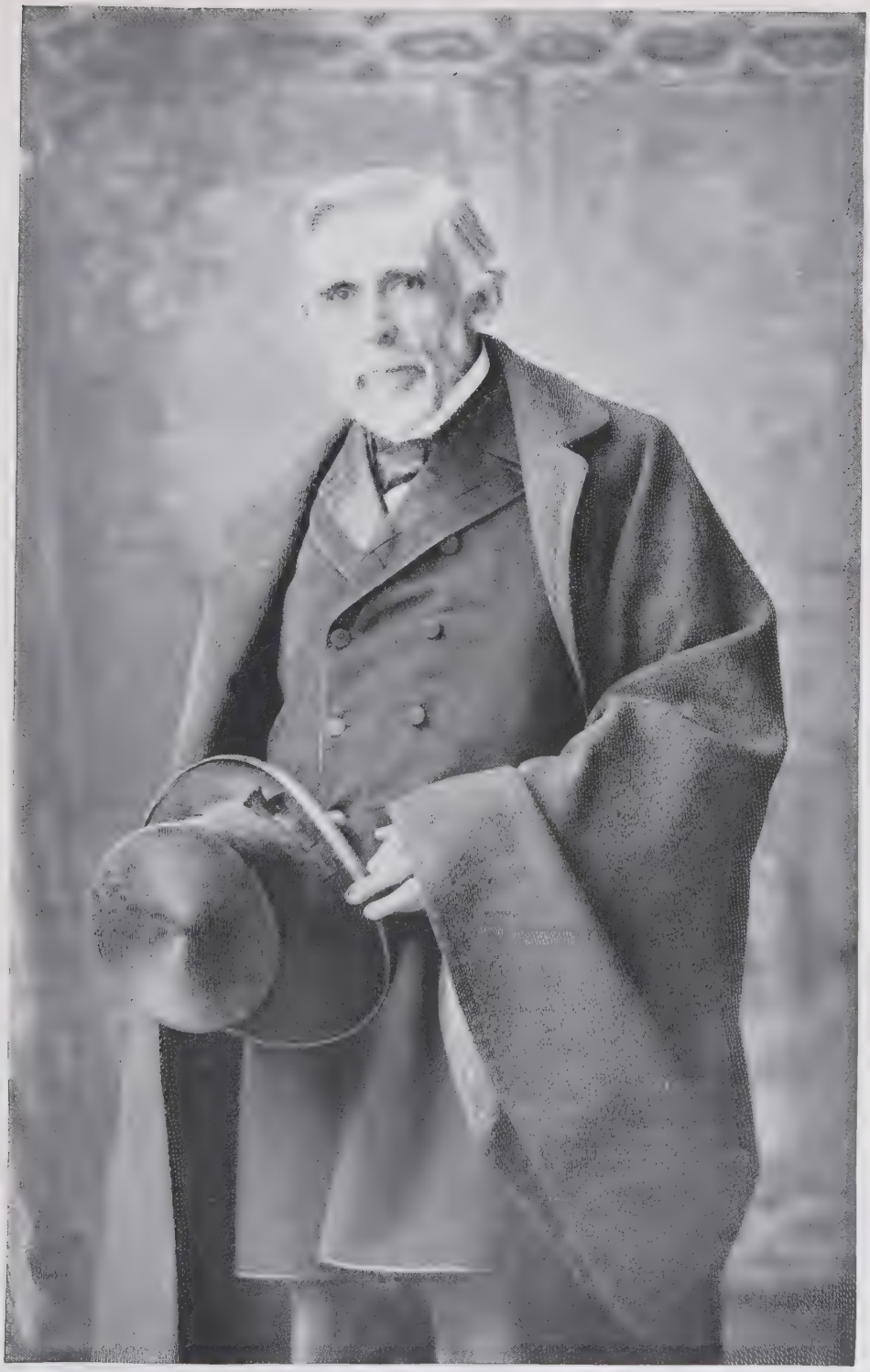
tion. "There is always a satisfaction," he said not long ago, "in doing any work that ought to be done. This police business is necessary and useful, and I am glad I am in it. As to political honors, a man is a fool who bothers himself as to his chances of getting them. Just as soon as he begins to consider the possible effect of his actions upon his own political future, he loses his public usefulness."

It would be well if we had in the public service more men whose principles were as good, and as fearlessly carried into action, as Mr. Roosevelt's.

A PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST.

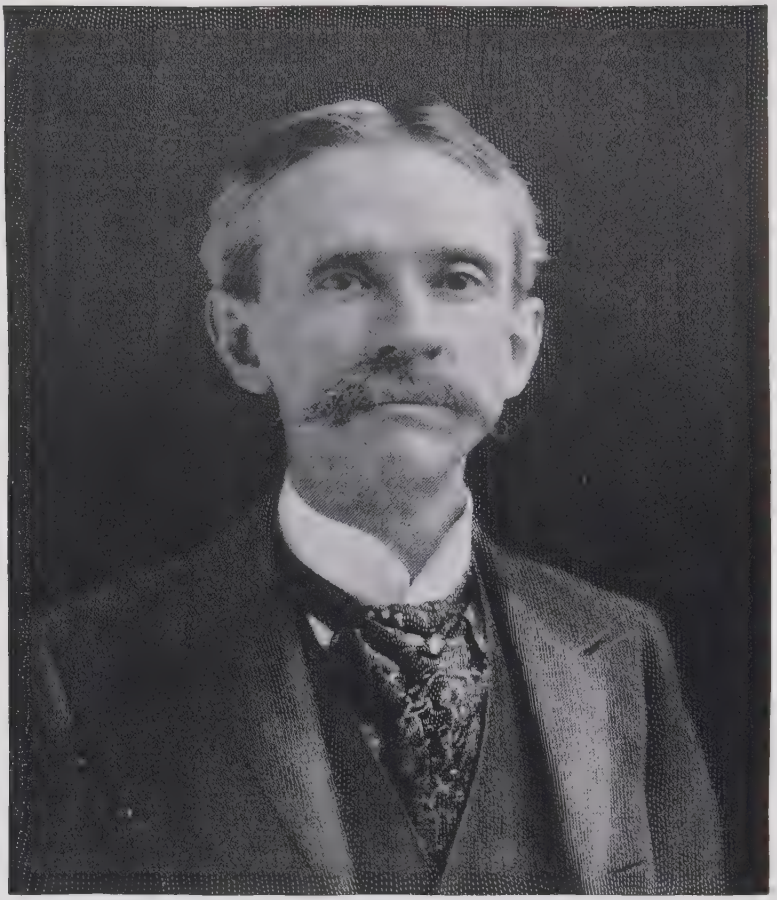
Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, is a rich man who for twenty five years has made the practical study of charity the chief object of a busy life, and who has come to be regarded as one of the highest living authorities on the subject. He recently visited Chicago, inspected the methods in vogue with the benevolent people of the Western metropolis, and good naturedly criticised some of them as unscientific. He thinks that alms giving is a mistake. So long as food, clothing, and money are given away, so long, Mr. Paine declares, the country will have more than its share of tramps and professional beggars. He believes in finding work for the needy, and in teaching them self help and thrift. These are the lines on which Boston's charity bureau is organized, its principle being to help the distressed, and at the same time to demand some return from those whom it serves.

Mr. Paine is a namesake and direct descendant of the Robert Treat Paine whose signature stands between those of John Adams and Elbridge Gerry upon the Declaration of Independence. His own independence was instanced in last year's Presidential canvass, when he was one of the very few men who sallied forth from the classic slopes of Beacon Hill to make public speeches on



GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, OF MASSACHUSETTS, EX SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by J. E. Purdy & Co., Boston.



FRANK R. STOCKTON.

From a photograph by Parker, Morristown.

behalf of Mr. Bryan. He is a prominent factor in Massachusetts Episcopalianism—though of course his charity recognizes no sect—and was a very close friend of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks. Like most true Bostonians, he is a Harvard man, and takes a warm interest in the affairs of his alma mater.

A GRAND OLD MAN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Since the death of William E. Russell there has been only one living Democratic Ex Governor of Massachusetts; and that one is a statesman who, after his service as chief magistrate of the Bay State, became, amid the mutations of American politics, one of the founders of the Republican party, and for thirty years was a factor in its history and in that of the country.

George S. Boutwell's useful and eventful career began with an election to the Massachusetts Legislature fifty four years ago. He served as Governor in 1850 and again in 1852, but two years later his strong convictions upon the slavery question drove him from his former political associations. He went into Congress as a Republican, and there made a national reputation as a legislator and debater. He took a leading part in the movement for President Johnson's impeachment. Grant took him into the cabinet as head of the treasury department, from which he passed to the Senate as the successor of his friend Charles Sumner.

For twenty years, since his term in the Senate, Ex Governor Boutwell, who recently passed his eightieth milestone, has lived in comparative retirement, though he has undertaken some important diplomatic missions for foreign governments—those of Chili, Hayti, and Hawaii. He is a lawyer, but has never actively practised. He is in great demand as an after dinner speaker, and is a most interesting talker when he cares to delve into his rich store of political reminiscences. His

home is in the historic Massachusetts town of Groton, though he generally avoids the rigors of the New England climate by wintering in the South.

AN AMERICAN NOVELIST.

Just how high a place in contemporary literature should be assigned to Frank Stockton is a question upon which opinions may differ; but it cannot be doubted that he has a niche which is all his own. He has won it entirely by the merit of his work, which is exceedingly original and individual, and thoroughly American, besides being faultless in style and delightful in flavor.

Mr. Stockton is one of the veterans, though nobody would guess from his appearance that he is in his sixty fourth year. He has been a factor in the world of letters for more than a generation. He was educated for medicine, but preferred to take up wood engraving. Drifting into journalism, he had a versatile experience in Philadelphia and New York, as a reporter, an editor, and a contributor of stories and sketches. Gradually his special field became more defined, and he devoted himself entirely to fiction. Like many other novelists, he matured late, and his best work has been done within the last twenty years. "Rudder Grange" was the book that stamped his reputation; but nothing he ever did aroused such intense and wide spread interest as that striking and original little story, "The Lady or the Tiger?" For years Mr. Stockton was pestered with inquiries and reproaches from readers whom the abrupt ending of the brief narrative left unsatisfied as to the fate of its hero. Robert Browning gave his opinion as to the probable solution, and a wild tribe in Burmah eagerly asked a traveling missionary if the mystery had been cleared up since his last visit.

Mr. Stockton lives and works in a pleasant country home near Morristown, and has found many of his characters among his New Jersey neighbors. Character drawing is his forte, and the opinions he expresses in an article published elsewhere in this magazine come with special force from the creator of *Pomona* and *Enoch Bullripple*.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

All Washington is beaming under the influence of the cordial attitude of the new President. Mr. McKinley bids fair to become the most popular chief magistrate since Grant, who came to the citizens of the capital clothed as a hero, and who touched elbows with them as a familiar friend.

One of the President's first acts was to remove the police stationed about the White House. His predecessor had three squads of eight men each placed about the mansion. Unsightly "peep boxes" dotted the grounds, and held guardians of the peace in readiness to stop any intruder whose appearance they might regard as suspicious. Washington takes it as a compliment that these precautions are no longer considered necessary.

Mr. McKinley's face, whether it is like Napoleon's or not, is one that bespeaks courage and confidence. Unattended by guards, accompanied only by his secretary or some other friend, he strolls about the neighborhood of the White House, down Pennsylvania Avenue, or out along Connecticut Avenue or Sixteenth Street, nearly every afternoon. This is a custom that reminds old residents of General Grant. The government clerks, wearied by their heavy task of killing time from nine to four, used often to meet the general as they came out of the departments. Cigar in mouth, and hands crossed reflectively behind his broad back, the general would pass them, always bowing to those who bowed to him. Courtesy finally established the rule that it was better not to recognize him, as his walk was more like work than pleasure, so continually was he called upon to return salutations.

Thrice a week, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at three o'clock in the afternoon, President McKinley is accessible to all callers, and eager throngs have gone to the White House to shake his hand.

There are only two living Ex Presidents—Mr. Cleveland and General Harrison—but there are a good many sons of former chief magistrates. Robert T. Lincoln, who was secretary of war under Garfield and Arthur, and minister to England—the post had not then been raised to the rank of ambassador—under Harrison, is the most conspicuous. He is practising law in Chicago, and has no ambition to enter the political arena. In fact, he has more than once positively refused to come forward as a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people. Politicians and some statesmen have been known to pretend that they are trying to escape the Presidential lightning while secretly doing everything in their power to attract it; but it is generally admitted that Mr. Lincoln was absolutely sincere.

The death of Mr. Lincoln's only son, who was named after his illustrious grandfather, and who died while his father was stationed in London, was a blow from which he has never entirely recovered.

* * * *

Two of General Grant's sons, Jesse and Ulysses, are living in California. The former

is reported to have recently obtained from the Mexican government mining concessions in Lower California, which may make him rich. The latter is ranching, and is said to be doing well. He is more like his father in personal appearance than either Colonel Fred Grant, the New York police commissioner, or Jesse.

* * * *

Garfield's two sons, James R. and Henry, are living in Cleveland. Both are lawyers. James appears to have inherited some of his father's taste for politics. He was elected to the Ohio State Senate a year ago, and is said to be in training for a Congressional career. He resembles his father slightly, but is not nearly so tall.

* * * *

The two Hayes boys, Rutherford B. Hayes, Jr., and Webb C. Hayes, also make their headquarters in Cleveland. Neither has ever evinced the slightest ambition to enter the political arena. They have never even sought an appointive office, which is perhaps remarkable. General Hayes left a considerable estate, and his children are financially independent.

* * * *

Chester Alan Arthur is a lawyer, but he is said to have an ambition to be the representative of the United States at some foreign capital. His father wished him to enter the army, but the young man's tastes did not lie in that direction.

Russell Harrison is looking after the management of some street railway interests in Indiana, and is said to be prospering.

* * * *

Colonel John Jacob Astor—"colonel" by grace of an appointment on Governor Morton's staff—believes that a flying machine that will fly is among the possibilities, or rather the probabilities, of science. Several years ago he wrote a book which told about a journey to the planet Mars on a flying machine. He was immediately overwhelmed with invitations to inspect models of flying machines, which "could be perfected by the expenditure of a comparatively trifling sum of money." It is hardly necessary to say that the offers were declined. But he has faith that a machine will be invented some day which will solve the problem of aërial navigation.

Colonel Astor has a mechanical turn of mind. While on a trip to the Atlanta Exposition, a couple of years ago, he gave a practical demonstration of his ability. The engine that was taking Governor Morton and his staff southward broke down between stations, and the break proved beyond the capacity of the regular engineer of the train to repair. Young Mr. Astor crawled in under the engine, found out what the trouble was, and corrected it in a very few minutes.

* * * *

Several years ago a well known editor invited Colonel Astor to write an article for his publication. Nothing was said about the price to be paid for the article, but when it arrived the editor sent the millionaire author a check for five hundred dollars. He was astonished, the next day, to receive a note returning the check, and saying that Colonel Astor could not accept more than a hundred dollars for his contribution, as that was all he believed it was worth.

The editor was several weeks in recovering from the shock caused by an incident so totally unprecedented in all the annals of journalism.

* * * *

An American journalist who has been stationed as a correspondent in Berlin for twenty five years, and who recently spent a holiday in his native land, commented severely upon the misrepresentations in which our newspapers indulge regarding people and things across the Atlantic.

"The recent story that the Kaiser is losing his mind is utter nonsense," he said. "There was no sort of foundation for the report, though it was printed all over the country. The facts about his 'withered arm' have been grossly overstated. His left arm is a little shorter than the other, but it is by no means useless or 'withered.' He can guide and hold a horse with it, he uses it to rest his gun in shooting, and indeed the defect would not be noticed unless you watched him closely. The Kaiser enjoys excellent health, and is very careful to preserve it. His diet and exercise are regulated by a strict routine. He drinks beer and light wines, but no spirits, and he smokes a pipe in preference to cigars."

* * * *

From the same source comes a personal description of Herr Krupp, the great iron master, whose cannons are his loud mouthed advertisement. With the possible exception of the Kaiser, he is by far the richest man in Germany, his wealth being estimated at a hundred million dollars. He is probably the largest single employer of labor in the world, having more than thirty thousand people working for him. With all his money and influence, he is absolutely modest and unassuming. He has refused all offers of titles, and dresses almost as plainly as Mr. Russell Sage. Once, when he had bought a pair of gold sleeve buttons, he had them washed over with silver to make them less conspicuous. He gives away millions of marks every year in charity.

STORIETTES

HER FRIENDSHIP AND HER LOVE.

THROUGH many sunsets they had stood together there. It was on that hill they had first met. Again and again they had watched the colors fading from the roofs and steeples of the village far beneath them—had watched the shadows creeping up the steep and rocky height—had stayed to see the going of the azure from the sky, to see the red glow vanish and the stars appear. Too often they had been together there, and they knew that this would be the last time.

"The last time!" he said. "It has been very pleasant here, has it not?" He stood looking away over the lower hills beyond the village, and at the motionless white clouds that hung beyond. "I shall miss you—need I say how much? Is it better left unsaid? You have made your country beautiful for me."

His words turned her thought to the future, and she glanced up at him, half afraid. Yet her very fears and weakness made her bold for a moment. She put her hand upon his arm.

"Leave me?" she cried in a low voice. "Why should this be our last sunset?"

He turned and looked into her eyes. No more plainly could he have said, "I love you."

"It would be pleasant to stay," he said. "Never have I passed such pleasant days as here."

"You need not go," she answered. "Duty does not call you. Honor does not call you. You mistake if you think they do. We can be as good friends as ever—and the days will go quickly. These have been pleasant days, my friend!"

"You know," he said, "that my wife still holds my name and home. Across the ocean, and perhaps she does not love me—but she is my wife."

Yet she did not take her hand away, but glanced up at him as if to say he had not understood. Steadily he looked into her beautiful eyes, and his own were not less bright and clear.

"You know," he went on slowly, "you know that I like you—better than I should." He spoke with a calmness that was belied by blazing eyes and a flushed face.

She clasped her little hands about his arm, and something like the glow of sunset dyed her cheeks. Still she looked at him with honest, womanly glance.

"Always we can be friends," she said beseechingly. "We need not part. Just as we have been—oh, such friendship is beautiful and good! I have no other friend like you. We have been *living*, have we not? We need not change."

He bent gravely and kissed her forehead, and she hid her face upon his arm.

"Friends!" he said, "friends! Oh, noble little woman—we try to be friends! Have we not honestly tried to be only friends? And I, at least—how I have failed!"

"But your love was pure and we were happy—and can still be so. Did I not know it before—long ago? Yet all was well. And now we are but the stronger because of our understanding. Our friendship is but better and firmer. Why should your speaking part us—your telling me of what I have long known?"

"Because you like me more than I deserve," he answered.

"Therefore you will stay," she said. "You cannot leave me; you would be as lonely then as I. We can be happy just as we have been, and speak of everything except of love. Ah, I know that I can trust you to be my friend." She looked upon him frankly, admiringly, unfalteringly, because of her conviction.

"Therefore I will go," he said tenderly, "before it is too late. I have stayed too long, too long already."

Tremblingly and with sudden tears she moved back from his side.

"You do not care for me"—a great pain was in her voice—"or you would never, never go!"

"Not care for you!" he said.

"Or is it that you are too weak, like all the others," she said with sudden maidenly scorn, "and cannot trust your nobler self? Oh, I had thought you strong; it was your strength that I had loved. I had thought you a man—and such a man!"

He had stepped away a pace and was looking past her, away over the hills at the glowing western sky, and perhaps he did not hear. Only a moment he stood so. Then he turned to her kindly and offered her his arm, as was his wont when they went down the rough hill path.

"Let us go," he said in a low voice, "before the twilight comes."

A sudden feeling of submission, of renewed respect, came over her as she took his arm. The west was still crimson, and the shadows lay only in the valleys as they started down the hill. He held her slender little hands between his strong ones for a moment before they parted.

"Some day," he said, "perhaps you may understand, sweet friend, how much I love you. You may see then, dear, that I love you better than I love my happiness, better than I love my life."

Three years had passed, and of late a man had stood often on the lonely hill, watching the sunsets. But this evening, as he stood there, a woman stepped up behind him. She, too, had come to watch the sunset; but when she saw the man she stopped, and her hands trembled and her cheeks grew pale. He had heard her footsteps. He turned quickly, and a great joy came into his face.

"I have been waiting long for you!" he cried. "I did not know. I thought—I hoped you might be here. You must have heard of it, did you not?—when she died? And since then I have tried so hard to reach you—for so long."

A little cry burst from her lips, and she turned away. He went forward and caught her hands in his.

"What is it?" he asked. "Do you not care for me—do you not love me any more? Oh, it has been lonely without you, dear one—dear one!"

Again she turned from him, and covered her face with her hands.

He stood looking at her with a half formed fear. The ruddy glow of health and the red flush of sudden joy went from his face as he waited for her to answer.

"I did not love you then," she said at last, not looking up as she spoke; "not until long after we had parted."

"And now!" he cried joyously. His arms were about her, holding her passionately. His kisses burned her cheeks and lips. His eyes sought hers.

A little sob shook her, and she put his arms aside.

"This," she said. Gently she bent his head till she could kiss his forehead—her last kiss, her kiss of truest love. "Then," she went on quietly, "I did not love you as I might have loved, my friend, oh, my noble friend—not as you loved me. And now—and now—I am married."

And presently she said farewell—on the hill where they had met, where they had stayed so often through the twilight. Quietly she said good by, and left him standing there with the last sunset glow upon his face. She passed from his life forever. Alone she wandered down the hill; and the evening shadows met her, one by one.

J. Benedict Cunningham.

HER IDEAL.

He glanced out of the window at the gleaming avenue, and watched the snowflakes hurrying to find their places there, only to be relentlessly trodden under foot by passing pedestrians; and then he looked back again to the bright, girlish face opposite him.

"Ideals are very well in their way," he ventured lazily. "They afford pleasure, I suppose, to the person who indulges in them, undoubted amusement to him who has to hear of them; and, besides this, they have two other advantages, their harmlessness, and their convenient submission to being twisted about to suit all circumstances."

She looked at him as he finished speaking, and he smiled at the indignant flash of her eyes.

"Do you not agree with me, Miss Louise?" he asked good naturedly.

"You know I do not," she exclaimed with warmth. "You are only airing some of your wretched cynicisms because you know how I despise them; as for ideals, I believe in them, and do not understand your assertion that they will bear twisting about."

"Perhaps I am wrong there; but, to illustrate, I believe most girls have their ideal lover."

He paused.

"Well, go on," she said coolly. "You don't expect me to answer for more than one girl, do you?"

"Certainly not," he resumed, "but don't they generally declare that, if that paragon neglects to appear on the scene, they will never marry?"

"They may."

"Now do you think this ideal ever comes?"

"Of course I do," she answered earnestly. "What would life be worth if it did not?"

"Has yours?" he queried softly.

"I don't see what that has to do with the matter," she retorted, with dignity and pink cheeks. "Let us keep to the subject, please."

"Certainly. Well, granted that some do appear at the proper time and in the proper place, you know that that is the exception. Now for the point of my explanation: it is very easy, is it not, to cause your ideal to undergo a change—gradually, of course—until it becomes a reality in a form less perfect, perhaps, but more human than before?"

"Some people may find it so, but not many, I think."

"Would not you?" he asked quickly.

"Since you insist on being personal, I may as well admit that nothing would induce me to alter my ideal."

"I see there is no use trying to convert you."

"Not the slightest."

"The least you can do, then, it seems to me," he continued, "is to introduce the gentleman to me. I am quite ready to listen to a lengthy description."

"Are you so much in need of amusement, then," she asked reproachfully, "after all my efforts to entertain you?"

"Go on," he commanded, with a wave of his hand. "I am waiting."

"Well, where shall I begin?"

"First, what does he look like?"

"I thought that was a girl's question," she suggested mischievously. "Really, I have not thought much about his personal appearance, except that he must not be handsome. Handsome men are always so conceited."

"Miss Louise, excuse a personal question, and one that has nothing whatever to do with the subject, but did you ever hear any one accuse me of being—well, passably good looking?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied promptly. "Edith Harland assured me that you were by far the handsomest man at the ball the other night, and Alice Barnett admires you more than Mr. Courtenay, and you know how everybody raves over him; and Marie——"

"That will do. Proceed."

"Well, he must be tall."

"Would six feet two suit you?"

"Oh, no," she responded cheerfully, "that is too tall. Six feet is quite enough for me; and then, I prefer light hair and brown eyes, and——" Just then a pair of gray ones met her own, and she stopped abruptly.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, I think you have heard enough."

"Yes, I believe I have; now I want you to listen to me for a few minutes. Did you ever guess that in spite of all my talking I, too, had my ideals?"

"Impossible," she murmured.

"And," he continued, "what is more remarkable, I have found mine."

"Indeed!"

"Shall I describe her?"

"I would rather not—that is, it isn't necessary."

"No, I don't think it is, but do you believe there is any hope for me?"

Her face was on fire, and the hand which held her needle trembled nervously, but he persisted.

"Is there?" he repeated gently.

She raised her head and whispered softly, "Perhaps."

"But, Louise," he protested, "my eyes are gray."

"Are they?" she asked in affected surprise.

"And I thought you preferred light hair."

"So I do—for girls."

"I measure six feet two."

"You don't look a bit over six feet."

"And then, handsome men are so dreadfully conceited."

"Did I ever say I thought you handsome?" she retorted.

Gertrude H. Macpherson.

JEAN LESPALIER, WINE FOR SALE.

THE village newspaper had printed the death notice: Delphine Lespalier, age twenty three, wife of Jean Lespalier; and Delphine, infant daughter of Jean and Delphine. Deaths were rare in the little village, so the baby that had hardly lived an hour was honored with a separate line. The editor's sympathy for the bereaved husband was expressed in a paragraph or two. But there was not much to say about the dead, not much to say to the living. These isolated dots in the California hills had lived solely for one another, and had made little impression on the outside world.

In the white cottage perched on the rocky hilltop there was the silence that comes only when life has gone. The dead woman lay on her bed, in her arms the tiny object for which she had given her life. Jean Lespalier had not spoken for hours, not since the agonized "Adieu!" had left his lips when he had felt his wife's last faint fluttering breath. The priest who had come to save the infant soul, and to hold the crucifix before the dying mother's eyes, had murmured words of sympathy and exhortation, but Jean had heard them not, had answered them not. A neighbor had come in to prepare Delphine for her last resting place, but Jean had seemed unaware of the woman's presence.

The next morning he rose from the chair where he had spent the night, and dressed himself in his white holiday shirt. All the days on which he had not worked had been holidays for Delphine and himself, and now there was no more work to be done—ever. So, by force of habit, he put on the ruffled cambric shirt. Then, with hardly a glance at the bed and its cold little occupant, he went out and sat down on the doorstep.

Before him stretched his vineyard, which he and Delphine had made, and in which they had worked together. Patches of red and yellow leaves mingled here and there with the dominant green, and everywhere

purple bunches of grapes were pushing through the foliage, offering their fragrance and sweetness to the sunlit air. Chaparral and stunted oaks, with an occasional lofty fir or pine, completely surrounded the little clearing, and far in the distance rose the dim blue cone of Loma Prieta, that lifts itself above its neighboring peaks as if to gain a more extended view of the sunshiny summer land and the sapphire sea lying at its feet. Bees buzzed and droned about the hive that stood near the door; doves cooed on the shingle roofs; from the chaparral came the tinkle of a cow bell; but there was no human sound in all the mountains round about.

A hawk shot out from its nest in a high fir tree, and Lespalier's eyes followed it mechanically as it circled round and round in the hazy atmosphere; but his thoughts were far away; far, even, from the little wife lying so peacefully under the snowy coverlet. They were back in his boyhood's home, in sunny France, in the vineyard where he had grown to manhood; where Delphine had blossomed into womanhood by his side; where their love, born of the soft summer days and languid passionate nights, had grown into a strong bond welding them together into one perfect whole. He remembered how eagerly she had entered into his plans, how willingly she had left home and friends for this venture, alone with him, into a new, unknown land. In the years that followed, full though they had been of grinding toil, of exhausting failures and despairs, her hope had never failed, her courage had never flagged. There had come bitter trials and disappointments, but her smiles, her ready laugh, had made of each and every one only a passing fact in a passing day; there had been no lasting regret, no enduring sorrow.

Even when her babies, one after another, had opened their tiny eyes, given a little cry of pain, and smiled their greeting to the angels waiting for them, she had sighed for an instant, but then she had raised her eyes to Jean and smiled.

"The good God knows best," she had said. "It is not right, perhaps, that we should keep them. It will be all in His good time, my Jean. He will bring us prosperity, and then——" She raised the baby fingers to her lips as if it were not good by.

This year had brought great good fortune to the little hilltop vineyard. The crop had never been so good, the prices had never been so high. Delphine, leaning on her husband's arm, had walked between the vines, touching the leaves and fruit with caressing fingers. Smiling at him, she had said:

"I told you, my Jean, my little Jean, that He knew best. The little one will live this time, now that we are ready for him."

Lespalier's eyes still followed the circling hawk; it was only a dot on the cloudless blue sky, but it held his gaze. No muscle of his face moved, no moan escaped his lips; he was as impassive as the dead girl in the cottage. Step by step, scene by scene, his life with Delphine passed through his mind, up to the instant of agony that had ended it. He heard again the little new born cry, the gasping sob with which Delphine gave up her life, and then, with a crashing blow, all sound, all thought, life itself, seemed to stop. After a little, with a dull persistence and in a dogged, determined way, his mind went back again to the beginning of all things in the old French vineyard, and in a steady routine he lived it all over.

He did not know how many times he had done this, how many times he had felt that dull blow that seemed to end his life; but it had been all through the night and all through the day, and now it was night again. There was no variation. The same scenes always presented themselves, the same merry, jesting smiles, the same sweet, hopeful words. It was as if his mind were traveling round and round in a circle. If there had been any change in the routine, there might have been some hope. If he could have remembered some different place, recalled some different words or glance, he might have roused himself; but he could not.

Night came slowly up the hills, and reached at last the little vineyard on the summit. Lespalier rose from the doorstep and went into the house. Mechanically he gathered together a few articles of clothing, and tied them into a bundle. In his mind, then, was the village church where he and Delphine had been married, and the perfume of roses and jessamine brought a renewed wave of love for the beautiful bride by his side. He went out, closing the door softly, and down the path that led through the vineyard to the county road. He cast no backward glance toward the house, but he closed the gate noiselessly because the stillness of death was upon him. He turned down the road, and, in the darkness, wandered past the neighboring farms, through the village, and out into the world, oblivious of everything around him, conscious only of the treadmill of thought in his own brain.

Early the next day the neighbors gathered for the funeral. They waited for Jean Lespalier, but he did not come.

"His grief is too great," said the priest. "He cannot bear that we should see it. He cannot endure these last rites."

Accustomed to managing the affairs of his parishioners, he went on with the ceremony,

and Delphine was laid in the churchyard with no mourners following her thither, with no tears falling on the sods. The only man who loved her was tramping over a dusty road, holding, in imagination, the hand of the little wife who had come with him to this country, and babbling to her of the home they would make on one of these vine clad hills.

After the funeral, some of the neighbors went up to the little white cottage, led partly by sympathy, partly by curiosity. Finding no trace of Jean, they locked the doors and went away, leaving the place alone. Weeks passed, and the grapes dried on the vines; it was no one's business to gather them. Winter came, and another summer, and another, and yet another. The unpruned vines straggled from prop to prop, and gave their vintage to the air and to the soil. Curious, heedless children sometimes played on the doorstep of the deserted home, but there was a gruesome air about the place.

Over the gateway still hangs the sign: "Jean Lespalier, Wine For Sale," and behind the broken window panes flutter the white curtains brought by Delphine from her childhood's home in France. And sometimes, on the country roads, or high on a forest pathway through the hills, an old young man is seen who asks for food or shelter or alms. He always asks in the name of Delphine.

"Food, bread, for Delphine," he says, "for Delphine who—who is waiting."

Kathryn Jarboe.

AT THE HOTEL BERGEN.

"WEAR some of the roses down to lunch," said Catharine.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Terhune, faintly frowning; but her maid tucked a spray into her bodice, and to distract attention from the deed busied herself with Mrs. Terhune's heavy hair. Her hair was not lustrous, and her eyes were dark and heavy lidded rather than brilliant. Men who had looked to her for dash and piquancy had been known to lose, after a brief acquaintance with her, all their taste for dashing and piquant women.

Mrs. Terhune, pausing before the glass, pulled the roses out. "I don't like them with this gown," she said, and Catharine looked at her with an understanding so astute that it seemed to prick through her proper silence.

Mr. Metcalf sent roses almost every day, but Mrs. Terhune did not wear them. He had given her his photograph, in a solid gold frame; but she seldom glanced at the frame or at the side whiskered, robust, middle aged face it held.

She cast another careless look into the mirror, and went down to lunch. On the stairs somebody overtook her. She knew who it was before she saw him. Nobody else overtook her, and waited for her, and waylaid her, so often as Mr. Irwin did.

In so limited an establishment as the exclusive little Hotel Bergen it was noticeable. A wave of observation, of comprehension, swept through the dining room as the two entered it.

"It is rather absurd," a spinster at a corner table remarked, postponing her bouillon to scan them. "She must be older than he."

"She doesn't look it," said her neighbor. "She is too handsome ever to grow old." And the spinster drank her bouillon.

A week ago Mr. Irwin's place had been at a distant table, but by some ingenious contrivance he had transferred himself to make a sixth at Mrs. Terhune's. The other four—what did it matter who they were? By her gracious warmth she welded them into harmony and congeniality, till all the wit, all the mirthfulness in the room seemed concentrated there.

She drifted with the sparkling stream she had created. Her fine reserve, her softness, yielded after a fashion unwonted. The red mounted in her cheeks, her eyes looked starry. Robert Irwin watched her openly and honestly, with warm admiration and without shame. She was conscious of him alone, but she disguised it with a woman's delicate dissimulation. She saw the fervor in his eyes. She knew his admiration for her had grown and deepened, till now he trembled at the very verge of something tenderer, something more vital.

The unimportant four finished lunch and departed; Mrs. Terhune and Mr. Irwin lingered over some smiling theme, and then went out together. In the hall they met a girl hurrying in from the street.

She was young and slender and sweet faced. She was quaint and artistic, with her round black hat set on her roughened yellow hair, a smudge of charcoal on her chin, and a large water color box under her arm.

"Always in a hurry, Miss Hoyt," Mrs. Terhune cried.

"And always late. Is there any lunch left?" the girl answered with an effort at gaiety. But she looked full at the two before her, and across her face, which had the fresh rosiness of youth, there quivered something like a spasm of pain; like a flash of truth from her inmost self, that had pierced her proud and pitiful concealment. She ran up the stairs.

"A lovely girl," said Mrs. Terhune.

"Yes," Robert Irwin answered, and his gaze faltered a little before hers.

"I think I have heard rumors," Mrs. Terhune murmured, whimsically smiling. "I think there was a time when the admiring interest of a certain young man——"

"It was before he knew you," he answered, and he met her eyes boldly enough now. She turned away, laughing.

But she felt an odd unrest. She could hardly fathom its cause. She lounged and yawned among her sofa cushions for an hour, with a book she could not read.

"Catharine," she said, "come and rub my head for a little."

But it was not a headache. She drew away from Catharine's soothing hands. She sat at the window and looked out unseeingly; she walked the room.

She was filled with rebellion against herself. Why should she think? Why should she reason? He had a fine manliness; he pleased her. She felt that she might care for him—if that were yet of her determining; if she did not care for him now. She had not loved the husband she had lost, but he had loved her, and she looked upon him with a wondering wistfulness and envied him his happiness. Love brought happiness, and love was within her grasp. Why should she not take it?

She was not many years older than he, and her charm had blinded him to it. If it was not a barrier in his eyes, what did it matter? She was in the strong tide of health, and of that serene consciousness of her power which inspires a woman to seem almost what she will. She had turned him from his admiration of a younger girl.

She remembered her first involuntary surprise that she should have so turned him; she had thought it, with gentle amusement, one of the aberrations to which men are liable. The artist was a rare embodiment. Hundreds of women had beauty, scores of them had genius, but she had also a sweetness of nature wherein a man might sink himself and pity the world of men who did not know her. She had shown no spite towards the lover who had slipped away from her, no resentment. She had sought instinctively to hide her hurt, but by no cheap device of affected indifference. Her love was too high a thing for that, and her nature too sincere; her bruised heart had spoken out. Mrs. Terhune saw her face still, as she had run up the stairs, bravely smiling.

Why must she see Miss Hoyt's face? Why should she think of her? Women grasped at love, they gathered it to themselves at whatever cost. They did not reason on it, they did not compare and weigh, with critical sternness. Had she less than the right of other women, that cold judgment must rule her? Why should she thrust that girl between herself and the happiness she had glimpsed?

Happiness! Would it prove to be that? She might blind herself to all she would not see, but if there was a penalty, had she power to avert it? Could she escape the eternal truths that were stronger than any woman?

Somebody tapped at the door; and Catharine came with a note. "Will you go with me for a drive?" it said. "I am waiting below for your answer."

It was signed with Robert Irwin's initials; it was not addressed. There was a suggestion of subtle intimacy in that; Mrs. Terhune divined it, and smiled slowly. She kept the note in her hand.

"I will see Mr. Irwin," she said.

She found him below, poised on the edge of his chair, impatiently waiting. He rose eagerly to meet her.

"You will go? It is so beautiful out, and I—you——"

He stammered under her direct regard. It confused him. It was kind, but it caused him to gaze at her as if he had not seen her before.

"Let me thank you," Mrs. Terhune answered. "But there is a mistake. Your note was brought to me. You meant it for Miss Hoyt."

"No," he said.

"You meant it for her," said Mrs. Terhune, and smiled upon him steadily. "You did not know it, but I do. There is no harm done; it is not too late. I will send the note to her, just as it is. I may?"

The color surged into his face. He replied, not to her words, but to what she had not spoken.

"But—we were no more than friends. I have not been dishonorable. There was nothing between us——"

"No, but there will be. She is the loveliest of girls. Your invitation is hers, not mine. May I send it up to her?"

She put her hand to the bell, with that vivid smile, unconquerable and compelling.

"You mean," he began with a flash of pride, "that you——"

"Yes," she answered.

He said no more. An unnamed hope had struggled within her; but she saw that the dissent in his eyes was not from the soul—no strenuous sorrow was there. She saw it with a quivering pang; and she pressed the bell.

A second servitor appeared from the farther drawing room, in the long mirrors a tripled vision of gray cloth and brass buttons. "Mr. Metcalf, madam," he announced. And Mrs. Terhune went forward graciously.

But the man saw with gaping amazement the warm tears in her eyes.

Emma A. Opper.

LITERARY CHAT

AN AMERICAN'S NIGHTMARE.

(*After a surfeit of haggis and oatmeal literature.*)

I dreamed that I dwelt in a birk theekit cot,
With a gillie in kilts by my side.
I asked him in English, as true as I knew,
A question. The Scotchman replied:

"Hoot, mon, but ye munna talk sic lingo here!
Toots, mon, but ye munna talk so!
Wheest, mon, dinna ken thot yer 'yes' must be 'aye,'
And always a 'na' for a 'no'?

Thot in Skutland yer English is twisted and thrawn
Richt awa' to its primeval stem?
Yer 'she's' and yer 'he's' and yer 'it's' are all wrang;
And yer porritge mun allus be 'them.'

Losh, dinna ye greet for yer saft Lunnon lingo;
Gin the thocht o' it come, gar it flee.
On yer tongue be it nippet, from your memory swippet;
Noo fashion yer speechin' by me."

And then, in my dreaming, I suddenly cried,
"Away with linguistic defection!
I want but my mother tongue trippingly told
With the strength of authentic inflection!"

And a voice in the room spoke out through the gloom,
"He's daft on his mother tongue's glories.
These Scotian atrocities addle his head;
He's dreaming of dialect stories!"

CONCERNING POESY.

Most poets are born, but some acquire poesy, and others, we are fain to believe, have poesy thrust upon them. We cannot lay down any fixed rule for acquiring the art; but it appears that the most unpromising trifles sometimes bring about the desired result. We have in mind a large collection of assorted rhymes composed by a waiter in a café. This highly original genius owes his success to the musical clatter of mixed crockery. Through the stirring lines is distinctly caught the erratic rhythm of falling dishes, and the jingle of many knives and forks.

Another writer of rhymes courts his muse to the inspiring rumble of car wheels. He is a gripman on a cable car, and his verses are constructed accordingly. He has one great advantage over common bards; he needs merely to let Pegasus and the car loose together, and the car, bumping over the rail butts, jolts each line nicely into place. So greatly does this plan of work facilitate matters that he has produced one complete poem every day for a number of years.

No aspiring poet need despair. Let him get a Dutch clock or a jig saw, and the lines will fall in to the clack of the one or the clatter of the other.

LITERARY DIPLOMATS.

It used to be the opinion of most of the world that literary men and women were unfitted by the visions that they saw for the business roads of life. This old saw has been utterly disproved by the success which some of our foremost litterateurs have made as ambassadors to foreign powers. Washington Irving served as minister to Spain; Bayard Taylor was one of our best representatives at Berlin, and so was James Russell Lowell in England. When John Hay was minister at Madrid he wrote his book, "Castilian Days," which today is ranked among the best books of travel. Colonel Hay is now our ambassador in London, and it remains to be seen whether his literary talent will be crushed by his political ambition, or his political life be weakened by his literary tendencies.

By some critics he is considered superior to Harte in dialect verse. Of his "Jim Bludsoe" and "Little Breeches," we are hearing a great deal since his appointment, and these are but a couple of the clever poems collected under the title of "Pike County Ballads." But Colonel Hay prides himself on being something more than a writer of dialect. Here is a sample of his more serious work, which seems to strike a more responsive chord than anything of the "Jim Bludsoe" order:

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A sentinel angel sitting high in glory
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story!

"I loved—and, blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell.
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

I do not rage against His high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

Great spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so,
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee—
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

A good deal of Colonel Hay's literary reputation rests on his biography of Lincoln, written in collaboration with John G. Nicolay, who was the martyred President's private secretary while Hay was his assistant secretary. The two men spent nearly twenty five years on the work; they began taking notes when they were at Lincoln's side, jotting down conversations and making records of daily happenings at the White House. Colonel Hay has a diary of those eventful years which fills three large manuscript volumes, and the most interesting portions of it have never been published.

Colonel Hay's residence in Washington is one of the finest in the city. He is considered a rich man, having received a very considerable fortune from his father in law, Amasa Stone, of Ohio. For his share in the profits of the "Life of Lincoln" he is said to have realized fifty thousand dollars. He will now take up his residence in Carlton House Terrace, one of the most "swagger" corners of London, where William Waldorf Astor will be his neighbor. Two London publishers are meeting the demand for his dialect poems by bringing out editions of them. The English papers are full of "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludsoe," and no doubt the British capital will regard their author as a lion with a big, vibrating roar.

FROM "OLE VIRGINIA."

Too many authors, when they have once scored a success that makes the reading public look eagerly for new stories from their pens, decline to think of stopping because they have nothing more to say. They grind out tales in which there is merely a shriveled kernel for a story, and end by making the long suffering public forget their masterpieces in the face of the daubs they manufacture for the sake of the almighty dollar.

To this class we have an exception in the person of Thomas Nelson Page, of "In Ole Virginia" fame; he who charmed us more than a decade ago with "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady." We have had no new story from him for about four years. Some have attributed his long silence to his marriage to the widow of the late Henry Field, of Chicago, believing that Mr. Page's wealthy wife has brought him too much into the social atmosphere of luxury—an atmosphere calculated to smother desire for the penning of pathetic stories of humble life. But such is not the case. Mr. Page is an exceedingly conscientious writer. No author is more careful of his reputation. Having told all he had to tell, he waited until some new story, full of life, should come to him. One has come, and Mr. Page is now busily engaged in writing it. While doing this work he might keep himself before the public by publishing some of the many stories he has by him; but this he will not do, because he does not think them worthy of him.

When seen at his handsome house in Washington, a few days before he sailed to spend the summer abroad, Mr. Page said that his new book would be a novel founded on the Reconstruction period. No name has been chosen for it as yet. Many titles have come to the author, but he fears that if he should announce one, at the last moment he might change his mind.

Mr. Page is rather slight in stature, and of a ruddy, healthy complexion. Even a stranger who meets him takes away the feeling that the clever delineator of old time Southern life pictures no more in the gentlemen of Virginia than he carries in his own person.

BOSTON'S AUGUSTAN AGE.

Mrs. James T. Fields, in her "Authors and Friends," has given a treasure house of delight to those people who have always looked upon Boston as the literary Mecca of the United States. She makes us think that the gods are still there, in influence, if not in fact. Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, Haw-

thorne, Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Stowe, and all the rest of that great company, are made to talk and act before us, through a hundred new incidents and anecdotes.

No one ever had a better chance of seeing the great literary men and women of her day under favorable circumstances than Mrs. Fields. Her husband, James T. Fields, was publishing the best books of America at that time, and he made friends of all the authors who were worth knowing. This would have been impossible had it not been for the cleverness and tact of his wife. Men like Holmes and Longfellow, women like Celia Thaxter and Lady Tennyson, became her intimate friends. The doors of every house of distinction were thrown open to the Fieldses, both here and abroad.

Mrs. Fields is able to give new ideas and character sketches of these people as not even their own families could do. Her chapter on Dr. Holmes is delightful, almost as full of wit and humor as if the Autocrat had written it himself.

KIPLING AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Rudyard Kipling has taken his pen and his life in his hand, and gone to the scene of the Græco-Turkish war, at the behest of the London *Times*. They are giving him, we are told, a thousand pounds a month, and every possible assistance. By this time the world probably knows whether he was worth his hire or not—to the *Times*. It is certain, beyond any question, that he will be worth it to the world generally. Wittingly or unwittingly, the "Thunderer" is making a gift to the great multitude of story readers. Whether Mr. Kipling's war correspondence is good or not, the *Times* will have paid him five thousand dollars a month to go into the east and gather material for his imaginative work. But as a war correspondent we have our doubts of Mr. Kipling.

The inspiration for the name of Mr. Kipling's last book, "The Seven Seas," has been discovered in "Omar Khayyam." He tells us that the phrase occurs in Fitzgerald's translation, the third edition, forty seventh quatrain:

When you and I behind the veil are passed,
Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last!
Which of our coming and departing heeds
As the seven seas should heed a pebble cast.

KIPLING AND THE "AMERICAN INFLUENCE."

In the columns of a recent paper is sounded the cry that Rudyard Kipling is a plagiarist. The eagle eyed critic has discovered that "Bill 'Awkins" "shows unmistakable traces of the American influence." Then he goes on to prove, by the deadly parallel, that six lines from that poem jingle to the same sort of rhythm as a negro melody he heard long ago in New Orleans.

The fact is that there is no room for the unhappy poet to put his foot down without treading on the impress of some other man's paces. Yet a man must walk somewhere. Is he to sit at home because the whole earth is appropriated? Is it plagiarism to walk, if one walks on his own feet?

When the gentleman of the eagle eye will demonstrate to us that Mr. Kipling's work, his originality of theme, his striking freedom of movement, his boldness of expression, his whole unique individuality—that all these are only copied from a pattern devised by some one else, we shall concur in this charge of plagiarism; but just now the accusation rests on no more substantial datum than the accidental, but inevitable, falling of a single pace within the contour of some long forgotten footprint.

"TROOPER PETER."

In "Trooper Peter Halket," of which we made brief mention in the April MUNSEY'S, Olive Schreiner has given us a vivid and startling glimpse of the British South Africa Company in its attitude toward the native tribes of its wide territory. Miss Schreiner tells her story in a simple and unpretentious manner, but in this quiet way she introduces into the book a very emphatic statement of the existing condition of affairs in her native part of the world. Time after time she turns her weapon upon Mr. Cecil Rhodes, until there are no vulnerable parts untouched. Her satire is like the needle gun; it makes little noisé, its missile is a tiny thing the touch of which is hardly felt; but it spits forth a hundred fold the venom of the blustering muzzle loader. Miss Schreiner's powder makes no smoke of epithet or expletive, and her aim is all the deadlier. We are not disposed to accept all the charges which have been laid at Mr. Rhodes' door, but her frank and outspoken denunciation carries with it the strength of her conviction.

We are told—for the truth of the statement we cannot vouch—that there is a personal reason for the bitterness with which this clever and eccentric novelist attacks the former premier of Cape Colony; that some years ago she might have become Mrs. Cecil Rhodes, but for a misunderstanding which seems, on her side at least, to have turned honey into gall.

There is a feature of Miss Schreiner's book whereon we hesitate to touch, an element that jars. She has done what others have essayed to do, and she has not done it well. A trooper, *Peter Halket*, sits alone by his camp-

fire at night, and a figure approaches. The stranger introduces himself as a Jew from Palestine, and it soon appears that he is none other than the Man of Galilee. The trooper and the divine personage converse for a time, *Peter* narrating with startling frankness the licentiousness of the South African soldiery; the Galilean, answering, pleads with quiet dignity. The result is that *Peter* sets out upon an altogether new line of action, and manfully atones to the black race for his part in their wrongs.

The introduction of the personality of the Man of Galilee into any novel is a task of thankless impertinence; and into this self imposed obligation Miss Schreiner has pitched pell mell. Page after page she devotes to the fictitious utterances of the Galilean. The matchless assurance of a writer who can assume such a character for the purpose of her work commands a certain sort of admiration, but the passages themselves are verbose and at times trivial, and the dissonance of the whole episode is trying. Miss Schreiner is a clever woman, but it is no discourtesy to remind her that her intellectual plane is not so lofty as was that of the character she attempts to set before us, and her effort to reach up to this higher level is too palpable to be pleasant.

THE HORRIBLE IN LITERATURE.

We cannot lay down Miss Schreiner's book without a protest against its frontispiece. This is a picture of an execution—not a fancy sketch, but a record of fact. It is a photograph taken on the spot, and it shows up the horrible details with all the grim precision of the camera. Three Africans are seen hanging from the boughs of a great tree, beneath which cluster a number of unkempt idlers. The whole group seem to have been posed for the picture.

There are people of such morbid taste that they haunt a jail where the death penalty is to be paid, and clamor for admittance to the scene of death. No doubt they will take great pleasure in the frontispiece of Miss Schreiner's book. But healthy minded human beings do not buy novels to gloat over the tortures of criminals. They wish to be amused, entertained, instructed, but never to be taken into the realm of things ghastly and horrible. Miss Schreiner has a lesson to teach, but her plea is telling enough without help of this melancholy picture of violence.

This frontispiece is not a single instance of the intrusion of the horrible into the reputable literature of the day. In "The White Rose of Arno," of which we gave a review last month, the author paints a vivid word picture of the "drawing and quartering" process. The episode is not essential to the narrative, but is quite gratuitous.

We might multiply such instances of the ill advised introduction of gory scenes and inhuman deeds, dragged in to smudge and blot a clean page. We take them to indicate a craving, on the part of a certain class of book buyers, for little entr'actes of violence and blood between the chapters of the story; but this is not the healthy minded class, nor the class to which a writer of high purposes would cater. A writer, of whatever standing, loses caste when he bids for such patronage.

"McLEOD OF THE CAMERONS."

It is easy to understand that the author of "McLeod of the Camerons" might wish to conceal her identity under the *nom de guerre* of "M. Hamilton." The story might have been a good sensational one of the "penny dreadful" order, but the workmanship is so crude, the handling of the plot so poor, and the movement at times so sluggish, that lovers of that sort of literature would drop the book long before the climax had been reached.

The elements of the story are these: a girl, *Christina*, daughter of *Sir Frederick Lorrimer*, secretly married to *George Stoddart*, naval engineer, much her inferior in rank, who leaves her on their wedding day and goes to China; *Andrew McLeod*, who is in no sense of the word the hero of the book, but merely the pivot upon which swing the fortunes of the heroine, and who is secretly haunted by the knowledge that he is going mad; there is added a liberal sprinkling of vulgar low life and more vulgar high life. The scene of the story is Malta, whither *Christina* has gone to join her husband. *McLeod* is one of her fellow passengers on the ship. *Christina's* literary ambition is frowned upon by her husband, who does not consider it "ladylike"—a word which is most offensive to her. *McLeod* encourages her in her work, and very soon they are mutually interested in each other. The author, however, does not work out this affinity upon the conventional lines. *McLeod* goes mad, and attempts to kill *Christina*, but she is rescued. The madman is confined in the military hospital, while his intended victim goes home to England. Here she hears of *McLeod's* death. She is overwhelmed by the belief that he killed himself with some morphine which, at his entreaty, she had procured for him. She nearly loses her mind, but on learning that *McLeod* did not take the poison, but threw himself overboard when he was being brought home on a transport ship, she recovers to such an extent that she becomes, to all appearances, reconciled to the common and

bourgeois character of her husband and his family.

The setting of this story is poor, the style at times atrocious. The author, an English woman, makes use of the expression: "She wants to get to know a man"—a phrase that has been considered a Texas provincialism. A little further on *Christina* says: "Papa wouldn't let mamma have *almost any one* to stay that winter." This may be an acceptable form of speech among the English landed aristocracy, but it is new to us.

The first question that arises when the book has been read from cover to cover is, why was it ever written? This is perhaps answered by the old copybook aphorism about Satan and idle hands. The second question is, why was it ever published? And this query we can only refer to the Appletons, who brought it out. The name of M. Hamilton has appeared once before on the title page of a book—"Self Denying Ordinances."

"THE DEVIL TREE OF EL DORADO."

While the boundaries of British Guiana are still in dispute, and the wavering Schomburgk line is yet an uncertainty, Mr. Frank Aubrey has staked out boundaries of his own, and taken over the mountain of Roraima as his own, by right of first occupancy. He has established his claim in a work of much interest, "The Devil Tree of El Dorado."

This mysterious mountain, which towers precipitously to a height of some nine thousand feet, is scarcely more accessible than the North Pole, though, according to Mr. Aubrey, it is a vastly more profitable locality. Roraima stands at the point of junction of Brazil, Venezuela, and British Guiana, and while its strategic value is problematical, because no one can get near it, yet it is part of the disputed territory over which diplomats have been at loggerheads for generations. Mr. Aubrey chooses for the scene of his weird romance the summit of the mountain, where the creatures of his imagination are secure from inquisitive intruders unless they come by balloon. The author takes us among the wild forests of British Guiana, and the transition from the field of legitimate travel to the realm of fiction is so gradual that the reader carries with him throughout the book a conviction that he has not altogether left the ground of sober truth.

Upon the summit of Roraima Mr. Aubrey shows us the long lost El Dorado, and about this ancient city and its picturesque inhabitants he weaves a strong and vivid romance, certain to thrill the average reader with its striking situations and stirring action. The conception of the "Devil Tree" itself is a bold one, founded, however, on the well established fact that there exist plants which entrap and devour living insects.

We congratulate Mr. Aubrey that he has not allowed his story to carry him beyond the lawful bounds of descriptive English. His book is not incumbered with superlatives and extravagant descriptives. It is a fascinating tale, told in plain and readable language.

BLUE GOGGLES AGAIN.

A follower of Dr. Max Nordau, M. L. Lombard by name, has donned a pair of very blue goggles, taken a long and searching look at existing conditions, and noted his conclusions in a book which he calls "The Observations of a Bachelor." His opinions are most depressing. We quote a few in brief:

Systems of morality are created for utilitarian ends.

Modesty is mostly a custom.

Civilized men surpass savages in the refinement of torture.

Standards of vice and virtue are the result of mental obtuseness.

Men refrain from crime mostly through cowardice.

Gratitude generally exists only in appearance.

Students waste life's energy to be praised as bookworms.

Religious enthusiasts endure privations that their piety and humility may be commended.

Criminals hazard everything the world holds dear to them that they may be branded as infamous.

In regards to books, Mr. Lombard has found out that the writer rarely writes what he thinks, for fear of resentment, and that the publisher—worse yet!—is nothing but an "advertisement coaxer." In regard to education, he announces from his lofty standpoint of superior wisdom that "the training of the average boy in the higher branches is a mistake; in the case of most girls, it is an egregious blunder." Sad indeed is the darkness in which the world has been groping; but now that Mr. Lombard has turned the searchlight of his mighty intellect upon civilization, let us hope that the path to better things will become visible.

Having taken a comprehensive view of the unsatisfactory condition of things in general, our philosopher turns to discussing marriage. As he is a disciple of Dr. Nordau, perhaps we may be pardoned for remarking that the book itself degenerates into a desultory and inconclusive treatise on matrimony, the author still retaining his blue goggles. The work concludes with a chapter on "How to Live." We think that if Mr. Lombard's conclusions are correct, we should much prefer not to live.

Mr. Lombard's observations themselves are not strikingly original or startling, but they

are advanced with an air of deep seated conviction that makes them seem ominous. We cannot believe, however, that humanity is really going to pieces at this frightful pace. He is an earnest and able exponent of the unwholesome doctrine of degeneration; but, fortunately for the continuance of human effort, most people take a more optimistic view of the purposes and tendencies of the race. The dissemination of the melancholic blue goggle theories only operates to degrade men's opinions of themselves and their fellows.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox introduces Mr. Lombard to the reader in a unique preface, in which she describes him as a gentleman of elegant manners, and well proportioned. She further remarks that "it is difficult to imagine how so much talent, knowledge, energy, executive ability, and soul can be encompassed in so small a body"—for Mr. Lombard, she tells us, is but one inch above five feet in height. It being impossible by taking thought to add to one's stature, we would suggest that when this sixty inch philosopher writes another book he should stand upon a step ladder, in order to get a wider and more cheerful view of his subject.

A WOMAN, A PEN, AND NOTORIETY.

We wonder who is to blame, when we see how easily a woman—it is usually a woman—with a pen in her hand, can give herself a notoriety which appears to answer, not only to her, but with the world generally, for fame.

An instance in point is Gertrude Atherton. She is a Californian who came to New York a few years ago, and wrote a rather unpleasant fairy tale about a woman who was ugly, but who inherited a fortune and made herself beautiful by art. It was weakly and stupidly immoral, and read like the day dreams of a shop girl. But it was in the days when "The Quick or the Dead" was considered a thrilling story, and "Hermia Suydam" was read by the mass of commonplace people who read books of which the literary world hears little.

Mrs. Atherton's name was not known except as that of Albert Ross is known. But she had kept her eyes open, and had learned that if you once get your name before the public it matters little how. She began a systematic course of correspondence. No question came up but her pen was busy signing her name to a communication upon the subject, which some obliging newspaper would print. Then she went to England and wrote "scathing" criticisms of the American man and the English woman. She never received any answers to her epistles over here, and doubtless wrote them in the same philanthropic spirit that influenced the Apostle Paul when he wrote his long letter to the Ephesians, expecting none; but in England there is a larger class of idle people who want to see themselves in print than there is in America. They wrote replies to Mrs. Atherton, and she became a personage in a way.

Now she has brought out a new book, which is being reviewed in some places—but not here. For amazing ignorance, utter stupidity, and vulgarity so pure that any adjective is superfluous, this last effort of Mrs. Atherton's is to be remarked.

THE KING OF SWEDEN'S BOOK.

It is not only the friends of royalty who write interesting books, nowadays; sometimes kings can take the time to do it for themselves. His majesty of Sweden is the latest addition to the list of royal authors, which contains the Queens of England and Roumania.

King Oscar's subject is more interesting than his style, although he probably inherited them both. In his grandmother, Désirée Clary, he found a heroine who charmed everybody while she was alive, and left a romantic history of which her grandson knows all the ins and outs, and which he is not averse to telling. In the beginning, she was destined for the young Napoleon, who was afterwards to become the conqueror of Europe. The Corsican lieutenant failed to please her, and she snubbed and discarded him without the least ceremony, to marry Bernadotte, who was afterwards one of his marshals, and finally King of Sweden.

The present king has written her life in the form of a novel. Besides all the documents which he had at hand, he had personal reminiscences of his grandmother to aid him, as she did not die until 1860. She told him the story of her betrothal to Napoleon, and this scene is put into the book. The future emperor's brother Joseph married Désirée's sister, Julie Clary. One day, when they were all sitting together, Napoleon said:

"The only happy marriages are where the husband and wife are complementary. You, Joseph, are accommodating, and so is Désirée, while Julie and I must have our own way. You would do well, therefore, to marry Julie, while as for Désirée, she shall be my wife."

She was only a child then, and he took her upon his knee and kissed her. The betrothal appears to have suited both families, and the two were to have been married when Désirée was sixteen; but before that she had jilted her fiancé. Yet her grandson says that she never forgave Napoleon for marrying another, and was jealous of Josephine fifty years later.

There is one point in the family history which the king leaves untouched—the twelve years his beautiful grandmother spent at Napoleon's court under the name of the Countess of Gothland, quite separated from her husband. Barras, in his memoirs, gives one of his characteristic flings at her character, and all sorts of reasons have been surmised; but if King Oscar knows, he keeps the secret locked up in the closet with the other family skeletons.

A QUEEN IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

Mme. Adam is without doubt the best known literary woman in France. Her salon is famous, holding as it does all that is best in Paris, being the gathering place of the cleverest men and women of the capital. Mme. Adam is still a handsome woman, who makes it difficult to remember that she was the literary protégée of Georges Sand, and that she was already famous when she came into her own salon on the arm of Gambetta.

She was driven to Paris and to her pen by the unhappiness of her first marriage. She left her husband, and went to Georges Sand, who assisted her, and presently her powers began to be felt. She obtained a divorce, and became the wife of M. Adam, who was then a senator, and very rich. Left a widow by his death, with her great means and intellectual talents, Mme. Adam has something more valuable than both in her tact and fine personality. She founded the *Nouvelle Revue*, and made it a power in the world of art and letters. She has a private theater attached to her house, where new pieces are often given by amateurs before they see the footlights in the regular playhouses.

Mme. Adam has lived in the very thick of the events which have crowded French history in the past fifty years. She is said to have given Daudet many of the ideas which he has utilized in his novels, particularly "Numa Roumestan," the title character of which was taken from Gambetta.

Life is short and art is long, and as literature multiplies in volume how shall the average man or woman find time to read all that is worth reading, or even one per cent of it? Modern life is so complex, our interests are so many and so engrossing, that leisure is becoming almost a forgotten term. It puzzles us to meet our business engagements and social duties; and yet convention no less imperatively demands that we should be *au courant* with the literature of the day, as well as with the classics of the past.

It is this that justifies the existence of the literary compendium, the treasury of quotations, the anthology of verse, and their kin. These compilations can never replace a first hand acquaintance with the original masters—for the fortunate people who have time for it; but they fill a real need. It is characteristic of this practical country and generation that some of the most prominent American litterateurs of the day should be at work upon what is probably the best thing of the kind yet undertaken. This is a series of thirty volumes called the "Library of the World's Best Literature," of which Charles Dudley Warner is the chief editor, with such men as W. D. Howells, George Parsons Lathrop, Henry Van Dyke, and Andrew D. White among the contributors of critical matter.

* * * *

The Spaniards are being unkind enough to say that Mr. H. C. Chatfield Taylor knows nothing whatever about Spain, and that his book, "The Land of the Castanet," was conceived in ignorance. Señor Valera has written an article about him in a prominent Spanish journal. He says that the very title of the book is an insult; that a Spaniard might as well come to this country and, ignoring all our great writers and thinkers and our best social life, might look at the stockyards of Mr. Taylor's native Chicago, and call America the "Land of the Hog."

Doubtless Mr. Taylor did not go very deep into Spanish life. No foreigner can do that; but he wrote a fairly entertaining book, which was about all we asked of him.

* * * *

"King Noanett," by F. J. Stimson, whom some of us know better as "J. S. of Dale," the author of "Greendale" and the incomparable "Mrs. Knollys," has had what is called a "great success." About fifteen thousand copies have been sold, we are told, and the publishers are now arranging to print an *édition de luxe* which will be offered for one hundred dollars. It is said that twenty five of these have already been sold in England. The edition is limited to a hundred copies, and is made up almost entirely of pictures. This is one of the first occasions upon which a book less than a year old has been brought out in such a form.

* * * *

Leslie Stephen, the son in law of Thackeray, and one of his successors in the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*, is one of the most wholesome forces in modern English literature. His essays are strong, and are always directed against the cants and fads of the moment, not so much in word as by the influence of strength.

Mr. Stephen was one of James Russell Lowell's intimate friends in England. He is best known in America for his "Hours in a Library."

THE STAGE

A STAR IN "THE SERENADE."

When the Bostonians were singing in San Francisco, in the fall of 1895, they found it necessary to revive "Robin Hood." But just at this time their company lacked a suitable *Annabel*. Mr. Barnabee decided to look about him for what he wanted, and to this end attended a performance at the Tivoli. Now, the Tivoli is to San Francisco what the Castle Square is to Boston—a theater where a varied repertoire of light and grand opera is presented at really popular prices. And here Mr. Barnabee found just the voice and talent he sought in Alice Nielsen, who had been a member of the Tivoli stock company for two years, and had sung a repertoire of a hundred and fifty parts, extending from *Yum Yum* on the one hand to *Lucia* on the other.

Miss Nielsen is a Southerner, and inaugurated her musical career by joining, when very young, a so called Chicago Concert Company, which traveled through the far West, amassing far more funny experiences than ducats. In this way she came to take up her abode in San Francisco, where she studied under Ida Valerga, and finally obtained an engagement at the Tivoli.

After joining the Bostonians she sang in "The Bohemian Girl," was *Ninette* in "Prince Ananias," and created *Anita* in "Mexico," of unhappy memory. Then, early this spring, came her creation of the rollicking rôle of *Yvonne* in "The Serenade," which convinced the public that the Bostonians were in no danger of rusting out from lack of the right sort of new blood.

Miss Nielsen is as vivacious off the stage as on it. She loves her work, particularly the bolero in the second act, and there is small likelihood of any one mistaking her for other than an American. Her present ambition is to go to Europe to give her voice further cultivation, but it is not improbable that she may soon sing in London with the Bostonians.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN COMIC OPERA.

"The Wedding Day," with Lillian Russell, Della Fox, and Jeff De Angelis in the cast as stars, revived more than old time memories of players at the Casino. The opera itself proved to be of an order of merit recalling "Falka," "The Merry War," and "Nanon," the like of which we have not seen in many moons. The music is ambitious without being dull, and some of the concerted numbers reach real artistic value. The story holds the interest, although in spots it is excessively complicated, and at one point in the third act quite absurd. But it would be difficult to find a better vehicle for displaying the peculiar talents of the three members of this triple alliance, which has won what the advertisements find joy in dubbing a "tri-triumph."

Miss Russell is permitted to look as handsome as ever, and she certainly acts and sings with more spirit than when there was none to dispute the center of the stage with her. Della Fox has grown more slender of figure and more decorous in deportment than of yore, both of which count as decided acquisitions in her favor. She makes a very pretty bride, and you can hear a pin drop in the house when she kisses Lillian Russell, which she is called upon to do more than once. Jeff De Angelis makes us quite forget "The Caliph," than which there can be no higher commendation. He is a capital fun maker whenever he has the material at hand, and as the Paris baker who must call somebody else his wife on his wedding day, he does not lack for stock in trade. His "topical" dance of all nations in the second act is a refreshing novelty in this hard worked field.

As first brought out, the opera ran to an inordinate length, but there are some utterly extraneous vulgarities the cutting out of which would spare both the blushes of the audience and their patience. It is past comprehension why managers allow these affronts to the American public to be perpetrated, when experience must show them that they are obnoxious to an overwhelming majority.

A LONDON START FOR AN AMERICAN PLAYER.

Our portrait of Julie Opp shows an American girl who has just entered upon a stage career which promises great things for her. She is a young woman of distinguished appearance, and although her height will confine her to a certain line of parts, she possesses the instincts and ambition that are calculated to make her an able exponent of them.

Miss Opp is a New Yorker, and although she has acted often in private theatricals and has warm friends among the leading members of the profession, her first choice of a calling was that of a writer for the magazines, in which line she had already made a successful start when Mr. Daniel Frohman

ALICE NIELSEN.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

offered to find her an opening in his company as soon as he should produce a play having a suitable part. She accepted, and meantime went abroad. This was last summer, and in traveling on the continent she met George Alexander and his wife.

inaugurate her connection with the footlights in a foreign land instead of at home. Her rôle was a very brief one, but she also served as understudy to Julia Neilson's *Rosalind*. The play ran for more than a hundred nights, and on one occasion, late in the winter, when Miss

JULIE OPP AS "HYMEN" IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

Mr. Alexander is not only one of the best known English actors, but manages the St. James, the favorite playhouse of fashionable London. He was then contemplating a presentation of "As You Like It," became interested in Miss Opp, and suggested that she take the part of *Hymen*. After making suitable arrangements with Mr. Frohman, she decided to

Opp was called upon to take Miss Neilson's place, she scored a pronounced hit. Her resemblance to Mary Anderson has often been remarked, and in certain portraits of the two the similarity is striking.

Miss Opp is at present appearing in the new comedy by Pinero, "The Princess and the Butterfly," which was brought out at the St. James on March 25. It has little plot,

GRACE FILKINS.

From her latest photograph—Copyrighted by J. Schloss, New York.

but depends chiefly on brilliant dialogue and truthful reflections of the Mayfair set. Fay Davis, another American girl, has made a hit in a leading rôle.

THE CONTINUED DOMINATION OF THE "CONTINUOUS."

The "stampede" to vaudeville is not ended yet. With Maurice Barrymore already enrolled in the ranks, and Agnes Booth merely hesitating on the verge, the public is prepared to hear of Mansfield and Ada Rehan as the latest accession to the music halls. The new method of presenting themselves is certainly of value to the players from the monetary side; they earn more and with greater ease than they could under other conditions. The audience is also the gainer, as these importations from the legitimate do not, as a rule, descend to variety, properly so called, but carry with them plays from their own field. For instance, Barrymore is appearing in "A Man of the World," by Augustus Thomas, the curtain raiser in which he scored such success some seasons ago at the old Madison Square Theater. It is Augustus Thomas, too, who has written the sketch, "A Proper Impropriety," used by Frederic Bryton, who

was one of the early leading men (in "The Russian Honeymoon," and other plays) at this same house, and latterly has become so widely known in "Forgiven."

Mr. Bryton is assisted by Grace Filkins, of whom we give a portrait, and who, a year ago, was *Nell* in "Shore Acres." She played a take off on Calvé's *Carmen* when the first of the reviews, "The Passing Show," was brought out at the Casino, and was also the *Countess of Forget-Me-Not*, a "villainess," in the same piece.

JANE HOLLY.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

A YOUNG FAVORITE IN "OLD INNOCENCE."

Some four decades ago the mention of California was all that was necessary to conjure up visions of gold fields galore. Most of its mines of precious metal have been exhausted, but the State has found a new commodity, the supply of which appears to be without limit. We refer to women who have acquired real standing on the playbills of the country. MUNSEY'S has already portrayed a lengthy list of them, and this month we add another to the collection in the person of Jane Holly.

During the present season Miss Holly has been leading lady with Tim Murphy (of "Texas Steer" fame) in his new play, "Old Innocence." She has youth, beauty, and individuality, and an apprenticeship in a San Francisco stock company gave her training upon versatile lines. That was accentuated by a season with Marie Wainwright, during which Miss Holly was called upon to take part in Shakspere, old English comedy, and modern society drama.

MATRIMONY DEPLETING THE PROFESSION.

Four well known names may possibly vanish from the bills within a period of six

FANNIE BULKLEY.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by G. G. Rockwood, New York.

months through one and the same cause—marrying out of the profession. Olga Nethersole is to wed at the close of the present season with a physician who attended her in Australia; Amy Busby was married in March to Eugene H. Lewis, a New York lawyer; Dorothy Morton has plighted her troth to a Rochester man; and Fannie Bulkley, who leaped into the front rank in her first season, has already left the boards, owing to her engagement to Sherwood Hard, son of a stockholder of the Lyceum Theater, and himself engaged in the insurance business.

Miss Bulkley's career, though brief, is full of interest. She was only eighteen years old last February, and comes by her musical abilities through inheritance, her father, Arthur T. Hills, now a widely known physician in New York, having been a charter member of the Boston Apollo Club, and her mother, Anna Bulkley Hills, enjoying repute in the metropolis as a contralto church choir and oratorio singer. The daughter's voice early showing signs of merit, careful attention was paid to its cultivation, and a grand opera career was mapped out for her. But her dramatic instincts appeared to overbalance her musical inclinations, and she was placed in the chorus at the Metropolitan Opera House to acquire stage experience.

Fred Whitney, the manager, took a special interest in her progress, and a year ago last month arranged for her to sing the part of *Flora MacDonald* in "Rob Roy" for a single night in Brooklyn. Though she had never had a regular rehearsal, she had often practised the music, and got through it beautifully. Had there been a part adapted to her in "Brian Boru," she would have had it. As it was, the rôle of a nurse maid in the last act

CHARLES WALCOT.

From a photograph by Marceau, San Francisco

of "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" was offered her for its original production in Chicago, but she was rapidly advanced to the godmother part, in which she made such a hit. Miss Bulkley is herself much prettier than her photographs make her appear.

MR. AND MRS. WALCOT.

Amid all the changes that have taken place at the Lyceum, the Walcots stand forth, happy links between past and present. They both had parts in "The Wife," which inaugurated the present management, November 1, 1887, and an idea of the esteem in which these sterling actors are held by Mr. Frohman may be obtained from an indorsement on the document relating to the business arrangements between them, which reads: "This contract is renewed until Charles Walcot cancels it."

Mr. Walcot is fifty seven years old, and a native of Boston. His father was an actor before him, and the son began as an amateur when he was seventeen and a student at St. John's College, Fordham. He went on the professional stage as soon as he graduated, and has played so many different parts that he has never tried to set down the sum of them. While at Laura Keene's theater in New York, thirty four years ago, he was married to Isabella Nickinson, daughter of the comedian, John Nickinson. She was only sixteen at the time, having been on the stage six months. Although many people

suppose Mrs. Walcot to be English, she is a native New Yorker. Husband and wife have acted together ever since, except for a brief period when the latter appeared at the Grand Opera House under Mr. Daly's management. For sixteen years they were members of the stock company at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, where Mr. Walcot was leading

MRS. CHARLES WALCOT.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

man, and Mrs. Walcot has appeared in a list of parts ranging from *Topsy* to *Amy Robsart*, which latter character she was the first to play in this country.

In those days, membership in a stock troupe meant the hardest kind of work. Sometimes the bill was changed every night in the week, and besides having to learn the new parts, Mrs. Walcot looked after her own and her husband's costumes, many of which she made herself, sitting up to sew into the small hours of the morning after the performance. When she joined the Lyceum, nearly ten years ago, she signed for the line of parts technically known as "grand dame." When she went to the Walnut Street her contract called for her to assume any one of these five types: leading juvenile tragedy, leading juvenile comedy, chambermaid (now more properly termed soubrette), burlesque, and boys.

During their long career the Walcots have taken part in some memorable performances. In 1864 they played *Cassius* and *Calphurnia* respectively in the New York production of "Julius Cæsar," containing in its cast the three Booths—Edwin, Junius Brutus, and John Wilkes. Soon afterwards, they were the *Horatio* and *Ophelia* in Edwin Booth's record breaking hundred night run of "Hamlet" at the Winter Garden. Mrs. Walcot was the *Lydia Languish* the first time Mrs. John Drew would consent to play old women's parts, when she appeared at a benefit performance at the Arch Street Theater, February 22, 1879, as *Mrs. Malaprop* in "The Rivals."

The Walcots are sterling artists, both. There is a rugged strength to their method of acting that makes the most trifling part convincing. Mrs. Walcot's *Mrs. Bickerdyke* in "The Late Mr. Castello" was as clear cut as a cameo, and one of the most thoroughly

VIRGINIA EARLE AS "MOLLIE SEAMORE" IN "THE GEISHA."
From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

artistic and amusing impersonations of the kind the metropolitan stage has seen in many a day. There was no part for her in either "The First Gentleman of Europe" or "The Mayflower." Mr. Walcot's country baronet in the first named, although it gave him but a single appearance, was the most enjoyable portion of the performance, and was so adjudged by many of the newspaper critics.

THE QUICK PROMOTION OF VIRGINIA EARLE.

When the world heard that Augustin Daly had gone to the Casino to recruit his company, amazement and horror were equally mingled. Now that Virginia Earle has completed her first season in her new environment, all are ready to commend Mr. Daly's discernment. Miss Earle has proved one of the most valuable acquisitions his theater has gained in many years. She was engaged to take Violet Lloyd's place as *Mollie Seamore* in "The Geisha," and not only did she accomplish this with ready skill, but she made a second hit as *Flora* in "Meg Merrilies." Nor did old comedy daunt her, for as still another *Flora*, maid to Ada Rehan in "The Wonder," her work was much praised by the critics. She crowned her success in Shakspere, winning new laurels with her *Ariel* in "The Tempest."

To all these impersonations, her readiness

in song has been of service, but her vivacity counts for much; indeed, she possesses a magnetic influence over her audiences that is difficult to analyze. Sarah Bernhardt took a fancy to her some years ago, when she was only *Tags* in "The County Fair," and predicted a great future for her. Notwithstanding this, we fancy Miss Earle herself would have been incredulous had any one told her last August, when she was *Prince Rouge et Noir* in "Gay New York," that within ten months she would be a principal in Shakspere at Daly's.

After an apprenticeship in "Evangeline" and her experience as *Tags*, she took Della Fox' part in a road company doing "Wang," but first attracted notice in the metropolis two years ago in "The Merry World," in which review she doubled the rôles of *Vaseline* and *Little Billee*. Then came her impersonation of the name part in "The Lady Slavey," which brought her to the front with a rush.

"THE MYSTERIOUS MR. BUGLE."

One of the brightest offerings of the entire dramatic season just closed was Madeleine Lucette Ryley's farce, constituting the supplementary "proceedings" at the Lyceum. It might well serve as a model in play constructing. There are no "blind" leads, and there is almost as much for the eye to see as for the ear to listen to, although a playwright who can produce dialogue as clever as Mrs. Ryley's might be pardoned for permitting it to predominate.

The play was acted by an admirable company, headed by Annie Russell and Joseph Holland. Miss Russell's work was a positive revelation. Hitherto she had been associated only with "whiny" rôles, bearing a burden upon her soul, a droop to the eye, and imposing a lachrymose effect upon the audience. In "Mr. Bugle" she is pretty as a picture, and develops a capacity for light comedy work that one must go far to match.

Mrs. Ryley can now drive a spike team of star successes—her "Christopher, Jr." for John Drew, "An American Citizen" for Nat Goodwin, and "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" for Annie Russell.

THE MATTER OF PLAYS.

There has been much discussion in London this spring over the difficulty of obtaining new plays. *The Stage*, the leading organ of the profession in England, published a series of editorial articles on "The Dramatic Supply," and suggestions of many kinds were offered as a solution of the dilemma. As the matter stands, managers are inclined to accept plays only from men whose reputations have already been made, and are loath to risk their money in the attempt to make reputations for new men. Yet new men must have their turn, for playwrights are no more immortal than the rest of us, and it is only a question of time when their working days shall be over.

Still another incentive to hasten the broadening of the source of supply was furnished when, in the very height of the discussion, new pieces by Henry Arthur Jones and A. W. Pinero were put forth ("The Physician" and "The Princess and the Butterfly") and proved disappointments from the box office point of view. For the coming summer, the American market is to be largely drawn on. "Secret Service," "Lost, Strayed or Stolen," "The Serenade," "The County Fair," "Never Again," and "El Capitan" are half a dozen successes in "the States" which will probably be tried by the Thames before autumn.

A glance at these names will show that none is by a new hand, so that the difficulty of England is the difficulty of America also. "My Friend from India" is the one piece of recent production that brings a hitherto unknown name to the bills. And investigation reveals the fact that Mr. Du Souchet is connected with the staff of a great metropolitan daily, and thus had a way bridged for him to the attention of the players, with one of whom, moreover, he had been for years on the closest intimacy.

It is to the theater itself that the theater must look for help in the emergency. Play writing is, after all, more a matter of the stage than of the study. In England Arthur Pinero and R. C. Carton were actors before they were authors, and Murray Carson and Henry V. Esmond are actors still. In our own country we have Gillette, and Belasco, who began as a call boy. Then the dramatizer of "Tess," Lorimer Stoddard—who is the son of Richard Henry Stoddard, the veteran New York poet, not of John L., the lecturer—has been a Thespian for several years, starting in the smallest capacity at Daly's. His first part of any note was *Herbert* with a road company in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and the next season he created *Lord Arthur Trelawney* in "The Henrietta." He was in this for two years, and it was during this period—in 1888—that he began to try his hand at plays. The first to be produced was a curtain raiser entitled "Her First Love," brought out by Augustus Pitou in 1891. He has written more than twenty plays altogether, and is now at work on a new one. Duse has asked permission to have an Italian version made of "Tess."

Mr. Stoddard has played *Lord Tweenways*

in "The Amazons." Last season he was *Marty Jones*, the stenographer, in Crane's "Governor of Kentucky." The stage apparently possesses a fascination for him which writing for it does not wholly gratify, for he has already returned to the boards in "Pharaoh's Daughters."

PULPIT AND PLAYHOUSE.

Every now and again a clergyman takes it upon himself to denounce the theater and all connected therewith; also at periodic intervals, other members of the cloth step forward to the defense of the stage, and preach sermons on the subject. But the first mentioned class does about as little to injure the drama as the latter does to aid it. The time for looking upon the playhouse as a portal to Hades has gone by. Less than half a century ago the novel was regarded with horror by vast numbers of otherwise sensible people; today the novel is universally hailed as one of the great vehicles for the inculcation of truths beneficial to mankind. And the stage is in the same line of progress.

In a recent sermon on the press, Dr. Charles H. Eaton, of the Church of the Divine Paternity (Universalist), after deprecating many features to be found in the sensational newspapers of the day, remarked, "The pulpit, theater, and press rise and fall upon the shoulders of the people."

One such frank recognition of the playhouse as an intelligent factor in the education of public taste, is worth twenty whole discourses of a defensive nature, and any number of "clergymen's matinées."

The continuous show is continuous not only as regards the day, but the seasons of the year as well, and competition with it has proved too much for the type of variety set forth in metropolitan roof gardens. But these aërial performances never will be missed; New York is well rid of them. Olympia is quite sufficient for the Gothamite and his visitors, and it looks at this writing as if Olympia's glass covered attic would be the nearest approach to "elevated entertainment" vouchsafed in 1897 to Manhattan stay-at-homes.

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Dan Frohman declares that he has done with curtain raisers. At the opening of the season he announced his intention of producing a series of them. He began with "The Wife of Willoughby," a serious romance which was discussed at length by the reviewers, but treated with scant courtesy by the public, who were anxious to get to the comedy billed to follow it. Later he tried a comedietta, which the critics scorned as being too slight for notice, so the next time the Lyceum put on a short play Mr. Frohman scheduled the performance to begin at 8.30.

In London a large number of theaters use curtain raisers for the special delectation of the pit. The occupants of the stalls plan their arrival for the *pièce de résistance* of the bill, the time for commencing which is always specified in the advertisements.

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It may be easier to write a burlesque for a special type of audience than for the public at large, but this is no reason why an amateur entertainment should be superior to at least three professional "shows" of similar type on view in the metropolis at the same period. To be sure, the music of "The Envoy" (produced by Company I of the Seventh Regiment during April at the Berkeley Lyceum) was all selected, but the book was wholly original with Guy Wetmore Carryl, whose "Poisoner of Zenda" was presented by the same company last year. The lyrics are especially clever.

At this rate the big variety houses would better seek librettos at the armories or among the colleges. Both "The Envoy" and "Cleopatra," the latter written by Charles Chapin Sargent, Jr., for Columbia boys, received more praise from the press than did a couple of extravaganzas lauded by their music hall producers as "stupendous successes."

* * * *

H. A. Du Souchet should consider himself a fortunate fellow. He has scored two successes within the compass of a single season. "The Man from Mexico" has not so many situations as "My Friend from India," but its briskness of repartee imparts a swiftness of movement that carries each act to a laughing climax. It is based on a French theme, but its merits are chiefly confined to the clever adaptation—and to Willie Collier's happy impersonation of the name part.

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Daintiness is the atmosphere of "The Geisha;" dash that of "The Circus Girl." Nothing but praise was heard of the former on its production here last September, whereas the consensus of press opinions on "The Circus Girl" implies that a bigger hit might have been made with a company better adapted to this class of work. Daly's people are at home in the light, graceful touches necessary to bring out the points of the Japanese love story, and for this very reason lack the snap that goes with the ringmaster's whip. At least so agreed the critics on the morning of April 27; when this meets the reader's eye he will be able to judge whether the public is of the same mind.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

OPERA FOR NEXT WINTER.

The question of grand opera for next winter is still hanging in the balance. It is tolerably certain that we shall have opera of some sort, but it is doubtful if Mr. Grau, who has a lease of the Metropolitan until 1900, will bring over the high priced artists to whom America has grown accustomed, and give the regular performances there. But Colonel Mapleson promises us Italian opera, and doubtless Mr. Damrosch will be again in the field; and it will be for Mr. Grau to decide whether the Metropolitan shall be given over to them. It probably will be, as fifty two thousand dollars a year is a large rent to pay for a house that is standing idle.

Then we hear of a new opera company, which contains John A. Mackay as a prominent subscriber. Mr. Mackay is a great personal friend of Mr. Grau, beside being a man who is at all times ready to open his purse in behalf of any artistic project of which he approves. Theobald Chartran, the portrait painter, who seems to be identifying himself with New York, is another large subscriber.

Everybody concedes that there must be some change in our operatic system. The singers who have been coming here demand such exorbitant rates that they appear to have killed the goose that lays the golden eggs. The de Reszkes, with their comparatively small salaries in Europe and their great salaries here, have done more to keep us from having opera next winter than anybody else. They protest their moderation and disinterestedness, but the fact remains that they were too greedy. There is a limit beyond which it is dangerous to go. They may have argued that they would make more in a few years by charging inflated prices, and they are both growing old. A tenor of fifty six cannot expect to have any salary many years longer, and perhaps he is wise to get in all the hay he can while the golden sun is shining.

Colonel Mapleson told a story, the other day, of the first great price that was paid to an opera singer. It was to Christine Nilsson. At that time Mapleson was in London. Nilsson was singing in this country, when her agent telegraphed to Mapleson that she was positively going to be married and retire from the stage, and that if he chose to pay for it he might engage her for two or three performances. "But," he said, "the price will be high."

"How high?" the colonel telegraphed back.

"Two hundred pounds a night," was the answer.

This was a figure unheard of in those days, but Patti was singing in London, Mapleson was ready for a new attraction, and he cabled the Swedish nightingale to come. When Patti heard that Nilsson was getting more money than herself, she sat down in her manager's room in tears, and refused to sing a note until the old order of precedence was restored. Her manager gave her two hundred guineas, and from that point her price never moved except to go higher. But even she never excelled the gentlemen from Warsaw in her demands.

It is likely that the past three seasons will be spoken of for a good many years to come as the great seasons in opera. We had together such a number of great singers as has seldom been brought together at one time, and they were so expensive that they bankrupted the management. But that was not all. They are not so young as they were, and there appears to be nobody, at the moment, to take their places.

MELBA IN ENGLAND.

Mme. Melba is to sing in concert in London—the first time she has ever done so—and will then go into the English provinces. Next year she will probably be in America with Walter Damrosch, and after singing with his company for a short season will make a concert tour.

English people are not so critical as Americans in regard to opera singers, but they delight in Melba, even though Queen Victoria refuses to hear her. This attitude of the queen's is one which, to a foreigner, touches the sense of the ludicrous. She denies herself the pleasure of hearing what is probably the most magnificent voice of this generation, because she does not personally esteem Mme. Melba, we are told. Upon whom, we might inquire, does she consider that the punishment falls? But then it can be no great deprivation to the queen. Mme. Albani is her favorite singer, whom she has chosen to sing "God Save the Queen" at the Jubilee commemoration concert.

NEW OPERAS IN EUROPE.

Herr Humperdinck has made so much money out of "Hansel und Gretel" that he has decided to give up musical criticism in Frankfort, and retire to the beautiful estate which he has purchased, on the Rhine, where

he will devote his time entirely to original work. The occasion of his leaving the city on the Main was marked by the production, as a farewell, of his new opera, "The King's Children." The music is said to be beautiful, even more so than "Hansel und Gretel," that charming little opera which we hardly knew how to place over here, perhaps because it was produced in a theater. The libretto of the new opera is said to be very poetic at times, but on the whole rather tiresome, and too long.

Several other new operas have been heard in Europe lately, but none that ranks in the first class. In "Dolores," which Mme. Patti sang, she interpolated two or three bits of her own composition, and they were said to be the only parts which really showed her voice to advantage. Her popularity—in Nice, at least—does not seem to have waned, as the house was packed at eight dollars a seat.

Munich has lately had some presentations of prize operas. As the prizes were given by the prince regent, the opera that won the principal one, "Theuerdank," was given upon his birthday, and it was made a gala performance. The libretto told the story of the first Maximilian of Bavaria, and was pronounced quite Wagnerian in style. It was written by Ludwig Thuille, a professor in the conservatory at Munich.

Monte Carlo heard a new Irish opera this season, the "Morna" of Isidore de Lara. All the critics said it had a great deal of the character of Ireland—if they quite understand what this is—in the music, but the libretto is pronounced to be like a cheap melodrama. M. de Lara perhaps wrote the opera with the intention of singing it himself, as its leading male rôle is well suited to his own voice, and he himself is an accomplished vocalist. Victor Maurel was the chief singer at Monte Carlo.

THE STORY OF THE CID.

Most of the opera goers of the past season were disappointed in Massenet's "Le Cid," which was given in New York for the first time. In making the national hero of Spain into an opera, a good many liberties were taken with him, as was the case with the legend of "Faust," when it was set to music. The love story, which could not have been a very great part of the Christian champion's life, was made the motif, and everything else left to revolve about it.

In the first place, we are not at all sure whether Rodrigo de Bivar was a mythical character or not. They have his sword in the museum in Madrid, and at Burgos there is a monument on which is inscribed: "Here stood the house in which was born, in 1026, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, called El Campeador, who died in Valencia in 1099." But in these days we are told that Homer, and Abraham, and a good many other great names, are nothing but myths.

The love story, as it is told in the "Cronica Rimada" ("Rhymed History") of the thirteenth century, is more of a plot for a comic opera than for the serious effort of a man like Massenet. It shows the hero as a mere boy, killing a nobleman, whose daughter goes to the king to pray for vengeance; but when she sees the young man she demands him for a husband. The king compels Rodrigo to marry her, but after the ceremony he goes away, declaring that he will not see her again until he has defeated the Moors in five battles. We never hear of the bride again in all the "Cronica."

In the opera they have brought in a Spanish princess, who also loves the Cid. A quarrel arises between Rodrigo's father and the father of his appointed bride, and the young soldier is compelled to slay the latter in a duel. He goes away to the wars then—to come back his country's savior and melt the heart of his bride.

The truth is that Massenet, who can write "Manon" music, cannot be grand and heroic. His score is feminine, seductive, sweet, but not impressive; and the consequence is that "Le Cid" has never been a favorite. It was, of course, impossible for Massenet to make a total failure, and there are parts of this opera which come up to his best work. "Pleurez, mes yeux," is the most famous number of it, and the ballet music is truly beautiful.

PADEREWSKI'S MOVEMENTS.

For some time there have been intermittent reports that Paderewski is suffering from nervous prostration. He has long been a victim to insomnia. On his last visit to New York he never retired before the small hours, and one of the duties of his secretary was to play either whist or billiards with him until he showed some signs of drowsiness. As the Polish genius is a strictly scientific player, the task became rather laborious. Here is a chance for the patent medicine man to get a testimonial. A letter with Paderewski's signature attached would undoubtedly make a sleeping potion famous.

There is no diminution in the popularity of the Polish pianist. He seems able to hold an audience spellbound whenever and wherever he chooses to sit down before a keyboard. Sometimes, here in America, we have been tempted to think, as we saw the crowds of women who followed him about,

that it is some personal magnetism which has a word to say concerning his success; but sober old musicians and hardened critics corroborate the opinions of the most hysterical female adorers.

Paderewski recently made a flying trip to Italy, playing once in Rome and twice in Milan. King Umberto heard him in Rome, and testified his admiration by making him a commander of the order of the Crown of Italy.

THE DEATH OF BRAHMS.

Johannes Brahms, whom most of the best judges considered to be the greatest of contemporary composers, died a few weeks ago in Vienna.

He was the son of a musician in the orchestra of a Vienna theater, and was so gifted as a pianist that he appeared in public at the age of fourteen, playing several of his own compositions. In 1853, when he was twenty, he and Remenyi made a concert tour through Germany, which attracted the attention of Liszt and Joachim. Brahms won Liszt's admiration by a feat which he performed one night at Göttingen. He was playing Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" with Remenyi, when he found the piano half a tone flat. Without any hesitation, and without his notes, he transposed the whole sonata from A to B flat. It was through Joachim that he came to know Schumann, who wrote to a leading German musical periodical about the coming of a new genius, and predicted a great future for Brahms.

He made his great fame in Vienna. For twenty five years he lived a very quiet life there, broken only by the appearance of his new compositions, which were frequently performed under his own direction; but he was always the musical center of that musical city. In the summer, when he went to Ischl, he was the life of the crowd of musicians from all parts of the world whom he attracted there.

Brahms left many works. His first symphony in C minor, which was marked "Opus 68," was written in 1876. He followed it up with three more, all of which have been very popular, and are undoubted works of genius. The "German Requiem" is his greatest choral piece.

The dying composer was kept in ignorance of his serious condition, and expected to spend the coming summer at Carlsbad.

A NATIONAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

In the last week of June there is to be held, in the Grand Central Palace in New York, a meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association. The management expect to give New York a week of music that will surpass anything heard here in years. The convention proper will carry on its usual business, and in addition there will be some remarkable features. On "Oratorio Night" a picked chorus of fifteen hundred voices will sing "The Messiah," under the leadership of Frank Damrosch.

A great many handsome prizes are offered, covering seven subjects. The successful compositions will be heard in concerts, where the competitors will appear as performers or directors. One session will be devoted entirely to compositions by women, others to popular classes in sight singing, and to public school music. Frank Damrosch will have some of these sessions in charge.

Professor Gow, of Vassar, is chairman of the committee which will control the session devoted to music in the college, and Charles H. Morse, organist of Plymouth Church, is at the head of the committee on public school music.

There will also be a great display of ancient and modern musical instruments.

MUSIC AND THE POPULAR TASTE.

After all, the Americans are fond of music. We may say that the opera is merely a fashionable amusement, and that the box holders make it so by their names and their dress, but there is no country in the world where concert audiences are so enthusiastic as in America. They show what they like, and are ready to "discover" a new singer who pleases them, and give him praise and fame.

It may be that in German and Italian opera the general public misses more than the opera managers or the people themselves realize, in having the librettos in a foreign tongue. Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians would not accept another language for their music. There is so much in the word and its delicate shading, which in a true opera libretto poetically fits the music. It is not enough that we know the general story; half the charm is lost. To see real enthusiasm we must attend one of the choruses, like the Apollo or Rubinstein clubs. There a company of trained musicians, forgetting for the time that almost every one might command attention as a solo singer, put themselves under a director and are moved by his baton like an orchestra. They sing the beautiful old songs, or splendid poems arranged to music, and they give the average man, whether he has had a musical education or not, the greatest delight.

At a recent concert by the Apollo Club, Mr. Chapman, the director, brought forward a new singer in the person of George Fleming. He has a baritone voice of great sweetness,

which he manages admirably. Although Dr. Carl Dufft sang just before him, and his name was an absolutely unknown one, he received three encores and most enthusiastic applause. He is a young man who is studying for grand opera.

The management of these choruses is extraordinary. At times the sound swells out like one great voice, and then the different voices play into one another exactly like the instruments of an orchestra. The musical instrument nears perfection as it approaches the human voice, and with the finest men's voices in the country harmonized as these are, we have a perfect human orchestra.

THE GERMAN MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

Some one lately has been calling attention to the manner in which the German musical societies have influenced the musical progress of the metropolis. It was the Arion Society that brought Dr. Damrosch to America, and it was Dr. Damrosch, and after him his two sons, who did so much for New York's knowledge of Wagnerian music.

The elder Damrosch began his work here so long ago that it is almost impossible to realize the great strides that have been made by the musical societies, and in the general study of music, since that time. In looking back there seems to have been hardly a project, outside of the season of Italian opera, in which the Damrosches have not been factors at some time or other. Mrs. Damrosch had her share in the work, for she was an indefatigable assistant to her husband, and did much to influence and train her sons.

Franz Van der Stucken, who succeeded Dr. Damrosch as director of the Arion, now has charge of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. The affairs of the organization were in a very bad condition when he took it in hand. With rare tact and discrimination he brought together the best musicians he could find, imported a *concertmeister* from Europe, and altogether created a new and splendid orchestra. He has also done some very good work at the Cincinnati College of Music.

Mr. Van der Stucken trained the chorus for the Indianapolis May Festival of this year.

The teachers abroad, when asked seriously, repeat what Mme. Eames has said concerning the risk of sending young American girls to Europe to prepare for opera. These aspirants should receive the groundwork of their study at home, and should have proven their capacity to work, to withstand temptations, and to live discreetly, wherever they happen to be, before they go to a foreign city.

Stories are constantly coming back of opportunities frittered away by young American girls. At one German conservatory a rule has been made forbidding students to go to any place of resort or amusement outside of the two hotels in the town.

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The one real novelty of the season of German opera was the production of Xaver Scharwenka's opera "Mataswinta." It was first performed, only a few months ago, in Weimar, where it was conducted by the composer himself. The story is taken from Felix Dahn's "Ein Kampf um Rom," and deals with the efforts of the Goths to throw off the yoke of Rome. In some ways it resembles "Lohengrin." The score was familiar here already, as parts of it had been played in concert; but like "Andrea Chenier," it was not quite old enough for the American audience to come to a final decision upon its merits.

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At the Boston Music Hall, this spring, Mr. Arthur Whiting had his new fantasia for piano and orchestra produced by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It met with instant favor, not because it was the work of a young American composer, but because it was really good.

Mr. Whiting was born near Boston, and received almost all of his musical education there. He comes of a musical family, and was encouraged in his studies from his very earliest youth. His uncle, George E. Whiting, gave him instruction in organ playing at the Conservatory of Music; J. C. D. Parker taught him the piano, and he studied harmony with Stephen Emory. He has composed a great deal. After he left the Conservatory he went to Munich for several years, and upon his return introduced himself to Boston with a charming overture, and to New York with a piano concerto; but he is best known by his church music.

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At a recent concert given by the London Philharmonic Society, Paderewski played a new "Scottish Concerto" by Sir Alexander Mackenzie.

The critics in London said that the concerto could take its place by the side of the best things Sir Alexander has ever done. It is designed to express the spirit of Scotch music, and is said to be full of national color. The ending is full of fire, and pictures the rude rejoicing of a Highland clan returning from some foray. The audience was so enthusiastic that the pianist was obliged to play it twice. It is said to be exceedingly difficult, but perfectly designed to exhibit Paderewski's skill.

IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS, GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS; GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GLARE, FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

CONCERNING OMENS AND TALISMANS.

We wonder if any one is wholly free from the petty foibles of superstition. Belief in omens and talismans, in signs and symbols, is far more prevalent than a casual observer of humanity might suppose, for the simple reason that almost everybody, along with his cherished superstition, cherishes also a certain secretiveness about it, only permitting his intellectual aberration to come to light where secrecy can no longer be maintained. There can be no doubt that superstition has always played a leading rôle in the world's drama, and has been a potent factor in the making of history. In these days of boasted enlightenment it is still abroad. Man may master the sciences and rule the universe, but he will always be a two legged animal, and he will always be superstitious.

A noted prima donna has given one or two laughable exhibitions of her thraldom to the weird statutes of this mental weakness. It is said that one night, while on the stage, she accidentally swept a small hand mirror from a table to the floor. It fell with a crash, and madame—realizing that her carelessness had brought upon her the vindictiveness of the ill natured genii who rule in Superstitiania—suddenly dropped her assumed character, rushed to the fallen mirror, examined the glass tenderly, anxiously, and only returned to her part when she had placed the mirror beyond further injury. Again, it is stated that the Czar reposes more confidence in a sacred relic which he carries upon his person than in the elaborate machinery of his detective service, and that he considers his personal safety assured only when his special talisman is in his keeping.

During last year's Presidential campaign we were entertained by numberless accounts—glaringly exaggerated, very probably—of the trust a certain prominent political figure reposed in the left hind foot of a rabbit. Incidentally rabbit's foot knickknacks rose vastly above par all over the country, but at last accounts the talisman market had regained its normal tone. Our yachtsmen, too, equip their racing craft with every scientific accessory, engage an able captain and crew, and then, to make success certain, throw in a yellow dog, or some equally inane tribute to the genii who preside over the mirror and the rabbit's foot. We are disposed to look upon these vagaries of minds otherwise well balanced as evidence, not so much of deficiency, as of a certain taint so carefully fostered through countless generations, that no rate of intellectual advance will ever quite distance it.

HUMANIZING THE DOG.

If humanity is deteriorating—degenerating, as a certain school of writers would have us believe—it is comforting to reflect that the canine race is being rapidly educated up to such a height that mankind will soon necessarily step aside to make place for the genus *canis*. We have seen the dog blanketed and bedecked in silk and silver plate, his neck resplendent with gold filigree and gems, and now the dog bracelet has been added to the other agencies for humanizing man's four footed friend. These bracelets are worn on one, two, or three of the dear creature's ankles, according to the whim of its mistress. They are frequently of the most costly design, even sparkling with small diamonds.

We shall have shoemakers and tailors next, whose sole duty it will be to cater to the wants of our friend and contemporary the dog. Already the trunk makers, appreciating the importance of his dogship's good will, have produced elaborate designs of dog trunks and dog satchels. These satchels are works of art. They are made of the finest leather, with silver mountings, and any dog with an artistic eye would be glad to possess one. If your pet happens to have outgrown satchels, you may present him with a trunk. This is like an ordinary human being's trunk, except that there are breathing holes through it, for of course your pet travels inside. He may be incased in a sole leather trunk, a wicker trunk, or a plain wooden one, according to his taste, and the condition of his finances.

The adornment of the dog and his happiness and convenience at home and abroad having been attended to, we must provide for his social advancement. We must make him feel at home in the drawing room; we

must not only entertain him, but we must make him entertain us, so that his perfect social equality with us may be promoted. To this end we should discourage purely canine sports, and invite our four legged friends to participate in manly pastimes. A good precedent in this line was happily established in one of our larger cities recently, by bringing to bear the peculiarly humanizing influence of that great modern institution, the prize fight. Other educational methods having been exhausted upon the pet dogs present, two of these were induced to fight each other for the edification of the assemblage, after the example so ably set for dogs in general at Carson City not long ago.

In these and many other ways much is being done by our thoughtful generation toward humanizing the dog. Mothers of mediocre intelligence devote themselves to the care of their children, but women of surpassing mentality leave such trivial domestic annoyances in the hands of servants, and devote themselves with commendable forethought to the education and ennobling of our Friend and Successor, the Dog.

QUESTIONABLE CHARITIES.

The human mind, even in its most subtle workings, is being laid bare by degrees to the keen eye of the psychologist; but in certain respects we believe that its kinks and quirks will long baffle him. In the direction of charity, the action of the mind is particularly obscure.

We have had dog hospitals, bird refuges, orphan asylums for bereaved cats, and, last of all, soup kitchens for indigent horses. At a certain "Home of Rest for Horses," *table d'hôte* dinners are served to equine wrecks with all the solemnity of a colonial banquet, and with a menu ranging from chopped carrots to lump sugar. Now when a quadruped is hungry, there is no chance of misunderstanding him. He is impatient about it, and wants it at once and all at once. To dole out to a famished creature the meager and scattered portions of a course dinner is to inflict upon him a species of torture. Any hungry wheelman knows that! It is hard to comprehend by what process of reasoning intelligent people, however benevolent they may be, are led to impose upon the horse this dreary ordeal of a course dinner, and all in the name of charity.

Equally difficult is the problem a woman presents when she takes upon herself the thankless task of effecting the tardy reformation of a condemned criminal. Cajoling herself into the conviction that she, and she only, is equal to the task, she goes to the cell and labors with the erring soul. Meanwhile the newspapers abound with notices giving out that Mrs. Melton Mowbray is devoting her time to the reformation of Black Bill. The criminal likes it; he gets baskets of flowers, and hampers of choice delicacies. He plays his part admirably, as a rule, accepting the watery pleadings of his patroness along with the goodies. By the time Black Bill gets his just reward, Mrs. Melton Mowbray has had much free advertising, her social status, in some mysterious manner, has risen, her receptions are more largely attended, and her evangelistic efforts are suspended.

The exact motives which lead to these strange and often disgusting freaks of mistaken benevolence may be hard to fathom, but already charity is shaping itself to fashionable lines, and we suspect there is a tendency to degrade it to the level of a mere fad.

TELEPHONIC RELATIONS.

When we take down the receiver to respond to Central's honeyed bleat of "Number?" it may occur to us that we are blessed above our forebears in the matter of convenience; but we seldom stop to consider what a great social factor we are handling. Society, which stands for the non professional relations of men and women, takes its grade of intimacy from its connecting medium. When the letter or message had to go by mounted courier, or by a prim little maid in side curls and pattens, society was stately, formal, punctilious in its duties, and rigid in its etiquette.

The ready made envelope and the postage stamp stood for a new intimacy, since notes could now be dashed off instead of penned or indited, and obligations met and disposed of with "a lick and a promise." The epistle changed into the letter, "Honored Sir" became "Dear Jack," and the wheels of society began to change their ponderous revolutions for a lively whirl.

Now the sharp voice of the telephone has scattered the last traces of stateliness. Over the democratic wires the college boy and the dowager of sixty are greeted with the same cheerful hello, and the echo of it has crept into all the relations of men and women. A little manipulation will bring them voice to voice at any hour of the day, and so they are beginning to gain an off hand knowledge of each other, and to lose that quaint awe which was once a part of the social stock in trade of youth.

Moreover, the connecting wire has doubled the possibilities of social life, and brought in a new and charming class of entertainments —the little informals and "won't you drop ins" that nearly always show people at their brightest and best. These telephone days are perhaps a trifle slangy, and the "hail fellow well met" attitude is sometimes overdone;

but after all, this new posture, brought about by a climax of civilization, is far more normal and primitive than the stilted posing of the sealing wax days, and although the dame no longer makes a courtesy to the dog's bow, she has a great deal better time with him.

NEW TRIUMPHS FOR THE BICYCLE.

The attractiveness of the air shod steed appeals to all conditions and all ages. It has been reported and vigorously denied that the veteran statesman Gladstone has recently passed unscathed through the harrowing experiences of a novice, and now rides like an accomplished wheelman. We like to see the wheel ever widening its field of usefulness, but we never expected to see it come to the rescue of the fatherless and the widow in their affliction.

News comes from Philadelphia of a mourning bicycle. It is jet black, even to the wooden rims and the erstwhile sparkling hubs. Its handle bars are swathed in crape, and its bell gives forth a melancholy croak from beneath a muffle of black stuff. The rider, of course, is as somber as her wheel. No essential part of the wheelwoman's outfit is lacking, but everything is of crape or some equally funereal fabric. The most ludicrously mournful expression of the widow's woe, however, lies in the treatment of her attendant poodle. Trustworthy witnesses assure us that the bereaved and sorrowful canine bears unmistakable tokens of the dye pot. His wool is a dull and mournful black. We can imagine the pathetic expression of the inconsolable creature, his grief for his master made doubly grievous by this indignity to his personal feelings.

With the rapid evolution of the electric motor, the degeneration of the horse has been a matter of frequent prophecy. Hitherto in funereal functions the horse has held his own, but we cannot repress a shudder when we reflect that the time is perhaps not far off when the bicycle will figure in the equipment of the undertaker. We must prepare ourselves for the time when there shall appear over the doorway of the cycle shop: "Bicycles for rent. Special attention to orders for marriages and funerals."

It may also become necessary to remodel the "Arabian Nights" to include the ubiquitous "wheel." We have witnessed the decline and fall of the livery horse before the superior attractiveness of the bicycle, but we were not prepared to witness the conquest of the Arabian charger by the modern scorcher. It does not appear in evidence that the bicycle is entirely to supersede the matchless steeds of the sandy and ophthalmic east, but recently returned travelers report that the Arabs are very much impressed with the bicycle, and are hunting up possible allusions to it in the Koran.

The really startling feature of the case is the complete revolution which the sons of the desert will have to effect in their wearing apparel, if the bicycle grows in favor among them. Their flowing burnooses must have stays and halyards, reefing ropes, and all manner of running gear. What a sight it will be! Let us hope that the managers of the next six days' bicycle race will have enterprise enough to import one or two Arab competitors in full native costume.

GROVELING FOR LUXURY.

Chairs are out of date; even couches are obsolete. The dictum has gone out that henceforth we are to lounge on divans swung from the ceiling. Massive plates of brass are fastened solidly into the beams above; intricately wrought chains of oriental design hang from them, supporting a swinging platform of choicest workmanship. Mattress and pillows piled high, complete the arrangements. This barbaric dais is lighted by rare old lanterns, and accessory to it are tea and smoking tables conveniently at hand, all harmonizing with the general scheme of decoration. The lanterns are lit, the attendant tables placed, and the proud possessor clambers into the unwieldy device.

There is something unspeakably pathetic in these exaggerated inventions of luxury. The swinging couch brings vividly to mind the thought of our simian ancestors swaying from the vines in the primeval forest. Every day brings some novelty, tending to put into ever more grotesque array the "refinements" of luxury. Here comes a "Book of Wealth" published at a thousand dollars a copy; here is a private coach resplendent with trappings, gaudy with all the pigments of a colored poster—a veritable poster it is to blazon out the inborn vulgarity that is masquerading as refinement. There is no end to the restless seeking after new excesses, new frivolities, and new follies.

These ever recurring indications of unrest and unsatisfied craving inspire us with deepest pity for the unfortunate man who cannot find, in the scent of the flowers and the keen zest of the open fields, the happiness for which he grovels among the "refinements" of luxury.

—AND FOR SPORT.

If the spectacle of an able bodied man swinging by chains from the ceiling in a so called oriental divan—dangling for all the world like a side of beef in a meat shop—is pathetic, we can balance it by a story that

comes from the South of something new in the way of races. The latest and most solidly intellectual pastime is nothing less than a crab race. The gleeful participants in this exhilarating contest supply themselves with live and wriggling crabs, which, at a given signal, are unleashed, to bound away along their only avenue of escape. Those that fail to win forfeit to the possessor of the speediest crustacean.

Watch the faces of the excited crowd cheering the fleet little creatures as they speed along sideways over the course. What a stirring contest! What a field is here for the development of a new and healthy sport! Before the end of the century we shall have "two forty" crabs, and perhaps pedigree lobsters.

The sight of a party of sober business men on horseback in breathless pursuit of an aniseed bag is enough to bring tears of unholy mirth to the eyes of the onlooker; but in the crab race we have the acme of unwitting farce, the height of cultivated absurdity, and the depth of bathos. Perhaps these are essential elements of sport. At any rate, it does not do to bring too sharp a focus upon any amusement that takes people out of doors. In such a light even golfing shows up as nothing more than "chasing a quinine pill around a cow pasture."

THE BRITISH MAMMA.

Judging by modern fiction, the mother, as such, does not exist in English society. The female parent is not extinct, but her attitude to her daughter seems to be that of business manager or advance agent rather than guardian angel. The ambition which in the American mother might be labeled "My daughter's happiness," becomes, in the practical code of the British matron, "My daughter's establishment." One seldom picks up a novel of English society that one does not meet the scheming, lynx eyed mamma, working diligently at the matrimonial grab bag with one hand, while with the other she pushes forward her gentle little ladylike daughter, who is some day to be metamorphosed into a British mamma herself. She shoos off the detrimental and gathers in the heir with unabashed frankness, asking intentions and bustling around very much like a steam tug at a launching. And when a *parti* suitable in the matter of lands and family has finally been secured, she heaves a sigh of relief and prepares to do her duty by the next.

This picture is not merely the caricature of a few cynical novelists. Nearly all fiction that deals with social life in England shows the same figure, with more or less circumstantial evidence to prove that she is a reality rather than a carelessly accepted type. The syndicated hysterics of writers like Marie Corelli testify to this cold blooded, material view of the maternal relation, and cry down the "shameless marriage market" of modern society, blaming most of its evils to parental greed.

To be sure, all the worldly and ambitious parents are not on that side of the water. We have plenty of our own, but society gives them only a passive part to play, and the national dread of the ridiculous keeps them from such open maneuvering. The daughter being quite competent to look out for herself, the mother is more disinterested, and frequently weeps real tears at her daughter's marriage, even though it be the best match of the season.

THE MAMMON OF UNRIGHTEOUSNESS.

There are more ways than one of making a living. A certain young bachelor whose pedigree runs back and back till it softly and silently vanishes away in the dark ages, and whose inherited income was commonly supposed to reach the magical "five figures" which marks a social stratum, was observed to be extremely partial to a certain hitherto unheard of brand of champagne and an equally unknown variety of cigars. He called for them wherever he happened to be, and when, as was usually the case, the proprietor of the resort proclaimed his complete ignorance of their existence, loud was the indignation of the young bachelor. Certain of his friends became inquisitive, and an investigation was instituted. The result, as might have been expected, was the discovery that both the champagne and the cigars were new enterprises, relying principally upon tin foil and high sounding names for their popularity. But there was another feature to the discovery. The young bachelor, being a well known man about town, and one whose patronage was naturally encouraged by the fashionable restaurateurs, was actually receiving a regular salary from the proprietors of the two novelties, in return for which he constantly and conscientiously advertised their wares!

The scheme thus exposed was not an entirely novel one. A journalist of some prominence, who once held an important government position, not long ago received an unpleasant advertisement as a "champagne boomer"; but society in general seems to have hitherto overlooked the remunerative possibilities of this very civilizing and beneficent industry. Who shall dare to assert, now, that Vanity Fair is ignorant of business principles?

ETCHINGS

IN THE HEART OF JUNE.

THE breeze is light in the linden tree;
Heart of my heart, come out with me!

We'll follow the trend of the wayward will
Far afield and over the hill.

Love will weave his magical word
Into the song of the comrade bird,

And we shall smile to see Hope go by,
Poised on the wings of a butterfly.

There's a haunt I would lead you to,
Home of the gossamer and dew,

Where, from out of the murky loam,
Springs the sacred flower of the gnome,

Pink as the dawn's first flushes are,
Or the tremulous gleam of the vesper star.

Near, with glooms of purple and black,
Taper the towers of the tamarack,

Standing as guardsmen about her bower,
Shielding the court of the lady flower.

Reeds, in their silvery bravery,
These her maidens in waiting be;

Rushes, tilting their burnished spears,
These are her courtly cavaliers.

Heart of my heart, we forswear the rose;
We have been where the ladyslipper grows!

Clinton Scollard.

THE PRINCE'S WISH.

A LITTLE prince, once long ago,
In summer pined for balls of snow—
Such snowballs as a prince might throw.

That night in dreams a fairy came
And whispered, as she called his name,
"Tomorrow you shall have your game."

At dawn he sought his casement bright,
And lo, beneath, in morning light,
A snowball bush was blooming white!

Albert Bigelow Paine.

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD.

OUT from the rush and the roar and the riot
Of the world of women and men,
Into a land of gracious quiet
Turn we our steps again;
For we were born on a midsummer morn
And are sprung from a sun warmed soil,
And naught know we of the lot forlorn
Of the brooding sons of toil.

We know the smell of the white sweet clover
Wet with the summer rain;
We know the cry of the wild grass plover
From fields of greening grain;
And never a note from the thrush's throat,
Nor a lilt of the meadow lark
That you and I know not by rote
And have followed from dawn till dark.

It is good to sleep without rooftree cover,
And to wake 'neath the stars at night;
It is good to watch with the eyes of a lover
The birth of the blessed light;
But hard to bear is the burden of care,
And the weight of a ceaseless sorrow;
Happier we who are free as air
From a trouble beyond the morrow.

Let us taste of the bloom of the wild grape cluster,
And bare the brow to the rain;
Let us breast the storm blast's rudest bluster
To the health of body and brain;
And at last, when the sun drops down in the west,
And pastimes and pleasures pall,
We shall sink to rest on the faithful breast
Of the mother who loves us all.

Susan Owen Moberly.

AFTER ALL.

RED rose, red rose,
Flaunting in the sun,
I will offer homage
As the rest have done;
Yet—I pluck a white rose,
Since I take but one!

Red rose, red rose,
Regal as thou art,
Flushing deep with triumph,
Full blown leaves apart—
Better is a white rose
To wear upon the heart!

Catharine Young Glen.

THE FALL.

I FELL at last, although full well
And long I'd fought the witching spell
That oft beset me as I strayed,
Musing, along the star lit glade,
Where Ruth and Amaryllis dwell.

But how I lost I cannot tell;
Swift arrows pierced my breast pell mell,
And, reft of heart and sore afraid,
I fell at last.

And such a fall! No more shall swell
The battle chant, the tolling knell!
By gentler passions now I'm swayed,
On gentler pipes my tunes are played,
For deep in love with witching Belle
I fell at last!

Edwin T. Reed.

AN INVITATION.

Say, the air is kind o' mellow
From the buds thet's on the trees,
An' the sun is shinin' yellow,
An' there's just enough o' breeze
To waft the smoke to heaven,
Where the Good are gettin' ripe
For a sniff—or six or seven—
From my corncob pipe.

So I'm goin' to drap all duty,
Like a man without a care,
An' jess drink my fill o' beauty
By that willow over there.
Oh, I'll waller in elation,
An' to worry sock a swipe,
Like the owner o' creation—
An' a corncob pipe.

Will yer come an' jine me in it?
Have yer got the nerve to laff?
Will yer lazy it a minit
With yer ancient Uncle Haff?
If ye're one o' my perfession,
If yer wear my kind o' stripe,
Jess jine in the percession
With yer corncob pipe!

Tom Hall.

KNOWLEDGE VERSUS WISDOM.

We are living in the age of the prophet and the sage;
Men are learning at a rate that is surprising;
And from childhood's early dawn to their dotage lone and lorn,
Up fresh pinnacles of fame they're ever rising.
It may be Iceland's bays, or those awful Roentgen rays—
It doesn't count a bit what lists you enter,
If you only make a find to enrich the cultured mind,
And for some outlandish cult just form the center.

The girls have got the rage, and they too are growing sage.
Good Lord, that such a thing should come to pass!
From the Radcliffe scholar sweet to the Vassarite *petite*,
They are coming on right after us *en masse*.
The rest might be endured, counteracted, stopped, or cured;
But this is altogether hard to bear.
Let us keep our winsome lassies safe from lectures and from classes;
Keep their foreheads all unruffled, fresh and fair.

The mind of mortal man is beneath this awful ban,
It is doomed to grope forever after more;
Until with fevered burning, with every sort of learning,
It is permeated to the very core.
I would ask what's to be done when there's nothing 'neath the sun
That our sages haven't probed and laid quite bare,
From the mountains on the moon, and the structure of a coon,
To the cerebral arrangements of the hare.

And yet this time is coming, for the present pace is humming,
While every man is racing for renown.
I am much inclined to think that our brains will snarl and kink
When the mile a minute pace is steadied down.
Let us hope to see once more those good old days of yore,
When our sages with their lore were left alone;
And common folks, like us, were spared this awful fuss,
And could do a little thinking of their own:

J. Carleton Sherman.

TO AN OLD PIANO.

How many hands have twinkled o'er thy keys
Ere time with sluggard touch had turned them yellow?
How many hearts have voiced their ecstasies
Upon thy chords when they were full and mellow?

How many sorrows know thy minor strains
That unto human ears could not be spoken?
How oft have thy soft notes sobbed out the pains,
In sweet relief to maiden hearts near broken?

How many times has love his story told,
While fair hands roamed in fond improvisation,
And pictures of the future days unrolled
With all the grace of love's anticipation?

Ah, keep thy secrets of the faded past;
Be faithful unto memories now fleeting;
But of thy race know thou art not the last—
For maids today are history repeating!

Wood Levette Wilson.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

A PERSONAL CHAT WITH OUR READERS BY MR. MUNSEY

WE have already received some very thoughtful letters in response to my remarks in this department in the May issue of this magazine. I am watching with a good deal of interest the various expressions of opinion as to the desirability of the "continued story" in the magazine of today.

No editor can sit in his office and answer this question for the people; it is a question for the people themselves to answer. This is why we refer it to you. Your conclusions are worth more to us—ten thousand times more—than the conclusions of any congress of literati. We are making a magazine for you. We aim to give you just what you what. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is not a class magazine, but a magazine for the people—the whole people, the great, broad, seventy million people. We have no hobbies of our own. Our thought is bent on determining your thought, your fancies and desires, rather than on the dream of an ideal magazine for an ideal people. Our aim has been to make a magazine for the people just as we find them — good, rich, healthy, buoyant, human nature—not the pale porcelain variety.

* * * *

BUT the letters we have received are not confined to the discussion of the serial story. They discuss the magazine as a whole and in detail. This is the very thing we want. We want more of it. It will guide us with an accuracy with which no other source of information—no amount of imagination—could guide us.

The kindly feeling running through these letters, the interest manifested in the magazine, and the appreciation of the work we have done in giving the ten cent magazine to the people—making the ten cent magazine possible—all this is indeed gratifying to us. Such letters bring substantial reward for the years of thought and sacrifice and energy that must go into the building of a large enterprise.

I say substantial reward, and this is what I mean. Money is not the most substantial thing in life. The knowledge that MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has given so many hours of pleasure to the people, and given it to them at a cost that has not added to their burdens, is a more satisfying reward than the money it has earned.

Our latest move, in adding thirty two pages to this magazine, making it the size of *Harper's* and the *Century*—160 reading pages—has caused no end of comment in publishing circles. The almost universal conclusion is that it means bankruptcy—that a management that attempts to give such a magazine for ten cents must be insane or dishonest.

Well, all this is more or less interesting, and not at all disturbing. It has become an old story. It began when we began the publication of the ten cent magazine. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE was a small affair then —ninety six pages, I think—but it was quite as "impossible" a proposition as our present size of one hundred and sixty pages is at the same ten cent price. A ten cent magazine was then an unheard of thing. Nobody had ever published one, and as nobody had ever published one nobody ever could publish one. Wasn't this reason enough why MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE couldn't succeed? It was the part of impudence and bravado in Munsey to assert that a first rate magazine could be made and sold profitably at ten cents. It was absurd, ridiculous madness.

But this was not all. Our break with the news company—our determination to deal direct with the retail trade—this was a finishing stroke of insanity that made disaster doubly certain.

It is rather interesting now and again to look back to the old days. I say old days, though in fact it was only a little more than three years ago that we started the ten cent magazine; but we have covered so much ground in the mean while, and have forced the fight so persistently, that it seems a good way back.

It must be reasonably clear, today, that we were not so mad three years ago as it seemed at that time; it must be reasonably clear that the "rich backer" theory, which accounted for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at first, was a myth. But MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE—was backed, backed as no other magazine in the world was ever backed. The people were its backers—you were its backers—and with such a backing the assistance of no capitalist need be invoked.

While I am on this point, I may as well say that no man, or body of men, or or-

ganization of any kind, ever backed me to the extent of the value of a peanut shell. There has been so much speculation on this point, so many wild theories have been circulated, and so many actual men have been named, at one time and another, as my backers, that I think it is perhaps as well to make the matter so plain that there can be no further excuse for speculation.

The fact, then, that we have been doing business on business principles, doing business profitably, makes it clear that the well meaning but pessimistically inclined gentlemen who said that the ten cent magazine could not be made to go were a trifle rapid in their conclusions. The somewhat amusing fact is that more than one of these same gentlemen have since adopted the ten cent price for their own magazines.

It is, however, no longer the ten cent magazine, as such, that challenges comment, but rather the fact that Munsey should presume to publish a magazine as big as the biggest and as good as the best—160 reading pages—at ten cents, when other magazines of equal size, and with no better editing, no better writers, and no better art, sell for thirty five cents.

* * * *

I WAS a bit amused the other day. I am not quite sure that my amusement did not shade towards indignation or pity. I fancy it was a combination of the three. Any way, this is what it was all about. A man whose name is of the elect in literary circles, said to me:

"I am watching your magazine, now, with keen interest. I am wondering if you can change a mere picture magazine into a magazine with something in it for people to read, and still retain your large circulation."

My feeling for the instant was one of contempt for a man who could be so narrow, so hide bound, so dull to the logic of the situation, as to to utter such words. It was a slur on the American public—the public that had given to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE a circulation five or six times greater than that of any of the ultra literary magazines—the sort in which this gentleman would find "something to read." As a specimen of assurance, to speak thus to the publisher himself, it was truly magnificent.

This man, however, I fancy, was honest, if not discreet. He is one of the savants who write for that little world peopled with individuals of the pale porcelain type. It probably has never occurred to him that good, warm blooded human nature, with buoyant spirits, would fade away and die, fed on the diet he would furnish. He is of the order of men who live in the little, narrow, sunless world where all the lights are toned down to a pale green, and the atmosphere is surcharged with classic languor and somber dreams—this little world where the chosen few pat one another listlessly on the back, and—with an energy never permitted except for this special purpose—exclaim in compliment: "Gloria, gloria, gloria!"

That such a man would not see anything in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE to read is not surprising. The magazine has never been made for this sort of an audience—an audience which is not large enough to justify the outlay, and not interesting enough to awaken any enthusiasm. The audience to which we appeal would not be content to give seven hours' perusal to the study of the angles of a dry chip, or its lines of beauty.

The only change in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE marking the period at which it began to interest the gentleman in question is the introduction of an increased percentage of matter by authors whose names have a commercial value, men from whom the great public has a legitimate desire to hear. The extra thirty two pages gave us a chance to add this feature without in the least disturbing the established characteristics of the magazine. We would not do away with our dozen departments for any amount of the best work of noted writers.

The strength of this magazine lies in the short, unsigned work. It ranks as better journalism, and is closer to the people's wants than the pretentious articles. But there are people who think that a considerable showing of well known names lends dignity and strength to a publication, and as MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE aims to be broad enough for all, we have provided for the wants of all.

* * * *

THE publication days of THE ARGOSY and THE PURITAN have been changed; that of THE ARGOSY to the 20th of the month, and that of THE PURITAN to the 25th. The July number of THE ARGOSY will be issued June 20th; of THE PURITAN, June 25th. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will continue to appear on the first day of the month. By this division the good things of the month, from this house, are more equally distributed. We believe that the new plan will serve you better than the old way of getting the three publications at one time.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE *now has one hundred and sixty (160) reading pages—the same number as* HARPER'S *and the* CENTURY. *No magazine anywhere is more carefully edited—has finer art, or is better written. It is as big as the biggest, and as good as the best.*

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

THE FITNESS OF CLOTHES.

SOME sixty years ago, an irascible Scotchman by the name of Carlyle, who was, incidentally, one of the very foremost of Britain's long file of immortal writers, held forth upon the subject of clothes. With rare insight, he studied clothes in their relation to mankind. He saw their bearing upon the tendencies of his time, and their subtle part in the making of history. He handed down an exact science of clothes, a whole philosophy of coats and trousers.

But unfortunately this master thinker did not succeed in impressing upon mankind in general an abiding sense of the fitness of clothes. There are contemporary failings in this respect which show that the spirit of stubborn bigotry has not as yet yielded in full surrender to the progressive forces of our times. We have no quarrel with the dude and the fop, whose mentality barely suffices for the mouthing of walking sticks and the fitting of monocles; for these the foibles of fashion offer a merciful salvation from utter vacuity of mind. We have no quarrel with the women who imperil their health, and that of future generations, in unquestioning obedience to the imperious dictates of fashion; such as these are the willing victims of a social thraldom for which as yet there is no ray of coming light. We have no quarrel with honest men of toil, for whom clothes exist only as a necessity. These are the strength of the world, and in the fullest and truest sense they are above even the philosophy of clothes. But we have a quarrel, which we propose to pick here and now, with men of intelligence and tact who place themselves within the jurisdiction of conservative custom in the matter of clothes, and then flaunt their nonconformity to the reasonable statutes of conventional dress.

In the corridors of our Capitol at Washington are to be seen men who represent important parts of our great territory, men of sterling qualities, in whose hands the destiny of their country is safe, and yet withal possessed by such morbid and illogical ideas of dress that they cannot, without a qualm of conscience, discard the habiliments of the backwoods. Some of them—some who are men of national prominence—habitually wear clothes which are as glaringly out of place in their dignified surroundings as broadcloth would be in the hayfield.

Clothes do not make the man, but they help to do so; and the man who declines their help cannot be regarded as possessing a fully rounded and symmetrical character. A part of his makeup, an element of taste, perception, and judgment, must be lacking. In the complex fabric of our modern fellowship there are threads of mutual obligation, threads of individual obligation, threads *ad infinitum;* and in this divinely ordered system there are threads which bind the whole fabric to the framework of established custom in manners and in dress.

We all hold in contempt the creature who lives only to study the minutiæ of extreme fashion. He is not a normal being; he misses the true beauties of life in breathless pursuit of his one particular butterfly. But who shall say that the man is not equally to be reprobated who, finding himself placed conspicuously within the rightful territory of rational custom, proclaims his disregard of established conventions and at the same time his narrowness of mind?

THE DISAPPOINTED PATRIOT.

A MOURNFUL object, about these days, is the American citizen who made up his mind some time last fall that he was fitted to occupy a position under the new administration. If he was at all practical in his ideas, he immediately set about securing letters of recommendation and other vouchers of ability to lay before the powers to be. Perhaps he journeyed to Canton, but more probably he waited until the inauguration and then betook himself to Washington.

There he found himself only one in a vast army of men with similar ambitions. Unless he stood high in party service or party influence, he was put off from day to day, with weary hours to kill in hanging about department lobbies and hotel corridors. A gracious word from some one in authority would make him glad one morning, and a perfunctory nod of recognition would fill the next with gloom. Finally came the day when he secured the august ear of the executive, and rehearsed his claims, only to be assured that after his papers were filed his application would be duly considered.

He may have thought that he was best fitted to shine as ambassador to Utopia, and set his eye on that appointment. Alas, he picks up his paper one morning and finds that for that position the President has sent in a name—not his own. But there still remains vacant the post of American minister to Lilliput. To be sure, the climate is not so good,

and the salary is smaller, but the place has its advantages. Again he sees the coveted position awarded to another. Sick at heart, he takes counsel with his friends, and hears that the President is probably considering his name for the post of consul general to Timbuctoo. Again he waits, and persistently he pesters every one who may possibly have the slightest influence. Finally he is sent for and told that on account of party dissensions in Senator Logroller's State, the place has been promised to Jones, a cousin of the Senator's wife, but that if he can secure the indorsement of both the Senators and all the Representatives from his own State, the President will appoint him vice consul to Egypotamia. He hasn't the remotest idea where Egypotamia is, but he finds out that the salary is six hundred dollars a year, and it is situated somewhere—the geographers don't know exactly where—in the Desert of Sahara. He has burned his bridges behind him; in his quest for public office he has given up whatever other occupation he had; broken in purse, pride, and self respect—well, six hundred dollars isn't much, but living must be cheap in Egypotamia, and he accepts. Or, he gets nothing and becomes one of those hopeful wrecks who populate Washington bar rooms, living on free lunches and chance drinks, or else goes back to his home and helps his wife keep boarders.

This is no fancy sketch. Just now you will find hundreds of him in Washington—the rear guard of the vast army that invaded the capital last March. He is valuable only as a living testimony to the degrading effects of American politics.

"THE GREAT FABRIC OF THE TURF."

Our English cousins are much exercised over recent legal decisions in regard to betting at the racecourses. It appears that the difficulty lies in the interpretation of the statutes relative to the "bookmakers," who make the noble pastime possible. If one of this worthy class places a table, or even a stool, upon the spot he selects for his business stand, he breaks the law. If he spreads a gaudily colored umbrella, as a burgee, to the breeze, he must pay a fine; but if he carries the machinery of his trade in a satchel, hung from his shoulders, he is an honest man.

An Englishman who belongs to the grand army of letter writers waxes particularly eloquent over the difficulties which beset the honest bookmaker, and through the columns of a London weekly he pathetically remarks: "Suppress betting, and the great fabric of the turf will fall. No one believes that injury to the turf will be permitted. The effect upon the country would be too far reaching."

We do not know precisely what sort of earthworks our friend has built up in his mind's eye to represent the fabric of the turf, but we are impressed by the sagacity of the remark, and we think his eloquent plea against bringing about national disaster is too stirring to need more than quotation marks at our hands.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

History repeats itself, though the setting of the scene may be modified according to the habits and tastes of the time. One would hardly think that in these matter of fact latter days of the nineteenth century we should see a repetition of the folly of those early explorers who cut their way through tropical forests in search of the mythical fountain of youth, but it is even so.

This time, though the folly is no less marked than Ponce de Leon's, the setting is the more prosaic one of the Maine woods. It appears that a draft of a certain spring that bubbles among the pine clad rocks of that wild northern region turns white hair black again, transmutes old age to the prime of manhood, and, in brief, sets all the established operations of Mother Nature topsy turvy. The strikingly modern part of this latest venture in hair restoring fountains is that the water is to be bottled up and sold.

We foresee danger to the community in the dispensing of the miraculous fluid. A single draft turns back the wheels of time. A second may, like Haggard's celebrated pillar of fire, through which *She* passed, cause the experimenter to shrivel up into skin and bones.

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

We note with pleasure that the chrysanthemum has now a chance to reach popular favor in a new direction. Scientists, or epicureans, or some other human benefactors, have discovered that it is good to eat; in fact, it makes a delicious substitute for cabbage.

We fear, however, that the introduction of the chrysanthemum into the dietary of the gourmet may lower its value as a winter boutonnière. Our precise young men may not take so kindly to the flower with its newly acquired virtue of being useful, and may turn from it altogether when they learn that it makes an excellent "cold slaw."

In our April number we printed a portrait of Mark Twain, by Arthur Jule Goodman, which came to us as an unpublished drawing. We now learn that it was first printed by the *Illustrated American* some six years ago, during Mr. Goodman's connection with that periodical, to the publisher of which we hereby tender apologies for our inadvertence.

"IN A GARDEN NOOK."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clement & Co., Successors) after the painting by R. Collin.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII. JULY, 1897. No. 4.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

The movement for a higher artistic standard in our public works, and other topics of the art world—with a series of engravings of representative canvases by painters of the day.

BEAUTY IN GOVERNMENT ART.

The movement for better art and better architecture in our public works and governmental productions has recently been organized as the Public Art League of the United States. Wherever there are Americans who delight to see beauty in the things that represent their government, this society will receive hearty support. One of its chief aims is to pass a bill through Congress requiring that, before the purchase or acceptance of any work of art (sculpture, painting, architecture, coin, seal, medal, note, stamp, or bond), the design shall be submitted to the criticism of a competent committee of experts.

Among the officers of the league are such well known men as Richard Watson

"AT THE SHRINE."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Ralli.

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"PUNCH AND JUDY."

From the painting by Ralph Hedley—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

Gilder, C. F. McKim, Augustus St. Gaudens, and John La Farge.

WHOLESALE ART BORROWING.

The "loan exhibition," which has so long been a popular means of showing works of art, is beginning to test the patience of collectors. They say they are tired of such "wholesale borrowing." An Englishman who owns a finely chosen little gallery of paintings, valued at about a hundred thousand dollars, gives a good reason for this general impatience on the part of owners of works of art. In a letter

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"THE ANGEL'S GREETING."

From the painting by G. Dubufe—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

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"A PLEASANT BURDEN."

From the painting by William A. Bouguereau.

to a friend he says: "Of all my pictures I have not a single one in my house at the present minute." There are few private collectors, whose art works are worth seeing, who could not have written very much the same sort of letter.

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"DIANA."

From the painting by I. B. Kennington—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

A POET PAINTER.

Robert C. Minor, America's poet painter, belongs to the small band of men who have raised landscape art in this country to the creditable position it holds in the world's esteem. Wyant and Inness, who were perhaps the foremost in this little group of men, died before their work had received the full appreciation which they deserved. Mr. Minor is more fortu-

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"STEPPING STONES."

From the painting by M. Nonnenbruch—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

nate than they, because he is still young enough to enjoy the praise he earns. He was a pupil of Boulanger and Diaz, and his early art impressions were received in the village of Barbizon, the cradle of so much artistic genius.

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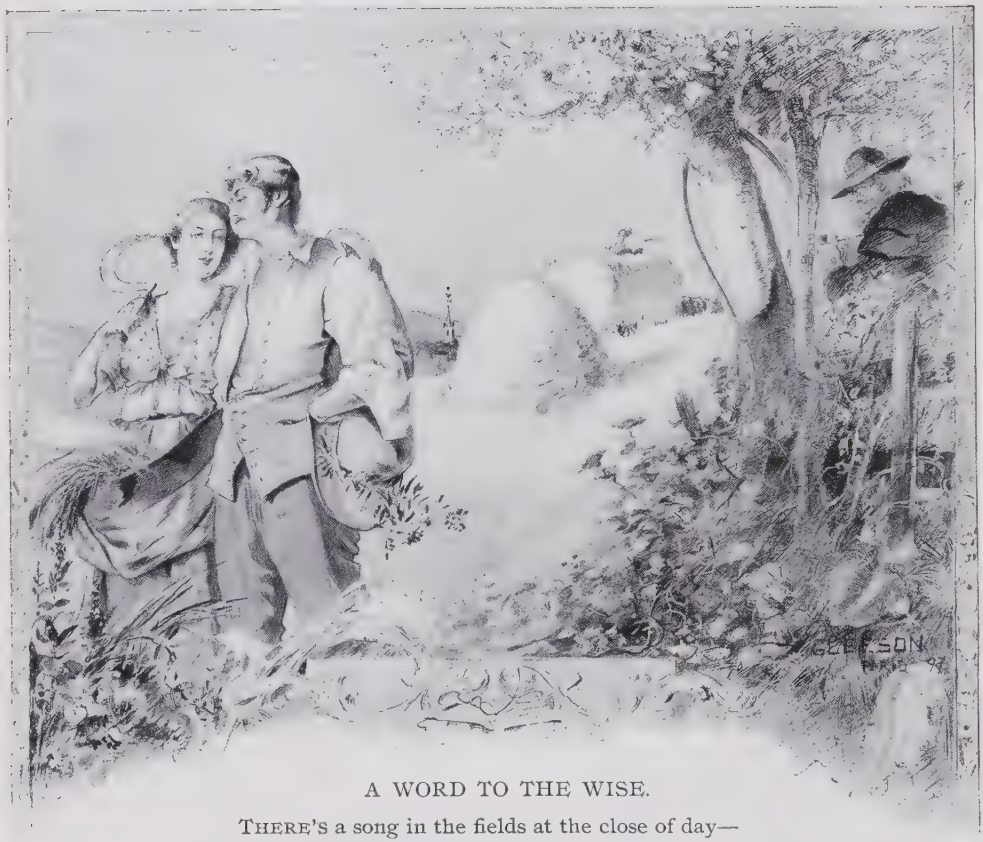
"AN IDYL OF SPRING."

From the painting by L. W. Heupel—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



A WORD TO THE WISE.

THERE'S a song in the fields at the close of day—
"Tirili, tirili, oh!"
'Tis the farmer's lad, and he lightens the way
With a "Cheerily, cheerily, oh!
For it's up, lads and lasses, 'tis no time for sorrow,
But cheerily, cheerily, oh!
For Meg and I walk to the church on the morrow;
Tirili, tirili, oh!"

Thus spake a philosopher, hearing the stave:
"If you could command from above
Any one of these gifts, pray, which would you crave—
Wisdom, or wealth, or love?"

Said the lad: "For true love true hearts were made;
That's wisdom enough for me;
And my Meg for the wealth of the world I'd not trade;
So I'm rich in my love, you see!
And it's up, lads and lassies, 'tis no time for sorrow,
But cheerily, cheerily, oh!
For Meg and I walk to the church on the morrow;
Tirili, tirili, oh!"

The night creeps on and enshrouds the day—
(Hark, 'tis a "Tirili, oh!")
But the day still lives in that blithe, faraway,
Mellow sweet "Cheerily, oh!"

Judson Newman Smith.

THE MODERN SWORDSWOMAN.

Fencing as a fad of the hour among American society women—The interest and picturesqueness of the sport, its value as an exercise, and the skill attained by feminine fencers.

"A REAL woman fencer?" said the *maître d'armes*, repeating the words as if he did not understand the question. "Ah, yes, I suppose that *may* be, but she is very rare; she will not practice; she may take up fencing for a time, but she gets tired too easily and gives it up before she has really learned. Fencing is an art as well as a sport. It is a *real* thing only to those who devote themselves seriously to it—who master it."

"But are not society women taking up the art now, and learning to fence as they learn to ride the bicycle? Is it not a fad for women to fence?"

At the word "fad" the expert's face brightened, his shoulders drew up in a comical French shrug, and he smiled meaningly.

"Oh, pardon," he said, "I thought you spoke of the art of fencing, of *real* fencers; it is a different thing—that fad!"

Thus does art look upon dilettanteism. But from the faddist's outlook—a point of view that cannot be disregarded nowadays—fencing among women is real enough. To have it more real would be to spoil it as a fad. The fair swordswoman appreciates this, and dons her mask, straps her padded armor about her, draws on her gauntlets, and grasps her slender blade, with no other intention than to amuse herself.

Still, when she takes up the foil, even as a caprice, woman is sure to feel its beneficent influence. Fencing was not called "the sport of kings" lightly, nor have many generations of men learned to defend themselves with the small sword because they had nothing better to do. There is a fascination about an engagement at arms which few sports offer, for few appeal so strongly to the human love of a keen struggle for supremacy.

There are other reasons, too, for believing that women will, in time, look upon the sport more seriously. The fact that in a generous use of the foil lies an awkward woman's chance to become graceful will have its due weight. Women who fence much believe that no other form of exercise tends so materially to improve their personal appearance. A systematic course of instruction in the art, followed by a moderate adherence to practice, develops the finer lines of a woman's figure, tempers all the muscles of her body, strengthens her arms and legs, and gives her lightness of step, grace of movement, and perfect poise and ease of bearing.

To fence at all one must be wide awake—awake in mind as well as body. Proficiency in the art depends almost entirely on alertness. The rapidity with which the eye detects an adversary's intention, and warns the fencer to prepare to foil an attack, is of the first importance. The vari-

ous salutes, lunges, parries, thrusts, guards, are matters of mere technique, and are easily acquired; but in alertness lies the secret of the art. It awakens every sense, bids every muscle hold itself in readiness for instant, thought-like re-

A FENCING TEACHER.

sponse. How quickly can a thought be executed, not how violently, is the question; and in its solution lies the indescribable exhilaration which fencing offers. Two expert swordsmen in combat are like intricate machines inspired by electricity.

Physicians appreciate this feature of the sport, and recommend it unreservedly. Quicken the pulse, stir the blood, give the muscles a moderate amount of work, requiring alertness and quick thought, and involving a minimum chance of injury, they say, and you have a form of exercise as nearly perfect as possible. The apparatus of a gymnasium—dumbbells, Indian clubs, weights, and ropes—sometimes prove injurious to women, but it is not so with the foils.

The art of fencing, as it is scientifically understood, dates from the sixteenth century. Henry III, of France, was a lover of the art and an expert in it, as were several of his successors. It reached its highest point early in the present century, after the restoration of the French Bourbon monarchy. The French school of fencing, which is now the favorite system, was founded on the historical sword play of Spain. From Spain, too, the sport made its way into Italy, where masters of the art still retain the long foil with its bell shaped guard, which may be called a descendant of the old Spanish rapier. The modern foil is modeled with some changes on this weapon.

In continental Europe fencing is more widely recognized as an art, and women are more fully awake to its advantages, than in this country or in England. The Empress of Austria, who is well known as an ardent lover of sports, and whose daring horsemanship has often made her a conspicuous figure, is an expert fencer. Young women in the highest circles of Parisian society fence quite as regularly as they ride or dance. Indeed, those who are proficient in both of these arts say that a dexterous use of the foil is the greatest aid in making a woman mistress of herself, and in developing a fine dancer.

On the stage, fencing has long been known as a sure means of attaining grace. The education of an actress is not complete until she has mastered the art, and can cross swords with an adversary in earnest. Recognizing the importance that her profession gives to "presence," "bearing," and "physical self possession," the young woman who is studying for the stage learns that the foil is an invaluable aid to her training. She may never have an opportunity to show her skill in a combat before the footlights, but it appears in her grace of movement and her ease of pose.

Fencing among women in New York

A TYPICAL SCENE IN A NEW YORK SALLE D'ARMES.

Drawn by E. Grivaz.

BETWEEN BOUTS.

has been more or less popular for many years. It was started here about 1878, and has been much in vogue since that time. Once every three or four years it becomes a fashion — even touches the fad mark. Generally this rise is to be attributed to the fact that some well known society woman has taken to fencing. The simple announcement that Mrs. John Jacob Astor was one of the best fencers in the metropolis caused a perceptible increase in the demand for foils and fencing outfits, and doubled the classes of M. Sénac and other *maîtres d'armes*.

Later, published lists of prominent women who were distinguishing themselves with the foil included such well known names as Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, the Misses Welling, the Misses Havemeyer, Miss Edith Benedict, Miss Lauterbach, Miss Helen Graham, Miss Daisy Post, Miss Ives, daughter of Brayton Ives, and Miss La Farge. Even the New York Fencers' Club, whose doors had long been shut against women fencers, opened them—just a crack once in a while—and gave over their *salle d'armes*, on stated hours of stated days, to the members' wives and daughters. Women took advantage of the club's generosity, and made an occasion of their hours there.

Unfortunately, it was an incident that appealed to the "Sunday editors" of our enterprising newspapers, and they, too, made an occasion of it. Reporters besieged the club house, and the columns of their journals gleamed with gorgeous cuts and glowing descriptions of society women who fenced. Emile Bayard's celebrated picture, "An Affair of Honor," in which two fair fencers meet in deadly combat, became the subject matter for illustrations in which well known society women figured as the combatants. Naturally, such notoriety frightened the fencers, and the sword fad was dropped.

In bringing it to life again this spring, the women who first made it popular have not forgotten the thrusts of the daily press. They have discovered a parry, however, to all such attempts at making a public show of them—a parry which even the ubiquitous reporter cannot defeat. This is the *salle d'armes* of the private house—the one new feature of the present fad.

Women who take up fencing today find the sport more complicated by this necessity for privacy, but the complication only adds to its fascinations. There is a charm in a *salle d'armes* of one's own that the most gorgeously appointed hall of an instructor does not present. There is a feeling of ancestry in a room that is tapestried and hung with armor; a floor cleared for action stirs one's blood, and gives even the novice the desire to fight; while to one who rests in such a place, after an engagement at arms, there are sure to come visions of those fighting women of the crusades who clad themselves in mail, drew their swords, and marched bravely away to the Holy Land with their lords and masters.

Before the new coming of the fad, women had little chance to give expression to their love of the chivalry of old, but now the fencing salon offers them an opportunity. To be sure, the practical side of some of these rooms is sacrificed to art; still, there usually remains a cleared space for the combat. Most often the room is in the basement of the house, where a firm foundation for the stamping of fighting feet may be assured. The floor is bare and polished; close to the walls are comfortable divans, bright with cushions; swords and masks and the fighting relics of various ages hang upon the walls, while gloves and the padded armor of the present lie scattered about in artistic confusion.

PREPARING FOR THE FRAY.

In many houses, where each apartment

has been designed for a definite purpose, and where space is limited, the billiard room is the only place suited for a *salle d'armes*. In such homes, man has had to sacrifice his after dinner amusement to keep peace in his family. Nor is the sacrifice one that has been confined to the men of New York. The women of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco are calling for like expressions of love and submission from their husbands and brothers. Even the exiles who are thought by New Yorkers to have given up their birthright, inasmuch as they will consent to live in Brooklyn, are no longer allowed their innocent game of pool at home. Driven from the social seclusion of their own billiard rooms, they seek the public loneliness of their clubs, despair stamped upon their brows, while a clever young Frenchwoman, a past mistress of the foil, Mlle. Stamm in this case, wields the masterful sword that is wrecking their homes.

A MODERN SWORDSWOMAN.

"She is making our wives and daughters honestly believe," so they say, "that no woman who does not fence can be either healthy, graceful, or beautiful."

In New York the fad has not reached so advanced a state as materially to swell attendance at the clubs, but there are indications of a movement in that direction. Here it is Mlle. Sénac who, as the daughter of the *maître d'armes* who has done much to make fencing popular among men, is confuting her father's theory that women will not take the foil seriously by developing many of her feminine pupils into skilled fencers.

Still, an army of women expert in the use of the foil will hardly be able to change the nature of things, and, in the nature of things, arms were made for man. Woman's appropriation of them must always be called a fad. The woman of today will fence, as she shoots, rides a wheel, or casts a fly, because it is the "end of the century," and she may do as she pleases. It is as if it were leap year, and she had the right to propose.

Ancient sport as it is, as a fad fencing is a new thing, with all the attraction of novelty to its devotees. Woman has taken it up as she took up tennis some ten or a dozen years ago. When she found that she was really mistress of the game of nets and rackets it became a recognized sport, or even an art, and she lost much of her interest in it. It may prove to be so with the bicycle and the golf stick, and possibly with the foil.

But whatever fencing may be to her in the future, today it is simply a fad of the hour. Undoubtedly it will add to her strength, give her more grace, make her even more beautiful and winning than she is, but with all that it cannot make a man of her.

Jerome Case Bull.

CORLEONE.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Corleone" is the latest of Mr. Crawford's remarkable stories of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the modern society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of an old Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of true love and of exciting adventure.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

CORLEONE is the title of the Pagliuca d'Oriani family, to whom a sadly diminished estate descends at the death of the spendthrift prince who had been head of the house. Besides the widow of the dead nobleman's brother, Donna Maria Carolina, there are her three sons—Tebaldo, Francesco, and Ferdinando—and a daughter, Vittoria, who has spent the greater part of her seventeen years in a convent at Palermo. With the exception of Ferdinando, who remains at Camaldoli, their Sicilian homestead, the family move to Rome, where Vittoria meets and loves Orsino Saracinesca. Saracinesca's father is Giovanni, Prince of Sant' Ilario, and his grandfather is the aged Prince Saracinesca, the head of this old Roman family. The monotony of the young patrician's existence has palled upon him, and he gladly accepts the chance of employment offered by his cousin, the Marchese di San Giacinto, who purchases Camaldoli, in order to further a scheme for a new railroad, and asks Orsino to take charge of the property. Vittoria, who knows that her brother Ferdinando objected to the sale of Camaldoli and is determined to prevent its occupancy, is greatly alarmed for her lover's safety, but in spite of her pleadings, Orsino accompanies San Giacinto to Sicily. As they are nearing the Corleone homestead they are shot at by concealed foes, and Orsino returns the fire, killing a man who is identified by the soldiers of their escort as Ferdinando Pagliuca.

Shocked by the catastrophe, Orsino returns to Rome, where Tebaldo and Francesco, unwilling to jeopardize their social position, disclaim the dead man's relationship, alleging it to be a mere coincidence of names. He formally proposes for their sister's hand, but his father emphatically refuses to consent to the match, and Vittoria's mother, encountering Orsino, curses him as the murderer of her son.

Meanwhile Tebaldo Corleone is in a situation of some doubt and difficulty. For mercenary reasons he is anxious to marry an American heiress, Miss Lizzie Slayback. At the same time both he and his brother Francesco—between whom there is mutual distrust and bitter jealousy—are enamored of a young and beautiful Sicilian girl, Aliandra Basili, the daughter of a notary at Randazzo, a village near the old homestead. Aliandra is a singer, and has made a decided success in Rome as a prima donna.

When he goes back to join San Giacinto in Sicily, Orsino is accompanied by his brother Ippolito Saracinesca, who is a priest and a musician. There is an organ in the old church of Santa Vittoria, close to Camaldoli, and as Ippolito wishes to try it, Orsino walks there with him. The sacristan admits them to the church, which, the peasant tells them, is haunted by the souls of the Pagliuca family.

XX (*Continued*).

"THAT is the organ," the sacristan said, pointing to the loft.

He led the way. On one side of the entrance a small arched door gave access to a narrow, winding staircase in the thickness of the wall, lighted by narrow slits opening to the air. Though the loft had not appeared to be very high above the pavement, the staircase seemed very long. At last the three emerged upon the boarded floor, at the back of the instrument, where four greasy, knotted ropes hung out of worn holes in the cracked wood. The rose window over the door of the church threw a bright light into the little forest of dusty wooden and metal pipes above. The ropes were for working the old fashioned bellows.

*Copyright, 1896, by F. Marion Crawford.

Ippolito went round and took the thin deal cover from the keyboard. He was surprised to find a double bank of keys, and an octave and a half of pedals, which is very uncommon in country organs. He was further unprepared to see the name of a once famous maker in Naples just above the keys, but when he looked up he understood, for on a gilded scroll, supported by two rickety cherubs above his head, he read the name of the donor:

FERDINANDUS PALIUCA PRINCEPS CORLEONIS COMES SANCTAE VICTORIAE SICULUS DONAVIT A. D. MDCCCXXI.

The instrument was, therefore, the gift of a Ferdinando Pagliuca, Prince of Corleone, Count of Santa Vittoria, probably one of those Pagliuca whose souls the fat sacristan believed he had seen "jumping up and down on the pavement."

The sacristan tugged at the ropes that moved the bellows. Ippolito dusted the bench over which he had leaned to uncover the keys, slipped in, swinging his feet over the pedals, pulled out two or three stops, and struck a chord.

The tone was not bad, and had in it some of that richness which only old organs are supposed to possess, like old violins. He began to prelude softly, and then, one by one, he tried the other stops. Some were fair, but some were badly out of tune. The cornopean brayed hideously, and the hautboy made curious buzzing sounds. Ippolito promised himself that he would set the whole instrument in order in the course of a fortnight, and was delighted with his discovery. When he had finished, the fat sacristan came out from behind, mopping his forehead with a blue cotton handkerchief.

"Capers!" he exclaimed. "You are a professor. If Don Giacomo hears you, he will die of envy."

"Who is Don Giacomo?"

"Eh, Don Giacomo! He is the postmaster and the telegrapher, and he plays the old organ in the big church on Sundays. But when there is the festival here, a professor comes to play this one, from Catania. But he cannot play as you do."

Orsino had gone down again into the church while Ippolito had been playing. They found him bending very low over an inscription on a slab near the altar steps.

"There is a curious inscription here," he said, without looking up. "I cannot quite read it, but it seems to me that I see our name in it. It would be strange if one of our family had chanced to die and be buried here, ages ago."

Ippolito bent down, too, till his head touched his brother's.

"It is not Latin," he said presently. "It looks like Italian."

The fat sacristan jingled his keys rather impatiently, for it was growing late.

"Without troubling yourselves to read it, you may know what it is," he said. "It is the old prophecy about the Pagliuca. When the dead walk here at night they read it. It says, '*Esca Pagliuca pesca Saracen.*' But it goes round a circle like a disk, so that you can read it, '*Saracen esca Pagliuca pesca*'—either, 'Let Pagliuca go out, the Saracen is fishing,' or, 'Let the Saracen go out, Pagliuca is fishing.'"

"Or '*Saracinesca Pagliuca pesca*'—'Saracinesca fishes for Pagliuca,'" said Ippolito to Orsino, with a laugh at his own ingenuity.

"Who knows what it means!" exclaimed the sacristan. "But they say when it comes true, the last Corleone shall die and the Pagliuca d'Oriani shall end. But whether they end or not, they will walk here till the Last Judgment. Signori, the twilight descends. If you do not wish to see the Pagliuca, let us go. But if you wish to see them, here are the keys. You are the masters, but I go home. This is an evil place at night."

The man was growing nervous, and moved away towards the door. The two brothers followed him.

"The place is consecrated," said Ippolito, as they reached the entrance. "What should you be afraid of?"

"Santa Vittoria is all alone here," answered the man, "and the Pagliuca are more than fifty, when they come out and walk. What should a poor Christian do? He is better at home, with a pipe of tobacco."

The sun had set when they all came

out upon the road, and the afterglow was purple on the snow of Etna.

XXI.

Vittoria d'Oriani had very few companions. Corona Saracinesca really liked her, for her own sake, and was sorry for her because she belonged to the family which was so often described as the worst blood in Italy. Corona and San Giacinto's wife had together presented the Corleone tribe in Roman society, but they were both women of middle age, without daughters who might have been friends for Vittoria. On the other hand, though the Romans had accepted the family on the indorsement, as it were, of the whole Saracinesca family, there was a certain general disinclination to become intimate with them, due to the posthumous influence of their dead uncle, Corleone of evil fame. The Campodonico people were unwilling to have anything to do with them, even to the gentle and charitable Donna Francesca, who had been a Braccio, and might therefore, perhaps, have been expected to condone a great many shortcomings in other families. Pietro Ghisleri, who generally spent the winter in Rome, refused to know the d'Oriani, for poor dead Bianca Corleone's sake; and his English wife, who knew the old story, thought he was right. The great majority of the Romans received them, however, very much as they would have received a family of foreigners who had what is called a right to be in society, with civility, but certainly not with enthusiasm.

Vittoria had, therefore, met many Roman girls of her own age during the spring, but had not become intimate with any of them. It was natural that when her brother made the acquaintance of Mrs. and Miss Slayback, and when the young American took what is usually described in appalling English as a violent fancy to Vittoria, the latter should feel that sort of gratitude which sometimes expands into friendship.

They saw much of each other. It is needless to say that they had not an idea in common, and it would have been very suprising if they had. But on the other hand they had that sort of community of feeling which is a better foundation for intimacy than a similarity of ideas.

Miss Lizzie Slayback was not profound, but she was genuine. She had no inherited tendency to feel profound emotions nor to get into tragic situations, but she was full of innocent sentiment. Like many persons who do not lead romantic lives, she was in love with romance, and she believed that romance had a sort of perpetual existence somewhere, so that by taking some pains one could really find it and live in it. Her fortune would be useful in the search, although it was unromantic to be rich. She had not read "Monte Cristo," because she was told that Dumas was old fashioned. She was not very gifted, but she was very clever in detail. She did not understand Tebaldo in the least, for she was no judge of human nature, but she knew perfectly well how to keep him at arm's length until she had decided to marry him. She was absolutely innocent, yet she had also the most absolute assurance, and bore herself in society with the independence of a married woman of thirty.

"It is our custom in my country," she said to Vittoria, who was sometimes startled by her friend's indifference to the smaller conventionalities.

The two young girls spoke French together, and understood each other, though a third person might not at first have known that they were speaking the same language. Vittoria spoke the French of an Italian convent, old fashioned, stilted, pronounced with the rolling southern accent which only her beautiful voice could make bearable, and more or less wild as to gender. Lizzie Slayback, as has been said, spoke fluently and often said the same things because she had a small choice of language. Occasionally she used phrases that would have made a Frenchman's hair feel uneasy on his head, and her innocent use of which inspired disquieting doubts as to the previous existence of the person who had taught her.

"We think," she said, "that it is better to enjoy yourself while you are young, and be good when you grow old, but in Europe it seems to be the other way."

"No one can be good all the time,"

answered Vittoria. "One is good a little and one is bad a little, by turns, just as one can."

"That makes a variety," said Miss Slayback. "That is why you Italians are so romantic."

"I never can understand what you mean by romantic," observed Vittoria.

"Oh—everything you do is romantic, my dear. Your brother is the most romantic man I ever saw. That is why I think I shall marry him," she added, as though contemplating a new hat with a view to buying it, and almost sure that it would suit her.

"I do not think you will be happy with him," said Vittoria, rather timidly.

"Because he is romantic, and I am not? Well, I am not sure."

"There! You use the word again! What in the world do you mean by it?"

Miss Slayback was at a loss to furnish the required definition, especially in French.

"Your brother is romantic," she said, repeating herself. "I am sure he looks like Cæsar Borgia."

"I hope not!" exclaimed Vittoria. "Surely you would not marry——" she stopped.

"Cæsar Borgia?" inquired Lizzie Slayback calmly. "Of all people, I should have liked to marry him! He was nice and wicked. He would never have been dull, even nowadays, when everybody is so proper, you know."

"No," laughed the Italian girl, "I do not think anybody would have called him dull. He generally murdered his friends before they were bored by his company."

Miss Lizzie laughed, for Vittoria seemed witty to her.

"If I had said that at a party," she answered, "everybody would have told me that I was so clever! I wish I had thought of it. May I say it, as if it were mine? Shall you not mind?"

"Why should I? I should certainly not say it myself, before people."

"Why not?"

"It would not be thought exactly—oh—what shall I say? We young girls are never expected to say anything like that. We look down, and hold our tongues."

"And think of all the sharp things you will say when you are married! That is just the difference. Now, in the West, where I come from, if a girl has anything clever to say, she says it, even if she is only ten years old. I must say, it seems to me much more sensible."

"Yes—but there are other things, besides being sensible," objected Vittoria.

"Then they must be senseless," retorted Miss Lizzie. "It follows."

"There are all sorts of customs and traditions in society that have not very much sense, perhaps, but we are all used to them, and should feel uncomfortable without them. When the nuns taught me to do this or that, to say certain things and not to say certain other things, it was because all the other young girls I should meet would be sure to act in just the same way, and if I did not act as they do, I should make myself conspicuous."

"I never could see the harm in being conspicuous," said Miss Slayback. "Provided one is not vulgar," she added, by way of limitation.

"Do you not feel uncomfortable, when you feel that every one is looking at you?"

"No, of course not, unless I am doing something ridiculous. I rather like to have people look at me. That makes me feel satisfied with myself."

"It always makes me feel dreadfully uncomfortable," said Vittoria.

"It should not, for you are beautiful, my dear. You really are. I only think I am, when I have good clothes and am not sunburnt or anything like that—I never really believe it, you know. But when people admire me, it helps the illusion. I wish I were beautiful, like you, Vittoria."

"I am not beautiful," said the Sicilian girl, coloring a little shyly. "But I wish I had your calmness. I am always blushing—it is so uncomfortable—or else I am very pale, and then I feel cold, as though my heart were going to stop beating. I think I should faint if I were to do the things you sometimes do."

"What, for instance?" laughed the American girl.

"Oh—I have seen you cross a ball room alone, and drive alone in an open carriage——"

"What could happen to me in a carriage?"

"It is not that—it is—I hardly know! It is like a married woman."

"I shall be married some day, so I may as well get into the habit of it," observed Miss Lizzie, smiling and showing her beautiful teeth.

In spite of such inconclusive conversations, the two girls were really fond of each other. When Mrs. Slayback looked at Tebaldo's sharp features, her heart hardened; but when she looked at Vittoria, it softened again. She was a very intelligent woman, in her way, and, having originally married for his money a man whom she considered beneath her in social standing and cultivation, she wished to improve his family in her own and her friends' eyes by making a brilliant foreign marriage for his niece. "Princess of Corleone" sounded a good deal better than "Miss Lizzie Slayback," and there was no denying the antiquity and validity of the title. There were few to be had as good as that, for the girl's religion was a terrible obstacle to her marrying the heir of any great house in Europe in which money was not a paramount necessity. But Tebaldo assured her that he attached no importance whatever to such matters. Lizzie was in love with him, and he took pains to seem to be in love with her.

Mrs. Slayback did not give more weight to her niece's inclinations and fancies than Tebaldo gave to his religious scruples. The girl was highly impressionable to a very small depth, skin deep, in fact, and below the shallow gauge of her impressions she suddenly became hard and obstinate like her uncle. She had an unfortunate way of liking people very much at first sight if she chanced to meet them when she was in a good humor, and quite regardless of what they might really be. She had said to herself that Tebaldo was "romantic," and as his life hitherto might certainly have been well described by some such word, he had no difficulty in keeping up the illusion for her.

He saw that she listened with wonder and delight to his tales of wild doings in Sicily, and he had not the slightest difficulty in finding as many of them to tell her as suited his purpose. He had been more intimately connected with one or two of his stories than he chose to tell her; but he was ready at turning a difficulty of that sort, and when he introduced himself he treated his own personality and actions with that artistic modesty which leaves vague beauties to the imagination.

Never having had any actual experience of the rude deeds of unbridled humanity, Miss Lizzie liked revengeful people because they were "romantic." She liked to think of a man who could carry off his enemy's bride in the gray dawn of her wedding day, escape with her on board a ship, and be out of sight of land before night—because such deeds were "romantic." She liked to know that a band of thirty desperate men could bid defiance to the government and the army for months, and she loved to hear of Leone, the outlaw chief, who had killed a dozen soldiers with his own hand in twenty minutes, before he fell with twenty seven bullets in him—that was indeed "romantic." And Tebaldo had seen Leone himself, many years ago, and remembered him and described him; and he had seen most of the people whose extraordinary adventures he detailed to the girl, and had known them and spoken with them, had shot with them for wagers, had drunk old wine of Etna at their weddings, and had followed some of them to their graves when they had been killed. A good many of his acquaintances had been killed in various "romantic" affairs.

Everything he told her appealed strongly to Lizzie Slayback's imagination, and he had the advantage, if it were one, of being really a great deal like the people he described, daring, unscrupulous, physically brave and revengeful, very much the type which is so often spoken of in Calabria with bated breath, as a "desperate man of Sicily." For the Italian of the mainland is apt both to dread and respect the stronger man of the islands.

In addition to his accomplishments as a story teller, Tebaldo possessed the power of seeming to be very much in love, without ever saying much about it. He flattered the girl, telling her that she was beautiful and witty and charming, and everything else which she wished to be; and when his eyelids were not drooping at the corners as they did when he was angry, he had a way of gazing with in-

tense and meaning directness into Lizzie Slayback's dark blue eyes, so that Vittoria would no longer have envied her, for she blushed and looked away, half pleased and half disturbed.

Aliandra Basili thought Francesco much more ready and apt to anticipate her small wishes and to understand her thoughts than his brother. But when he chose to take the trouble, with cool calculation, Tebaldo knew well enough how to make a woman believe that he was taking care of her, which is what many women most wish to feel. With Aliandra, whom he loved as much as he was capable of loving any one, Tebaldo felt himself almost too much at his ease to disguise his own selfishness. But he gave himself endless trouble for Miss Slayback, and she was sometimes touched by little acts of his which showed how constantly she was in his mind—as indeed she was, much more than she knew.

In her moments of solitude—which were few, for she hated to be alone—she reflected more than once that her money must seem a great inducement to a poor Italian nobleman; but she was too much in love with the "romantic" to believe that Tebaldo wished to marry her solely for her fortune. It was too hard to believe, when she looked at her own face in the mirror and saw how young, and pretty, and smiling she really was. Her dark lashes gave her blue eyes so much expression that she could not think herself not loved, a mere incumbrance to be taken with a fortune, but not without, in exchange for a title. She was fond of her refined but not very remarkable self, and it would have been hard to convince her that Tebaldo's silent looks and ever ready service meant nothing but greed of money. Very possibly, she admitted, he could not have thought of marrying her if she had been poor, but she believed it equally certain that if she had been an ugly, rich, middle aged old maid, he would never have thought of it either.

Besides, Tebaldo had watched with great satisfaction the growing intimacy between her and his sister, and he took care to play his comedy before Vittoria as carefully as before Miss Slayback herself. Vittoria, as he knew, was very truthful, and if her friend asked questions about him, she would repeat accurately what he had said in her presence, if she gave any information at all. To his face, Vittoria accused him of wishing to marry for money, but so long as he affirmed that he loved Miss Slayback, Vittoria would never accuse him behind his back, nor tell tales about his character which might injure his prospects. Though he knew that she rarely believed him and never trusted him, he knew that he could trust her. That fact alone might have sufficiently defined their respective characters.

XXII.

TEBALDO had not been at all willing to believe that Aliandri Basili really meant to treat him differently after the meeting in which she had defined her position so clearly, but he soon discovered that she was in earnest. She was not a person to change her mind easily, and she had decided that it was time to end the situation in one way or the other. Tebaldo must either marry her, or cease to persecute her with his attentions. In the latter case she intended to marry Francesco.

Like most successful singers, and, indeed, like most people who succeed remarkably in any career, she possessed the extraordinary energy which ultimately makes the difference between success and failure in all struggles for preeminence. Many have the necessary talent and the other necessary gifts; few have, besides these things, the restless, untiring force to use them at all times to the extreme limit of possibility. People who have the requisite facility, but not the indispensable energy, find it so hard to realize this fact that they have inverted our modern use of the word "genius" to account for their own failures. The ancients, and even the medievals, when beaten in a fair fight by men more enduring than themselves, were always ready to account for their defeat on the ground of a supernatural intervention against them. Similarly the people who are clever enough to succeed, nowadays, but not strong enough, nor patient enough, attribute to the man who surpasses them some sort of supernatural inspiration, which they call genius, and against which

they tell themselves that it is useless to strive.

Socrates called his acute sense of right and wrong his familiar spirit, his dæmon; but in those days of the supremacy of the greatest art the world has ever seen, or ever will see, at a time when most people still believed in oracles, no one ever attributed any such familiar spirit to Sophocles, to Praxiteles, nor to Zeuxis, nor to any other poets, sculptors, or painters. The Muses had become mere names even then, and the stories about them were but superstitious fables.

That restless energy was part of the Sicilian singer's nature. Whether her other gifts were great enough for greatness remained to be seen, and the question had nothing to do with Tebaldo Pagliuca. Her singing gave him pleasure, but it was not what chiefly attracted him. He was in love with her in a commonplace and by no means elevated way, and artistic satisfaction did not enter into his passion as a component factor. There was nothing so elevated about it.

Aliandra's very womanly nature made her vaguely aware of this; and she had a physical suspicion, so to say, that if Tebaldo ever lost his head, he would be much more violent than his brother, who had frightened her so badly one evening at the theater. She was inclined to think that it would not be safe to irritate Tebaldo too much; yet she was sure that it was of no use to prolong the present ambiguous situation, in which she was practically accepting and authorizing the love of a man who would not marry her if he could help it.

After she had finally told him what she meant to do, nothing could move her, and she entirely refused to see him alone. Hitherto she had used her privilege as an artist in this respect, and had often sent away her worthy aunt, the Signora Barbuzzi, during his visits. But now, when he came, the black browed, gray haired, thin lipped old woman kept her place beside her niece on the little green sofa of the little hired drawing room, her withered fingers steadily knitting black silk stockings. This was her only accomplishment, but it was an unusual one, and she was very proud of it, and of her wonderful eyes, which never needed glasses, and could count the minute black stitches even when the light was beginning to fail on a winter's afternoon.

Then Tebaldo sat uneasily on his chair, and wished the old woman might fall dead in an apoplexy, and that he had the evil eye, and by mere wishing could bring her to destruction. And Alianda leaned back in the other corner of the sofa, behind her aunt, and smiled coolly at what Tebaldo said, and answered indifferently, and looked at her nails critically but wearily when he said nothing, as if she wished he would go away. And he generally went at the end of half an hour, unable to bear the situation much longer than that, after he had discovered that the Signora Barbuzzi was in future always to sit through his visits.

"And now, my daughter," said the aunt one day when he had just gone, "the other will come in a quarter of an hour. The sun sets, the moon rises, as we say."

Which invariably happened. Francesco did not like being caught with Aliandra by his brother, as has been already seen. He had, therefore, hit upon the simple plan of spying upon him, following him at a distance until he entered Aliandra's house, and then sitting in a little third rate café opposite until he came out. Tebaldo, who was extremely particular about the places he frequented, because he wished to behave altogether like a Roman gentleman, would never have entered any such place as Francesco made use of for his own purposes. Francesco knew that, and felt perfectly safe as he sat at his little marble table, with a glass of syrup and soda water, his eyes fixed on the big front door which he could see through the window from the place he regularly occupied. He was also quite sure that, as Tebaldo had always just left the house when he himself came, there was no danger of his elder brother's sudden appearance.

The Signora Barbuzzi was decidedly much more civilized than her brother, the notary of Randazzo, for she had been married to a notary of Messina, which meant that she had lived in much higher social surroundings. That, at least, was her opinion, and Aliandra was too wise

to dispute with her. She had given the deceased Barbuzzi no children, and in return for her discretion he had left her a comfortable little income. Notaries are apt to marry the sisters and daughters of other notaries, and to associate with men of their own profession, for they generally have but little confidence in persons of other occupations. The Signora Barbuzzi might have been a notary herself, for she had the avidity of mind, the distrustfulness, the caution about details, and the supernormal acuteness about the intentions of other people which are the old fashioned Italian notary's predominant characteristics. She looked like one, too.

"For my part, my daughter," she said to her niece, shaking her head twice towards the same side, as some old women frequently do when they are knitting a stocking, "for my part, I should send them both away for the present. They will not marry, for they have no money. Who marries without money? I see that you earn a great deal, but not a fortune. If you should marry Tebaldo or Francesco, and if you should not earn the fortune you expect, you would find yourself badly off. But if you can earn ten times, twenty times what you have earned this winter during the next four or five years, then you can marry either of them, because they will want your money as well as yourself."

Aliandra said nothing for some minutes, for she saw the truth of her aunt's advice. On the other hand, she was young and felt quite sure of success, and she did not feel sure that some unexpected turn of fortune might not suddenly bring about an advantageous marriage for one of the two men.

"I am not the Patti," she said thoughtfully. "I am not the Melba. I am only the little Basili yet, but I have a remarkable voice and I can work——"

"Voices are treacherous," observed the cautious old woman. "They sometimes break down. Then you will only be the daughter of Basili the notary again."

"My voice will not break down," answered Aliandra confidently. "It is a natural voice, and I never make any effort. My master says it is the voices which are incomplete at first and have to be developed to equalize them, which break down sometimes."

"You may have an illness," suggested the Signora Barbuzzi. "Then you may lose your voice."

"Why should I have an illness? I am strong."

The handsome girl leaned back on the sofa, and raising her arms clasped her hands behind her head, resting them against the wall—a splendidly vital figure.

"We are mortal," observed the old woman sententiously. "When God pleases to send us a fever, good by voice!"

"Have I some sin on my soul that Heaven should send me a fever?" asked Aliandra, rather indignantly. "What have I done?"

"Nothing, nothing, my daughter! Who accuses you? You are an angel, you are a crystal, you are a little saint. I have said nothing. But a fever is a fever for saints and sinners."

"I am not going to have a fever, and I am not going to lose my voice. I shall make a great reputation and earn a great deal of money."

"Heaven send it you thus!" answered the Signora Barbuzzi devoutly.

"But I shall make Tebaldo jealous of Francesco, so that he will not be able to see out of his eyes for jealousy. Then he will marry me. But if not, I will marry the other, whom I like better."

"Indeed, jealousy is a weapon, my dear. A bad mule needs a good stick, as they say. But for my part, I am a notary's daughter, the widow of a notary—may the Lord preserve him in glory!—and the sister of a notary. I am out of place as the aunt of an artist. With us we have always said, who leaves the old road to take the new, knows what he leaves but not what he shall find. That is a good proverb. But your life is on a new road. You may find fortune, but no one knows. At least, you have bread, if you fail, and you risk nothing, if you remain a good girl."

"So far as that goes!" Aliandra laughed scornfully. "My head will not turn easily."

"Thank Heaven, no. There is the other one," added the old woman, as she heard the door bell ring. "Shall I leave you alone with him, my daughter?"

"Why should you?" asked Aliandra indifferently. "What have I to say to him?"

She was perhaps not quite as indifferent as she seemed, for Francesco attracted her. On the other hand, she did not wish to be attracted by him so long as there was a chance of marrying the other brother, and her aunt's presence was a sort of precaution against an improbable but vaguely possible folly which she distinguished in the future.

On his part, Francesco always did his best to make a favorable impression on the Signora Barbuzzi, considering her friendship indispensable. He fancied that it must be a comparatively easy thing to please an old chaperon who got little attention from any one, and he used to bring her bunches of violets from time to time, which he presented with a well turned speech. He might as well have offered a nosegay to the deceased Barbuzzi himself, for all the impression he produced by his civilities to the hard headed, masculine old woman.

He was not discouraged, however, and though he wished her anywhere but where she was, he bore her presence with equanimity, and made himself as agreeable as he could. He was far too sharp sighted himself not to see what Aliandra was doing, but he had no means of acting upon her feelings as she was trying to act upon Tebaldo's, and he had the low sort of philosophy which often belongs to sensual people, and which is perhaps not much higher than the patience of the cat that crouches before the mouse's hole, waiting for its victim to run into danger. He was no match, however, for the two women, and he very much overestimated the attraction he exercised upon Aliandra.

It was, in a manner, a sort of disturbing influence rather than an attraction. Aliandra avoided it until she was forced to feel it, and when she felt it, she feared it. Yet she liked him, and was surprised at the contradiction, and distrusted herself in a general way. She was not much given to self examination, and would probably not have understood what the word meant; but, like a young wild animal, she was at once aware of the presence of danger, and was tempted towards the cause of it, while her keen natural instinct of self-preservation made her draw back cautiously whenever the temptation to advance was particularly strong.

This was the situation of Aliandra with regard to the two brothers respectively. Her interest lay with the one, her inclination, so far as it was one, with the other, and she distrusted both in different ways, fearing the one that was a coward, but distrusting more the one who was the braver and more manly of the two, but also incomparably the more deceitful.

They, on their part, were both in love with her, and not in very different ways; but though Tebaldo was the bolder in character, he was the one more able to be cautious where a woman was concerned, while he was also capable of jealousy to a degree inconceivable to Francesco.

XXIII.

The world would go very well, but for the unforeseen. The fate of every one in this story might have been very different if Gesualda, old Basili's maid of all work, had not stopped to eat an orange surreptitiously while she was sweeping down the stone stairs early in the morning, before the notary was dressed. She was an ugly girl, and had not many pleasures in life; Basili was old and stingy and fault finding, and she had to do all the work of the house—the scrubbing, the cooking, the serving, the washing, and the mending.

She did it very well; in the first place because she was strong, secondly because she was willing and sufficiently skilful, and lastly because she was very unusually ugly, and therefore had no distractions in the shape of love making. She was also scrupulously honest and extremely careful not to waste things in the kitchen. But fruit was her weakness, and, being a Sicilian, she might have been capable of committing a crime for the sake of an orange, or a bunch of grapes, or a dozen little figs, if they had not been so plentiful that one could always have what one could eat for the mere asking. Her only shortcoming, therefore, was that she could not confine herself to eating her oranges in the kitchen. She always had one in her pocket.

A cynical old lady once said that the

only way to deal with temptation was to yield to it at once, and save oneself all further annoyance. Gesualda yielded to the temptation to eat the orange she had in her pocket, when she had resisted it just long enough to make the yielding a positive delight. She felt the orange through her skirt, she imagined how it looked, she thought how delicious it would be, and her lips were dry for it, and her soul longed for it. There was always a quiet corner at hand, for the notary lived alone. In an instant the orange was in her hands, her coarse fingers took the peel off in four pieces with astonishing skill, the said peel disappeared temporarily into the pocket again, and a moment later she was happy.

Her whole part in this history consisted in the eating of a single orange on the dark stone stairs, yet it was an important one, for out of all the thousands of oranges she had eaten during her life, that particular one was destined to be the first link in a long and tragic chain of circumstances.

Whether the orange was not quite ripe, so that the peel did not come away as easily as usual, or whether she was made a little nervous by the fact that her master might be expected to appear at any moment, a fact which enhanced the delight of the misdeed, neither she herself nor any one else will ever know. As usual, she ran her sharp, strong thumb nail twice round the fruit, crosswise, dug her fingers into the crossing cuts thus made, and stripped the peel off in a twinkling, thrusting the four dry pieces into her pocket. And as usual, in another moment, she was perfectly, blissfully happy, for it was a blood orange, and particularly sweet and juicy, having no pips, for it had grown on a very old tree, and those are the best, as every one knows in the orange country of the south.

But fate tore off a tiny fragment of the peel, a mere corner of one strip, thick, and the shiny side upwards, all slippery with its aromatic oil, and placed it cunningly just on the edge of one of the worn old stone steps, above her in the dark turning. Then fate went away, and waited quietly to see what would happen, and Gesualda also went away, down to her kitchen, to begin and prepare the vegetables which she had bought at daybreak of the vendor, a little way down the street. The bit of peel lay quite quietly in the dark, doing as fate had bidden it, and waiting likewise.

Now, fate had reckoned exactly how many paces Basili the notary would take from his room to the head of the stairs, in order to know with which foot he would take the first step downwards, and hence to calculate whether the bit of peel should be a little to the right or a little to the left. And it lay a little to the left; for the left foot, as fate is aware, is the unlucky foot, except for left handed people. Basili was a right handed man; and as he came down stairs in his great, flapping leathern slippers, he put the smoothest spot of the old sole exactly upon the shiny bit of peel. All of which shows the astonishing accuracy which fate can bring to bear at important moments. That was the beginning of the end of this history.

Basili fell, of course, and, as it seemed to him, he fell backwards, forwards, sideways, and upside down, all in a moment; and when he came to the bottom of the stairs, he had a broken leg. It was not a bad break, though any broken leg is bad, and the government surgeon was at home, because it was early in the morning, and came and set it very well.

Basili lay in a sunny room, with pots of carnations in the window, drinking syrup of tamarind with water, to cool his blood, and very much disturbed in his mind. Gesualda sat on the steps all the morning, moaning and beating her breast, for she had found the little piece of orange peel, groping in the dark, and she knew that it had all been her fault. For penitence, she made a vow, at first, not to eat an orange till the master was recovered. Later in the day, she went to confession, in order to ease her soul of its burden, and she told her confessor that she could not possibly keep the vow, and that she had already twice undergone horrible temptation since the accident, at the mere sight of an orange. Thereupon the confessor, who was a wise little old man, commuted her self imposed penance to abstinence from cheese, which she scrupulously practised for a whole month

afterwards, until the notory was on his feet for the first time. But by that time a great many things had happened.

Basili lay in his sunny room, finding it difficult to understand exactly what had happened to him. He had never been ill in his life, excepting once when he had taken a little fever, as a mere boy. He was a tough man, not so old as he looked, and he had never thought it possible that he could be laid on his back and made perfectly helpless for a whole month. He had ground his teeth while they had been setting his leg, but in spite of the pain he had been thinking chiefly of the check to his business which must be the inevitable result of such a long confinement. He had a shabby little clerk who copied for him, and was not altogether stupid, but he trusted no one with the affairs of his clients, and he was a very important person in Randazzo. Moreover, a young notary from Catania had recently established himself in opposition to him, and he feared competition.

He was very lonely, too, for the clerk, after presenting his condolences, had seized the opportunity of taking a holiday, and there was nobody but Gesualda in the house. In the afternoon she got her mother to take her place while she went to confession. Basili was very lonely indeed, for the doctor would not let him receive his clients who came on business, fearing fever for his patient. The day seemed very long. He called for paper and pen, and in spite of the surgeon's prohibition, he had himself propped up in bed, and wrote a letter to his daughter. He told her of his accident, and begged her to come to him, if she could do so without injuring the course of study she had undertaken.

Time was precious to Aliandra, for her master generally left Rome at the end of June, and she had only learned about half of "Aïda," the opera she had undertaken to study, and which was a necessary one for her future career. But she made up her mind at once to go to her father, for a fortnight, after which time, in the ordinary course of things, he would probably be able to spare her. She was very fond of him, for her mother had died when she had been very young, and Basili had loved the child with the grim tenderness peculiar to certain stern characters; and afterwards, when once persuaded that she had both voice and talent for the stage, he had generously helped her in every way he could.

He had missed her terribly, for she had not been in Sicily since the previous autumn, and it was natural that he should send for her to keep him company during his recovery. She, on her part, looked forward with pleasure to a taste of the old simple existence in which she had been so happy as a child. She left her maid in Rome, and her aunt stopped in Messina, intending to come up to Randazzo a few days later and pay her brother a visit.

Before leaving Rome Aliandra told both Tebaldo and Francesco where she was going, and that she intended to return in a fortnight in order to study with her teacher until he should leave Rome. She maintained her attitude of coldness towards Tebaldo to the last. He complained of it. For once, the Signora Barbuzzi had left the room unbidden, judging, no doubt, that before going away for some time Aliandra might wish to see Tebaldo alone, and possibly have some further explanation with him.

"Look here," he said roughly, "you have treated me in this way long enough, and I have borne it quietly. Be reasonable—"

"That is exactly what I am," answered Aliandra. "It is you who are unreasonable."

"Because I love you, you say that I am unreasonable!" he retorted, his patience giving way suddenly. "Because you burn me—bah, find words! I cannot. Give me your hand!"

"Only in one way. I have told you—"

"Give me your hand!" He came quite close to her.

She held her hands behind her and looked at him defiantly, her head high, her eyes cold.

"If you want my hand—you must keep it," she said.

She was very handsome just then, and his heart beat faster. There was a tremor in his voice when he spoke again, and his fingers shook as he laid them lightly on her shoulder, barely touching her. There is a most tender vibration in any genu-

ine passion under control, just before it breaks out. Aliandra saw it, but she distrusted him, and believed that he might be acting.

"I cannot bear this much longer," he said. "It is killing me."

"There is no reason why it should," she answered coldly. "You know what you have to do. I will marry you whenever you please."

He was silent. The vision of Miss Lizzie Slayback with her millions, and with all his own future, rose before him. He seemed to see it all behind the handsome head, on the ugly flowered paper of the wall. That stake was too heavy, and he could not afford to risk it. Yet, as he met Aliandra's hard eyes and cruelly set mouth, her resistance roused him as nothing ever had before.

"You hesitate still," she said scornfully. "I do not think your love will kill you."

"Yours for me will not hurt you, at all events," he answered rudely.

"Mine? Oh—you may think of that as you please."

She shrugged her shoulders like a woman of the people, and turned from him indifferently, leaving him standing near the door, growing pale by quick degrees, till his face was a faint yellow and his eyes were red.

"I believe you love my brother," he said hoarsely, as she moved away.

She stopped and turned her head, as she answered.

"His is by far the more lovable character," she said in a tone of contempt. "I should not blame any woman for preferring him to you."

"It will be better for him that you should not prefer him." His face was livid now. Aliandra laughed, and turned so that she could see him.

"Bah! I believe you are a coward after all. He need not fear you, I fancy."

"Do you really think me a coward?" asked Tebaldo, in a low voice, and his eyes began to frighten her.

"You behave like one," she answered. "You are afraid of the mere opinion of society. That is the reason why you hesitate. You say you love me, but you really love only that you call your position."

"No," he answered, not moving. "There are other reasons. And you are mistaken about me. I am not a coward. Do not say it again. Do you understand?"

Again she shrugged her shoulders, as though to say that it mattered little to her whether he were a coward or not. But she did not like the look in his eyes, though she did not believe that he would hurt her. She had heard of his occasional terrible outbreaks of anger, but had never seen him in one of them. He was beginning to look dangerous now, she thought. She wondered whether she had gone too far, but reflected that, after all, if she meant to exasperate him into a promise of marriage, she must risk something.

"Do not make me say it," she replied, more gently than she had spoken yet.

Few feminine retorts are more irritating than that one, of which most women know the full value, but in some way it acted upon Tebaldo as a counter irritant to his real anger.

"No," said Tebaldo, and his eyelids suddenly drooped, "you shall say something else. As you are just going away, this is hardly the moment to fix a day for our marriage."

She started slightly at the words, and looked at him. His eyes were less red, and the natural brown color was coming back in his cheeks. She thought the moment of danger past.

"I shall be back in a fortnight," she answered.

"There will be time enough when you come back," he said in his usual tone of voice. "Provided that you do not change your mind in the mean time," he added, with a tolerably easy smile. "Do not forget that you love Francesco." He laughed, for he was really a good actor.

She laughed, too, but uneasily, more to quiet herself than to make him think that she was in a good humor again.

"I never forget the people I love," she said lightly.

Then with a quick gesture and movement, as though wholly forgiving him, she kissed her fingers to him, laughed again, and was out of the room in a moment, leaving him where he was. He stood still for three or four seconds, look-

ing at the door through which she had disappeared, longing for her—like a fool, as he said to himself. Then he went out.

It had been a singular parting, he thought, and if he had not been at her mercy by one side of his nature, he said to himself that he would never have spoken to such a woman again. There was a frankly cynical determination on her part to marry him, which might have repelled any man, and which, he admitted, precluded all idea of love on her side. In spite of it all, his hand trembled when he had touched her sleeve at her shoulder, and he had not been quite able to control his voice. In spite of it all, too, he hated his brother with all his heart, far more bitterly than ever before, for what Aliandra had said of him.

Something more would have happened on that day, if he had known that Francesco was sitting in the little third rate café opposite Aliandra's house, waiting to see him come out. He would, however, have been momentarily reassured had he further known that the Signora Barbuzzi, for diplomatic reasons, returned to the sitting room and was present during the whole of Francesco's visit.

Aliandra left Rome the next morning. She did not care to tire herself by traveling very fast, so she slept in Naples, and did not reach Randazzo until the third day, a week after her father's accident.

XXIV.

Tebaldo felt a sort of relief when Aliandra was gone. He missed her, and he longed for her, and yet, every time that he thought of Lizzie Slayback, he was glad that Aliandra was in Sicily. He felt more free. It was easier to bear a separation from her than to be ever in fear of her crossing the heiress' path. That, indeed, might have seemed a remote danger, considering the difference that lay between the lives of the American girl and the singer. But Miss Slayback was restless and inquisitive; she liked of all things to meet people who were "somebody" in any department of art; she had heard of Aliandra Basili and of the sensation her appearance had created during the winter, and she was quite capable of taking a fancy to know her. Miss Lizzie generally began her acquaintance with any one by ascertaining who the acquaintance's acquaintances might be, as Tebaldo well knew, and if at any moment she chose to know the artist, it is probable that his secret would be out in a quarter of an hour.

Then, too, he saw that he must precipitate matters, for spring was advancing into summer, and if his engagement were suddenly announced while Aliandra was in Rome, he believed that she would very probably go straight to Miss Slayback and tell her own story, being, as he could see, determined to marry him at any cost. He was therefore very glad that she was gone.

But when the hour came round at which he had been accustomed to go and see her every day, he missed her horribly, and went and shut himself up in his room. It was not a sentimentality, for he was incapable of that weak but delicate infusion of sentiment and water from which the Anglo Saxon race derives such keen delight. It was more like a sort of physical possession, from which he could not escape, and during which he would have found it hard to be decently civil to Miss Slayback, or indeed to any other woman. At that time his whole mind and senses were filled with Aliandra, as though she had been bodily present in the room, and her handsome head and vital figure rose distinctly in his eyes, till his pulse beat fast in his throat and his lips were dry.

Two days after Aliandra's departure, Tebaldo was in this state, pacing up and down in his room and really struggling against the intense desire to drive instantly to the railway station and follow Aliandra to Sicily. Without a knock the door opened, and Francesco entered.

"What do you want?" asked Tebaldo, almost brutally, as he stopped in his walk.

"What is the matter with you?" inquired the other, in some surprise at his brother's tone.

"What do you want, I say?" Tebaldo tapped the floor impatiently with his foot. "Why do you come here?"

"Really, you seem to be in an extraordinary frame of mind," observed Francesco. "I had no intention of disturbing you. I often come to your room——"

"No. You do not come often. Again—what do you want? Money? You generally want that. Take it—there on the table!" He pointed to a little package of the small Italian notes.

Francesco took two or three, and put them carefully into his pocketbook. Tebaldo watched him, hating him more than usual for having come at that moment. He hated the back of his neck as Francesco bent down; it looked so smooth, and the short hair was so curly just above his collar. He wondered whether Aliandra liked to look at the back of Francesco's neck, and his eyes grew red.

"So Aliandra has gone," observed Francesco carelessly, as he returned the purse to his pocket and turned to his brother.

"Have you come here to tell me so?" asked Tebaldo, growing rapidly angry.

"Oh, no! You must have known it before I did. I merely made a remark—why are you so angry? She will come back. She will probably come just when you are ready to marry Miss Slayback."

"Will you leave my affairs to me, and go?" Tebaldo made a step forward.

"My dear Tebaldo, I wish you would not be so furious about nothing. I come in peace, and you receive me like a wild animal. I am anxious about your marriage. It will be the salvation of our family, and the sooner you can conclude the matter, the better it will be for all of us."

"I do not see what advantage you are likely to gain by my marriage."

"Think of the position! It is a great advantage to be the brother of a rich man."

"In order to borrow money of him. I see!"

"Not necessarily. It will change our position very much. The danger is that your friend Aliandra may spoil everything, if she hears of Miss Slayback."

"Either go, or speak plainly," said Tebaldo, beginning to walk up and down in order to control the impulse that was driving him to strike his brother.

Francesco sat down upon the edge of the writing table and lighted a cigarette.

"It is a pity that we should be always quarreling," he said.

"If you had not come here, we should not have quarreled now," observed Tebaldo, thrusting his hands into his pockets, lest they should do Francesco some harm.

"We should have quarreled the next time we met," continued the latter. "We always do. I wish to propose a peace, a compromise that may settle matters for ever."

"What matters? There are no matters to settle. Let me alone, and I will let you alone."

"Of course, you really mean to marry Miss Slayback? Do you, or do you not?"

"What an absurd question! If I do not mean to marry her, why do you suppose I waste my time with her? Do you imagine that I am in love with her?" He laughed harshly.

"Exactly," answered Francesco, as though his brother's question seemed perfectly natural to him. "The only explanation of your conduct is that you wish to marry the girl and get her money. It is very wise. We are all delighted. Vittoria likes her for her own sake, and our mother will be very happy. It will console her for Ferdinando's death, which has been a great blow to her."

"Well? Are you satisfied? Is that all you wished to know?" Tebaldo stopped before him.

"No. Not by any means. You marry Miss Slayback, and you get your share. I want mine."

"And what do you consider your share, as you call it?" inquired Tebaldo, with some curiosity, in spite of his ill temper.

"It does not seem likely that you mean to marry them both," said Francesco, swinging one leg slowly and blowing the smoke towards the window.

"Both—whom?"

"Both the American and Aliandra. Of course, you could marry Aliandra in church and the American by a civil marriage, and they might both be satisfied, if you could keep them apart——"

"What an infernal scoundrel you are!" observed Tebaldo slowly.

"You are certainly not the proper person to point out my moral shortcomings," retorted Francesco coolly. "But I did not suppose that you meant to marry them both, and as you have very wisely

decided to take the American girl, I really think you might leave Aliandra to me. If you marry the one, I do not see why I should not marry the other."

"If I ever find you making love to Aliandra Basili," said Tebaldo, with slow emphasis, "I will break every bone in your body."

But he still kept his hands in his pockets. Francesco laughed, for he did not believe that he was in present bodily danger. It was not the first time that Tebaldo had spoken in that way.

"You are ready to quarrel again! I am sure, I am perfectly reasonable. I wish to marry Aliandra Basili. I have kept out of your way in that direction for a long time. I should not mention the matter now, unless I were sure that you had made up your mind."

"And——" Tebaldo came near to him, but hesitated. "And—excuse me—but what reason have you for supposing that Aliandra will marry you?"

"That is my affair," answered Francesco, but he shrank a little and slipped from his seat on the table to his feet, when he saw his brother's face.

"How do you mean that it is your affair?" asked Tebaldo roughly. "How do you know that she will marry you? Have you asked her? Has she told you that she loves you?"

Francesco hesitated a moment. The temptation to say that he was loved by Aliandra, merely for the sake of giving his brother pain, was very great. But so was the danger, and that was upon him already, for Tebaldo mistook the meaning of his hesitation, and lost his temper.

His sinewy hands went right at his brother's throat, half strangling him in an instant, and then swinging him from side to side on his feet as a terrier shakes a rat. If Francesco had carried even a pocket knife, he would have had it out in an instant, and would have used it. But he had no weapon, and he was no match for Tebaldo in a fury. He struck out fiercely enough with his fists, but the other's hands were above his own, and he could do nothing. He could not even cry out, for he was half choked, and Tebaldo was quite silent in his rage. There would have been murder, had there been weapons within the reach of either.

When Tebaldo finally threw him off, Francesco fell heavily upon one knee against the door, but caught the handle with one hand, and regained his feet instantly.

"You shall pay me yet," he said in a low voice, his throat purple, but his face suddenly white.

"Yes. This is only something on account," said Tebaldo, with a sneer. "You shall have the rest of the payment some other time."

But Francesco was gone before the last words had passed his brother's lips. The door closed behind him, and Tebaldo heard his quick footsteps outside as he went off in the direction of his own room.

The angry man grew calmer when he was alone, but now and then, as he walked up and down, and backwards and forwards, he clenched his hands spasmodically, wishing that he still had his brother in his grip. Yet, when he reflected, as he began to do before long, upon what had really happened, he realized that he had not, after all, had much reason for taking his brother by the throat. It was the hesitation that had made his temper break out. But then, it might have meant so much. In his present state, the thought that perhaps Aliandra loved Francesco was like the bite of a horsefly in a raw wound, and he quivered under it. He could not get away from it. He fancied he saw Francesco kissing Aliandra's handsome mouth, and that her eyes smiled, and then her eyelids drooped with pleasure. His anger subsided a little, but his jealousy grew monstrously minute by minute, and his wrath smoldered beneath it. He remembered past days and meetings, and glances Aliandra had given his brother, such as she had never bestowed upon himself. She did not love him, though she wished to marry him, and was determined to do so, if it were possible. But it flashed upon him that she loved Francesco, and had loved him from the first. That was not quite the truth, though it was near it, and he saw a hundred things in the past to prove that it was the truth altogether.

He was human enough to feel the wound to his vanity, and the slight cast upon him by a comparison in which Francesco was preferred to him, as well as

the hurt at his heart which came with it. He did not know of Francesco's daily visits, but he suspected them and exaggerated all he guessed. Doubtless Francesco had seen her again and again alone, quite lately, while Tebaldo had been made to endure day after day the presence of Aliandra's aunt in the room. Again the red lipped vision of a kiss flashed in the shadow of the room, a living picture, and once more his eyes grew red, and his hands clenched themselves spasmodically, closing on nothing.

She had said that she preferred Francesco. She had almost admitted that she loved him, and he could remember how cold her eyes had been while she had been saying it. There had been another light in them for his brother, and she had not held her hands behind her back when Francesco had held out his. Or else she had, laughingly. And then she had put up her face, instead, for him to kiss. Tebaldo ground his teeth.

His jealousy got hold of him in the vitals and gnawed cruelly. Everything in his own room made him think of Aliandra, though there was not one object in a score that could possibly have any association with her, nor any right to remind him of her, as he tried to tell himself. But his watch, lying on the toilet table, made him think of her watch, a pretty little one he had given her. His gloves made him think of her gloves, his books recalled hers, his very chairs, as they chanced to stand about the room, revived the memory of how other chairs had stood when he had parted from her. The infinite pettiness of the details that irritated him did not shock his reason as would have happened at any other time. On the contrary, the more of them sprang up, the more they stung him. Instead of one gadfly, there were hundreds. And all the time there was the almost irresistible physical longing to go to her, and throw over everything else. He went out, for he could not bear his room any longer.

It was still hot in the streets in the early afternoon, and there was a fierce glare all through the new part of the city where there were many white houses in straight rows along smoothly paved streets. Tebaldo walked in the shade, and once or twice he took off his hat for a moment and let the dry, hot breeze blow upon his forehead. The strong light was somehow a relief as he grew accustomed to it, and his southern nature regained its balance in the penetrating warmth. He walked quickly, not heeding his direction, as he followed the line of broad shade and passed quickly through the blazing sunshine that filled the crossing of each side street.

He regained his normal state, and presently, being quite calm, he stopped and quietly lighted a cigar. Like many men of ardent and choleric temperament, he neither smoked nor drank much, but there were times, like the present, when it seemed as if smoking helped him to think quietly.

Before the cigar was half finished he was at the door of the hotel at which Miss Slayback and her aunt were staying. He was glad that he had decided to see her on that afternoon, and he attributed the good sense, as he would have called it, which had ultimately brought him to her door, to the soothing influence of the tobacco.

(*To be continued.*) ab page 657

ABSENCE.

THE city sleeps, bound in her chains of light;
The slow dawn creeps about the night.
Far in the distance, some poor caged bird sings,
As if he longed to stretch his wing's.
So my sad heart, from out these gloomy walls,
Far through the lonely darkness calls,
And fain would spread its wings and swiftly flee
Far o'er the world in search of thee!

Lula Cooke Don-Carlos.

TYPES of FAIR WOMEN

ATLANTA, Georgia, is a city possessing combinations of qualities which give it many of the characteristics of an individual—a many sided individual. It denies all the preconceived ideas of many people of the North, who have been told that the South lacks business ability and thrift. They used to say, in the old days, that "the South may bring forth statesmen and pretty women, but it can never hope to cope with the North commercially." This bustling metropolis of a great and rich section of country is showing that the South can not only enter the arena with the rest of the world on its own ground, but can keep what it has always had, as well.

Peachtree Street, which is Atlanta's Fifth Avenue, marshals a procession of beautiful women every day. One of the

MISS RUTH HALLMAN, OF ATLANTA.

From a photograph by Condon, Atlanta.

handsomest of these is Miss Ruth Hallman, the only daughter of Mr. John C. Hallman. Miss Hallman combines all the qualities of the Southern girl in the happiest degree. She has been one of the very popular beauties of Georgia since her début two seasons ago. She has charm of expression as well as of feature, and has made innumerable friends among the visitors who have made Atlanta gay during the past two years.

MISS FLORIDA GRAVES, OF BIRMINGHAM.
From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

Another Southern girl who has a reputation for beauty which has reached beyond Mason and Dixon's line, is Miss Florida Graves, of Birmingham, Alabama. Mr. John Whiting, of Montgomery, was noted in his State, in ante bellum times, for his wealth and his beautiful daughters. Florida Whiting, the handsomest of the family, married Captain William H. Graves, of Virginia. She kept her husband in her own city, and for years their residence was considered one of the finest homes in the South. They moved, finally, from Montgomery to Birmingham, where Captain Graves is prominent in his profession, the law, and in social and public affairs.

As was natural, their daughters kept up the traditions of their mother's family. The youngest, Miss Florida Whiting Graves, is already a famous beauty, although still a very young girl not out of her teens. Last autumn she went to

MRS. HOLLIS H. HUNNEWELL, JR. (FORMERLY MISS MAUD JAFFRAY, OF NEW YORK).

From a photograph by Alman, New York.

Washington under the chaperonage of Mrs. Thomas M. Owen, the daughter of Congressman Bankhead, of Alabama, to continue her study of the violin, an instrument of which she is a skilful amateur. It was said in Washington that she might have been a jasmine flower sent up from the South, she came so modestly, so unheralded; but the world was not long in finding her out. Foreigners were almost unanimous in declaring her the most beautiful woman they had seen in America. At a reception given by Minister Romero, of Mexico, Miss Graves walked through the mirror lined drawing room with Seiffeddin Bey, the young secretary of the Turkish legation, who has been called the handsomest man in the world. The host followed them with his eyes, and said, "The handsomest man has found the most beautiful woman."

But New York claims for her women something which is distinctively theirs. They have the fire and dash of the Southerner, the nerve and superb health of the Englishwoman, and a smartness which is all their own. Two differing examples of the metropolitan type are to be found in Mrs. Hollis H. Hunnewell, Jr., and Miss Edith Blight.

New York will always claim Mrs. Hunnewell, although her present home is near Boston. As Miss Maud Jaffray, she was one of the most popular girls in Gotham's society. Like all the Jaffrays, she is of a splendid physique, brilliant

coloring, and great strength—in fact, a modern Diana. She still excels in driving, riding, golf, and all sorts of outdoor sports, and is a graceful dancer and fencer. Since her marriage she has lived at Hill Hurst, in Wellesley, Massachusetts, where the Hunnewells have a fine country estate.

MISS EDITH BLIGHT, OF NEW YORK.
From a miniature by Amalia Küssner.

Here the young couple entertain their friends during the season for country house parties.

A New York girl of a different type is Miss Edith Blight. She is of more delicate, fragile appearance, but with the fine temper of steel under her seeming delicacy. Miss Blight is one of the best known members of the younger set, belonging to that very exclusive little coterie inside of the cliques within cliques which go to make up society.

Miss Eleanor Berger Moran is a daughter of one of the oldest and best known families in America, and she is also one of the most brilliant and graceful women of the South. During her two seasons in society, she has been the belle of the White Sulphur Springs, that old resort where the mothers and the grandmothers of the present generation used to go, and where they take their daughters nowadays. Miss Moran's grandmothers were known there before her. She is the third of her family to be photographed for this department, Mrs. Arthur Kinsolving and Miss Alice Lee Moore being her cousins, as are also Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., and Mrs. Edwin D. Morgan. Her mother, who was Miss Blackburn of Rippon Lodge, is descended from an old Scotch family allied to the Dukes of Argyll. They were people of wealth and distinction before the Revolution, and they threw their whole fortune into the struggle for

MISS ELEANOR MORAN.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

American independence. The daughter of Colonel Thomas Blackburn, who met his death at the battle of Germantown, while aide to General Washington, married Judge Bushrod Washington, to whom Mount Vernon was left. From the date of General Washington's death until the time when Mount Vernon passed out of the possession of the Washington family, its mistresses were Blackburns.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ITALY.
From a photograph by Adèle, Vienna.

Miss Moran is an heiress as well as a beauty. Her grandfather was the late Charles Moran of New York, who died a year ago, leaving an ample fortune in trust for his grandchildren. The Misses Moran will spend the coming season at Newport.

Ten years ago, the presence of Princess Helène of Montenegro in Rome as the Crown Princess of Italy would have been considered one of the impossibilities. The daughter of a prince of character and power, she was still, in the eyes of Europe, but an imitation princess, without real pretensions to royal blood. Her people had sat on a throne, to be sure, but three generations back they were little more than peasants, and would have been scorned by the proud old families of Italy's nobility.

It was rather a hard matter to find a wife at all for the young Italian prince, and yet it was almost a political necessity that he should have one. He is the only child of his parents, and some of his faults of physique and manner are said to be the result of a system of over training. His father is a very strong man, and his mother a very handsome and ambitious woman, and they were determined that

MRS. BERTRAM HAWKER, OF ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.
From a photograph by Vandyck, Melbourne.

their son and heir should excel all the other princes of Europe. He was subjected to a course of study and exercise that might have broken down the sturdiest constitution. As it was, it left this boy, at the age when he should have been entering upon a vigorous manhood, weak, timid, dreamy, caring more for books and a sunny corner than for the affairs of a nation.

The next thing was to find him a wife. The young Crown Prince of Italy was on his travels, we heard. He visited at all the courts where there were marriageable princesses. They hoped, once, that it might be one of the daughters of the Prince of Wales, but she is said to have laughed in his face. People began to see something humorous in this thin, timid boy being carried about Europe, offering his crown here and there. Then he went home and sulked, until he happened to see the tall and handsome Princess Helène of Montenegro, and fell in love with her.

The marriage is said to have delighted nobody particularly unless it was the young bridegroom. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro realized what a good match it was for his daughter, but he had hoped to see her marry a man like himself. The Queen of Italy is said to have wept with mortification over it, although she has shown a motherly kindness to the rather sad faced young girl who journeyed to Rome to be her son's wife.

We come back from old world royalties to the younger countries of America and Australia, and present two types that show how an old stock flourishes in a new soil.

Mrs. Bertram Hawker is the daughter of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Governor of South Australia. Miss Buxton was one of the most popular hostesses of the British viceregal courts, and there

MRS. J. KERR OSBORNE, OF TORONTO.
From a photograph by Mendelssohn, London.

was sorrow in Adelaide when she was married, last August, to the Rev. Bertram Hawker, although she was not going to change her place of residence. Mr. Hawker is a son of the late Hon. G. C. Hawker, of England. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. For two years he lived in Toynbee Hall, a famous center of philanthropic work among the London poor. He was ordained in 1894, and went to Australia, where he had spent seven years as a boy. He is now a clergyman in Adelaide.

Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne is one of the prominent society women of Toronto. She has only lately married and come to the Canadian city, but her striking brunette beauty and her charm of personality have made her a social favorite at once.

A Speculative Fancy

If you and I should find the track
  Unto the old time shore,
And you and I should wander back
  A hundred years or more;
If time could play an elfish trick,
  And take us all the way
To days of crane and candlestick—
  I wonder what we'd say!

If, in those days, with friendly zeal
  You came to pay a call,
And found me spinning at a wheel
  In some old shady hall,
In gown of dimity or print
  Of simple white and pink,
Intent upon my morning stint,
  I wonder what you'd think!

If I, in ruff of creamy lace,
  And you in ruffled shirt,
Some grand cotillion ball should grace,
  And just a bit should flirt;
If you should ask me, in the dance,
  To take a walk with you,
And I should catch a tender glance,
  I wonder what I'd do!

While all the fiddles, in their glee,
  Rang out a mellow tune,
If we should stand where we could see
  A gleaming rim of moon,
And if the moon and stars and dew
  Should work a sudden spell
And in its web entangle you,
  I wonder what you'd tell!

Hattie Whitney.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Drawn by L. M. Glackens from the portrait by A. C. Smith.

THE PERSONALITY OF POE.

BY APPLETON MORGAN.

The bitter attacks that have been made upon the character and reputation of the most brilliant genius of American letters—The president of the New York Shakspere Society discusses their justice or injustice, in the light of evidence gathered from an investigation of Poe's private life.

IN October, 1849, in the city of Baltimore, there existed the same municipal ordinance that is in force there today —just as it is in force in New York and elsewhere—which provides that persons found intoxicated in the streets shall be taken to a police station, and there confined until they can be brought before a magistrate and arraigned for misdemeanor. Policemen are not infallible, however, and it sometimes happens that unfortunates suffering from other maladies than intoxication are dragged into station houses instead of being carefully carried to a hospital. But in no recorded case has the policeman's error been the other way. No drunken man, probably, was ever mistaken for something else by the humble guardians of the public peace!

The fact that on the morning of October 5, 1849, an unknown gentleman, found insensible in the streets of Baltimore, should have been tenderly carried to a prominent hospital (not a charity hospital) and placed in an upper room, where he died, would seem to the reasoning mind to prove that the unknown gentleman—even if he proved to be Edgar Allan Poe—did not die a drunkard's death. But popular fallacies are proverbially tenacious of life, and when was one of them ever known to yield to an official record?

There are two ways of treating a disputed question. One way is to regard it as a historical doubt; to marshal the probabilities pro and con, and argue the matter out as a *tour de force*, leading the conclusion in any way the tourist himself inclines. The other way is simply to seek out the facts, disregarding anything and everything else. The first method supplies the more interesting reading, and invariably establishes what the conductor

desires. The other is less flexible, but its results are of more permanent value.

Granted the historic doubt, let us state the question: was Edgar Allan Poe a drunkard?

If the prophet Nehemiah wrote the Pentateuch, if Bacon created the plays known as Shakspere's, if Alexander Pope's apprentices translated Homer (who was probably a myth himself), and if Alexandre Dumas' young men wrote the great French romancer's novels—why should not Edgar Allan Poe turn out to have been a total abstainer?

As the public may be aware, the New York Shakspere Society has recently been occupied in a successful attempt to preserve the Poe cottage in Fordham from destruction. As the matter is at rest (the bill to lay out Poe Park and move the cottage thereon having become a law May 22, 1896), it is unnecessary to call further attention to the matter here; but in his work in connection with it, and in the voluminous correspondence it involved, the writer could not well avoid learning much about Poe. As Poe was and always is an interesting subject, much of what he learned may be of general interest.

ELIZABETH POE, MOTHER OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

From those who claimed to have been Poe's neighbors at Fordham, or who said that their parents had been, there came curiously contradictory statements as to the poet's character and habits. I heard it asserted that he was a shiftless, careless, unhappy man, with a kind word for nobody—a drunkard who was pointed out to strangers as he reeled home at night. On the other hand, people who knew him personally, or whose fathers and mothers have so testified to them, have assured me that Poe never drank liquor, simply because his stomach was so delicate that a single glass of wine was poison to him, and that he could not, even by a physical effort, swallow, much less retain, a drop of ardent spirits.

I have been assured, by this latter group of witnesses, that Edgar Poe was a sweet and lovable gentleman, with a smile and a courteous word or gesture for every one who met him; that he dressed with scrupulous care, and that, however threadbare his garments, he was always precise and dainty, even dapper, in his neatness and in his gait; that, far from pointing him out with scorn and reproach, his neighbors loved to see him, spoke highly of him, sympathized with his misfortunes, and, had they dared, would have openly offered him the assistance which they did, as often as possible, clandestinely render him. Within half an hour I have been told that those who helped him never heard from him again, or received only contumely in return; and, on equally good authority, that in requiting favors he was punctilious almost to excess.

Even in the critical estimates of his writings, the same antipodes of assertion are to be found. On the one hand, we read that he carried his habitual insincerity and dishonesty into his work—that he treated literature as if he knew the whole trick of it, as if he could write a "Paradise Lost" if he cared to; that if he had any literary creed, it was that any rigmarole, if it was sonorous or catchy, or had a march or refrain to tickle the ear, would earn him the price of a dinner. On the other hand, we are informed that "Poe failed to make a living at literature, not because he was an irregular profligate, but because he did ten times as much work as he was paid to do." If he received the meanest and most trivial book to review, this witness tells us, he would spend hours of labor in going to

original sources of consultation, and would add taste and conjecture, and balance authorities as to its subject matter—a form of profligacy, to be sure, but not a profligacy which makes a man a byword and a reproach to his fellow men.

In view of these contradictions, an experiment which the writer tried may be worth recounting. I took two of Poe's letters, cut from them their dates, addresses, and signatures, and submitted them to an expert in handwriting, who examined them at his leisure, in my presence. To provide for a perfectly disinterested judgment, I had cut into the letters themselves, mutilating the contexts. When I desired the expert's opinion as to whether they were written by one and the same person, he stated at once that they were. There could be no manner of doubt that they were. I then asked what sort of a person had written them. He answered:

130 GREENWICH STREET (1844).
Here "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" was written.

"I should say an extremely methodical young person, with firm nerves, and not liable to excitements."

"Certainly not to alcoholic excitements?"

"Certainly not," he answered; and from this proposition he could not be shaken.

A year ago the public interest was aroused by a trial, held in a New York criminal court, to determine whether a young girl, who shot her betrayer to death, was a murderess or an epileptic, mentally and legally incapable of committing a crime. To decide this very abstruse question, not only alienists and pathologists, but phrenologists and professors of the science of heredity were summoned among the expert witnesses; and charts, sketches, weights, and measurements, not only of the prisoner's head, but of those of her father, mother, brothers, sisters, ancestors, and collaterals of ancestors, as far back as procurable, were paraded before the intelligent jury. I suppose if we only had before us the weights and measurements of the skull and brain of Edgar Allan Poe, we might perhaps be able to throw light upon the apparent mystery of his mental condition. Unfortunately, we possess no such statistics.

It may be stated, however, after an inspection of all the authentic portraits, including the last daguerreotype made for his fiancée, which she kindly placed in the writer's hands, I should be inclined to infer that above a horizontal line drawn from the lower edge of the orbital cavity to the middle of the ear cavity, the bumps were abnormally developed, while below it they were unusually, if not abnormally, minimized. Phrenologists, no doubt, would be able to tell us exactly what this would render probable; whether, for example, it would produce "sweet bells, jangled, out of tune and harsh," or something directly to the contrary. The ordinary observer sees no trace of the inebriate in any of Poe's portraits—one of which, one that is probably new to most readers, is reproduced at the head of this article.

Edgar Allan Poe's grandfather was a soldier, Commissary General David Poe, of the Maryland line, in the Revolutionary army. Though not figuring in history, this officer seems to have been a man of dignity and of soldierly qualities. At least, long after the peace, when the Marquis de Lafayette revisited the United States, he visited General Poe's grave, and knelt and kissed the turf, saying: "*Ici repose un cœur noble!*"—an effusion which he

does not appear to have duplicated over the ashes of any other of his departed comrades in that struggle.

General Poe's son, Edgar Allan's father, was a student reading for the bar in

VIRGINIA, WIFE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Baltimore when he fell in love with, and married, Elizabeth Arnold, an English actress who appears to have stood high in her profession. From his grandfather and father came Edgar Allan's sense of honor and pride—as to which latter quality, for once, all his biographers and neighbors are agreed. From his mother, he seems to have inherited a very delicate physique. This, probably, was partly the result of his parents' poverty. The life of an actor at that date in the United States was a migratory one, and the young couple went together everywhere, enduring not a few hardships. As in the case of Heine —whom Poe resembled in many ways— the frail body seems to have been accompanied by an extreme sensitiveness, a tendency to melancholy, and a natural bent toward satire and bitterness. This temperament was intensified by the well known incidents of his early career, and especially by the loss of his expectations as heir to his wealthy adopted father.

As for young Poe's discharge from West Point, where he was entered as a cadet of the United States army, I am unable to discover any record to his discredit, except that he could not master the prescribed course of mathematics, of course the *sine qua non* of military instruction. Yet in such stories as "The Gold Bug" and "The Purloined Letter," the young man showed that he had absorbed the principles, if not the technique, of mathematical science.

Even in his short career at the United States Military Academy, young Poe gave an impression of eccentricity, and of a nature incomprehensible to his instructors or his sturdy fellow cadets. A classmate of his, writing many years afterward, said: "I believe now that he was marked for an early death, if only from an incompatibility of soul and body. These had not the usual relations to each other, and were on such distant terms of acquaintance as to make a separation seem inevitable."

Imagine such a personality thrown entirely upon his own resources; and add the extra burden which such a friendless and poverty stricken lad is almost sure to assume—namely, marriage with a delicate girl, as poor as himself, and still more helpless; and you can calculate Poe's chances for success in the world.

The only real home, with control of his own front door, which Edgar Allan Poe ever had, was in the tiny cottage now standing on that ancient thoroughfare, the Kingsbridge Road, Fordham, in what is now the Borough of the Bronx, City

113½ CARMINE STREET (NO LONGER STANDING).

Here Poe resided in 1837.

of New York. The cottage had been built about ten years (there are several others almost identical in size and interior arrangements still standing) when Poe rented it, and brought his wife and

her mother thither. He was able to furnish it comfortably, and even with some small elegance, from a circumstance now to be related.

In the course of his many and precarious employments, Poe had drifted into the penny-a-liner trade, as it then was in the United States, of book reviewing. To review a book, it was only expected

HOUSE NEAR BOULEVARD AND EIGHTY FOURTH STREET (REMOVED IN 1893).
Here "The Raven" was written.

that the hack should give the name of the author and publisher correctly, and say something about its contents. But it can be imagined that poor Poe may have reflected that these authors and publishers were comfortable persons with plenty to eat and drink, while he was starving; and may have felt that his only way to equalize the discrepancy was to damn their books when he had the chance. At any rate, he gave his Heine-like satire full rein on most of them; and this easily led to a project which he soon put into existence—to write down all American men of the pen. He did this with so much bitterness and abuse, or what the victims considered abuse, that some of them retaliated. Among others Thomas Dunn English took up the cudgel in his own defense, and wrote a stinging screed upon Edgar Allan Poe. For the publication of this, Poe began a suit for libel against its publisher, and his lawyer recovered a few hundred dollars. It was with this money, probably the largest sum he ever possessed at any one time, that he furnished the famous "Poe cottage" at Fordham, which the State of New York has just passed a law to preserve as a perpetual shrine to his memory and his genius.

When nature decrees the mental and physical makeup of a human being, it seems as if fortune resolves to send to that human being only such circumstances and casualties as will accentuate that makeup. So, at least, it was in the case of Edgar Allan Poe. If ever there came a momentary ray to brighten his life, it was only to ban it more cruelly in the end. All the publishers with whom he made contracts—though his services eclipsed and surpassed a hundred fold, in value and brilliancy, any other services they could obtain—seem either to have failed outright, or to have been obliged to make heroic retrenchments. And their first and common step in the plan of retrenchment was—to discharge Poe!

As he stated it himself, some

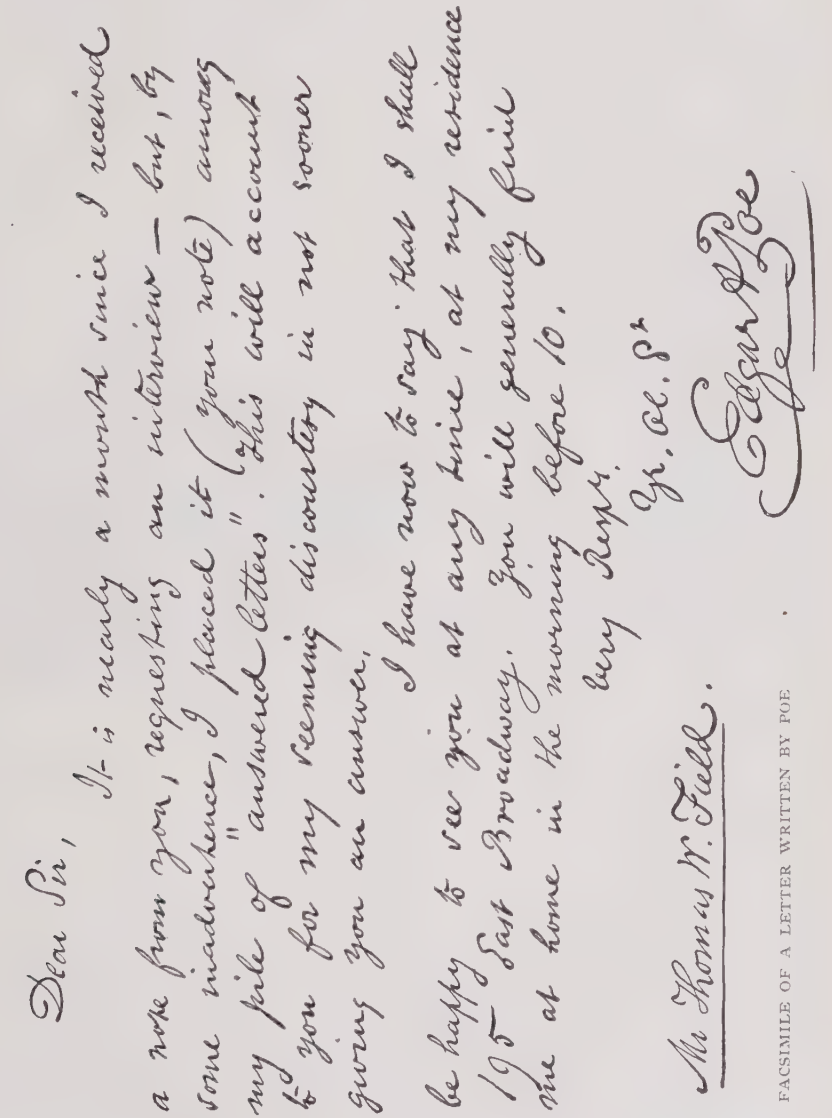
> unmerciful disaster
> Followed fast, and followed faster,

everything he undertook. There seemed actually no place on God's green earth where he could remain. It was always "Move on! Move on!"

After one of these *débouts*, Poe issued a prospectus for a magazine of his own. The result was that he obtained a few advance subscriptions, not nearly enough to make a beginning with, but just enough to tantalize. Wandering about, hungry and sleepless, with these in his pocket, they went for bread. This, of course, is proof enough that the man was a rascal and a swindler; and those whom he had stung by his satire did not by any means allow their opinion of his conduct to fail of publicity.

One day, in cold and bitterness, a letter reached him. Whether from curiosity's sake, or from some sort of appreciation, it asked him to visit Boston and deliver a lecture. At this date, while the public appetite for literature was scarcely enough, as it was in the England of Ben Jonson's day, "to pay for a sea coal fire," and while there were few who would subscribe for a magazine or buy a book, almost anybody (in the vicinity of Boston, at least) would pay a couple of shillings to hear a "lecture" about almost anything. It must have been a hard job for poor Poe to scrape enough cash together to journey from New York to Boston; but he got

there. Perhaps his entire mental and physical forces had been exhausted in raising the fare, and he had none in reserve to prepare a lecture worthy of delivery upon a Boston rostrum, before a Boston audience—which then, as now, was nothing if not insistent on the worth of its money. At any rate, poor Poe stood there unprepared and speechless. He made some sort of performance, however; read his poem of "Al Aaraaf," and retired in a storm of hisses and cat calls. The incident is mentioned in order to note the fact that to this day, fifty two years later, Boston has not forgiven Poe or his memory. To this day, the sternest and most uncompromising critics of the dead poet come from Boston.



New-York: Aug. 9. 45

Dear Sir,

It is nearly a month since I received a note from you, requesting an interview — but, by some inadvertence, I placed it (your note) among my file of "answered letters". This will account to you for my seeming discourtesy in not sooner giving you an answer.

I have now to say that I shall be happy to see you at any time, at my residence 195 East Broadway. You will generally find me at home in the morning before 10.

Very Resp.y

Yr. ob. St

Edgar A. Poe

Mr Thomas H. Field.

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY POE

The case of Edgar Allan Poe is probably the only case where the question of the personal habits of a great creator of literature has persisted beyond the man's grave. We do not discuss the personal morals of Dickens, of Georges Sand, of Lawrence Sterne, of Dean Swift, of Molière, or of Shakspere. And yet, though

half a century has been completed since Poe's death, the men who prepare costly editions of his immortal works still write nasty introductions and prefaces concerning Poe's irretrievable badness! This may be a compliment, but it seems like a ghoulish one.

Mr. Woodbury's "Life of Poe" is a unique example in literature of a biographer selecting his subject with the apparent purpose of doing his best to damn that subject for all time. I doubt if real biography can be written in this way; or whether the world would not prefer to let enthusiasm, rather than the meaner instincts of malice and hate, search for the truth.

Of the scores of incidents in Poe's life at Fordham that reach us from his old neighbors, all those related with purpose to show him an inebriate have invariably been extremely trivial and contemptible. Here is a fair sample of them. An old gentleman told me that one day he happened to be sitting in a tavern at Fordham (still standing near the Harlem Railway station) when Poe and a friend came in. The friend ordered beer. In the course of their conversation, the poet's companion used the word "metaphysics." Poe replied: "Bother mathematics, let's have another beer." The argument of my informant was that Poe was so intoxicated that he did not know the difference between metaphysics and mathematics.

Old Dominie Ward says that Shakspere died of a fever contracted by over indulgence when on a "lark" with Ben Jonson. But modern discovery, in view of the lack of drainage in Stratford-on-Avon in 1616, thinks that the immortal dramatist died of malaria. Similarly, I suppose that the admirers of Richard III are convinced that the young princes in the Tower died of diphtheria. But nobody has thought of either malaria, diphtheria, or that worst malady of all—an empty stomach—in the case of Edgar Allan Poe!

As to Poe's personality, our late movement to save the Fordham cottage naturally brought us much in the way of new and therefore unprinted matter. "Mr. Poe had the most engaging manners of any gentleman I ever met," wrote the lady who sent the daguerreotype. "He was always a very civil man," said an employee of a

THE POE COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.
Drawn by William Thomson.

carriage factory (still standing, though it has been rebuilt, on the spot it occupied in Poe's day, about ten rods from the Fordham cottage). "He went by the shop every morning, for he used to go to the city a good deal." The Harlem Railroad had just been opened as far as White Plains. "Knowing that he was a bright fellow," this informant added, "we came to think, from the taste and neatness with which he was dressed, that he must be making quite a bit of money in a very few hours."

At that time Archbishop Hughes had recently established St. John's College at Fordham, its present fine buildings being then supplied by temporary quarters. A priest who remembers Poe perfectly says: "Mr. Poe came here often, very often. He seemed to like to be with us and about the college. Agreeably and gradually, he became a privileged person among us. He was never other than a true gentleman. His grave, tender face, his simple and unconscious graciousness, his quick and never failing sympathy, his honest yet gentle earnestness, made him the most lovable of men." Yet, on page 67 of *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1897, it is asserted that the small park which is to be laid out in Fordham, and to which the cottage is to be moved, is to be called "Poet's Park," which suggests "that the poet's own name was avoided because it was not respectable"! As a matter of fact, the name adopted is not "Poet's Park," but "Poe Park." A neighboring street already bears the name of Poe Avenue.

Besides the famous cottage, of which a sketch appears on page 528, Poe lived at different times in several other places in New York. To the house on Carmine Street, shown on page 525, but no longer standing, he first brought his young wife when the couple took up their domicile in the metropolis. Here lived with them William Gowans, the eccentric book miser of Nassau Street, who bought so many volumes, and sold so few, that both cellar and attic of his place of business were found, at his death, packed with forgotten purchases. Mr. Gowans was full of admiration for the gentle wife, and of praise for the poet; but that he ever spoke of Edgar Allan Poe as an inebriate is unrecorded. The guests who used to attend the salons of the Duyckink brothers, while telling of the beautiful pale face, the large, sad eyes, and the gentle but courtly bearing of Edgar Allan Poe, also forgot to speak of him as a dipsomaniac. Perhaps, after all, it is a tribute to his genius that the few animosities he did awaken were jealousies so professionally capital that after half a century they still deny, to him alone of mortals, the benefit of the principle *de mortuis*.

I cannot see anything irretrievably disgraceful in Poe's enlistment as a private in the army, or in his accepting the efforts of friends to procure his discharge, in their desire to save to American literature its most brilliant genius. Samuel Taylor Coleridge did exactly the same thing, without hypothecating his fame. It has been stated that Poe deserted. That such a charge should be made, a charge so untrue and so easily disprovable, is nothing but a characteristic sample of the malice of his detractors. A deserter, by military law, would have been imprisoned, or, in war time, shot; and Poe received neither punishment.

We know now that the charge that Poe resold his manuscripts is a lie, circumstantially nailed by the publisher, still fortunately living, from whose reminiscences the allegation originated. This publisher did, it seems, pay Poe three times for three versions of "The Bells," himself insisting on so doing, because the poems were substantially distinct pieces. The statement that Poe stole the theme, meter, rhythm, and technique of "The Raven" from a certain lunatic in a certain madhouse has also fallen to the ground, it having been ascertained that there never was either such a lunatic or such a madhouse.

The truth is, perhaps, that Poe's greatest crime was his poverty—often abject, and always extreme. A starving man with not enough money to buy a meal, but with enough to pay for a glass of whisky, might be like the philosopher who said that he could resist anything but temptation. And while a glass of whisky might have no visible effect upon a full stomach; upon an empty stomach it might have a very considerable one.

So far I have not attempted an answer

to my own question; but here are facts that bear directly upon it. In 1875, when a monument to Poe was erected in Baltimore, certain records were examined and certain affidavits were taken. There was the record on the books of the Washington University Hospital, where Poe died: "Cause of death—exhaustion caused by exposure." There was the statement of the resident physician, Dr. John J. Moran, that there was no odor of liquor perceptible upon the patient when brought in. There was the statement of the conductor of the train which brought Poe for the last time to Baltimore, that his passenger was not under the influence of liquor. There was Dr. Moran's additional statement that, on his proposing to administer spirits to his patient, the latter refused them, obliging the physician to administer an opiate instead, against his own better judgment. Lastly, there were the statements of callers who, when it was discovered who the distinguished patient was, came to his bedside; and these were unanimously to the effect that the dying man was not suffering from delirium tremens, but was rational and aware of his rapidly approaching end.

As any rehearsal of familiar matter has been avoided in this paper, the statement of the lady whom Poe was about to marry, that he left her in Richmond, to proceed to New York to settle certain business affairs prior to his marriage, need not be more than alluded to. But Dr. Moran states that he learned from Poe's own dying lips this story: that he had passed rapidly through Baltimore, having arrived from Richmond by boat—there was no railroad—and in Baltimore had taken a train for Philadelphia; but that the river Susquehanna (then crossed by a ferry) was so turbulent owing to the frightful storm then raging, that he had returned in the cars to Baltimore.

Here his story stopped. The narrative is taken up by the evidence of the conductor of the train, who noticed two suspicious looking men, closely watching Mr. Poe—so closely, in fact, as to arouse his surmise that mischief was designed. He had intended warning his passenger, but his duties had prevented when the train reached Baltimore at midnight.

What followed will probably never be known; but at break of day the poet was found dying and insensible upon a sidewalk near the railway station, and was carried to the hospital. That the suspicious characters had drugged their victim, in order to rob him, is more than likely, in the opinion of Dr. Moran. The story that Poe was made drunk in order to use him as a "repeater" at a local election, is entirely disposed of by the fact that there was no election, local or otherwise, on that day. There was an election in Baltimore that year (1849) on the 3d of October, but Poe was then in Richmond, from which city he started for Baltimore on the steamer Columbus at 4 P. M. on October 4.

Poor Poe! If he was human, was he therein different from the rest of humanity? Even those who will not admit it might join us in saying, over his ashes: "May he rest in peace!"

SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

MORNING.

THE darkness flees; softly from off the distant Blue Ridge rises high the mist.
The Sun King, triumphant, comes to meet his bride, the fair young day. Hark! Hark!
The sound of rippling water greets the ear; the newly risen lark
Pours forth its glad song, lingering to caress the jasmine, dew drop kissed.

EVENING.

The gray shadows lengthen; far off across the fields a nightingale calls to its mate.
The roses sleep, their perfume on the scented air borne high and wide
To me, still waiting at our tryst. In the magnolia's shade I hide
And yearn for you, sweetheart. Ah, love, dear love, why tarry you so late?

Maud Howard Peterson.

IN THE BALKANS.

BY HARRY J. HASKELL.

A tragedy and its sequel—A realistic story of the Christian peasantry ruled by the Sultan, based on the author's experience of life in the realm of the Turk.

1876.

BY day, the blue foothills that bounded the long, level plain to the south were dim with smoke; by night, the clouds above them were red with a dull glare.

"We are too far away up here in the Balkans," the peasants said to one another. "The Bashibazouks will never find us here!"

But they knew that they talked to keep their spirits up, and that they did not really believe what they said. The shepherds brought in their flocks early at night, and the farmers took care to leave their work in time to reach the village before sunset. In the evenings, they gathered in the wine shops about the market place, where they drank *rakiah*, sipped their coffee, and talked in an undertone about the latest word from the south.

Occasionally a refugee stopped at the mountain village—some man scarcely able to crawl, with haggard face and sunken, staring eyes. On such occasions the villagers gathered around as the stranger told his story of horror and desolation, and when they had heard it they crossed themselves and stole away silently to their homes. On the next saint's day the church would be packed, and the priest's chant, "*Gospodee pomeeloi nee*"—"Lord have mercy upon us"—would be echoed by every soul in the building.

But young Vatralski was an exception to the rest. He believed that they were making fools of themselves to be so frightened, and told them so. Then the wise ones shook their heads, and said to each other,

"Ivan Vatralski has been married only a year. He will know better when he is older. Now he thinks only of the wife and the baby and the sheep. He will be wiser some day."

Vatralski's wife had great faith in her husband, and tried her best, though often unsuccessfully, to hide her fears.

"Listen, Ivan," she said one evening, while her husband was mending the wooden fountain in the yard, "Baba Stoyanka says evil is at hand."

"So?" he returned, without looking up. "How does Baba Stoyanka know?"

"Thou rememberest the good sister who died here three years ago? The Baba says her spirit came last night to give the village warning."

"Ah, Vasilka, that could not be," the man said, stopping his work. "The good nun is in Paradise. Only evil spirits stay on earth after death."

His wife came closer and spoke in a whisper. "It is true. But the priest had the body dug up. It looks just as when it was buried—except that the face is frowning. And thou knowest, Ivan, that the spirit stays on earth till it is released by the body's decay. It must have been the sister's ghost that the Baba saw. Oh, I am afraid!" And she laid her head on her husband's broad shoulder.

"Don't fear, little one," he said. "These are old wives' tales. Am I not strong to protect thee? Dost thou not remember the bear I killed when it attacked my flock? And we have three wolves' skins——"

"So, so," she interrupted, still sobbing a little, "but the Bashibazouks—I fear them so! Thou knowest what the man who escaped from Eski Zaghra told us—how the Turks boiled his father in oil; how his brother they roasted on a spit; how his wife—O holy Mother of God, have mercy!" She clung closer to her husband.

"Yes," he answered soothingly, "but Eski Zaghra is many hours from here. Besides, the people there had first risen against the Turks; and we are peaceful here. There," he added, "I hear the *bebitchco* crying. He wants you."

Young Vatralski finished his work. The fountain now flowed in a steady stream and gurgled soothingly. He watered the buffalo cow, and grumbled a little at the care he had to bestow upon the animal, for the buffalo comes from a warmer climate, and does not take kindly to Balkan storms. Then he sat down inside the doorway on the divan, and rolled up a cigarette. He did not care to have the neighbors see him sitting talking with his wife. They would say he had not been married long enough to know better.

"I have ten new lambs, Vasilka," he observed in a satisfied tone, between his puffs. He was very proud of his sheep. "Next year I shall have a large flock. In five years, if everything goes well, it will be the largest flock in the village."

His wife looked admiringly at him. "I knew thou wouldst be rich some day," she said.

"And then," he went on dreamily, "we shall have a fortune for the boy when he marries. He is so big and strong now, he will be a fine lad when he is grown. Who knows but that some day he may go to Europe!" To Ottoman subjects on the Balkan peninsula, Europe is that part of the world which is free from Turkish rule.

"Thou art so brave and strong, Ivan," murmured his wife, as she hugged her baby close.

Vatralski had been keeping his flock near the village for some time, but the pasture was poor, and the next morning he decided to cross the mountain to fresh fields. He started earlier than usual, his huge dogs bounding about in delight at being off. The sheep followed him readily up the mountain. Just before he lost sight of the village, around a cliff, he saw Vasilka standing in the doorway watching him with the child in her arms. He looked carefully to see that no one would notice; then he waved his staff back at her, and leaped around the jutting edge, half ashamed of his weakness.

There was good pasture on the other side of the mountain. It was on the bank of a mountain torrent near the point where the stream plunged with a roar over a steep cliff; and Vatralski was busy keeping the flock out of harm's way. Before sunset he started home. It was such a distance to the village that ordinarily he would have slept on the pasture with his flock; but Vasilka was timid, and would expect him to come home.

It was quite dark when he emerged from behind the cliff where he had waved farewell to his wife that morning. He looked down the mountain. Where the village had stood he saw only a few smoldering ruins. The shepherd dashed frantically down the path. The sheep huddled together, frightened. The wolf-like dogs rushed after their master. At the entrance to the village was a pile of bodies. Vatralski could see the ghastly, blood stained faces in the uncertain light. He made his way to what was left of his own home. The fountain he had mended the night before still gurgled pleasantly in the yard; but the cottage had been razed to the ground. He searched among the ruins, with a sickening fear of what he might find, but there were no bodies there. He breathed again. Vasilka might have fled to the mountains. She might still be safe.

A figure came gliding up the street. It was an old hag. She howled as she saw the solitary man leaning on his staff amidst the embers.

"Did not I see the vision? Did not——"

Vatralski rushed at her and grasped her fiercely.

"Baba Stoyanka, where is my wife?"

The insane woman led him to one side and pointed to the mangled body of a woman on the ground. Then she laughed.

"They would not kill *me!*" she cried exultingly.

The man shuddered and knelt over the body. He mechanically wiped the blood from the face with the end of his girdle. For a moment his hand rested on the forehead; then he sprang to his feet. The hag watched him curiously.

"The boy! Where is the boy?" he demanded.

She shook her head mysteriously and was silent.

"He is dead, too! Which way did they go—the Bashibazouks?"

The woman pointed down the mountain. The shepherd drew a long breath and started off on a slow, steady run in the direction she had indicated. The hag wandered back and forth, alone with the dead among the ruins.

The Bashibazouks were encamped on the plain for the night. Suddenly a man in sheepskin costume sprang in among the sleepers. He used his heavy staff with such effect that before the camp was awakened half a dozen men lay dead. The others sprang upon the peasant with their swords. When they had finished with him they rolled the body outside the camp, and set a better guard. In the morning, when they left, the body was still lying there, apparently dead.

1896.

"A CURSE on England!" muttered the leader of the insurgent band. "A curse on England! Why did she stop the treaty of San Stefano and condemn Macedonia to be plundered these twenty years longer? And she claims to be a Christian nation! Truly her religion is sick!"

His followers seated around the camp fire on the mountain side shook their heads in approval. They had not been to the University of Odessa, like their leader, but it takes little knowledge to hate the Turks.

"But we are brave and strong," continued the speaker, who was a young man of apparently not more than twenty two. "There are no gray heads here; we can endure. Remember the brave George Castriota. What he did for Albania we can do for Macedonia!"

"Ah, but they say Scanderbeg's sword needs Scanderbeg's arm!" interrupted a strange voice.

The insurgents started to their feet, but lay down again on the ground as an old man emerged from the bushes and stood out in the light of the camp fire. His hair and bristling mustache were white, his broad shoulders stooped, his bronzed face was seamed with livid scars.

"Who art thou, grandfather, and what dost thou wish?" inquired the leader courteously.

"I am a volunteer from the north," replied the stranger quietly. "I come to join the band. Thy name is Zashoff?"

"So," replied the leader in surprise, "wouldst thou fight the Turks with us? Consider, grandfather, thou art no longer young. We make a swift dash on Jendem Pasha's forces at night, and in the morning we are far away. There are no old men here."

The stranger smiled as he seated himself cross legged on the ground, and rolled up a cigarette.

"I may not be so old as I look, Gospodene Zashoff," he said.

Zashoff looked at him doubtfully.

"How am I to know that thou art a true patriot and not some Turkish spy?" he said. "Thou art from the north, truly. Thy speech, like my own, is that of the dwellers in the northern Balkans. One mountaineer should not distrust another."

"Thou sayest truly, son," returned the old man. Then he laid a finger on his face. "Seest thou these marks? They prove my right to fight the followers of Abdul Hamid."

"Are those Turkish scars?" said Zashoff. "Thou shalt stay with us."

So was the volunteer from the north adopted into the ranks of the insurgent band. He was a man of few words. He never talked about his past; he did not indulge, with the insurgents, in dreams of a glorious future for all the Slavic peoples. The building up of a great Balkan State was their one aim, and they thought it strange that the old man took no interest in it.

"Listen, grandfather," said Zashoff, one evening; "we shall first free Macedonia. Next, we shall unite her with Bulgaria, and then we can form a confederation with the other Balkan States that will count among the powers of Europe. Why dost thou take no interest?"

"Because I have no interest in that, boy," replied the other sternly. "I shall never live to see it. I only want one more chance to meet the Turks. Then will I pay them in full for the death of my wife and child."

"Did they kill thy wife and child?" said the younger man. "Here is my hand. I, too, have a debt to pay. My

father and mother, they murdered. Saint Cyril guard us till our work is done!"

The little band of insurgents became bold. Jendem Pasha had orders from Stamboul to proceed against it at once, and utterly destroy it. This would not be a hard task. The rebels numbered about fifty. Jendem Pasha made his attack with five times that number of picked troops. Just after midnight he moved his force silently across the plain to the mountain side where Zashoff's men were encamped. Then he formed the line into the Turkish crescent, and advanced slowly up the wooded slope. As he had hoped, the tired sentries were dozing; but before his plan was completed one of them was aroused and gave the alarm.

The insurgents knew that resistance was hopeless. Zashoff ordered a retreat to the left. But the horn of the crescent had advanced too far, and a volley from the other side showed that escape in either direction was impossible. To their back were almost perpendicular cliffs. The path toward the summit was too narrow and exposed to admit of retreat.

Zashoff and the old man lay side by side behind the rocks, their rifles in their hands. The supply of ammunition was almost exhausted. The leader groaned as he saw his men picked off one by one.

"It is death to fly; it is certain death to stay," he muttered.

Then he passed the word among the survivors, and at a signal they suddenly rose and dashed for the path. The Turks opened on them. There was a patter of balls on the cliffs. Just before reaching the top Zashoff fell. The old man who was behind him caught him in his arms and carried him to the summit. They two were the only ones who reached it.

On the crest stood an old Roman stone fort, in ruins. Its crumbling walls were still high enough to give protection. Thither the old man bore the wounded leader. Zashoff revived as he was laid on the cold stone floor.

"Are we all who are left, father?" he asked.

"We alone, my son. And we shall not be left long."

"Thou art not hurt? Then why dost thou stay? It can do no good. Thou wilt throw away thy life for nothing."

"Why should I live, my son? I am alone in the world, and if before my death I can kill a few more Turks I am content."

The younger man looked up and his eyes flashed. "My leg is broken," he said, "but if thou wilt help me to that window that commands the path, I have still my revolver with six cartridges in it."

The other silently lifted him and placed him in the desired position. He no longer seemed an old man.

"Thou hast six bullets left also?" inquired Zashoff. "Wilt thou promise me one thing? Save one of them for me. Thou canst fight with a sword, and so wilt not be taken. I am wounded. They might capture me."

"I promise, boy."

"But save thyself," urged the young man again. "They will be over the cliff in a moment. There is still time to fly."

The other frowned. "Thou hadst a mother and a father massacred by Turks," he said. "I had a wife and child slain by them. If the boy had lived he would be thy age. I used to think how he would be tall and strong and handsome as thou art. We die together."

A Turkish fez appeared above the cliff. There was a sharp report from a revolver, and it disappeared. In a moment two others had come into view and as quickly disappeared.

"One, two, three, four, five," counted the young man. "Save thy last for me, remember—six!"

The other's face was damp with sweat. He put his arm around the boy's neck and kissed him passionately. The young man returned the embrace.

"With God, my father!"

"With God, my son!"

Half a dozen men were over the cliff now, making for the ruined fort. The old man kissed the young leader again. A revolver shot rang out. The fort was full of smoke. The Turks were met at the entrance by a gray haired man fighting furiously with his sword. They overpowered him and struck him down.

"They look enough alike to be father and son," observed a Turkish soldier, as he glanced at the bodies of Vatralski and his boy, lying side by side on the rocky floor.

AN OPEN AIR PERFORMANCE.

BY J. FREDERIC THORNE.

An episode of theatrical life in the wild West—Why the leading woman of the Cumberland Opera Company treasures a souvenir of an exciting adventure.

CONTRARY to all the precepts of the stage, the heroine was in love with the villain. Before the curtain had been up ten minutes, Bill Dutton was in love with the heroine.

Bill, of course, knew no more of the heroine's love for that striding, black mustached, cigarette smoking disciple of Machiavelli, than the heroine knew of the feeling she had inspired in the breast of the slouch hatted, blue shirted, booted, and armed gold digger who sat on the second row of benches in the Rocky City Opera House.

Bill would have denied the soft impeachment indignantly, as is the masculine custom, had he been accused. With men of his nature, the stronger the love, the more strenuous the denials, and the more biting the sneers at anything sentimental. Nevertheless, from the sole of his heavy boots to the crown of his slouch hat, Bill was in love. He loved as he fought: quick and hard.

He did not either shoot or lasso the villain, as such men do in stories. This may have been owing to his ignorance of the heroine's attachment, or to the fact that before he became known as Bill Dutton he had answered to the name of—but this is a story about Bill Dutton, and since he saw fit to forget his former life and name, we should do likewise. They buried a man whose inquisitiveness led him to make inquiries in that direction.

As the driver of the stage coach gathered up the lines preparatory to starting, Bill suddenly remembered that he had urgent business in Bull Gap. This may or may not have had something to do with the Cumberland Opera Company, who were to make their next stand there, and were then in the coach. Bill climbed up alongside Charlie, the driver, remarking, as he did so, "Going over to see that new strike," offered his plug to Charlie, and, looking ruefully at the "small half" that was returned to him, relapsed into meditation. It is possible that his thoughts were of the new strike in Bull Gap, but if so, that strike had long golden hair, blue eyes, and a most bewitching smile.

The whip curled out over the leaders' heads, snapped viciously, and in another moment the stage was hidden in a cloud of dust. The road ran in and out, avoiding a hill here, turning to escape a gully there, and then began the long, steep ascent over the mountain. Bill said little, and Charlie pursued his theory that "a man can't talk and drive half broke devils at the same time."

Inside the coach, the Cumberland Opera Company were expressing the hope that the "frost" from which they had been suffering had begun to thaw, and wondering how Bull Gap would receive "Othello," as produced by four people. Suddenly, as the coach reached the top of the incline and started down the opposite descent, they were startled by a hoarse shout, from without, of "Halt!" the crack of a rifle, and almost immediately by the quickening of their speed.

Charlie had sworn, with many an ingenious oath—he was an artist in that line—that never again would he allow himself to be "held up."

"They've done it twice now," he said, "and I'm tired of their"—several forcible adjectives—"foolishness."

So, when a man with a handkerchief tied over his face below the eyes suddenly stepped into the road and gave his command, Charlie merely took firmer hold of the lines, shouted to his leaders, lashed their flanks with the biting whip, and

braced himself for what he knew would come. It came; and for Charlie, death rode the singing pellet of lead. Another shot, and one of the leaders fell, dragging its mate with it; the wheelers reared, the coach slid a few more feet and stopped.

With the exasperating contrariness of inanimate things at critical moments, Bill's revolver, despite his furious tuggings, had obstinately refused to leave its holster. Now it came out with a jerk and spat back at the masked man, accenting its owner's angry exclamations. The rifle answered it, but neither spoke to effect. Then Bill, partly sheltered by the driver's seat, and the masked man, crouching behind a clump of mesquite, exchanged compliments, both verbal and leaden.

A rifle bullet, aimed a trifle low, crashed through the body of the coach. The heroine screamed, while the villain tried to get still farther under the seat, remarking that he did not care to be cast for the part of his own ghost. Another mask and rifle joined the first, and Bill shouted to the members of the Cumberland Opera Company: "Say, one of you fellows get out there and cut the traces of that dead horse! I can't leave here, or they'll rush us. I'll stand 'em off. You won't get hit. The stage 'll be between you and them. We must get out o' this, quick! My cartridges are 'bout gone."

The three men in the coach only crouched the lower, and Bill, seeing that no response was made to his speech, swore softly but earnestly at them, the dead horse, the road agents, and everything else; going back carefully over the list to make sure that he had neglected nothing.

Then he swore again, but this time in astonishment, for the door of the coach swung open, and as daintily and as calmly as if she were entering at "right center," the heroine stepped to the ground.

With a glance upward at the astonished Bill, which he rightly interpreted as meaning that she trusted him to protect her, she picked up the bowie he threw down, and, making her way to the dead animal, cut away the entangling harness and sprang back as the other leader struggled to his feet. It was an unfortunate movement, for a bullet—which, let us hope, was not intended for her even by a highwayman—struck her in the shoulder, and with a cry of pain she fell forward in the dust.

Then Bill arose. Standing erect, heedless of the target his broad frame offered, he steadied the long barrel of his "forty five" over his left arm, and, taking careful aim, fired twice in quick succession. His last shot mingled with the crack of one of the rifles. He staggered, swayed a moment, and falling backward, struck the flank of the near wheeler and rolled off into the road. The half wild animal reared and plunged forward; his mates caught the infection, and in another moment the stage was rocking and swaying from side to side as the frightened brutes dashed down the road. The masculine specimens of humanity on the floor of the coach were free from death by bullet, but in imminent danger of getting their deserts at the bottom of the next gulch.

The citizens of Bull Gap, who were awaiting the arrival of the stage from Rocky City and wondering at its delay, had adjourned to the Tenderfoot Saloon—so called, probably, because its proprietor was less of a tenderfoot than any of his customers. Rough natures find humor in contradictions. The crowd of men in front of the bar had just put away their last injection of vitriol, and were looking around in expectant interest for some one to "set 'em up again," when they were startled by a yell from without.

They all dashed for the door and out into the street, eager for any break in the monotony of existence. That is, all except "Smooth Dan," who was most impolitely stopped half way to the door by the aforesaid proprietor who was not a tenderfoot.

"*Excuse* me, but I'm afeared you hev forgot somethin'. Of course it's jest a slip er yer mem'ry, but you hain't paid fer that last round. My fergettery is out o' order, but this yere hain't!"

"This yere" was an able bodied revolver placed uncomfortably near the delinquent's ear. Dan paid, and joined his companions in time to catch sight of the stage from Rocky City as it came down the slope of the hill that led into town.

The men spread across the road to stop the flying brutes. A second glance was

not needed for them to guess at what had happened. The missing leader and the empty seat told the story.

Before the bruised remnant of the Cumberland Opera Company had crawled from the coach, a dozen citizens of Bull Gap had mounted and were spurring back toward Rocky City.

That was a busy afternoon in Bull Gap. First, they lynched the wounded road agent and hung his dead companion alongside of him, "to prevent accidents" as the coroner said. After that little business had been properly attended to, they had a duty to perform of another, and yet kindred nature, one that was done with all the solemnity and respect of men who knew not at what moment they too might need the same offices. Familiarity with death may relieve it of its awfulness, but it can never be anything but a solemn mystery to men of heart.

Eight men, each quartet with a rough pine box on its shoulders, walked with slow steps to the outskirts of the little town. Behind them followed a crowd of men, silent, with bowed heads. When they reached the plot of barren ground that had almost as many denizens as the town, they gently lowered their burdens beside the two new made, shallow graves.

The proprietor of the Tenderfoot Saloon cleared his throat two or three times, swallowed hard, hesitated, and then said solemnly:

"I ain't no parson, as y' know, but ther' bein' no gentleman of that perfession present, I want t' say a few words fer th' boys afore they're planted. They wouldn't hev liked it if they thought we'd bury 'em 'thout even a 'So long.' They was good men as men go, good friends, and goods shots. They knowed how t' take their licker, an' they always had an open hand fer a feller in hard luck. Many a time I've seed Bill here, and Charlie too, go without a drink ter give some poor feller a lift. They may have cussed some, but they died like men, with their boots on, and—and—may we all do the same and meet 'em th' other side of th' divide."

That evening the whole able bodied population of Bull Gap witnessed "Othello," as given by the Cumberland Opera Company, and wildly cheered the heroine at every word she uttered; even if *Desdemona* did wear her arm in a sling.

The woman in the top floor back room of a theatrical boarding house, in an Eastern city, has a bowie knife hung on the wall, with a piece of an old trace, with its dangling chain, tied to the handle.

The villain, for some reason, does not admire his wife's decoration—when he thinks about it at all.

IMPERFECTION.

Fair blossom, do not look with scorn upon the blighted one;
No flower ever turned its face, reluctant, from the sun.

Mayhap, by your full petals hid, no ray of light pierced through
To quicken its awaking life, and, wet with too much dew,

The canker settled on its heart, the stealthy footed mold
Crept on and warped the tender leaves that struggled to unfold.

Caressed and nursed in gentle air, untouched by cold or gloom,
You could not keep your beauty back, you could not help but bloom;

And had it your bright garden lot, your meed of sun and shower,
Poor withered bud—who knows?—perhaps it had been twice the flower!

Catharine Young Glen.

MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.*

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

The author of "The Anglomaniacs" tells the story of her literary passions, from "Evelina" and "Quentin Durward" to the American, English, and foreign fiction of today—The books she ranks as the best novels of past and present.

OUT of the mist of memory arises a pleasant oblong room in an old Virginia country house. There were many windows hung with crimson woollen stuff, and many doors, generally flying open to admit boys with dogs at their heels—or else dogs alone, who stalked in, picked out the best places on the rug for siesta, and plumped down in them, deliberately. On either side of the fireplace stood two high backed chairs, occupied for years (so it seems to my retrospective mind) by two old maiden great aunts reading novels.

When, in the course of human events, these ladies came to the end of their novels owned, novels subscribed for, and novels borrowed, they would begin over again, and repeat the list. Although a few newspapers — such as the Washington *National Intelligencer*, the Baltimore *Sun*, the Alexandria *Gazette*, the *Southern Churchman*, the *Illustrated London News*, and some missionary sheets—were included in their literary pabulum, the novels were of first interest. The plots were followed out breathlessly, the people became real people, their crises of life and love and death were attended with intense conviction.

At twilight, before lamps were brought in, when the wind sighed in the branches of the oaks shadowing the roof, when the fire gleam danced over the crimson curtains and brought out the sheen of mahogany and brass—when the older dogs snored through excess of fat and comfort, on the hearth—the two readers would talk together about their dream world of romance.

To a little person who occupied sometimes a chair, sometimes the rug between the dogs, the stage upon which strutted the characters of these dramatic scenes became of absorbing interest. It was here, first, that she made acquaintance with "Evelina"—"written by a young lady, my dear—a great surprise to her family—much admired by the great Dr. Johnson—securing for its author, Miss Fanny Burney, the reward of a place at court, as a bedchamber woman of her majesty, Queen Charlotte!"

The story of *Evelina's* endless perplexities, and the happy issue out of all her afflictions at the hand of *Lord Orville*, was, for a time, my supreme favorite. Our copy was in little brown calf bound volumes with the long S—volumes out of which, when you opened them, issued small creatures without color or substance, traveling across the pages and away. As I recall this novel, I think vivacity was its charm, with a certain naturalness that must have been refreshing as a dew fall, in that stilted age when Burney dipped her quill in the parental inkpot. But poor Fanny lived to repent her cleverness, when immured for it in the strict and dreary service of Queen Charlotte's court!

Although my sponsors in romance talked a great deal about "Clarissa Harlowe"—at the same time informing me

* Under this title MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will print a series of articles in which the leading literary men of the day will discuss a question interesting to all readers of novels. The first paper of the series, contributed by William D. Howells, appeared in April; the second, by Professor Brander Matthews, in May; and the third, by Frank R. Stockton, in June.

that when I should be older, I might read it, but "not now"—when the time came that I did read it, the charm I expected was not to be discovered. I wondered at the joy the great brained Macaulay took in this tedious story.

"Not read 'Clarissa'!" he said once to Thackeray. "If you have once thoroughly entered on 'Clarissa,' and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India, I passed one hot season in the hills, and there were the governor general, and the secretary of government, and the commander in chief, and their wives. I had 'Clarissa' with me; and as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about *Miss Harlowe* and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly *Lovelace!* The governor's wife seized the book; the secretary waited for it; and the chief justice could not read it for tears."

At the earlier epoch, and in the same way, I conceived an attachment for "Rob Roy"—*Di Vernon* then so far affecting the family imagination that one of the young ladies in the house had named a riding horse for her. When I attempted "Waverley" on my own account, I dragged wearily through the first thirty or forty pages, yawning repeatedly, and only settling down to real work when, at the beginning of Chapter IX, *Waverley* "applied himself to the massive knocker of the hall door" of Tully-Veolan. Then "Ivanhoe" took me in its toils—afterwards "The Bride of Lammermoor"—the latter, chiefly on account of *Caleb Balderstone's* delicious efforts to get a meal that would keep up the credit of his master's family. "The Heart of Midlothian" had its turn; and all of them were in time superseded by "Quentin Durward," which, to this day, remains my favorite among the Wizard's galaxy. When one puts it down, to pick up Théodore de Banville's lovely "Gringoire," a softer light is cast upon the character of Louis XI, that Mephistopheles of the fifteenth century in France. The strong, sane influence of Scott's works in childhood is one to be grateful for in after life; and as twice, in recent years, it has been my good fortune to be a guest of a country house on the banks of rippled Tweed, near Abbotsford, and, with the children of Sir Walter's old friends and neighbors, to visit, leisurely, the spots endeared to him—a thing very unlike tearing through Abbotsford House at the tail of a string of tourists—my lifelong reverence and affection for him and for his writings has been refreshed and deepened.

I have here to confess a divagation in the literary taste of early youth, which can be explained only upon the ground of the exotic nature of the favorite adopted.

We lived in the country, and went very little to a staid old town seven miles away. Once, in a little visited cupboard, I came upon a paper volume with a yellow cover; I think the title was "The Jilt"; and as, in those days, I never thought of looking for the name of a mere author, I am quite unaware who wrote it. What pleased me was dashing into the vortex of a London season, with fine ladies on every page, and lords and courtiers scattered throughout the paragraphs. I have an idea that, in it, a damsel leaned from a balcony, to speak to her lover caracoling on a splendid steed in the street below. There were no balconies in the town houses I knew, and the idea seemed to me exhilarating. Just at this point, authority walked into the empty room where "The Jilt" was being devoured, and, in cold blood, took it away from the reader, who was told on no account to open that book again. What were its principles, what its danger to youthful morals, I have never known. From that day to this, "The Jilt" has dwelt in memory as a bright, elusive vision of fashionable life, the loss of which was ill compensated by the distribution of a noon lunch, consisting of two cookies and a Bergamot pear, thrust into my hand as the censor disappeared with my cherished yellow covered novel!

Next, I recall "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen, presented to me as a birthday gift by a distant relative, and extolled by home readers with an enthusiasm that had the immediate effect of making me loath to take it up. When, finally, I opened it, unobserved, it was to enjoy, without preamble, the droll and clever conversation of *Mr. Bennet* and his wife (the parents of five grown up daughters) over the letting of Netherfield Park, in their neighborhood, to a single

young man with four thousand pounds a year! From thence, to the end, this novel made an impression never since removed. It is inimitably fine, and pure, and witty. The author, an English gentlewoman born in 1775, and dying in 1817, is buried in Winchester Cathedral. Of her list of published works, now adopted among the classics of English literature, "Pride and Prejudice" remains my favorite.

Side by side with this gem among books of women writers who possess both imagination and humor, I should place "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell; a bit of exquisite miniature painting as far as workmanship goes, having the tenderness of womanly sympathy with her creations that lends such value to woman's literary compositions. But then, I believe "Cranford" is everybody's favorite.

While in this category of talent, I wonder who will recall with me the two charming and lively novels of Miss Sinclair (who has a fountain erected in her honor in a street of Edinburgh, and was a great aunt of Mrs. L. B. Walford, the English novelist of today)—"Modern Accomplishments," and "Modern Society." I tried to purchase these volumes (which, with her "Holiday House," were a delight of my youth) in Edinburgh, in 1894. But the chief booksellers of Prince's Street could not supply them, although making a special effort to do so in my behalf. Miss Ferrier, whom Sir Walter Scott and other authorities ranked high among the novelists of their time, held me captive for many years by "Marriage," and "The Inheritance." I think they would still do so, but that my volume containing the two stories is in double columns, and the most horrid little print! If we could only possess her in dainty modern guise!

There are two stories, not strictly novels, of which one can hardly think without an emotion of grateful tenderness toward the author—"Jackanapes," and "The Story of a Short Life," by the late Mrs. Ewing.

A quaint old time heroine with whom it was my fortune to become early acquainted (the story of her adventures was, in fact, intended to be a satire upon her predecessors in die away romance) was *Cherubina de Willoughby*. Of this little book, the rare copies are still struggled for by collectors; it is long out of print. And what exceedingly good fun it is! *Cherubina's* vagaries, after her head had been turned by reading novels, are the theme of the tale; and better *hors d'œuvres* for a reading club do not occur to me.

During many years, "The Scottish Chiefs," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "The Children of the New Forest," were varied in my favor by Miss Edgeworth's Irish novels, and the "Vicar of Wakefield." Then a red letter day arrived. Somebody, going away to the outer world after a visit to our secluded country home, having observed the rather antique pattern of the books upon our shelves, sent me, as a present, "The Mill on the Floss." That has continued to be my favorite of all of George Eliot's productions, although hard run for first place by the "Scenes from Clerical Life." The last named were her first ventures in fiction—following which she wrote to John Blackwood in 1857: "If George Eliot turns out a dull dog and ineffective writer—a mere flash in the pan—I, for one, am determined to cut him on the first intimation of that disagreeable fact."

The period of our war threw Virginians back upon the ancients in literature for entertainment. During the four years, spent by us chiefly in Richmond, few new publications came to us through the blockade, and the novels published in the South were not such as especially enchained my fancy. But the romances of Miss Augusta J. Evans, of Louise Mühlbach, of the author of "Guy Livingstone," and of Victor Hugo—notably a translation of "Les Miserables" (a title to which the army of Northern Virginia gave a local rendering, calling it "Lee's Miserables"—some of the soldiers expecting to find it a story of their own hard life in the service)—effected their good work of solace to the beleaguered, and fighting, and waiting people of the Confederacy. These books, printed on a poor, thin, yellow paper, were bound in wall paper, and lay around in people's drawing rooms cheek by jowl with the publications of "before the war."

As the nature of this paper calls for autobiographical candor, I may mention

that, in the last days of the war, my favorite novel was one absorbing much time and reflection, a tale deemed by one person, at least, a chronicle of lasting value. It was finished, copied, tied with, I dare say, one of the last remnants of blue ribbon to be found in the Confederate States, and was consigned to the publishers, Messrs. West & Johnson, of Main Street, Richmond, in whose establishment it was consumed by the envious ravages of the fire that destroyed the lower quarter of the town on the day of Federal occupation. Messrs. West & Johnson have since assured me, with apparent sincerity of statement, that they had intended to bring it out; and I have been reminded by the gifted Bishop of Kentucky that in a consultation with the author, it was he who suggested the name adopted for it—"Skirmishing." But a painful doubt has gained ground in the author's mind that this novel was destined to illumine the world only in the primitive fashion allotted to it by what seemed to be chance.

The librarian of the Virginia State Library in the Capitol was, in those days, the poet John R. Thompson, of whom Mr. R. H. Stoddard has written with charming sympathy in recent days. Mr. Thompson had been editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and a confrère and lifelong friend of Poe. During his visits to England, he became a warm friend and ever welcome visitor of Thackeray and the Carlyles. It was in Mr. Thompson's office in the State Library that Thackeray, dropping in one day to find the owner absent, and a volume of the "Sorrows of Werther" open upon his desk, sat down and playfully penned the lines:

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more by it was troubled.

Charlotte—having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter—
Like a well conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

Thackeray was at this time occupied in overhauling the library for material for "The Virginians"; and to Thompson he owed many suggestions of value for that delightful book, which, without the stimulus of an exciting plot, has charmed thousands of readers who think it a perfect and impartial picture of its times.

Thompson was a man of gentlest nature, high accomplishment, a master of pure English; he was possessed of the nicest literary acumen. To his selections of books, lent to me in relays during the formative period of my taste in literature, I owe thanks, gratefully recorded here. Of the novels so acquired, I hailed Thackeray's, some of Dickens', Hawthorne's, some of Trollope's, "The Caxtons" of Lord Bulwer, and "Quits," by Baroness Tautphœus, with peculiar satisfaction. Thackeray's were, however, always first and best. "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," "The Virginians," held me successively; but in time all the others have yielded place to my admiration for "Henry Esmond." If there is in dramatic fiction any picture to surpass the scene where *Esmond* and *Frank Castlewood* hold the false yet princely young Pretender to account for the wrong he intended to do their house, I am not aware of it. Only to think of the rescue of *Beatrix*, the burning of *Esmond's* patent of nobility in the old brazier, the grand ring of *Esmond's* speech to the prince, stirs the bood now, as always!

The war between the States ended, many Southern families were scattered into foreign parts; ours went to France, where we lived for some time. Our quarters in Paris were in a quaint old domicile called "La Ville au Bois" on the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne, at the Porte Maillot. No trace of it remains, the cannon of the Franco Prussian war having obliterated the place completely—the second house I have lived in that has fallen a victim to war's rude touch. There I chanced to meet Mme. Letellier, a sister of Alexandre Dumas, *père*, who, taking an interest in the American birds of passage, lent us books, and especially those of her "big brother," as she indulgently styled the famous novelist. Under the ivy shrouded walls of the Ville

au Bois, where sparrows twittered in the sunshine, I made first acquaintance with *Monte Cristo*, and his dashing fraternity. "Oh, Dumas! Oh, thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre!" says the creator of my beloved *Esmond*, "I hereby offer thee homage and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours. I have read thee (being sick in bed) for thirteen hours of a happy day, and had the ladies of the house fighting for the volumes!"

I have also to thank the shade of good Mme. Letellier for introducing me to Dumas' "La Tulipe Noire"—an exquisite tale that, no doubt, everybody reads when about to visit the Gevangenpoort—the prison at the Hague where I stood, last summer, and dreamed about the unhappy hero of this pathetic story. Georges Sand's "Mare au Diable" was one of my French loves in the days of the Ville au Bois, also her "Lavinia," from which Owen Meredith took the idea of his "Lucile." And then the real "Notre Dame" was forever peopled with *Quasimodo* and *Esmeralda*, and the rest of the characters in Hugo's novel, which readers now call "artificial." In later days, I have transferred my allegiance, in French of the imagination, to Daudet and Pierre Loti.

As far as my knowledge of Spanish fiction goes, some of Valdés' books have interested me greatly. But I take my stand by "Don Quixote," and am thankful to have known him (in a very battered old copy) ever since I knew anything. But when one comes to be in the Alhambra, the very heart of Moorish Spain, it is not of Spanish romancers one thinks, at all, but of the witching stories of our own Washington Irving, that are like the echo to the music of former days.

A German novel I like exceedingly is "Debit and Credit," of Gustav Freytag, which has been well translated. Russia, with her people, her history, her romancers, has long held me in the thrall of interest. The works of Tourguénief, Poushkin, and Gogol seem so tremendously human. Then, too, life in the country among Russian families of position and cultivation appears to have been like the life of our South as it used to be. But "Anna Karénina," with its intense message to modernity, had no such association. To know Tolstoy's writings is simply to feel one's self passing under the bright lined cloud of genius. A Russian author I had the pleasure of meeting last year in St. Petersburg was spoken of, to me, by Russians, as a great popular favorite with them, "second to Tolstoy," said an admirer of this Mr. Vladimir Korolenko. The story he himself modestly recommended to me was the "Blind Musician," which "has been translated into English by a lady of Boston." I remembered at once having read and admired this charming and poetic tale.

The heroic novels of Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Pole, must interest any one trained to war's alarms. "With Fire and Sword" has had the advantage of a capital translation by Jeremiah Curtin; and, apart from the light it throws upon Slav history, is a book of absorbing interest to the last page.

When we come to the English novelists of today, I rejoice in Stevenson; though the "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes" pleases me, perhaps, more than "Kidnapped." I love Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," and Barrie's "Little Minister." Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" gives me the pleasure of some of Shakspere's outdoor scenes. Mr. Hardy said to me, by the way, that he thought the American novelist of the present time had, in his own country, the richest possible field for fiction, and that he himself could not imagine the said novelist stepping out of his home land for a scene or a character. Which plainly shows that Mr. Hardy has never lived in the confusion of electrified New York, so close to innumerable scenes and characters and nationalities, as not to know what to pick out of them. The sweet repose of an embowered English village, where an English novelist may (if he will) retire to write, must have a good influence upon his work; and even an attic in London is better for that purpose than a similar perch in New York.

A separate paragraph must be given to, but cannot be made to contain, this writer's estimate of Rudyard Kipling's part in the English literature of our end of the century. His successive achievements are a continual surprise, as if an airship were

safely cutting the blue of ether, overhead, and the rest of the world stood looking on agape. And yet, as a novelist——?

I purchased, the other day, in a large emporium, on a book counter adjoining one devoted to a sale of tablecloths and napkins, "Diana of the Crossways" for the sum of fifteen cents. This investment was attended by a sense of shame on the buyer's part. But even in that guise Mr. Meredith's *Diana* was her own buoyant, enchanting, and disappointing self!

At home, I must own to more loves than a few in our modern literary garden. I delight in "The Portrait of a Lady," and "A Tragic Muse," by Henry James, and in Mr. Howells' "Indian Summer." Miss Jewett's stories are, apart from their literary merit, a pride to American womanhood. Miss Wilkins' novels do not seem to me to equal her inimitable short stories. Mr. Stimson's "King Noanett" has revived my old liking for that author's lovely "Mrs. Knollys." Dr. Weir Mitchell's colonial novel, "Hugh Wynne," is, so far as we have read it in serial form, of admirable flavor. Mr. Crawford's "Cigarette Maker's Romance" I still like best of that writer's popular productions. Mr. Cable's exquisite "Old Creole Days" is, or ought to be, an American classic—though it, to be sure, is a collection of short stories!

When one begins to wander from the point, it is a sign that one should stop!

I am conscious that I have left out of this imperfect summing up many favorites that will come back to haunt me reproachfully. I suddenly recall "Leatherstocking," "The Tale of Two Cities," the superb *Amyas Leigh*, "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Woffington," and that almost flawless story of its kind, "The Cloister and the Hearth."

But I am inclined to think I would give them all, today, to sit where I once did, poring and thrilling over the forbidden and confiscated pages of "The Jilt"!

Constance Cary Harrison.

A WOODLAND SERENADE.

WITHIN a laurel grove, at eventide,
I hear a pleading voice, now faint, now strong;
The tender light of stars my only guide,
The starlight and the throbbing of the song.

I roam through mazy greenwoods, fragrant flowered,
And suddenly, from shade of friendly tree,
I gaze upon two figures, leaf embowered,
And listen to a lover's minstrelsy!

It is a faun who sings of passion blest;
A nymph upon a low bough swings and sways;
At one full note she floats upon his breast;
Moonrise—the vision melts in silver haze!

The moon has set, thy curtains close are drawn;
And yet I still recall that trembling bough,
And fancy thee the nymph and me the faun—
My song floats to thy casement, hearest thou?

Clarence Urmy.

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

IV—LELY AND KNELLER.

The Dutch and German artists who became the most famous English court painters of the latter half of the seventeenth century—Lely's "wanton and magnificent nymphs," and Kneller's gallery of the great men and beautiful women of four reigns.

THE seventeenth century in England was not particularly rich in artists, and the two men who were conspicuous as court painters, and who have left names that send the price of their canvases to great figures, were both Teutons.

Sir Peter Lely, who was, as Horace Walpole tells us, "the most capital painter" of the reign of Charles II, was born in Westphalia. His father was a captain, whose family name was originally Van der Vaas; but because he was born in a perfumer's shop at the Hague, and because the shop had a lily for its sign, he carried the name of Captain du Lys, or Lely, and his son never knew any other.

There appears to have been some difficulty about the son's choice of a profession, and he was finally turned over to a painter named De Grebber, who gave him some instruction in drawing and painting stiff, wooden Dutch landscapes. When he went to England, in 1641, and saw the work of Vandyke, he made up his mind that portrait painting was easy and profitable. With a clever understanding of human nature, he began to imitate the Flemish master, with a difference. Where Vandyke was natural, Lely idealized, or, we might say, sentimentalized. Vandyke showed likenesses, and painted his sitters in the dress they wore. Walpole says that Lely's nymphs trail their fringes through meadows and streams, and that their costumes remind one of "fantastic night gowns fastened by a single pin."

But without any doubt, Lely caught the spirit of the age in which he lived. His women were the women of that age and time, and when he painted them, it was as they wished to look. His portraits never were uncharacteristic. He gave a peculiar, half sleepy expression to the eyes of his court ladies which Pope said "spoke the melting soul," but which makes the latter part of the nineteenth century a little impatient.

Lely painted Charles I and also Oliver Cromwell. It is told that Cromwell said, while sitting to him: "Mr. Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me; otherwise I will not pay a farthing for it."

But Lely never reached the height of his fame until after the Restoration, when the gay court of Charles II came to make England merry. The cavaliers and belles of Charles' reign were of the sort he loved to paint—the sort who could look out of his canvases with sleepy eyes, and hold daintily their pointed fingers. The men and woman of the Commonwealth did not appeal to him.

The first Duchess of York, Anne Hyde, was not a pretty woman, but she was a most generous one. She knew the taste of her king and his brother, her husband, and in forming her court she surrounded herself with the prettiest women in the country, and began the collection known as "The Beauties of Windsor" by commanding Sir Peter Lely to paint portraits of the loveliest of her maids of honor. Every woman in England was immediately insane to be painted by Lely.

It has been wondered, sometimes, if Lely caught his mannerisms from these women, or whether he assisted history in estimating their characters by what he painted. Walpole says that "Lely's nymphs are far too wanton and magnificent to be taken for anything but maids of honor." It is likely that he painted what he saw in the matter of dress oftener than Walpole will allow. As modesty went out in the reign of Charles II, loose dressing became more prevalent.

MARY, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

From an engraving by J. Faber after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Lely was knighted for the way in which he had portrayed the court, and became one of the fashionable men of his day. Like Vandyke, he was noted for the magler, who had just become a formidable rival.

There were three Duchesses of Somerset in the time of Charles II, but there

THE COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

From an engraving by J. Smith after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

nificence of his establishment. It was a shock to his friends when he died very suddenly in 1680, while painting the portrait of the Duchess of Somerset. It was said, at the time, that the cause of his death was his violent jealousy of Knel- was only one beautiful one. This was Lady Elizabeth Percy, who was famed not only as one of the most beautiful women of her time, but as the richest heiress. Her father died when she was only four years old, and left her with the great es-

ANNE, COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND.

From an engraving by T. Wright after the painting by Sir Peter Lely.

tates of the family, and holding in her own right six of the oldest English baronies. Her grandmother, the old Countess of Northumberland, announced her intention of keeping the child in retirement, to repel fortune hunters She succeeded so well that the Lady Elizabeth was three times a wife and twice a widow before her sixteenth birthday.

Her first husband was the heir of the Earl of Cavendish. The young bride and groom were the same age, thirteen years, at the time of the marriage. The latter died in a few months; and he was hardly dead before suitors besieged the child widow. She took a romantic fancy to the celebrated Swedish adventurer, Count Königsmark, but her family hastily mar-

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

From an engraving by E. Cooper after the painting by Sir Peter Lely.

ried her to a Mr. Thynne, whom Königsmark murdered immediately. Elizabeth seems to have been easily consoled, for within three months she found a third husband in Charles Seymour, who was known as the "Proud Duke of Somerset." He was so "proud" that his own children (he had thirteen) were not allowed to sit in his presence. But his wife appears to have loved him, for she gave up her own name of Percy to take his, which she had refused to do in the other cases, and which her marriage articles forbade. She became one of the ornaments of the courts of William III and Queen Anne, and when the Duchess of Marlborough was finally disgraced, she took the famous Sarah Jennings' place. After her death her husband married a young bride, who one day playfully tapped him on the

THE COUNTESS OF CLARENDON.

From an engraving by T. Faber after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

THE DUCHESS OF GRAFTON.

From an engraving by Goldar after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

shoulder with her fan. "Madam," he said, "my first wife was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty."

Anne, Countess of Sunderland, who was another of the Windsor beauties, was the daughter in law of Waller's celebrated *Saccharissa*. The fame of the second countess is hardly so happy as that of the first. She was a beautiful and blameless woman, but was unfortunate in being the wife of a husband who was always in trouble. She is the common ancestress of the present Duke of Marlborough and of the present Earl Spencer. Lely also painted Nell Gwyn, Mrs. Middleton, the Duchess of Cleveland, and almost all the other famous women of that day.

Kneller, who succeeded him, was from Lübeck, the German seaport on the Baltic. His coming to settle in England was determined by an accident. He went to London in 1674, without any intention of residing there, having an idea of going

MRS. YARBOROUGH.

From an engraving by J. Smith after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

on to Venice. Not long after his arrival, he painted the Duke of Monmouth, who was so charmed by the portrait that he engaged the artist to paint the king, his father.

It happened that Charles had promised to give a portrait of himself, which was to be painted by Lely, to his brother, the Duke of York. Wishing to please everybody, he said that Kneller could come to his sittings to Lely, and if he could catch a likeness in that way he was welcome to try. Sir Peter, however, was to arrange the lighting, posing, and accessories. Kneller delighted the king by finishing his head while Lely was doing his sketching, and by making an excellent likeness.

After Lely's death, Kneller was the court painter for more than forty years. Walpole says that where Kneller offered one picture to fame, he sacrificed twenty to lucre, and that he would gladly have erased his name from most of his portraits after he had received the money for them.

LADY COPLEY.

From an engraving by J. Smith after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

But he painted ten reigning sovereigns, and all the men of genius who made the time of Queen Anne notable, and his work always possesses a charm. Dryden, Pope, Newton, Addison, Congreve, all of these sat for him. The well known "beauties" of Hampton Court were painted by him for William III, but while they are lovely enough they cannot compare with the gay ladies of the Windsor collection. They are models of propriety by the side of Lely's nymphs, but they are not half so interesting.

Kneller was knighted by William III, and one of his best portraits is that of Mary, William's queen. This royal lady, who was sister to Queen Anne, was not much above her in mental attainments, and the two were always quarreling in the good old fashion of reigning houses. She was particularly fond of Kneller because he made her laugh, Sir Godfrey

being almost as much of a wit as an artist. He not only made portraits, but made friends of the great men of his time, yet he was said to be inordinately conceited. Pope was one of his later intimates. It is related that one day, when Pope was sitting to him, he said:

"I can't do so well as I should do unless you flatter me a little. Pray flatter me, Mr. Pope; you know I love to be flattered."

"Sir Godfrey," Pope replied, "they say that the Creator made man in His own image, but I believe that, had you been there, it would have been a more perfect likeness."

"I also believe so," Kneller returned, delighted.

Pope gave Sir Godfrey enough flattery in his verse. There were those who were unkind enough to say that the poet paid for paintings by verses extolling the painter.

> What god, what genius did the pencil move,
> When Kneller painted these?

Pope used to talk about his friend. After Kneller's death, he told somebody that only a day or two before he died, he found him sitting up in bed looking at a drawing of his own monument, and he asked Pope to write an epitaph for it. Pope simply translated that of Rafael.

With all his real sense of humor, Kneller probably delighted in the pretense of vanity, as Whistler delights in it today, and found amusement in bewildering his friend Pope. It is told of him that he once heard a profane fellow cursing himself.

"God damn *you?*" he said. "He may damn the Duke of Marlborough, or Sir Godfrey Kneller, but He would never take the trouble to damn such a scoundrel as you for the asking."

When there were doubts expressed as to the parentage of the infant son which was born to James II, Sir Godfrey waxed eloquent. "His father and mother have sat to me about thirty six times apiece, and I know every line and bit of their faces. I could paint King James now, by memory. I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs either to his father or his mother. This I am sure of, and cannot be mistaken—nay, the nails of his fingers are the queen's. Doctor! You may be out in your letters, but I cannot be in my lines!"

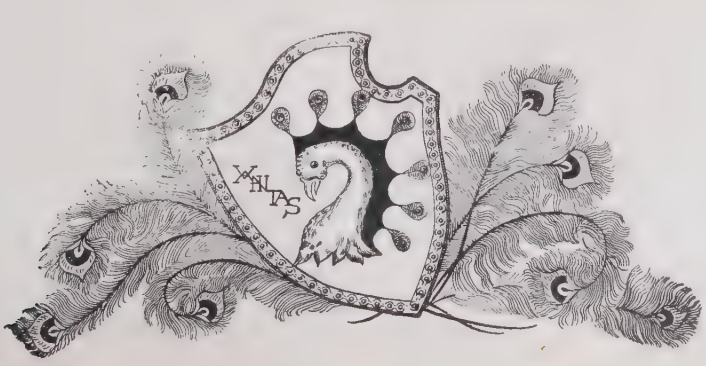
Sir Godfrey married Susannah Cawley, a minister's daughter, and had several handsome homes. Although he spent money lavishly, and lost more than twenty thousand pounds in the South Sea Bubble, he left a large fortune at his death.

While he lived in Whitton, he acted as a justice of the peace, and his rulings were the joke of his friends. Pope wrote:

> I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
> Who sent the thief (that stole the coat) away
> And punished him who put it in his way.

It was not only Pope who celebrated the artist in verse. Dryden, Addison, Steele, Prior, Tickell, all praised him until who can wonder that he was vain?

It has been said that Sir Godfrey painted only the heads and hands of his portraits, and left the rest to be filled in by his assistants, of whom he had a dozen. It would have been almost impossible for one man to have done such an immense quantity of work. When he died, in 1722, he had five hundred unfinished canvases in his studio.



THE BATTLE OF TARIFFS.

BY WILLIAM L. WILSON.

Ex Postmaster General Wilson, author of the existing tariff law, reviews the sweeping changes made or contemplated by the present Congress in the rates of duties upon imports, and gives a strong statement of his views upon the fiscal problems of the day.

THE first act of the new administration has been to convene Congress in special session. The first act of the House of Representatives, which must originate revenue measures, has been to pass a general tariff bill. All this was done within four weeks after the President took the oath of office.

The reasons alleged for this headlong action are two: that revenues are falling behind expenditures, and the industries of the country are in distress from the present "free trade" tariff; and that a tariff to increase revenue and encourage industry is the only needed foundation for the return of that prosperity for which we are all longing, and whose advance agent is already in the White House.

When the Treasury statement shows, over and above the lawful gold reserve, a cash balance of more than $130,000,000 available for meeting any temporary deficiency of income, and ample for that purpose for three years longer, even if the present depression continues, and likewise the present scale of expenditure, it is clear that there was no call for precipitate increase of taxes on the people. A prudent man, in times of halting business, reduces expenses by judicious economies. A statesmanlike government, in periods of depression, when the earning capacity of the people is impaired, seeks to balance its budget by decreasing outgoes, not by increasing income. To substitute watchful economy for lavish expenditure is no less a duty for government than for individual.

Had Congress, instead of madly hastening to levy new taxes on the people, appointed an intelligent and public spirited committee on retrenchment of expenditures, it could have devised legislation which would balance treasury accounts and increase the efficiency of the public service. In the post office department alone a saving of many millions is not only feasible, but needful for a better service of all the people.

It is not enlightened public policy, but the pressure of great private interests, that makes insufficient revenue and the sluggishness of trade an excuse for piling new taxes on the individual, and for placing new shackles on trade. A mere examination of the proposed Dingley Bill shows that it is framed in the interest of this combination, not in the interest of the public treasury. A few figures taken from the report, which ushered it into the House, will make good this assertion, and show at a glance how far, in the burdens which it will place on consumers and on trade, it transcends the exactions of any previous tariff bill.

Under the McKinley Bill our total imports for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1893, were 866 millions in value. The customs duties collected on them were 198 million dollars. Under the law of 1894, our total imports for the fiscal year 1896 were 779 millions in value. The customs duties collected on them were 155 million dollars. Had the Dingley Bill been in operation, the customs duties collected on the imports of 1896 would have been 269 million dollars. Thus, with a taxable basis less by 87 million dollars than that of 1893, the Dingley Bill would have gathered 71 millions more of duties. It is unnecessary to add that such rates are likely to prove prohibitory and largely

disappoint the calculations of those who devise them.

It has been taken for granted, in most of the discussions in Congress and in the press, that the deficiency of revenue began with and was due to the act of 1894, the existing law, and that if the McKinley bill had been left on the statute books, we should have had ample revenue. When it is pointed out that the deficiency for the fiscal year 1894, during all of which that bill was in operation, was, according to the latest revised statement of the Treasury, $72,325,448, the answer is made that 1894 was a year of depression, and also of lessened imports in view of expected reduction of duties. This is, to some extent, true. But the year ended June 30, 1893, is taken by Mr. Dingley himself as a normal year, when neither of these influences were operative. This year likewise showed a deficiency of receipts compared with expenditures of $1,766,994, and for the last nineteen months of the operation of the McKinley bill—from January 1, 1893, to July 31, 1894—there were only four months in which government receipts, from all sources, did not fall behind government expenditures.*

Now the Dingley Bill is, in its main outlines, a reproduction of the McKinley Bill, transferring sugar and a few minor articles from the free to the dutiable list, as compared with the latter bill; and where its rates are absolutely higher, or, present conditions considered, relatively higher, it tends still more to accomplish the avowed purpose of the McKinley Bill, "to check imports." Its capacity to produce revenue must be gauged by the operations of that bill, many essential conditions being changed. A high protective tariff, verging toward prohibition in many duties, may not quickly operate a deficiency where, as in 1890, there was a surplus revenue of $85,000,000, and it was possible to shut out a large amount of dutiable imports, without reducing income below the reasonable demands of the Treasury. But where there is deficiency of revenue to be supplied, the taxable basis must be widened rather than diminished, and every duty that goes beyond the maximum revenue producing point, where incidental protection ends and protection *per se* begins, narrows that basis.

Indeed, it is becoming certain, with the colossal expenditures of the government, now on the way to six hundred millions a year, that without the addition of more internal taxes, a protective tariff cannot supply our needs, and that of necessity, regardless of economic policy, customs duties must be levied more and more with reference to the revenue they will produce. This will compel a reduction of duties on many articles, and the imposition of new duties on such imports as tea and coffee, which would yield purely revenue duties.

It is clear to any one who studies the tables of our exports and imports that some of the tariff schedules are drying up as sources of revenue; and that we are getting to be exporters of many articles, especially of manufactures, of which in years past we were liberal importers. Several years ago, Mr. Carnegie was clear sighted enough to foresee this, when, speaking of a trip through California, he said:

> With such grapes and climate it must surely be a question of only a few years before the true American wine makes its appearance, and then what shall we have to import? Silks and linens are going, watches and jewelry have already gone, and in this connection I think I may venture to say good by to foreign iron and steel.

This last prophecy is already realized, when ships are leaving New York weekly with cargoes of steel rails for Mexico and other countries, and we have a large and growing export of manufactures of iron and steel.

Nothing, therefore, is more certain than that, while the Dingley bill heaps more taxes upon the American people, and that at a time when their burdens ought to be lightened rather than increased, those taxes will go to increase the wealth of a small part of our people, in the main of those banded in corporations and trusts, and not to the relief of the public treasury. This last fact, unaccompanied by inequality of public burdens, would not involve any evil consequences, for the gov-

*These figures are from the December Summary of Finance and Commerce, corrected to February 1, 1897, and where they differ from previous figures must be taken as the latest Treasury revision.

ernment today has a revenue ample for its support on a basis of improved efficiency and of fair liberality. Nothing but the fact that for some years Congress legislated in the presence of a very considerable surplus income, which it was more anxious to get rid of by squandering than by reducing taxes, has raised our national expenditures to the present pitch of prodigality.

The patent weakness in our congressional system, as compared with the parliamentary systems of other countries, is that we have no organization and no individual, in either house, whose official duty it is to protect the treasury. Elsewhere "the government"—a committee representing the executive—prepares the budget and carefully balances income and outgo. No individual member can make a raid on the treasury, and no combination of individuals can upset that balance, except by overthrowing the government. In our House of Representatives there is one committee to raise revenue, and eight standing committees, without joint or several responsibility, to expend that revenue in regular appropriation bills; while still other committees, and individuals without number, are eager to get their hands into the public purse. The result is that our appropriation bills are loaded down with extravagance and jobbery, and that any retrenchment or reform that arouses the hostility of powerful private interests is becoming more and more impossible.

It remains but to summarize the antagonistic ideas on which the present law and the proposed law are framed; and this antagonism applies as well to the Senate substitute for the House bill as to the latter bill itself, for out of some compromise between these two will emerge any tariff law we are likely to have.

Generally speaking they are, first, the fundamental distinction between a revenue and a protective tariff; between duties levied on imported goods to produce income to the government, and duties levied on imported goods to keep them out of our markets, or to increase greatly the price at which they can enter and compete with like home products. Revenue duties carry some protection to home products, protective duties bring some revenue into the Treasury; but in each case this is an incident, not the prime object. Of course it is conceded that the law of 1894 contained many protective rates, especially in the amendments and changes inserted by the Senate, and that some of the duties in the new bill are revenue taxes.

From these antagonistic principles there necessarily flow two main differences in methods and subjects of taxation. Taxes for revenue are generally according to value, rising in amount with the value of the article taxed. Taxes for protection are, by preference and general practice, at least in this country, according to weight, quantity, number, and the like.

It seems too plain for argument that taxation according to value, which is the system prevailing in all the States, is the only just and equal system, and no less so when we are taxing the clothing and food of the people under a tariff than when we are taxing their houses, lands, goods, and chattels under State laws. A tax of five dollars an acre on all the land in New York State would confiscate the property of some and relieve others of their just share of taxation; would crush the poor farmer and practically exempt the city lot holder. Yet it is just this kind of specific taxation that is carefully adopted in our protective tariff, and has deliberately been pushed to an extreme in the Dingley Bill, never heretofore reached.

This not only operates to deprive the poorer classes of the use of many of the cheap and common necessaries of life, but, always, to tax those which they do consume immensely higher than the better articles, which the well to do are able to purchase. Thus the House or the Senate bill will operate not only to put genuine all wool clothing and underwear beyond the reach of the very poor, but to lay a far higher tax on a dollar's worth of ordinary woolen cloth, and still higher on a dollar's worth of cotton warp cloth, than on a dollar's worth of broadcloth.

But still worse is the cunning commingling of ad valorem and specific duties, especially in the woolen schedule, under the pretext of first paying back to the manufacturer the duties he has been

obliged to pay on his wool (which in most cases is more or less cotton) and then of protecting him against outside competition. Let me illustrate. A working man in New York wishes to buy ten pounds of women's and children's dress goods for his family. He selects goods weighing more than four ounces to the square yard, which enter the custom house at the appraised value of forty one cents a pound. Ten pounds of this material would be appraised at $4.10; duty under the present law forty per cent, or $1.64, making total cost, duty paid, $5.74. Under the Dingley Bill he will pay first, per pound, four times the duty imposed by that bill on a pound of unwashed wool of the first class, 44 cents, or in all $4.40; second, 15 cents per pound, or in all $1.50; and still additional, twenty per cent ad valorem, or 82 cents, making the entire duty $6.72, or the total cost of the ten pounds, duty paid, $10.82, as against $5.74 under the existing law. Under the Senate substitute he would pay first, per pound, 36 cents, or in all $3.60, and then 50 per cent ad valorem, $2.05, making the entire duty $5.65, which is within nine cents of the combined cost of goods and duty as the law now stands.

In the one case there is a plain, single, easily understood, and by no means light duty of 40 per cent; in the other a crafty cumulation of duties, now ad valorem and now specific, aggregating, when finally ciphered out, 163 per cent for the Dingley Bill, and 138 per cent for the Senate's schedule. And yet it is believed that the people of this country will placidly accept this merciless taxation on a necessary of life.

The second difference, which is even more important, can be merely outlined in the space at my command. Protection, conceding the right of all producers—at least of all who are politically or financially strong enough to make themselves felt in a campaign—taxes indiscriminately the materials of industry and the processes of production, gathering a cumulative weight of taxation, as just shown in the illustration of dress goods, on the finished product. This handicaps manufacturers from competing in neutral markets and confines them to the home market, which cannot give employment for our great textile and metal industries for more than half of their real productive capacity. Shielded by the tariff from foreign competitors, they combine among themselves to avoid home competition, and to limit their output to what our own people are able to consume, at the high prices they maintain by combination and the aid of the tariff. This is a war against laborer and consumer.

The law of 1894 was framed in the belief that with free access to the materials of industry, and moderate taxation, our manufacturers and working men could soon command their share of the world's markets; that no greater boon could be secured for the working man than a steady and growing market for his products, and that from every point of view, for all the country, trade was better than trusts. That belief has been splendidly and quickly justified. We have today a great and growing export of manufactures, which holds out unlimited promise for the future, unless it be throttled by the proposed legislation.

Let a few figures show. Exports of manufactures for the four years during which the McKinley Bill was in force averaged $167,000,000 a year; for the two years of the present law $206,000,000 a year, reaching for the year 1896 the unprecedented sum of $228,000,000, or 26.47 per cent of all our exports, or compared with $158,000,000, or 15.61 per cent, for the fiscal year 1892, the second year of the McKinley Bill.

The remark of a great American statesman that "the greatest want of civilized society is a market for the sale and exchange of the surplus of the produce of the labor of its members," was never as true of any people as it is true of the people of the United States today. We have a better promise than ever before of such a market. Our total exports for the calendar year 1896 reached the unprecedented sum of $1,005,000,000, as against $876,000,000 in the calendar year 1893. This is the dawn of that emancipation of American labor and American consumers from the corporate and trust domination prophesied by the framers of the law of 1894; a dawn whose brightness is already clouded by the threatened return to mad protection.

A WHITE SHIELD.

BY MYRTLE REED.

A crisis in the career of Joe Hayward—His search for the inspiration which his art had lacked, and the sudden revelation of the missing element in his life.

PEOPLE said that Joe Hayward's pictures "lacked something." No one was sure what it was. Even the critics, who know everything, were at a loss. Hayward himself worked hard; studying the masters, patiently correcting faults in color and perspective, and succeeding after a fashion. But he felt that art, in its highest and best sense, was utterly beyond him; there was a haunting, elusive something which was continually out of his reach.

Occasionally, when he sold a picture, he would give "a time" to a dozen artist chums from studios near by, as they did whenever fortune favored them; after which he would paint again, on and on, with a really tremendous perseverance.

At length he obtained permission to make an exhibition of his work in a single room at the Art Gallery. The pictures were only ten in number, and some of them were small, but they represented a hard year's work. When he superintended the hanging, on Saturday morning, he was more nearly happy than he had ever been in his life. The placard on the door, "The Hayward Exhibition Will Open Monday," filled him with pleasure. It was not a conceited feeling of importance, but rather a happy consciousness that he had done his best.

At last he was suited with the arrangement. The men went out with the ladders and wire, and he stood in the center of the room, contemplating the result. The landscape in the corner might be a little out of drawing, he thought, but the general public would not notice that. And the woman in white beside it, which he had christened "Purity," certainly showed to very good advantage. He remembered very well the day he had put the finishing touches upon it, after the night of revelry in which he had helped Jennings and a dozen other fellows from neighboring studios to celebrate the sale of Jennings' "Study of a Head," and how he had thought at the time that he, who spent such nights, had no business to paint a figure like this of "Purity."

As he turned to leave the room, he saw a gray gowned young woman, who evidently did not know that the pictures were not as yet upon public view. She passed him as she came in, with a rustle of silken skirts and a cooling odor of violets. Seeing the key of the room in his hand, she turned to him and said:

"Pardon me, but can you tell me whose pictures these are?"

"These are Hayward's," he replied.

"Hayward," she repeated after him, as if the name were wholly new to her.

"Hayward is a young artist and of purely local reputation," he explained. "This is his first public exhibition."

She surveyed the collection without any strong show of pleasure, until he remarked, "You don't seem to think much of his beginning."

She was prompt in her answer. "No, I do not. They seem to lack something."

He sighed inwardly. That old, old "something"! Hayward's pictures all "lacked something," as was commonly said of them; but what that something was, his intimates, his fellow artists, were not the kind to know.

"What is it, do you think?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied slowly. "If one knew the man, one might be able to tell."

For the first time she looked him full in the face. He saw nothing but her eyes, clear and honest, reading him through and through.

"Yes," he answered, "if you knew the man, I think you could tell."

"I'm not at all sure," she laughed. "It's only a fancy of mine."

Drawing a watch from her belt, she looked surprised and turned away. He listened until the silken rustle had completely ceased. Then he too went out. On the stair he found a handkerchief. It was edged with lace, delicately scented with violet, and minutely marked in the corner: "Constance Grey."

On Sunday night the studio building where Hayward and others painted glowed with light. The morrow's opening of "The Hayward Exhibition" was being celebrated with "a time" at the expense of the artist. Glasses clinked and the air was heavy with smoke. Two women from a vaudeville theater near by made merry upon an impromptu stage. Everybody was happy, except Hayward. The owner of the handkerchief was in his mind. He felt that those eyes of hers, gray, deep, and tender, though they were, might blaze with anger at a scene like this. The handkerchief had no place in such an atmosphere. He went over to his bookcase and put it between the leaves of his Tennyson, smiling as he caught the words on the opposite page:

> A man had given all other bliss
> And all his worldly worth for this,
> To waste his whole heart in one kiss
> Upon her perfect lips.

Her handkerchief would feel more at home there, though, as he closed the book, he wondered what she would say.

A quick eye had followed him, and soon afterward its owner, Jennings, took occasion to examine the volume. He waved the handkerchief aloft triumphantly. "Heigho, fellows! Hayward's got a new mark for his clothes! Look here—'Constance Grey'!"

Hayward was shaken with a mingled shame and anger that he could not explain, even to himself. The words and tone with which he bade his friend put the little thing back where he had found it were as hot as they were foolish. For a moment the two friends faced each other; then Jennings apologized and then Hayward. In sparkling champagne they drank to good fellowship again. But the incident was not without a certain subtle effect upon the celebration, and at one o'clock Hayward sat alone by his easel, his head buried in his hands, a dainty handkerchief upon his lap, and before him the rapidly sketched outline of a face.

He knew now why Jennings had angered him. The shaft of light from a woman's eyes, which once strikes deep into the soul of every man, had at last come home to him.

The "opening" was auspicious. Wealth and art alike were well represented. One of the most important pictures was marked "Sold" before the evening was over, and everybody congratulated the artist upon his good fortune. In praise of his art very little was said that did not somehow carry in it, however silently, the old drawback, the implication of something lacking; still, exultation ran rife in his veins. There were throngs of beautiful women there, and he was the center of it all.

Toward the end of the evening, a lady who had once sat for a portrait came up to him.

"Mr. Hayward," she said, "I want you to know my niece."

He followed her into the next room, where a young lady sat on a divan. Her gray eyes were lifted to his face, and then suddenly lowered in confusion.

"Mr. Hayward," she said, "I am so much ashamed!" And when he tried to reassure her, she answered, "Let's not talk about it; it's too humiliating."

So they spoke of other things. He learned that she had come from a distant city to visit relatives, and the aunt invited him to call upon them. Friday afternoon came at last, and Miss Grey and her aunt were at home. Other Fridays followed, and other days which served as well as Fridays. It was seldom that the girl looked him in the face; but when she did so, he felt himself confessed before her—a man with no right to touch even the hem of her garment, yet honoring her with every fiber of his being.

They were much together, and Constance took a frank enjoyment in his friendship. He made every effort to please her, and one day they went into the country. Constance was almost childishly happy, but the seeming perfection of her happiness distressed him

when he learned that in a very few days she was to sail for Europe, pass the summer and autumn in travel, and spend the winter in Paris.

At length they sat down under a gnarled oak tree and watched the light upon the river and in the sky. After some moments of silence Hayward spoke.

"I think you know the man now. Will you tell me what his pictures lack?"

She hesitated. "I do not know the man well enough to say, but I will give you my art creed and let you judge for yourself. I believe that a man's art is neither more nor less than the expression of himself, and that, in order to obtain an exalted expression, his first business is with himself. Wrong living blunts, and eventually destroys, the fundamental sense of right and wrong without which a noble art is impossible. When a man's art is true, it is because he himself is true. The true artist must be a man first and an artist afterward."

Hayward took her admonition with a worshiper's meekness. Their conversation ended with his declaration that he would not paint again until he had something in himself worthy to put into the picture.

"You'll help me, won't you?" he asked.

Her eyes filled. "Indeed I will, if I only can."

He went home with love's fever in his veins. She had promised to help him, and surely there was only one way. He wrote her a hasty note, and an hour later his messenger brought her reply:

Believe me, I never dreamed of this, and you know what my answer must be; but I do not need to tell you that whatever honest friendship can offer is already yours.

With deep regret, I am as ever,
CONSTANCE GREY.

The grim humor of the thing stunned him momentarily and he laughed harshly. Then he flung himself down in a passion of grief. In the morning he took pen and paper again, after a night of sleepless distress.

You cannot mean what you say. That white, womanly soul of yours must wake to love me some day. You have stood between me and the depths, and there has been no shame in the life that I offer you since you came into it. Oh, you perfect thing, you perfect thing, you don't know what you are to me! Constance, let me come!

The answer was promptly forthcoming:

I cannot promise what you ask, but you may come and see me if you wish.

Pale with expectancy, Hayward was only the ghost of himself when the servant admitted him. He had waited but a moment when Constance entered the room in the gown in which he had seen her first. He rose to meet her, but she came and sat down beside him.

"Listen," she said, "and I will tell you how I feel. I am twenty five, and I have never 'cared.' I do not believe that I ever shall care, for the love that we read of is almost incomprehensible to me. You cannot marry such a woman."

His answer was fervent; his words crowded one upon another in a vehement flood, and his voice was low and hoarse with pent up passion as he implored her to believe in him, trust him, be his wife—kneeling at her feet and kissing her hands in abject humility.

It was very hard to say what she must. With an effort she rose and drew away from him. "I must be true to myself and to you," she said, "and I can say nothing but the old, bitter no."

White and wretched, he went away; leaving her, white and wretched, behind him.

For days and weeks thereafter, Hayward painted busily. Jennings went to see him one afternoon.

"Look here, old fellow," he said, "what's the matter? I know I was ungentlemanly about the handkerchief, but that is no reason why you should cut us all this way. Can't you forget about it?"

"Why, Jennings, old boy, I haven't cut anybody."

"No, but you've tired of us, and you can't hide it. Come down the river with us tonight. The fellows have got a yacht, and we'll have supper on board with plenty of champagne. Won't you come?"

Hayward was seriously tempted. He knew what the "time" would mean—the ecstasy of it and the dull penalties which would follow. But that day by the river came into his memory; a sweet, sunlit face, and a woman's voice saying to him, "When a man's art is true, it is because he himself is true."

"Jennings," he said, "do I look like a

man who would make good company at a champagne supper? You know what's the matter with me. Why don't you just sensibly drop me?"

Jennings begged and mocked and bullied, all in a good natured way, but his friend was firm. When he went out, Hayward locked the studio door and drew his half finished picture from behind a curtain.

"She was right," he said to himself.

Constance sailed. He dreamed of his picture as being hung in the Salon, and of her seeing it there. By and by it was finished, but the artist's strength was gone, and his physician ordered him away from his work.

When he returned, restored to health, the picture was placed on exhibition. Crowds thronged to the gallery, columns and pages were written in its praise, and astonishing prices were offered for it, but the picture was not for sale. It, too, crossed the water, and the dream he had dreamed came true.

When Constance looked upon Hayward's painting, her heart leaped as though it would leave her breast. White, radiant, and glorified, it was she herself who stood in the center of the picture. That self reliant, fearless pose seemed to radiate an infinite calm. Behind her raged the powers of darkness, utterly helpless to pass the line on which she stood. Her face seemed to illumine the shadows around her; her figure was instinct with grace and strength. Below the picture was the name: "A White Shield."

The beauty of the conception dawned upon her slowly. Pale and trembling she stood there, forgetful of place and the throngs around her. At length she knew what she meant to him; that his art at last rang true because he had loved her enough to be a man for her sake.

She dared not linger before it then, but she came again when the place was empty, and stood before her lover's work like one in a dream. The fiends in the shadow showed her the might of the temptations he had fought down. She gazed at her own glorified face until her eyes filled with tears. With a great throb which was almost pain, Constance woke to the knowledge that she loved him, even as he loved her; well enough to stand between him and danger till she herself should fall.

The old gray guard, passing through the room, saw her upturned face in that moment of exaltation. It was the same that he saw in the picture above, and he quietly went away to wait until Constance came out, her face flushed and her eyes shining like stars, before he locked the door.

That night the cable trembled with a message to America. It reached Hayward the next morning as he sat reading the morning paper. The envelope fluttered unheeded to the floor, and his face grew tender as he read the few words which told him that his picture had rewarded his love.

"Wait," he said to the messenger boy. Hurriedly he wrote the answer: "Sail next steamer"—then, utterly oblivious of the additional expense, he added another word, which must have been very expressive, for Constance turned crimson when it reached her—perhaps because the discerning genius who copies cablegrams in typewriting had put the last word in capitals, thinking that the message came from a Mr. Darling.

FIELD FLOWERS.

The simple, little wayside rose
To me is sweeter far,
And more begirt with grace, than those
From sheltered gardens are.
And vagrant shreds of homeless song
May keener pleasures hold
Than to the grander bards belong,
Though bound in silk and gold.

Nixon Waterman.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF ART.

BY CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

The United States Commissioner of Labor points out that the influence of art is not confined to its own world, but is supremely important and beneficent in every sphere of human industry —How art has inspired and guided the progress of civilization.

"A TALENT for any art is rare; but it is given to nearly every one to cultivate a taste for art; only it must be cultivated with earnestness. The more things thou learnest to know and to enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living."

The last sentence in this quotation from the German artist poet Platen, with which Lübke opens his "History of Art," gives the gist of the whole discussion of the relation of art to social well being. Well being may be defined as a state of life which secures, or tends toward, happiness; it comprehends physical as well as moral welfare. Social well being, therefore, means a state of life which best fits one for society, for companionship with our fellows. Friendly relations must be regarded, and all the fine instincts of men subserved, as also their capacity, not merely to enjoy themselves in high and pure ways, but to bring the highest and purest enjoyment to those with whom they mingle. In other words, social well being means social morality, and this can be secured only by the practice of the purest ethics, the laws of right living.

So the relation of art to social well being resolves itself at once into certain simple questions. Does art, in any of its forms, stimulate ethical conduct? Does it induce the moral state that is essential to happy relations in society? Does it awaken slumbering possibilities? Does it induce intellectual activity? Does it bring members of society to realize that deep, true religious life, which after all concerns happiness more than any other one element, by teaching love to our neighbors, by making sacrifice easy, by stirring the soul to the loftiest contemplation of creative power? In short, does art help to make the true man and the true woman?

These questions must be considered from a sociological standpoint, comprehending the whole range of art as it enters into the industries and the amenities of life. We must keep in view the idea that it is in man's spiritual nature, as it is now expressing itself in his social activities, that the true relation of art to social well being is to be found; for we must conclude that art has its positive influence not only in developing character, but in making life sweeter, better, and more useful.

This influence is shown, too, in the application of art to industry. It is there that we recognize the power of the industrial arts in fitting men for social relationship. The average life is influenced quite as much by the industrial arts as by any of the creations of purely artistic genius; in fact, I sometimes feel that in the ordinary, every day powers which enter into the great manufacturing, mechanical, and engineering pursuits, there is an embodiment of the highest genius which has a moral influence, and at times something even beyond this—an influence that may be called religious in its bearing.

One need not discuss the distinctions between creative or imaginative art, for all things in art, whether creative or imaginative, which in any sense stimulate innocent emotion, are good in themselves and beneficial in their influences. There is nothing progressive that does not come from some form of art, or from some expression of the creative power.

Every work of creative art is a revelation of divine beauty; hence it is of the

deepest significance to religion, and to every element of social well being. Even the lowest forms of artistic expression, so long as they embody art ideas at all, are beneficial. Especially among the common people is this true. The cheap prints that adorn the humblest homes have an uplifting influence, and must be considered as positive evidence of the existence of an aspiration to something better.

The line of march from savage existence to civilized life is marked all along the way with progressive developments of art ideas. When the savage adorns himself with crude ornaments, no matter how crude, even to the tattooed painting of the most barbarous man, he is giving evidence of an aspiration after the beautiful. No matter how crude or ugly his work may appear to the cultivated taste, to the savage it is art and beauty, and he fancies that he is making himself more presentable, more attractive in the eyes of his fellows. It is the infantile expression of the inherent love of art, and as the savage gets away from his primitive notions, whether expressed in the adornment of his person, in the colors of his coarse blanket, in the pictures on the bark walls of his hut, or in the ornamentation upon the head of his weapon—no matter what form this inherent element of his being takes for its expression, there it is that we find the foundation of all art.

These expressions of the savage take the form of industrial art as well as of creative art. Advancing along the line of dawning civilization, we find crude images of the individual, made, perhaps, to serve as reminders of friends, or to perpetuate the conceited barbarian's idea of his own physical perfection. Music, too, the purest of all fine arts, has its beginning in the same natural instinct.

Cheap reproductions of art works help to educate and beautify the lives of the masses of the people. A few weeks ago, in riding up town in New York on the elevated road, I happened to sit beside a shop girl; at least, her coarse clothing and rough hands indicated that she came from the shops. Her whole attention, however, was engaged in studying a popular magazine, and my curiosity was excited to the extent of watching her face and learning the subject which was attracting her. I found that she was reading an article relative to some of the great works of our best artists, and in studying the engravings which accompanied it. At the cost of a dime, she was bringing into her life, at the close of her day's labor, the company of the world's greatest artistic geniuses. She was forgetting her hard lot, and drinking in some of the inspiration which enables the artist to bring forth his highest creation; she was ennobling her own mind by the ennobling influences of the work of others; she was fitting herself to insist that in her own home surroundings there should be something to cheer, something to attract, something to inspire; and I believe that could she have been followed to that home, there would have been found some evidences of art production, cheap it may be, possibly common, but nevertheless a sure indication of the existence, in her own soul, of an aspiration after something higher than the drudgery which she was compelled to follow.

I was once telling a little boy of some of the fine buildings in foreign cities, and I attempted to describe them, when he met me with the remark, "Oh, I know just how they look. Tell me about the folks." He knew the beauty of the architecture of Parliament House; he knew the shape and form of St. Paul's; he was familiar with the outlines of the Hotel de Ville; Venice was no stranger to him. This knowledge of the architecture of the world had come to him through cheap reproductions, the results of an inventive art which brings to the commonest understanding the beauties of the world.

A few years ago, in talking with a stove manufacturer, I learned that he had just paid a well known sculptor five thousand dollars to design a kitchen stove. The manufacturer was obliged to meet the popular demand in the production of his goods, and he found that his stoves must be of a pattern that would not offend the eye of the day laborer. It was a striking evidence of the growth of artistic taste among the masses of our people.

The nation, the States, and municipal governments, in this and other lands, are constantly erecting things of beauty—statues of celebrated men, public build-

ings decorated with costly designs. All this shapes public taste; it may not always be in the most purely artistic direction, but it shapes public taste for something beyond the carpenter's architecture which we find in rural sections, or the plain painting of the ordinary building. It teaches us to demand that our libraries, capitols, public halls, and churches shall be works of art. The result is seen in such structures as the Boston Public Library, with its splendid ornamentation; the Corcoran Art Gallery, which in itself is a poem; and that most magnificent of all buildings in this or any land, the new Congressional Library at Washington. It is this that makes the common man insist that if he is to purchase a kitchen stove, it shall be artistic.

During the World's Fair at Chicago, four years ago, a friend of mine, who was visiting a relative in the southern portion of Illinois, advised his host to see the exposition, but the answer was: "No, we have had cattle fairs in Shelby County that can beat anything they can put up in Chicago; I do not propose to spend my money on any ordinary affairs." However, the worthy farmer was finally prevailed upon to visit Chicago, and my friend had the shrewdness to take him to the exposition by the water route from the city. Coming up from the pier. he was first introduced to the artistic magnificence of the White City. As he entered the Court of Honor, with the sunlight bringing out all its beauty, he suddenly stopped, and, raising his hands, said with an oath; "I don't believe it!"

It dawned on that man, for the first time in his experience, that things could be created out of the minds of men; that there was something that did not grow; that nature was not all; that God had endowed his children with creative souls, as well as with souls for worship, and with hands for work. There was an expansion in the man's mind the effects of which would never cease to influence him. It is this creative faculty which, as I have said, appeals to the soul always.

I used to feel that it was mere idolatry, or absence of refined mentality, that led the Spanish or Italian peasant to kneel before the image of the Virgin Mother. A deeper appreciation of the aspirations of the human soul has removed that feeling from my mind. When I see an ignorant worshiper kneeling in prayerful attitude before an image, however crude, I come to the conclusion that there is the evidence of a divine aspiration; and more, that the Virgin Mary embodies the creative source of existence, and thus comes nearer to the common appreciation as an object of worship than can the purely abstract idea of a Supreme Being. The peasant can realize and bring into his own heart the whole idea of the Mother, when he could not, even with the estheticism of religious devotion, reach the God of the theologians. It has been through the innumerable representations of the Madonna, as brought out in the most common forms, as well as in the masterpieces of creative art, that religion has received in many lands its most stimulating influence.

I speak of the common man so frequently because the social unrest of the present time hinges upon this very development of the masses through the presence of educational forces, among which we must reckon art in every form, whether the fine arts, including music, or the industrial arts. The demands of the wage earner of today are not for subsistence, as formerly. Under the old rule of the iron law of wages, which gave to the working man simply enough in the way of food and raiment and shelter to preserve the working machine from impairment, the contest was for this sufficiency, and no more; but through the influence of civilization, as represented by education, as stimulated by invention, as fostered by art, the demand is for spiritualizing influences beyond and above the mere necessaries of existence.

It is this demand, more than any other cause, which brings the social unrest—or the discontent, if you please—of the present time. We are none of us content with our condition, and it is a wise Providence that makes us so. It is only through the knowledge that we are going forward, that we are progressing, that we possess higher aspirations, that safety is to be found. Discontent means the desire for higher things, it means the growing demands of labor, it means the mov-

ing spirit of progress everywhere. Without it the world would stand still; with it the world moves on, and humanity is ever securing higher and nobler standards of living.

The girl studying her copy of MUNSEY'S and by it stimulating the desire for something better than her shop life; the Shelby County farmer visiting the Court of Honor, and thus having awakened in him the desire for a better life than he had lived on his prairie farm; the boys and girls in the cottages of the country people learning of the triumphs of architecture, of the world of art—all become restless and, in a sense, discontented. So some pessimist, who sees no utility in art beyond its commercial value, who loves not music and the beautiful, may ask, "Do not these aspirations result in unhappiness, in the reverse of social well being, in dangerous discontent?"

To this question I must answer no, most emphatically. It is a divine discontent, broadening all the attributes of man, fitting him for better and greater achievements, and bringing him out of a contentment which simply means inaction, inertness.

Were man contented with his lot forever,
He had not sought strange seas with sails unfurled;
And the vast wonder of our shores had never
Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.

Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented;
There is a healthful restlessness of soul
By which a mighty purpose is augmented,
In urging men to reach a higher goal.

Life is better with these things, even from the utilitarian point of view, for they stimulate industry, and industry and poverty are seldom yokefellows. They stimulate employment of the mind, which is an essential to good morals. They foster the very best elements of a moral community, by awakening the desire for the highest kind of employment—that requiring the most application, the best intellectual effort. If it were not so, continued employment at crude, muscular labor would be the very best for mankind—a theory which no one will defend. Something spiritual must enter into our every day life, or we are savages.

When Mr. Pullman built the town named after him, now a part of Chicago, he beautified the place with parks and artistic surroundings. I asked him if he proposed to help his tenants in the adornment of their dwellings. He said, "No; if a family moves in with old, tumble down furniture, they soon see the incongruity of their house arrangements in comparison with the adornments around them; and," he went on, "I have noticed that soon they begin to arrange their affairs in harmony with the place itself." By this means his employees and their families were trained to an appreciation of artistic things, and were enabled to live cleaner and more wholesome lives.

Invention, and the development of the industrial arts, have raised those coming under their influence to a higher intellectual level, to a more comprehensive understanding of all that makes for the best culture. Every new machine marks some progress in useful art, and it usually embodies something more than mere utility. There is a beauty in the movement of great powers that has a reflex action upon the beholder; for there is nothing more impressive than the sight of mighty mechanical constructions. To me, as a layman, the highest creative art enters into such construction—not the art, it may be, that paints a grand picture or decorates a cathedral; but an art that bespeaks no less clearly the divine attributes of the mind that conceived it.

A ten thousand ton steamship, a tenth of a mile in length, moving over and through the waters, is an example of what I mean. When we behold it, we are taught something of omnipotent power, of the all pervading intelligence which swings the planets through their orbits; we have a better realization of the supreme mechanism of the universe, for we witness the working of laws that have been comprehended and applied. You who have stood in the presence of the triple expansion engines that move the ocean steamship, can realize this poetic conception of working powers.

A few years ago, after Walter Smith had been applying his principles in this country, I noticed in the shop windows of some of our Eastern cities a display of novel designs in carpets, and curiosity led me to ask the proprietor from whence

they came. He informed me that they came from some of the American schools of design. Here, again, artistic development had accomplished something toward beautifying the homes of the common people. The rich can always secure the very best and most beautiful coverings for their floors. The poor desire to imitate the rich, but for them there must be designs worked out in such a way that they can be obtained at a reasonble price. And this is not the only benefit of such an industrial departure. People are employed in occupations of a higher grade; their wages are increased; their standard of living is raised proportionately, and their social well being is enhanced.

Statistics show that the number of people employed in the lower grades of work—common, unskilled labor—is constantly narrowing in proportion to the whole population, while the number employed in labor which involves more trained skill, artistic taste, and the higher mental qualities, is constantly expanding. This is emphatic evidence of the utility of intellectual development; and so far as industry is concerned, intellectual development must proceed along the lines of artistic construction. Thus it is through the influence of the arts that the condition of the masses improves, and that wages are increased as time goes by. In this increase there are, of course, temporary derangements; but in the long sweep of years the rewards of labor are constantly growing, and are bringing into common, every day life things that make for comfort, for happiness, and for the cultivation of a love of the beautiful—giving the people the opportunity to learn, to know, to enjoy, and, as Platen says, to make their lives more complete and full with the delight of living.

If industry today had nothing more to do than the furnishing of the simple necessities of human life, it would have little field for expansion, and would offer meager opportunities for employment. Life would be a burden, so dull and monotonous would it be. Trade, as we understand it, would cease, and commerce become a thing practically unknown. But industry flourishes because it is not limited to the production of things that are needed for food, raiment, and shelter. It is because art has come in to increase the wants of the race that trade and commerce flourish. Art carries industry beyond our actual wants, and calls upon it to supply those things which make for social progress. The future expansion of industry and of commerce, the future elevation in the character of the employment of all classes, the increase of their earning capacity, the opportunity of increasing the standard of their environment—all depend upon the cultivation of the industrial arts.

Looking beyond this, industrial art is a source of wealth. Fine art itself is a wealth producer. The payment of ten or fifty thousand dollars for a painting enriches the community in which the artist lives. There has been something added in the way of treasure to a country's assets by the productions of its artistic genius. The very presence of great pictures is a local benefit. Take the Sistine Madonna from Dresden, rob Paris of the Louvre, despoil London of its National Gallery or Antwerp of its Rubens collection, take the Art Museum out of Boston, destroy the galleries which are growing up so richly in our Western cities, and you have depreciated the commercial value of all these places.

Industrial art and a thorough appreciation of the fine arts enable the community that cultivates them to compete successfully with the community that neglects them. All these things—the expansion of industry, the commercial importance of art, the knowledge of its real value—certainly contribute, and largely, too, to the well being of the individual. The rich, by their generous contributions in establishing art galleries, are doing something more than building monuments to themselves. They are offering to the poor man the means of improving the leisure earned by his hard labor, and giving him an opportunity to find cultured occupation.

But leaving the influence of art, whether we think of the fine arts or of industrial art and its tendency to raise the standard of living, are there not grander themes to be considered, phases of the subject which fit all conditions, high or low, influences that uplift everywhere,

under all conditions? We might consider the influence of architecture itself as a phase of art. In its highest forms, architecture has echoed religious enthusiasm, has stood for the devotion of men, has represented their aspirations and their desire to dedicate them to a Supreme Being.

Another phase of the subject attracts me, and that is what might be called humanity in art. Painting, to be the means of bringing truth home to the people, must be made for them. It must come from their midst, must be the fruit of their own labor, and must have elements in it that appeal, not to the head, but to the heart. It must leave an impression of something sublime, but always human. However much classicism may have impressed the cultured few, the masses have not been in sympathy with it. So, too, there has been at times, and perhaps everywhere—I am not artist enough to speak with authority—a breaking away from romanticism. New ideas have sprung up, and the people have been finding that they, too, are human beings possessing souls and noble thoughts; and to this, the highest realm of the productions of art, the painters who have found the warmest place in the hearts of men have contributed their work.

Inspiration, ideality of form, were not sufficient; there must be sentiment, emotion, imagination; and hence nature, with the men who come nearest the hearts and souls of their fellows, becomes the source of inspiration. The love of man, with all his joys and sorrows, must be found in art, and so it is the personality which some have painted into their works that constitutes their charm; for who does not enjoy coming face to face with the man through the medium of his art? When standing before a Millet, one feels his own heart being drawn irresistibly out to meet the artist, and has a sensation as of some unseen presence watching and communing with him.

When we consider this question of humanity in art, we find that men of the stamp of Millet are the strongest moral teachers, men to whom the hardships of life appealed most, and who saw beauty of the truest type in the humblest peasant. They painted the life of the poor because they lived with the poor, and bore their burdens. There is something divine in their creations. Millet's father and mother were peasants. It was in the very air he breathed that he should have a deep reverence for them, and because he knew them so well he could see about them a grandeur which others never saw. Those who study his works can see that he was possessed with a love for what he drew that is almost beyond one's power of comprehending, save as he, by his mysterious influence, brings one to see as he sees and reverence as he reverences. Stranahan says, in speaking of the marks of earnest, dutiful lives in Millet's peasants, "that it seems meet that He who bore the mission of the Merciful Father to earth, should have had His origin in that class." He painted a religion—not a religion of creeds and dogmas only, but the religion of a true hearted man meeting with his God in nature, in the lowly people, in everything; and as Grace Duncan Dwight says, in "Humanity in Art," one looking at the "Angelus" must feel a thrill of heavenly reverence that makes him half divine.

So such creations stimulate religious life, for where in all art are uplifting influences depicted so powerfully as in the creations of the masters? One might ask, then, does art make religion, or has religion created art? What matters it? Without art religion would be a slow growth, although it is acknowledged the mother of arts; for religion reared the temples that make Egypt venerable, and shaped the marbles that made Greece renowned. Religion, as Dr. Hedge says in "Ways of the Spirit," lighted the eyes of the Sistine Virgin, unrolled the "Divina Commedia," and inspired the strains of Handel and Bach, but it found in the souls of men the power to receive the inspiration and to transfer it to the beholders.

Art in all its forms, as expressed to the eye, to the heart, and to the soul of divine inspiration, has contributed more to social well being than any other force that can be named. It has made the plain beautiful; it has made nature something more than nature itself. To quote from a well known sketch of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's:

"There is a quality which one never

sees in nature until she has been rough handled by man and has outlived the usage. It is the picturesque. In the deep recesses of the primeval forest, along the mountain slope, and away up the tumbling brook, nature may be majestic, beautiful, and even sublime; but she is never picturesque. This quality comes only after the axe and the saw have let the sunlight into the dense tangle and scattered the falling timber, or the round of the water wheel has divided the rush of the brook."

In fact, the picturesque does not come until art has shaped the surroundings. The implements named by Mr. Smith may be crude as the tools of art, but they are the implements which have made the way for art to assert itself. Nature is not art, and the painter who simply contents himself with imitating it is not the genius that influences the world. This is left to the creative genius who, taking his thought, perhaps, from nature itself, from spiritual things, from religious ideas, from forms, creeds, and ceremonies, embodies the creation of his own soul in such a way as to carry its inspiration to another.

It is in gazing upon the works of the creative artists of the world that our mind takes on something of divinity. This thought has been well expressed in verse by Byron, in his description of a church in "Childe Harold." The influence which he speaks of comes to us when we stand in the presence of some mighty work of human genius. Let us approach; let us enter the church, and we shall find that our hearts are expanded, our sentiments elevated, our intellects brightened.

> Enter; its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
> And why? It is not lessened, but thy mind,
> Expanded by the genius of the spot,
> Has grown colossal.

CELIA'S RETURN.

THERE'S a winier taste to the air of the morn,
And the flush on the apple has grown;
There's a cheerier toss to the tassels of corn,
And the brook has a merrier tone;
There's a livelier lilt in the breeze as it blows,
The bird has a gladsomer glee,
And the marigold glows like a Marshal Niel rose,
Now Celia's come back from the sea!

How her garden expands at the touch of her hands!
The marigold bourgeons anew;
The zinnia, dreaming of orient lands,
Grows prouder in height and of hue.
The aster opes wider the fluff of its ring,
Pent petals fly suddenly free;
Each blossoming thing feels a freshness like spring
Now Celia's come back from the sea!

The sweet heliotrope, like a presage of hope,
Exhales a more precious perfume;
And the great primrose stalks by the box bordered walks
Are hung with small moons in the gloom;
And once more the retreat where we two used to meet
Is paradise arbor to me;
At the old trysting hour blooms her face like a flower
Now Celia's come back from the sea!

Clinton Scollard.

WHERE CHARLES LAMB STILL LIVES.

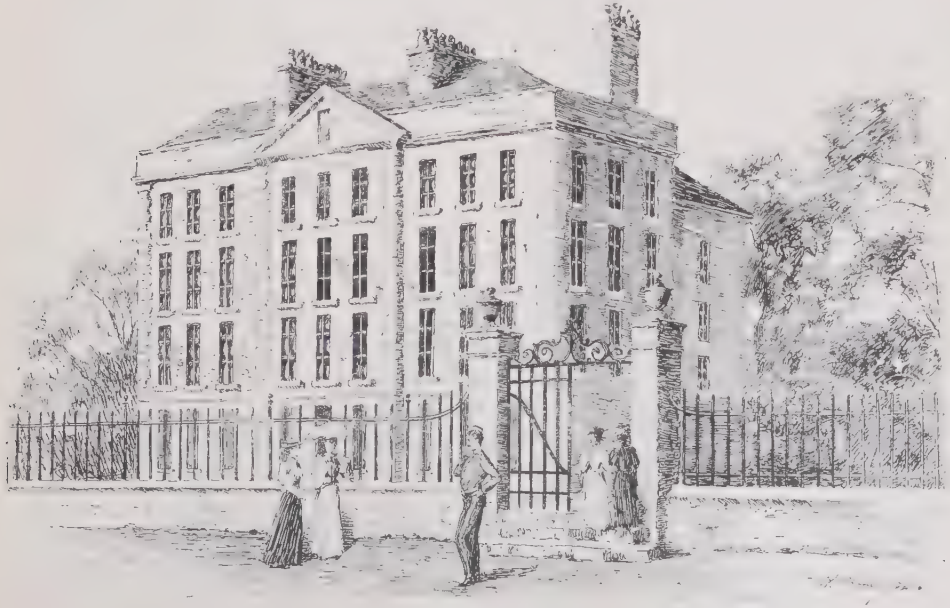
The scenes in and around London forever associated with the writings and the personality of the famous essayist and his sister, and with the pathetic story of their clouded lives.

THE Temple, about whose walls and gardens hang so many memories, was the birthplace of one of the sweetest spirits in all the history of English literature; one who not only was the ablest critic, the gentlest humorist, and the most finished essayist of his own and many succeeding "times," but possessed a combination of lovable and honorable characteristics that made him notable both as a man and as a factor in the annals of letters.

For many years, Charles and Mary Lamb, the brother and sister who were so much together in their lives that they can scarcely be disassociated, lived in the Inner Temple, with the shades of Fielding, Goldsmith, Johnson, Congreve, and perhaps with some premonition of the men who were to come there after them. They were born in the Temple, and the love of it stayed with them both as long as they lived.

It was in Crown Office Row, looking out on Inner Temple Lane, that Charles Lamb was born, in February, 1775. His father, John Lamb, was a clerk to Samuel Salt, a kindly gentleman who was always fond of the Lamb children, and let them roam through his rooms as if they were their own. Here the boy and girl, hardly more than babies, "tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, and browsed at will on that fair and wholesome pasturage."

The two were always together, although Mary was several years the elder, and from his very birth took care of "the weakly, pretty babe," as she described him in later years. Their first real separation, and Charles' first bitter parting from the sweet old Temple Gardens, came



CROWN OFFICE PLACE, TEMPLE—THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLES LAMB.

Drawn by William Thomson.

when he went away to school at Christ's Hospital, to which Mr. Salt had secured his admission. But here Lamb was to form friendships that lasted him his lifetime, for Coleridge and Leigh Hunt were among his fellow pupils.

Lamb was then a little more than seven, and he seems to have been such a winning child, notwithstanding his weakness and his little stammer, that he was petted by every master and boy in the school. All his life long he was hampered by the fact that he was so magnetic to other people that he never had any time to himself. To Coleridge, in particular, "the inspired charity boy," he appears to have always been a most soothing influence, although he was three years younger. He gave to the morbid, lonely boy, who grew into the morbid, lonely man, an affection, a respect, and a reverence which were like balm to the other's torn spirit.

At the Christ's Hospital of today they have a group in silver, composed of the figures of Coleridge, Lamb, and Middleton, who became Bishop of Calcutta. This memorial passes from ward to ward each year, according to merit. Each year, too, there is given a "Charles Lamb Prize"—a medal with the profile of Lamb on one side, and on the other the arms of the hospital surrounded by a laurel wreath. Very fittingly, it is given to the best English essayist among the boys.

Lamb left school at fifteen, ignorant of almost everything but the English classics, which were always his delight—his "midnight darlings," as he called them. His holidays were passed with his grandmother Field, who was the housekeeper of the Plumer family, at Blakeware, in Hertfordshire. Theirs was a beautiful old mansion, with turrets and gables and great iron gates. Lamb wrote of it long afterward, and said: "Every plank and panel of it had magic for me." He used to go to church in Widford, through the churchyard where his grandmother's gravestone may still be seen under the spreading elms.

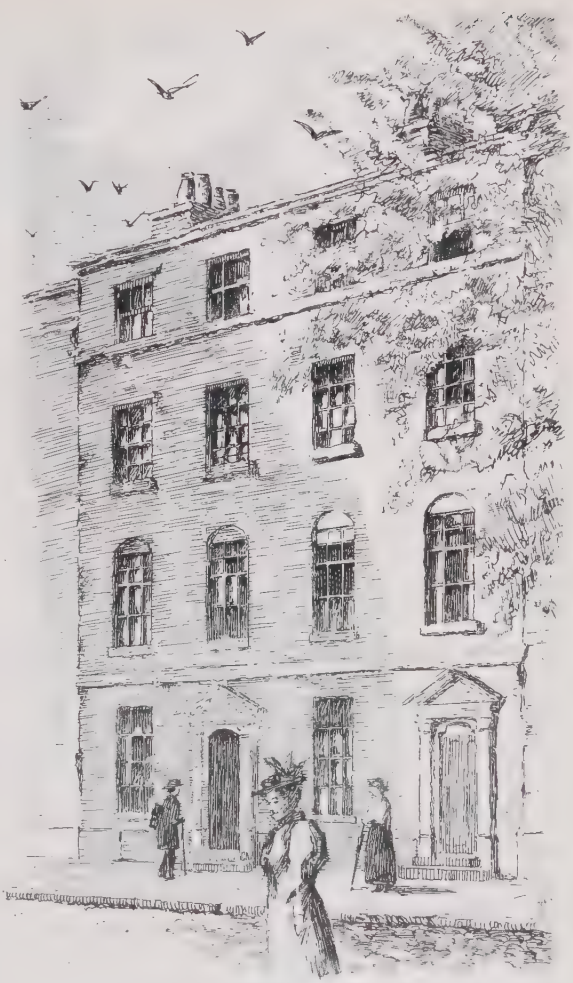
THE MANSE, CHARLES LAMB'S HOUSE AT ENFIELD.
Drawn by William Thomson.

But Widford is chiefly notable as the place where *Rosamund Gray* lived. Her name was Ann Simmons, and he used to meet her during his holiday visits to his grandmother. Her cottage is still shown to strangers. It is of her, too, that he must have been thinking in his sonnets when he speaks of his "fancied wander-

ings with a fair haired maid." But this was only the faint shadow of a boyish romance.

At sixteen Charles was at work in the East India House, placed again by the kindness of Samuel Salt. His father had succumbed to that fatal brain malady which was the black shadow over the lives of his children, and was helpless and imbecile. Charles was compelled to be the chief bread winner of the family. Perhaps it was this, combined with the sweetness of his nature, which kept him from the Bohemian tendencies of other men of genius of his time. And upon this mere boy there was soon to come one of the greatest cares that could be laid upon a human soul.

After the death of Mr. Salt, in 1792, the Lambs moved to Number 7 Little Queen Street, Holborn. The site of the house is now occupied by Trinity Church, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was here that they lived in 1796, when the shocking tragedy occurred. The family was very poor, and early in that year Charles had fallen for a brief time into the disease which was killing his father, and had been confined for six weeks in a madhouse. This was a terrible blow to his sister, who had always suffered more or less from melancholia. During his absence she was obliged to support the family with her needle. The strain was too great, and her mind gave way. One evening, when the Lamb family were preparing for dinner, Mary, in a sudden frenzy, took up a knife and wounded her mother fatally.



NO. 7 LITTLE QUEEN STREET, WHERE LAMB LODGED AS A YOUNG MAN.

Drawn by William Thomson.

As she had always been a most affectionate daughter, there was only one possible verdict—insanity. It meant practical separation for the brother and sister, for life. But Charles could not accept such a calamity, and after tremendous effort, this boy of twenty two, with an income of five hundred dollars a year, succeeded in obtaining from the authorities permission to keep his sister with him, offering and pledging his lifelong guardianship.

Many times, as the years went by, they were compelled by signs of approaching mania to knock once more at the door of the Hoxton asylum, and leave Mary there until she was once more able to return to the world. Their father died, and an old aunt who lived with them, followed him; and Charles was often left alone in the little house, with a desolation which might have wrecked many a sounder brain.

They went from Little Queen Street to

Pentonville, but here Lamb wrote to Coleridge that they were "in a manner marked." They were so cruelly marked that they were obliged to make many changes. But Charles was blessed in his love for books, and his sister shared his tastes, with the exception that she was fond of story books, for which he cared not at all. He was wont to say that "narrative teazed him."

friends. They used to meet, these young men who were to take their places presently as the very pillars of English literature, in a dingy, smoky little tavern called "The Salutation and the Cat," just opposite Christ's Hospital. They say that the landlord was so enchanted by Coleridge's talk that he offered him free lodging for life if he would only show himself in company.

THE OLD BELL INN AT EDMONTON, AS IT APPEARED IN CHARLES LAMB'S TIME.
Drawn by William Thomson.

It was about this time that he began to write. His earliest published work was a sonnet addressed to Mrs. Siddons, whom he had just seen for the first time. This and two others were slipped into a book of poems by Coleridge, who says in his preface: "The effusions signed 'C. L.' were written by Mr. Charles Lamb of the India House. Independently of his signature, their superior merit would have sufficiently distinguished them." In 1798 appeared "Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret," as the original title ran. Today we can only echo Shelley's words concerning it: "What a lovely thing is 'Rosamund Gray'! How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest part of our nature is in it!"

Lamb never, all his life long, lacked

The Temple drew these children who had been born within its walls, and in 1801 they took up their residence there, where they were to stay for seventeen years. Lamb said that he meant to "live and die there." To their rooms came all the friends whom the quaint, sweet genius of the brother and sister gathered about them.

Charles was small of stature, thin, frail looking, and invariably clothed in black. Leigh Hunt tells us that his eyes were full of dumb eloquence, "such as may only be seen in the finer portraits of Titian." Somebody else has quoted, as a description of him, his own words concerning the singer Braham: "A rare combination of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel."

WIDFORD, THE VILLAGE WHERE CHARLES LAMB MET ANN SIMMONS, THE "ANNA" OF HIS "ROSAMUND GRAY."

Drawn by William Thomson.

Mary Lamb, Barry Cornwall tells us, had a pale face with intelligent gray eyes. De Quincey spoke of her as "that Madonna-like lady," and Hazlitt said that she was the "wisest of all women." She was always gentle and tactful, and made their simple rooms, wherever they happened to be, into a charming home, whose great blight was her absences of the rush of life and the city sounds which Lamb loved so dearly. They remained here for six years, and it was here that Lamb realized that he was famous. England had opened her eyes to the fact that he was one of her few geniuses. Inspired by the success of his first two volumes, he set to work on the famous "Elia" papers, by which he is most fondly remembered. They were begun in the *London Magazine* in 1820. He and Mary had long ago published their "Stories from Shakspere," which began by being Mary's work, and ended with Charles doing fully half of it.

EDMONTON CHURCH, WHERE CHARLES LAMB IS BURIED.
Drawn by William Thomson.

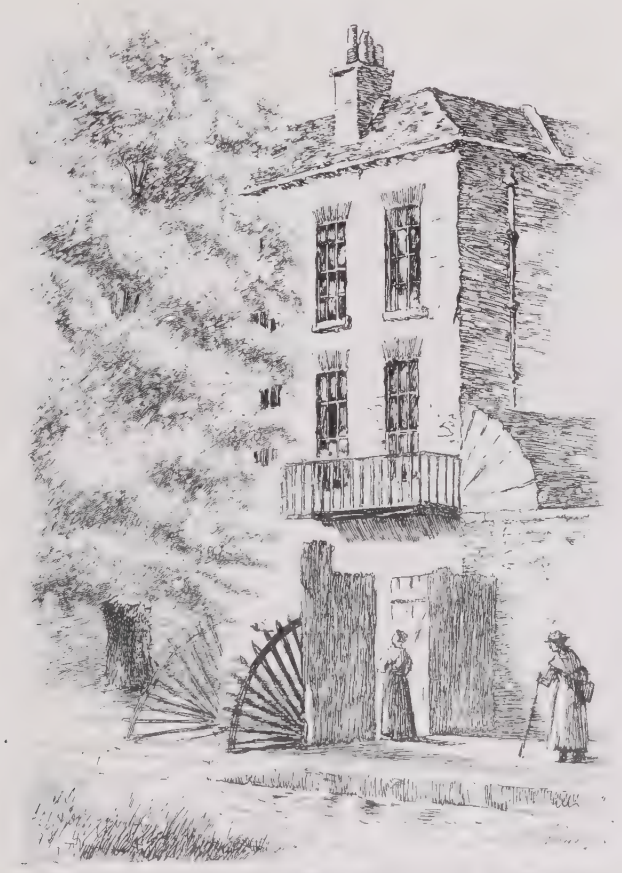
when the dark shadow of her mental affliction fell upon her.

What a motley collection it was! Coleridge, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Godwin, Leigh Hunt, Tom Hood, Edward Irving, the soulful young preacher who was Mrs. Jane Carlyle's first love; Barry Cornwall, De Quincey, and dozens of others, some of notoriety, as well as those reserved for fame. They used to drive Lamb fairly out of his house. He had no time for his work, and used to snatch minutes for it during his office hours. His play was written here—the play that he himself helped to hiss off the stage on the first night of its production.

Finally the chambers in the Temple became uninhabitable, and they went to live over a brazier's shop at 20 Russell Street, Covent Garden, in the very midst of the rush of life and the city sounds which Lamb loved so dearly. They remained here for six years, and it was here that Lamb realized that he was famous. England had opened her eyes to the fact that he was one of her few geniuses. Inspired by the success of his first two volumes, he set to work on the famous "Elia" papers, by which he is most fondly remembered. They were begun in the *London Magazine* in 1820. He and Mary had long ago published their "Stories from Shakspere," which began by being Mary's work, and ended with Charles doing fully half of it.

The brother and sister used to go off on pleasure trips, now and then, to see their friends who had places in the country. Mary Lamb's dearest friend, after her brother, was Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet's sister. It is heart breaking to know that when they started upon one of these journeys a straitjacket was always packed in the luggage, for any excitement brought a recurrence of Mary's malady. Once, on a diligence journey to Paris, she had a seizure on the road, and the brother and sister were assisted in their distress by our own John Howard Payne.

In 1823 they left Covent Garden, and went to Islington, to live in Colebrook Cottage. The house still stands by the side of what is almost a country road, with the New River, where Lamb fished, just below. Its present owner appreciates



COLEBROOKE COTTAGE, CHARLES LAMB'S HOUSE IN ISLINGTON.
Drawn by William Thomson.

the associations surrounding it, and has christened it "Elia." It was to this house that they brought their adopted daughter, Emma Isola, the granddaughter of an old Italian exile who had taught his own tongue at Cambridge. They found the young girl a ray of sunshine in their lives, especially as poor Mary's health grew worse.

De Quincey said of Lamb: "Many liberal people I have known in this world, but never any one upon whom, for bounty, for indulgence and forgiveness, for charitable construction of doubtful actions, for regal munificence, you might have thrown yourself with so absolute a reliance as upon this comparatively poor Charles Lamb."

In 1825 the East India Company paid him the tremendous compliment of pensioning him for life, at two thirds of his salary, and giving him liberty to spend the rest of his days adding to his country's literature. Two years later he left Colebrook Cottage, and went to Enfield. He wrote to Tom Hood that "some of our flesh is sticking to the doorposts at Colebrook," but the Manse, as the new home was called, did much to reconcile him to the change. After a time, however, they found the house too large; the care of it was too much for Mary, and they did not

like the country. Lamb wrote: "Let not the lying poets be believed, who entice men from cheerful streets. Nothing can make the country anything but altogether odious and detestable."

But when they went back to town they found their friends scattered or dead, and the brother and sister faced the fact that they were growing old. In 1833 appeared the last of the "Essays of Elia," closing Lamb's literary life. They decided to make another move, to Edmonton, about the time when their adopted daughter left them to marry Edward Moxon. Lamb gave her to her husband willingly, but with the pathetic words: "I am losing the youth of my house."

He used to go back to London and wander about, a wistful little old man, loving the old streets, but terribly missing his old friends. The death of Hazlitt and Coleridge, the last of his intimates, coupled with Mary's increasing infirmity, made his last days sorrowful. He died after a short illness in December, 1834. His sister lived on to be eighty three, dying in 1847.

THE HOUSE AT EDMONTON IN WHICH CHARLES LAMB DIED.
Drawn by William Thomson.

The Lambs' house at Edmonton is still shown, but it is much changed. The old Bell Inn, where *John Gilpin's* wife watched his mad ride, has been torn down long ago, and in the churchyard where Lamb is buried it is all desolation, with no reminder, except one's own thoughts, of "this sweet, diffusive, bountiful soul" that was Charles Lamb.

Anna Leach.

THE CHRISTIAN.*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

JOHN STORM is the only son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, prime minister of England. The two noblemen are estranged through jealousy, both having loved John's mother. Lord Storm settles in a lonely house in the Isle of Man, where he brings up his son for public life, and is bitterly disappointed when the young man decides to enter the church, and obtains a curacy in London. Glory Quayle, an orphan, the granddaughter of old Parson Quayle of Glenfaba, travels to London in John Storm's charge, to become a hospital nurse. Her associations at the hospital cause much anxiety to the young clergyman, who has known her since her childhood. Polly Love, a fellow nurse, comes to grief through Lord Robert Ure, whose friend Drake proves to have been Glory's playmate years ago. The directors dismiss Polly, but ignore Lord Robert's complicity, in spite of John Storm's emphatic protest. Distressed at his apparent inability to accomplish any good in the environment in which he finds himself, Storm resigns and enters a brotherhood known as the Society of the Gethsemane.

On learning of John Storm's withdrawal from the world, Glory breaks the hospital rules in a fruitless attempt to see him, and is dismissed. Determined to earn her own living, she remains in London, and endeavors to get a footing on the stage. She finds the struggle a hard one, and encounters many rebuffs and humiliations. Finally Carl Koenig, an organist, recognizes her talent, takes her to his home, and with the assistance of Drake arranges for her appearance, under the name of "Gloria," at a prominent music hall.

Meanwhile John Storm has failed to find peace of mind in his retreat, and leaves the brotherhood. Finding a temporary home with Mrs. Callender, a rich and charitable Scotchwoman who knew him as a curate, almost his first thought is for Glory Quayle. Learning that she has left the hospital, he seeks out Drake, to inquire for her. He finds Lord Robert Ure—who is about to be married to Mercy Mackray, an American heiress, with Drake, in the latter's rooms.

XLIII (*Continued*).

JOHN STORM'S anger had cooled. As he crossed the park the heat of his soul had turned to fear, and while he stood in the hall below, with an atmosphere of perfume about him, and even a delicate sense of a feminine presence, his fear had turned to terror. On that account he had refused to send up his name, and on going up the staircase lined with prints he had been tempted to turn about and fly lest he should come upon Glory face to face. But finding only the two men in the room above, his courage came back, and he hated himself for his treacherous thought of her.

"You will forgive me for this unceremonious visit, sir," he said, addressing himself to Drake.

Drake motioned to him to be seated. He bowed but continued to stand.

"Your friend will remember that I have been here before."

Lord Robert bent his head and went on trifling with the spray.

"It was a painful errand, relating to a girl who had been nurse at the hospital. The girl was nothing to me, but she had a companion who was very much."

Copyright, 1897, by Hall Caine.—This story began in the November, 1896, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Drake nodded, and his lips stiffened, but he did not speak.

"You are aware that since then I have been away from the hospital. I wrote to you on the subject; you will remember that."

"Well?" said Drake.

"I have only just returned, and have come direct from the hospital now."

"Well?"

"I see you know what I mean, sir. My young friend has gone. Can you tell me where to find her?"

"Sorry I cannot," said Drake coldly, and he saw that a look of boundless relief crossed the grave face in front of him.

"Then you don't know——"

"I didn't say that," said Drake, and then the lines of pain came back.

"At the request of her people I brought her up to London, sir. Naturally they will look to me for news of her, and I feel responsible for her welfare."

"If that is so, you must pardon me for saying you've taken your duty lightly," said Drake.

John Storm gripped the rail of the chair in front of him, and there was silence for a moment.

"Whatever I may have to blame myself with in the past, it would relieve me to find her well and happy and safe from all harm."

"She *is* well and happy, and safe too—I can tell you that much."

There was another moment of silence, and then John Storm said, in broken sentences, and in a voice that was struggling to control itself: "I've known her since she was a child. You cannot think how many tender memories—— It is nearly a year since I saw her, and one likes to see old friends after an absence."

Drake did not speak, but he dropped his head, for John's eyes had begun to fill.

"We were good friends, too. Boy and girl comrades almost. Brother and sister, I should say, for that was how I liked to think of myself—her elder brother bound to take care of her."

There was a little trill of derisive laughter from the other side of the room, where Lord Robert had put the spray down noisily and turned to look out into the street. Then John Storm drew himself up and said in a firm voice:

"Gentlemen, why should I mince matters? I will not do so. The girl we speak of is more to me than anybody else in the world besides. Perhaps she was one of the reasons why I went into that monastery. Certainly she is the reason I have come out of it. I have come to find her. I *shall* find her. If she is in difficulty or danger I intend to save her. Will you tell me where she is?"

"Mr. Storm," said Drake, "I am sorry, very sorry, but what you say compels me to speak plainly. The lady is well, and safe, and happy. If her friends are anxious about her she can reassure them for herself, and no doubt has already done so. But in the position she occupies at present you are a dangerous man. It might not be her wish, and it would not be to her advantage, to meet with you, and I cannot allow her to run the risk."

"Has it come to that? Have you a right to speak for her, sir?"

"Perhaps I have——" Drake hesitated, and then said with a rush, "the right to protect her against a fanatic."

John Storm curbed himself; he had been through a long schooling. "Man, be honest," he said. "Either your interest is good or bad, selfish or unselfish. Which is it?"

Drake made no answer.

"But it would be useless to bandy words, sir. I didn't come here to do that. Will you tell me where she is?"

"No."

"Then it is to be a duel between us—is that so? You for the girl's body and me for her soul? Very well, I take your challenge."

There was silence once more, and John Storm's eyes wandered about the room. They fixed themselves at length on the sketch by the pier glass.

"On my former visit I met with the same reception, sir. The girl could take care of herself. It was no business of mine. How that relation has ended I do not ask. But this one——"

"This one is an entirely different matter, sir," said Drake, "and I will thank you not to——"

But John Storm was making the sign of the cross on his breast, and saying, as one who was uttering a prayer, "God grant it is and always may be!"

At the next moment he was gone from the room. The two men stood where he had left them until his footsteps had ceased on the stairs and the door had closed behind him. Then Drake cried, "Benson—a telegraph form! I must telegraph to Koenig at once."

"Yes, he'll follow her up on the double quick," said Lord Robert. "But what matter? His face will be enough to frighten the girl. Ugh! It was the face of a death's head."

"Shut up, you fool! It was the face of a god," said Drake.

At dinner that night John Storm was more than usually silent, and to break in upon his gravity Mrs. Callender asked him what he intended to do next.

"To take priest's orders without delay," he said.

"And what then?"

"Then," he said, lifting a twitching and suffering face, "to make an attack on the one mighty stronghold of the devil's kingdom whereof woman is the direct and immediate victim; to tell society over again that it is an organized hypocrisy for the pursuit and demoralization of woman, and the church that bachelorhood is not celibacy, and polygamy is against the laws of God; to look and search for the beaten and broken who lie scattered and astray in our bewildered cities, and to protect them and shelter them, whatever they are, however low they have fallen, because they are my sisters, and I love them."

"God bless ye, laddie! That's spoken like a man," said the old woman, rising from her seat.

But John Storm's pale face had already flushed up to the eyes, and he dropped his head as one who was ashamed.

XLIV.

At eight o'clock that night John Storm was walking through the streets of Soho. The bell of a jam factory had just been rung, and a stream of young girls in big hats with gorgeous flowers and sweeping feathers were pouring out of an archway, and going arm in arm down the pavement in front of him. Men standing in groups at street ends shouted to them as they passed, and they shouted back in shrill voices and laughed with wild joy. In an alley round one corner an organ man was playing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and some of the girls began to dance and sing about him. At another corner a funeral coach was returning home from a distant cemetery, and they called to the occupants, whose red and bloated faces told of stopping places by the way. Coming to the main artery of traffic, they were almost run down by a splendid equipage which was cutting across two thoroughfares into a square, and they screamed with mock terror as the fat coachman in tippet and cockade bellowed to them to get out of the way.

The square was a center of gaiety. Theaters and music halls lined two of its sides, and the gas on their façades and the beacons on their roofs were beginning to burn brightly in the fading daylight. With skips and leaps the girls passed over to the doors of these palaces, and peered with greedy eyes, through lines of policemen and doorkeepers in livery, at gentlemen in shields of shirt front and ladies in light cloaks and long white gloves stepping in satin slippers and patent leather shoes out of gorgeous carriages into gorgeous halls.

John Storm was looking on at this masquerade when suddenly he became aware that the flare of lights on the front of the building before him formed the letters of a word. The word was "Gloria." Seeing it again as he had seen it in the morning, but now identified and explained, he grew hot and cold by turns, and his brain, which refused to think, felt like a sail that is flapping idly on the edge of the wind.

There was a garden in the middle of the square, and he walked round and round it. The keeper was turning out the people who had been lounging on the garden seats, and he watched the man closing the gate for the night and locking it with a padlock. He gazed vacantly at the statue in the middle of the garden and then walked round the rails again. The darkness was gathering fast, the gas was beginning to blaze, and he was like a creature in the coil of a horrible fascination. That word, that name over the music hall, fissing and crackling in its hundred lights, seemed to hold him as by

an eye of fire. And remembering what had happened since he left the monastery —the sandwich men, the boards on the omnibuses, the hoardings and the walls— it seemed like a fiery finger which had led him to that spot. Fearfully, shamefully, miserably, rebuking himself for his doubts, yet conquered and compelled by them, he crossed the street and entered the music hall.

He was in the pit, and it was crowded, not a seat vacant anywhere, and many persons standing packed in the crush room at the back. His first sensation was of being looked at. First the man at the pay box and then the check taker had looked at him, and now he was being looked at by the people about him. They were both men and girls. Some of the men wore light frock coats and talked in the slang of the race course, some of the girls wore noticeable hats and showy flowers in their bosoms, and were laughing in loud voices. They made a way for him of themselves and he passed through to a wooden barrier that ran round the last of the pit seats.

The music hall was large, and to John Storm's eyes, straight from the poverty of his cell, it seemed gorgeous and garish in the red and gold of its eastern decorations. Men in the pit seats were smoking pipes and cigarettes, and waiters with trays were hurrying up and down the aisles serving ale and porter, which they set down on ledges like the book rests in church. In the stalls in front, which were not so full, gentlemen in evening dress were smoking cigars, and there was an arc of the tier above in which people in fashionable costumes were talking audibly. Higher yet, and unseen from that position, there was a larger audience still, whose voices rumbled like a distant sea. A cloud of smoke filled the atmosphere, and from time to time there was the sound of popping corks and breaking glasses and rolling bottles.

The curtain was down, but the orchestra was beginning to play. Two men in livery came from the sides of the curtain and fixed up large figures in picture frames that were attached to the wings of the proscenium. Then the curtain rose and the entertainment was resumed. It was in sections, and after each performance the curtain was dropped and the waiters went round with their trays again.

John Storm had seen it all before, in the days when, under his father's guidance, he had seen everything—the juggler, the acrobat, the step dancer, the comic singer, the tableaux, and the living picture. He felt tired and ashamed, yet he could not bring himself to go away. As the evening advanced he thought, "How foolish! What madness it was to think of such a thing!" He was easier after that and began to listen to the talk of the people about him. It was free but not offensive. In the frequent intervals some of the men played with the girls, pushing and nudging and joking with them, and the girls laughed and answered back. Occasionally one of them would turn her head aside and look into John's face with a saucy smile. "God forbid that I should grudge them their pleasure," he thought. "It's all they have, poor creatures."

But the audience grew noisier as the evening went on. They called to the singers, made inarticulate squeals, and then laughed at their own humor. A woman sang a comic song. It described her attempt to climb to the top of an omnibus on a windy day. John turned to look at the faces behind him, and every face was red and hot, and grinning and grimacing. He was still half buried in the monastery he had left that morning, and he thought, "Such are the nightly pleasures of our people. Tonight, tomorrow night, the night after! Oh, my country, my country! What is to become of her?"

He was awakened from these thoughts by an outburst of applause. The curtain was down and nothing was going on except the putting up of a new figure in the figure frames. The figure was 8. Some one behind him said,

"That's her number!"

"The new artiste?" said another voice.

"Gloria," said the first.

John Storm's head began to swim. He looked back—he was in a solid block of people. "After all, what reasons have I?" he thought, and he determined to stand his ground.

More applause. Another leader of the orchestra had appeared. Bâton in hand he was bowing from his place before the footlights. It was Koenig, the organist, and John Storm shuddered in the darkest corner of his soul.

The stalls had filled up unawares to him, and a party was now coming into a private box which had all night been empty. The late comers were Drake and Lord Robert Ure and a lady with short hair brushed back from her forehead.

John Storm felt the place going round him, yet he steadied and braced himself. "But this is the natural atmosphere of such people," he thought. He tried to find satisfaction in the thought that Glory was not with them. Perhaps they had exaggerated their intimacy with her.

The band began to play. It was music for the entrance of a new performer. The audience became quiet, there was a keen, eager, expectant air, and then the curtain went up. John Storm felt dizzy. If he could have escaped he would have turned and fled. He gripped with both hands the rail in front of him.

Then a woman came gliding on to the stage. She was a tall girl in a dark dress and long black gloves, with red hair and a head like a rose. It was Glory! A cloud came over John Storm's eyes and for a few moments he saw no more.

There was some applause from the pit and the regions overhead. The people in the stalls were waving their handkerchiefs, and the lady in the box was kissing her hand. Glory was smiling, quite at her ease, apparently not at all nervous, only a little shy and with her hands interlaced in front of her. Then there was silence again and she began to sing.

It is the moment when prayers go up from the heart not used to pray. Strange contradiction! John Storm found himself praying that Glory might do well, that she might succeed and eclipse everything! But he had turned his eyes away, and the sound of her voice was even more afflicting than the sight of her face. It was nearly a year since he had heard it, and now he was hearing it under these conditions, in a place like this!

"Hush! hush!" said the people about him, and somebody tapped him on the shoulder.

After a moment he regained control of himself, and he lifted his head and listened. Glory's voice, which had been quavering at first, had gathered strength. She was singing "Mylecharaine," and the wild, weird, plaintive harmony of the old Manx ballad was floating in the air like the sound of the sea. After her first lines a murmur of approval went round, the people sat up and leaned forward and then there was silence again, dead silence, and then loud applause.

But it was only with the second verse that the humor of her song began, and John Storm waited for it with a trembling heart. He had heard her sing it a hundred times in the old days, and she was singing it now as she had sung it before. There were the same tricks of voice, the same tricks of gesture, the same expressions, the same grimaces. Everything was the same, and yet everything was changed. He knew it. He was sure it must be so. So artless and innocent then, now so subtle and significant. Where was the difference? The difference was in the place, in the people. John Storm could have found it in his heart to turn on the audience and insult them. Foul minded creatures, laughing, screaming, squealing, punctuating their own base interpretations and making evil of what was harmless. How he hated the grinning faces round about him.

When the song was finished Glory swept a gay courtesy, lifted her skirts and tripped off the stage. Then there were shouting, whistling, stamping, and deafening applause. The whole house was unanimous for an encore, and she came back smiling and bowing with a certain look of elation and pride. John Storm was becoming terrified by his own anger.

"Be quite there," said some one behind him.

"Who's the josser?" said somebody else, and then he heard Glory's voice again.

It was another Manx ditty. A crew of young fishermen are going ashore on Saturday night after their week on the sea fishing the herring. They go up to the inn; their sweethearts meet them there; they drink and sing. At length they are so overcome by liquor and love

that they have to be put to bed in their big sea boots. Then the girls kiss them and leave them. The singer imitated the kissing, and the delighted audience repeated the sound. Sounds of kissing came from all parts of the hall mingled with loud acclamations of laughter. The singer smiled and kissed back. Somehow she conveyed the sense of a confidential feeling as if she were doing it for each separate person in the audience, and each person had an impulse to respond. It was irresistible, it was maddening, it swept over the whole house.

John Storm felt sick in his very soul. Glory knew well what she was doing. She knew what these people wanted. His Glory! Glory of the old, innocent, happy days! O God! O God! If he could only get out! But that was impossible. Behind him the dense mass was denser than ever now, and he was tightly wedged in by a wall of faces, hot, eager, with open mouths, teeth showing, and glittering and dancing eyes. He tried not to listen to what the people about were saying, yet he could not help but hear.

"Tasty, ain't she?" "Cerulean, eh?" "Bit 'ot, certinly!" "Well, if I was a Johnny, and had got the oof, she'd have a brougham and a sealskin tomorrow." "Tonight, you mean," and then there were significant squeaks and trills of laughter.

They called her back again, and yet again, and she returned with unaffected cheerfulness and a certain look of triumph. At one moment she was doing the gaiety of youth, and at the next the crabbedness of age; now the undeveloped femininity of the young girl, then the volubility of the old woman. But John Storm was trying to hear none of it. With his head in his breast and his eyes down he was struggling to think of the monastery, and to imagine that he was still buried in his cell. It was only this morning that he left it, yet it seemed to be a hundred years ago. Last night the brotherhood, the singing of evensong, compline, the pure air, silence, solitude, and the atmosphere of prayer; tonight the crowds, the clouds of smoke, the odor of drink, the meaning laughter, and Glory in the midst and as the center of it all!

For a moment everything was blotted out and then there was loud hand clapping and cries of "Brava!" He lifted his head. Glory had finished and was bowing herself off. The lady in the private box flung her a bouquet of damask roses. She picked it up and kissed it, and bowed to the box, and then the acclamations of applause were renewed.

The crush behind relaxed a little, and he began to elbow his way out. People were rising or stirring everywhere, and the house was emptying fast. As the audience surged down the corridors to the doors they talked and laughed and made inarticulate sounds. "A tricky bit o' muslin, eh?" "Yus, she's thick," "She's my dart, anyhow." Then the whistling of a tune. It was the chorus of "Mylecharaine."

John Storm felt the cool air of the street on his hot face at last. The policemen were keeping a way for the people coming from the stalls, the doorkeepers were whistling or shouting for cabs, and their cries were being caught up by the match boys, who were running in and out like dogs among the carriage wheels and the horses' feet. "En-sim!" "Four-wheel-er!"

In a narrow street at the back, dimly lit and not much frequented, there was a small open door under a lamp suspended from a high blank wall. This was the stage door of the music hall, and a group of young men, looking like hairdressers' assistants, blocked the pavement at either side of it.

"Wonder what she's like off."

"Like a laidy, you bet."

"Yus, but none o' yer bloomin' hamatoors."

"Gawd, here's the josser again!"

John Storm pushed his way through to where a porter in the livery of a commissionaire sat behind a glass partition in a little room walled with pigeon holes.

"Can I see Miss Quayle?" he asked.

The porter looked blank.

"Gloria, then," said John Storm with an effort.

The porter looked at him suspiciously. Had he an appointment? No; but could he send in his name? The porter looked doubtful. Would she come out soon? The porter did not know. Would she come

this way? The porter could not tell. Could he have her address?

"If ye want to write to the laidy, write here," said the porter, with a motion of his hand to the pigeonholes.

John Storm was ashamed. The hairdressers' assistants were grinning at him. He went out feeling that Glory was farther than ever from him now, and if he met her they might not speak. But he could not drag himself away. In the darkness, under a lamp at the other side of the street, he stood and waited. Men, women, and young children came from the stage door, buttoned up their jackets and coats, bade each other good night, and went their ways. At length the commissionaire appeared at the door and whistled, and a hansom cab rattled up the street. Then a lady muffled in a cape, and carrying a bouquet of roses, came leaning on the arm of a gentleman. She stood a moment by his side, and spoke to him and laughed. John heard her laughter. At the next moment she had stepped into the hansom, the door had fallen to, the driver had turned, the gentleman had raised his hat, the light had fallen on the lady's face, and she was leaning forward and smiling. John saw her smiles.

At the next moment the hansom had passed into the illuminated thoroughfares, and the group of people had dispersed. John Storm was alone in the little dark street, and somewhere in the dark alleys behind him the organ man was still grinding out "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

"Weel, what luck?" said Mrs. Callender at breakfast in the morning. "Found any of the poor lost things yet?"

"One," said John, with a rueful face. "Lost enough, though she doesn't know it yet, God help her!"

"They never do at first, laddie. Write to her friends if she has any."

"Her friends?"

"Nothing like home influences, ye ken."

"I will—I must! It's all I can do now," said John.

XLV.

The Priory, Friday morning.

Oh, my dear aunties, don't be terrified, but Glory has had a kind of a wee big triumph! Nothing very awful, you know, but on Monday night, before a rather larger company than usual, she sang and recited and play acted a little, and as a result all the earth—the London earth—is talking about her, and nobody is taking any notice of the rest of the world. Every post is bringing me flowers with ribbons and cards attached, or illustrated weeklies with my picture and my life in little, and I find it's wonderful what a lot of things you may learn about yourself if you'll only read the papers. My room at this moment is like a florist's window at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, and I have reason to suspect that mine host and teacher, Carl Koenig, F. R. C. O., exhibits them to admiring neighbors when I am out. The voice of that dear old turtle has ever since Monday been heard in the land, and besides telling me about Poland day and night from all the subterranean passages of the house, he has taken to waiting on me like a nigger and ordering soups and jellies for me as if I had suddenly become an invalid. Of course I am an able bodied woman just the same as ever, but my nerves have been on the rack all the week, and I feel exactly as I did long ago at Peel when I was a little naughty minx and got up into the tower of the old church and began pulling at the bell rope, you remember. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! My frantic terror at the noise of the big bells and the vibration of the shaky old walls! Once I had begun I couldn't leave off for my life, but went on tugging and tugging and quaking and quaking until—have you forgotten it?—all the people came running helter skelter under the impression that the town was afire. And then, behold, it was only little me, trembling like a leaf and crying like a ninny! I remember I was scolded and smacked and dismissed into outer darkness (it was the chip vault, I believe) for that first outbreak of fame, and now, lest you should want to mete out the same punishment to me again——

Aunt Anna, I'm knitting the sweetest little shawl for you, dear—blue and white to suit your complexion—being engaged in the evening only, and most of the day sole mistress of my own will and pleasure. How charming of me, isn't it? But I'm afraid it isn't, because you'll see through me like a colander, for I want to tell you something which I have kept back too long, and when I think of it I grow old and wrinkled like a Christmas apple. So you must be a pair of absolute old angels, aunties, and break the news to grandfather.

You know I told you, Aunt Rachel, to say something for me at nine o'clock on the queen's birthday. And you remember that Mr. Drake used to think pearls and diamonds of Glory and predict wonderful things for her. Then you don't forget that Mr. Drake had a friend named Lord Robert Ure, commonly called Lord Bob. Well, you see, by Mr. Drake's advice and Lord Bobbie's influence and agency, and I don't know what, I have made one more change—it's to be the last, dears, the very last—in my Wandering Jew existence, and now I am no longer a society entertainer, because I am a music hall art——

Glory had written so far when she dropped the pen, and rose from the table, wiping her eyes.

"My poor child, you can't tell them, it's impossible; they would never forgive you!"

Then a carriage stopped before the house, the garden bell was rung, and the maid came into the room with a lady's card. It was inscribed "Miss Polly Love," with many splashes and flourishes.

"Ask her up," said Glory. And then Polly came rustling up the stairs in a silver gray silk dress and a noticeable hat, and with a pug dog tucked under her arm. She looked older and less beautiful. The pink and ivory of her cheeks were coated with powder, and her light gray eyes were penciled. There was the same blemished appearance as before, and the crack in the vase was now plainly visible.

Glory had met the girl only once since they parted after the hospital, but Polly kissed her effusively. Then she sat down and began to cry.

"Perhaps you wouldn't think it, my dear, but I'm the most miserable girl in London. Haven't you heard about it? I thought everybody knew. Robert is going to be married. Yes, indeed, tomorrow morning to that American heiress, and I hadn't an idea of it until Monday afternoon. That was the day of your luncheon, dear, and I felt sure something was going to happen, because I broke my looking glass dressing to go out. Robert took me home and he began to play the piano, and I could see he was going to say something. 'Do you know, little woman, I'm to be married on Saturday?' I wonder I didn't drop, but I didn't, and he went on playing. But it was no use trying, and I burst out and ran into my room. After a minute I heard him coming in, but he didn't lift me up as he used to do. Only talked to me over my back, telling me to control myself, and what he was going to do for me, and so on. He used to say a few tears made me nicer looking, but it was no good crying—and then he went away."

She began to cry again, and the dog in her lap began to howl.

"I don't know what I've done to be so unfortunate. I've not been flash at all, and I never went to cafés at night, or to Sally's or Kate's, as so many girls do, and he can't say I ever took notice of anybody else. When I love anybody I think of him last thing at night and first thing in the morning, and now to be left alone—— I'm sure I shall never live through it!"

Glory tried to comfort the poor broken creature. It was her duty to live. There was her child—had she never even seen it since she parted with it to Mrs. Jupe? It must be such a darling by this time, creeping about and talking a little, wherever it was. She ought to have the child to live with her, it would be such company.

Polly kissed the pug to stop its whining, and said, "I don't want company. Life isn't the same thing to me now. He thinks because he is marrying that woman—— What better is she than me, I would like to know? She's only snapping at him for what he is, and he is only taking her for what she's got, and I've a great mind to go to All Saints' and shame them. You wouldn't? Well, it's hard to hide one's feelings, but it would serve them right if—if I did it."

Polly had risen with a wild look and was pressing the pug so hard that it was howling again, but from other causes.

"Did what?" said Glory.

"Nothing—that is to say——"

"You mustn't dream of going to the church. The police——"

"Oh, it isn't the police I'm afraid of," said Polly, tossing her head.

"What then?"

"Never mind, my dear," said Polly.

On the way down stairs she reproached herself for not seeing what was coming. "But girls like us never do, now do we?"

Glory colored up to her hair, but made no protest. At the gate Polly wiped her eyes and drew down her veil and said, "I'm sorry to say it to your face, my dear, but it's all been that Mr. Drake's doings, and a girl ought to know he'd do as much himself, and worse. But you're a great woman now, and in everybody's mouth, so you needn't care. Only——"

Glory's face was scarlet and her under lip was bleeding, yet she kissed the poor shallow thing at parting, because she was down, and did not understand, and lived in another world entirely. But going back to where her letter lay unfinished

she thought, "Impossible! If this girl, living in an atmosphere so different, thinks that——" Then she sat at the table and forced herself to tell all.

She had got through the red riot of her confession and was writing:

I don't know what he would think of it, but do you know, I thought I saw his face on Wednesday night. It was in the dark, and I was in a cab driving away from the stage door. But so changed, oh, so changed! It must have been a dream, and it was the same as if his ghost had passed me.

Then she became aware of voices in dispute down stairs. First, a man's voice, then the voices of two men, one of them Koenig's, the other with a haunting ring in it. She got up from the table and went to the door of her room, going on tiptoe, yet hardly knowing why. Koenig was saying, "No, sair, de lady does not lif here." Then a deep, strong, breast voice answered, "Mr. Koenig, surely you remember me?" and Glory's heart seemed to beat like a watch. "No-o, sair. Are you—oh, yes; vhat am I tinking of? But de lady——"

"Mr. Koenig," Glory called, cried, gasped over the stair rail, "ask the gentleman to come up, please."

She hardly knew what happened next, only that Koenig seemed to be muttering confused explanations below, and that she was back in her sitting room giving a glance into the lookingglass and doing something with her hair. Then there was a step on the stairs, on the landing, at the threshold, and she fell back a few paces from the door that she might see him as he came in. He knocked. Her heart was beating so violently that she had to keep her hand over it.

"Who's there?"

"It is I."

"Who's I?"

Then she saw him coming down on her, and the very sunlight seemed to wave like the shadows on a ship. He was paler and thinner, his great eyes looked weary though they smiled, his hand felt bony though firm, and his head was closely cropped.

She looked at him for a moment without speaking, and with a sensation of fulness at her heart that was almost choking her.

"Is it you? I didn't know it was you. I was just thinking——" She was talking at random and was out of breath as if she had been running.

"Glory, I have frightened you," he said, and she noticed that his voice was lower than it used to be.

"Frightened? Oh, no! Why should you think so? Perhaps I am crying, but then I'm always doing that nowadays. And besides you are so——"

"Yes, I am altered," he said in the pause that followed.

"And I?"

"You are altered too."

He was looking at her with an earnest and passionate gaze. It was she—herself—Glory—not merely a vision or a dream. Again he recognized the glorious eyes with their brilliant lashes and the flashing spot of one of them that had so often set his heart beating. She looked back at him and thought, "How ill he must have been!" and then a lump came into her throat and she began to laugh that she might not begin to cry, and broke out into broad Manx lest he should hear the tremor in her voice.

"But you're coming too, aren't ye? And you've left that theer—aw, it's glad ter'ble I am, as our people say, and it's longin' mortal you'd be for all, boy." Another trill of nervous laughter and then a burst of earnest English. "But tell me, you've come for good—you are not going back to——"

"No, I am not going back to the brotherhood, Glory." How friendly his low voice sounded!

"And you?"

"Well, I've left the hospital, you see."

"Yes, I see," he said. His weary eyes were wandering about the room, and for the first time she felt ashamed of its luxuries and its flowers.

"But how did you find me?"

"I went to the hospital first——"

"So you hadn't forgotten me? Do you know I thought you had quite? But tell me at once, where did you go then?"

He was silent for a moment, and she said, "Well?"

"Then I went to Mr. Drake's chambers."

"I don't know why everybody should think that Mr. Drake——"

His great eyes were fixed on her face, and his mouth was quivering, and to prevent him from speaking she put on a look of forced gaiety and said, "But how did you light on me at last?"

"I meant to find you, Glory," he said, "if I tramped all London over and everybody denied you to me"—the lump in her throat was hurting her dreadfully—"but I chanced to see the name over the music hall."

She saw it coming and broke into laughter, and talked rapidly, frivolously, at random. "The music hall! Only think! You looking at music halls!"

"I was there on Monday night," he answered.

"You? Monday? Then perhaps it was not my fancy that I saw you by the stage do——" Her nerves were getting more and more excited, and to calm them she crossed her arms above her head. "So they gave you my address at the stage door, did they?"

"No, I wrote for it to Peel."

"Peel?" She caught her breath and her arms came down. "Then perhaps you told them where——"

"I told them nothing, Glory."

She looked at him through her eyelashes, her head held down.

"Not that it matters, you know. I've just been writing to them and they'll soon—but oh, I've so much to say, and I can't say it here. Couldn't we go somewhere? Into the park, or farther—much farther—the room is so small, and I feel as if I've been suffocating for want of air."

"I've something to say, too, and if——"

"Then let it be tomorrow morning, and we'll start early, and you'll bring me back in time for the theater. Say Paddington station at eleven—will that do?"

"Yes."

She saw him to the gate, and when he was going she wanted him to kiss her hand, so she pretended to do the high handshake, but he only held it for a moment and looked steadily into her eyes. The sunshine was pouring into the garden and she was bareheaded. Her hair was coiled up and she was wearing a light morning blouse. He thought she had never looked so beautiful. On getting into the omnibus at the end of the street he took a letter out of his breast pocket, and, being alone, he first carried it to his lips, then reopened and read it.

"See her at once, dear John, and keep in touch with her, and I shall be happy and relieved. As for your father, that old Chalse is going crazy and is sending Lord Storm crazy too. He has actually discovered that the dust the witch walks on who has cast the evil eye on you lies in front of Glenfaba gate, and he has been sweeping it up o' nights and scattering it in front of Knockaloe! What simplicity! There are only two women here. Does the silly old gawk mean Rachel? Or is it, perhaps, Aunt Anna?"

And while the omnibus joggled down the street, and the pale young clergyman with the great weary eyes was poring over his letter, Glory was sitting at her table and writing with flying fingers and a look of enthusiastic ecstasy:

I've had three bites at this cherry. But who do you think has just been here? John!—John Storm! But then you know that he is back, and it wasn't merely my fancy that I saw him by the stage door. It seems as if people have been denying me to him, and he has been waiting for me and watching over me (*blot*). His voice is so low, but I suppose that comes to people who are much alone, and he is so thin and so pale, and his eyes are so large and they have that deep look that cuts into the heart. He knew he was changed, and I think he was ashamed (*blot*) but of course I didn't let whit that I was taking notice, and I'm so happy for his sake, poor fellow, that he has escaped from his cage in that salvation zoo that I know I shall make them split their sides in the theater tonight (*blot, blot*). How tiresome! The ink must have got water in it somehow, and then my handwriting is such a hop, skip, and a jump any way. But hoots!

Why shouldn't I love Johnny?
And why shouldn't Johnny love me?

GLORY.

XLVI.

AFTER his visit to the Priory, John Storm was convinced that Glory was still uncontaminated by the life she was living, therefore he concluded that she ought to leave it. But then came a consciousness of her great success, and the pity of her position touched and troubled him. He lay awake to think of it, and to devise means to soften the harshness of the demand he intended to make of her, but he

never once doubted the wisdom or necessity of that demand. She must and she should give up everything.

It was a beautiful May morning, and standing by the Paddington station with the dog at his feet, he felt her approach instinctively as she came towards him with her free step in her white cambric dress under the light parasol fringed with lace. Her face was glowing with the fresh air and the walk, and she looked happy and bright. As they walked into the station she poured out a stream of questions about the dog, took possession of him straightway, and concluded to call him Cæsar.

They agreed to spend the day at Burnham Beeches, and while John went for the tickets she stepped on to the platform. It was Saturday, the bookstall was ablaze with the picture papers, and one of them was prominently displayed at a page containing her own portrait. She wanted John to see this, and she invented an excuse for bringing him face to face with it, and then she laughed and he bought the paper.

The clerk recognized her, as they could see by the smile which he kept in reserve, and a group of Guards, in flannels and straw hats, going down to their club at Maidenhead, looked at her and nudged each other, and seemed to know who she was. Her eyes danced, her lips smiled, and she was proud that John should see the first fruits of her fame. She was proud of him, too, with his bold walk and strong, almost majestic carriage, as they passed the Guards in their negligent dress, with their red and blue ties and their blazers. But his heart was aching, and he was only wondering how he was to begin.

From the moment they started she gave herself up to the delights of their holiday, and even the groaning and cranking and joggling of the train amused her. When the Guards had got into their first class carriage they had glanced at the open window where her brilliant eyes and rosy lips were gleaming behind a veil. John gazed at her with his slow and tender looks, and felt guilty and ashamed.

They left the train at Slough, and a wave of freshness, with an odor of verdure and sap, blew into their faces. The dog leaped and barked, and Glory skipped along with it, breaking every moment into enthusiastic exclamations. There was hardly any wind, and the clouds, which were very far overhead, were scarcely moving. It was a glorious day, and Glory's face wore an expression of perfect happiness.

They lunched at the old hotel in the town, with the window open, and the swallows darting in the air outside, and Glory, who took milk "for remembrance," rose and said, "I looks towards Mr. Storm," and then drank his health and swept him the prettiest courtesy. All through lunch she kept feeding the dog from her own fingers, and at the end rebuked him for spreading his bones in a half circle across the carpet, a thing which was never done, she said, in the best society, this side the Cannibal Islands.

"By and bye," he thought, "time enough by and bye," for the charm of her joy was infectious.

The sun was high when they started on their walk, and her face looked flushed and warm. But through the park-like district to the wood she raced with Cæsar, and made him leap over her sunshade and roll over and over on the bright green grass. The larks were trilling overhead, everything was humming and singing.

"Let her have one happy day," he thought, and they began to call and shout to each other.

Then they came to the beeches, and being sheltered from the fiery rays of the sun, she put down her sunshade and John took off his hat. The silence and gloom, the great gnarled trees with their thews and sinews, their arms and thighs and loins, the gentle rustle of the breeze in the branches overhead, the deep accumulation of dead leaves underfoot, the fluttering of wings, the low cooing of pigeons, and all the mystery and wonder of the wood, brought a sense of awe as on entering a mighty minster in the dusk. But this wore away presently, and Glory began to sing. Her pure voice echoed in the fragrant air, and the happiness so long pent up and starved seemed to bubble in every word and note.

"Isn't this better than singing in music halls," he thought, and then he began to sing, too, just like any happy boy, with-

out thinking of yesterday or tomorrow, of before or after. She smiled at him. He smiled back. It was like a dream. After his long seclusion it was difficult to believe it could be true. The open air, the perfume of the leaves they were wading through, the silver bark of the beeches and the blue peeps of the sky between, and then Glory walking with her graceful motion, and laughing and singing by his side.

"But I'll wake up in a minute," he thought, "and it will all be gone."

They sang one song together. It was "Lasses and Lads," and to make themselves think it was the old time back again, they took each other's hands and swung them to the tune. He felt her clasp like milk coursing through his body, and a great wave of tenderness swept up his hard resolve as sea wrack is thrown up after a storm. "She is here; we are together; why trouble about anything more?" and the time flew by.

But their voices went wrong immediately, and they were soon in difficulties. Then she laughed, and they began again, but they could not keep together, and as often as they tried they failed. "Ah, it's not like the old happy days!" he thought, and a mood of sadness came over him. He had begun to observe in Glory the trace of the life she had passed through—words, phrases, ideas, snatches of slang, touches of moods and modes which had the note of a slight vulgarity. When the dog took a bone uninvited she cried, "It's a click; you've sneaked it"; when John broke down in the singing she told him to "chuck it off the chest," and when he stopped altogether she called him glum and said she would "do it on her own."

"Why does he look so sorrowful?" she thought, and telling herself that this came to people who were much alone, she rattled on more recklessly than before.

She talked of the life of the music hall, the life at "the back," glorifying it by a tone of apology. It was all hurry scurry, slap, dash and drive, no time to consider effects, so it was really harder to be a music hall woman than a regular actress. And the music hall woman was no worse than other women—considering. Had he seen their ballet? It was fetching. Such pages! Simply darlings! *They* were the proud young birds of paradise whom toffs like those Guards came to see, and it was fun to see them pluming and preening themselves at the back, each for the eyes of her own particular lord in the stalls. Thus she flung out unfamiliar notes, hardly knowing their purport, but to John they were as slimy creatures out of the social mire she had struggled through. Oh, London! London! Its shadow was over them even there, and go where they would they could never escape from it.

His former thought began to hang about him again, and he asked her to tell him what had happened to her during his absence.

"Shall I?" she said. "Well, I brought three golden sovereigns out of the hospital to distribute among the people of London, but, bless you, they went nowhere."

"And what then?"

"Then—then hope was a good breakfast but a bad supper, you know. But shall I tell you all? Yes, yes, I will."

She told him of Mrs. Jupe's, and of the deception she had practised upon her people, and he turned his head that he might hide his tears. She told him of the "Three Graces," and of the stage manager — she called him the "stage damager"—and then *she* turned her head away that she might hide her shame. She told him of Josephs, the bogus agent, and his face grew hard and his golden brown eyes looked black.

"And where did you say his place was?" he asked in a voice that vibrated and broke.

"I didn't say," she answered with a laugh and a tear.

She told him of Aggie, and of the foreign clubs, and of Koenig, and of the dinner party at the home secretary's, and then she skipped a step and cried:

Ding, dong, dended,
My tale's ended.

"And was it there you met Mr. Drake again?"

She replied with a nod.

"Never having seen him in the mean time?"

She pursed her lips and shook her head. He was looking through the trees in the direction of London. His mouth was shut hard and his nostrils were breathing hard.

"That's all over now, and what matter?" she said. "'I likes to be jolly, and I allwiz is!'"

"But is it all over?" he said, and he looked at her again with the deep look that had cut into her heart.

"He's going to say something," she thought, and she began to laugh, but with a faint tremor, and giving the dog her parasol to carry in his mouth, she took off her hat, swung it in her hand by the brim, and set off to run.

There was the light shimmer of a pool at a level below, where the water had drained to a bottom and was inclosed by beeches. The trees seemed to hang over it with outstretched wings, like birds about to alight, and round its banks there were plots of violets which filled the air with their fragrance. It was a God blessed bit of ground, and when he came up with her she was standing at the edge of the marshy mere, panting and on the point of tears, and saying in a whisper, "Oh, how beautiful!"

"But how ever am I to get across?" she cried, looking with mock terror on the two inches of water that barely covered the grass, and at the pretty red shoes that peeped from under her dress.

Then something extraordinary occurred. She hardly knew what was happening until it was over. Without a word, without a smile, he took her, lifted her up in his arms, and carried her to the other side. She felt helpless like a child, or as if suddenly she belonged to herself no longer. Her head had fallen against his shoulder and her heart was beating against his breast. Or was it *his* heart that was beating? When he put her down she was afraid she was going to cry, so she began to laugh, and to say they mustn't lose that 7.30 to London, or the "rag" would be rolling up without her and the "stage damager" would be using "cuss words."

They had to pass the old church of Stoke Pogis on the way back to the town, and after looking at its timber belfry and steeple John suggested that they should see the inside. The sexton was found working in the garden at the side of his house, and he went indoors for the keys. "Here they be, sir, and you being a pa'son I'll bide in the orchet. You and your young missus can look at the church without me. 'A b'lieve 'a hev seed it afore," he said with a twinkle.

The church was dark and cool. There was a window representing an angel ascending to heaven against a deep blue sky, and a squire's pew furnished like a box at the theater, with carpet, chairs, and even a stove. The chairs in the front bore family crests, and behind them were inferior chairs, without crests, for servants. John had opened the little modern organ and begun to play. After a while he began to sing. He sang "Nazareth," and his voice filled the empty church and went up and into the gloom of the roof, and echoed and returned, and it was almost as if another voice were singing there.

Glory stood by his side and listened, and at first she felt as if a wonderful peace had come down on her. Then the emotion that vibrated in his deep voice and seemed to come out of his soul made something surge up to her throat. "Life for evermore! Life for evermore!"

All at once she began to sob and to laugh, all in a breath, and he stopped.

"How ridiculous I am today. You'll think me a maniac," she said. But he only took her hand as if she had been a child and led her out of the church.

Insensibly the day had passed into evening, and the horizontal rays of the sun were dazzling their eyes as they returned to the hotel for tea. In giving orders for this meal they had left the illustrated paper behind, and it was now clear from the easy smiles that greeted them that the paper had been looked at and Glory identified. The room was ready, with the table laid, the window closed, and a fire of wood in the dog grate, for the chill of evening was beginning to be felt. And to make him forget what had happened at the church she put on a look of forced gaiety and talked rapidly, frivolously, and at random. The fresh air had given her such a color that they would fairly eat her tonight. How tired she was, though! But a cup of tea would exhilarate her like a Johnnie's first whisky and soda in bed.

He looked at her with his grave face; every word was cutting him like a knife.

"So you didn't tell the old folks at Glenfaba about the hospital until later?"

"No. Have a cup of 'the girl'? They call champagne 'the boy' at 'the back,' so I call tea 'the girl,' you know."

"And when did you tell them about the music hall?"

"Yesterday. Muffins?" and she held out the plate, waggled the wrist of her other hand, and mimicked the cry of the muffin man.

"Not until yesterday?"

She began to excuse herself. What was the use of taking people by surprise? And then good people were sometimes so easily shocked. Education and upbringing, and prejudices and even blood——

"Glory," he said, "if you are ashamed of this life, believe me, it is not a right one."

"Ashamed? Why should I be ashamed? Everybody is saying how proud I should be."

She spoke feverishly and plucked up the paper by a sudden impulse, but as suddenly let it drop again, for looking at his grave face her little fame had seemed to shrivel up. "But give a dog a bad name, you know—— You were there on Monday night. Did you see anything now—anything in the performance——"

"I saw the audience, Glory; that was enough for me. It is impossible for a girl to live long in an atmosphere like that and be a good woman. Yes, my child, impossible! God forbid that I should sit in judgment on any man, still less any woman; but the women of the music hall, do they *remain* good women? Poor souls, they are placed in a position so false that it would require extraordinary virtue not to become false along with it! And the whiter the soul that is dragged through that—that mire, the more the defilement. The audiences at such places don't want the white soul, they don't want the good woman, they want the woman who has tasted of the tree of good and evil. You can see it in their faces, and hear it in their laughter, and measure it in their applause. Oh, I'm only a priest, but I've seen these places all the world over, and I know what I'm saying, and I know it's true, and you know it's true, Glory——"

Glory leapt up from the table and her eyes seemed to emit fire. "I know it's hard and cruel and pitiless, and since you were there on Monday, and saw how kind the audience was to *me*, it's personal and untrue as well!"

But her voice broke, and she sat down again and said in another voice, "But, John, it's nearly a year, you know, since we saw each other last, and isn't it a pity? Tell me, where are you living now? Have you made your plans for the future? Oh, who do you think was with me just before you called yesterday? Polly!—Polly Love, you remember! She's grown stouter and plainer, poor thing, and was so sorry. Her brother was in your brotherhood, wasn't he? Is he as strangely fond of her as ever? Is he? Eh? Don't you understand? Polly's brother, I mean."

"He's dead, Glory. Yes, dead. He died a month ago. Poor boy, he died broken hearted. He had come to hear of his sister's trouble at the hospital. I was to blame for that. He never looked up again."

There was silence; both were gazing into the fire, and Glory's mouth was quivering. All at once she said, "John—John Storm, why can't you understand that it's not the same with me as with other women? There seem to be two women in me always. After I left the hospital I went through a good deal. Nobody will ever know how much I went through. But even at the worst, somehow I seemed to enjoy and rejoice in everything. Things happened that made me cry, but there was another *me* that was laughing. And that is how it is with the life I am living now. It is not I myself that go through this—this mire, as you call it, it's only my other self, my lower self, if you like, but I am not touched by it at all. Don't you see that? Don't you, now?"

"There are professions which are a source of temptation, and talents that are a snare, Glory——"

"I see, I see what you mean. There are not many ways a woman can live and succeed—that's the cruelty of things. But there are a few, and I've chosen the one I'm fit for. And now, now that I've escaped from all that misery, that mean-

ness, and have brought the eyes of London upon me, and the world is full of smiles for me, and sunshine, and I am happy, you come at last, you that I couldn't find when I wanted you so much, oh, so much !—because you had forgotten me—you come to me out of a darkness like the grave and tell me to give it all up. Yes, yes, yes, that's what you mean —give it all up ! Oh, it's cruel ! "

She covered her face with her hands and sobbed. He bent over her with a sorrowful face and said, "My child, if I have come out of a darkness as of the grave it is because I had *not* forgotten you there, but was thinking of you every day and hour."

Her sobbing ceased, but the tears still flowed through her fingers.

"Before the poor lad abandoned hope, he came out into the world too—stole out —thinking to find his lost one. I told him to look for you first, and he went to the hospital."

"I saw him."

"You ? "

"It was on New Year's Eve. He passed me in the street."

"Ah ! Well, he came back, and said you were gone, and all trace of you was lost. Did I forget you after that, Glory ?" His husky voice broke off suddenly, and he rose with a look of wretchedness. "You are right, there are two selves in you, and the higher self is so pure, so strong, so unselfish, so noble—oh, I am sure of it, Glory ! Only, there's no one to speak to it, no one. I try, but I cannot."

She was still crying behind her hands.

"And meanwhile her lower self—there are only too many to speak to *that*——"

Her hands came down from her disordered face and she said, "I know whom you mean."

"I mean the world."

"No, indeed, you mean Mr. Drake. But you are mistaken. Mr. Drake has been a good friend to me, but he isn't anything else and doesn't want to be. Can't you see that when you think of me and talk of me as you would of some other woman you hurt me and degrade me, and I cannot bear it ? You see I am crying again—goodness knows why. But I shan't give up my profession. The idea of such a thing ! It's ridiculous ! Think of Glory in a convent ! One of the poor Clares, perhaps ! "

"Hush ! "

"Or back in the island serving out sewing at a mothers' meeting ! Give it up ! Indeed I won't ! "

"You shall and you must !"

"Who'll make me ? "

"I will ! " he answered.

Then she laughed out wildly, but stopped on the instant and looked up at him with glistening eyes. An intense blush came over her face, and her looks grew bright as his grew fierce. A moment afterwards the waiting maid with an inquisitive expression was clearing the table and keeping a smile in reserve for "the lovers' quarrel."

Some of the Guardsmen were in the train going back, and at the next station they changed to the carriage which Glory and John had got into. Apparently they had dined before leaving their club at Maidenhead, and they talked at Glory with covert smiles.

"Going to the Colosseum tonight ? " said one.

"If there's time," said another.

"Oh, time enough. The attraction doesn't begin till nine, don't you know, and nobody goes before."

"Tell me she's good, deuced good."

Glory was sitting with her back to the engine, drumming lightly on the window and looking at the setting sun. At first she felt a certain shame at the obvious references, but piqued at John's silence she began to take pride in them, and shot glances at him from under half closed eyelids. John was sitting opposite with his arms folded. At the talk of the men he felt his hands contract and his lips grow cold with the feeling that Glory belonged to everybody now and was common property. Once or twice he looked at them, and became conscious of an impression that had floated about him since he left the brotherhood, that nearly every face he saw had the hideous stamp of self indulgence and sensuality.

But the noises of the train helped him not to hear, and he looked out for London. It lay before them under a canopy of smoke, and now and then a shaft from the setting sun lit up a glass roof and it glit-

tered like a sinister eye. Then there came from afar, over the creaking and groaning of the wheels and the whistle of the engine, the deep multitudinous murmur of that distant sea. The mighty tide was rising and coming up to meet them. Presently they were dashing into the midst of it, and everything was drowned in the splash and roar.

The Guardsmen, being on the platform side, alighted first, and on going off they bowed to Glory with rather more than easy manners. A dash of the devil prompted her to respond demonstratively, but John had risen and was taking off his hat to the men, and they were going away discomfited. Glory was proud of him—he was a man and a gentleman.

He put her into a hansom under the lamps outside the station, and her face was lit up, but she patted the dog and said, "You have vexed me and you needn't come to see me again. I shall not sing properly this evening, or sleep tonight at all, if that is any satisfaction to you, so you needn't trouble to inquire."

When he reached home Mrs. Callender told him of a shocking occurrence at the fashionable wedding at All Saints' that morning. A young woman had committed suicide during the ceremony. It turned out to be the poor girl who had been dismissed from the hospital.

John Storm remembered Brother Paul. "I must bury her," he thought.

(*To be continued.*) ab page 737

MY CATHEDRAL.

NATURE'S evensong is ringing
Through the forest chancels high;
And the flowers, their censers swinging,
Waft their incense to the sky.

Low the birds their heads have bended;
Silent are the woodland throats;
And each sylvan theme is ended,
Save the wind's reverberant notes;

Now ascending in processional,
Swelling loud in chorus free;
Now low murmuring in recessional,
Ending softly, reverently.

Ah, thou doubtest; is there fervor
Where the head is bowed in prayer?
Unto God or proud Minerva
Doth mankind its vows declare?

Come with me, when day is ending,
Through the woodland's quiet ways,
I will show you nature sending
Forth her orisons of praise.

Speeds the sun his dying ember,
Earth and air in radiance glow;
(In cathedral canst remember
Stainèd glass e'er tinted so?)

Tenderly his beams are straying
Through the silent woodland deep,
And the bended stalks, in praying,
At his touch for rapture leap!

Forest pulses throb devotion;
Forest voices breathe a prayer
Vibrant with supreme emotion,
For the very God is there!

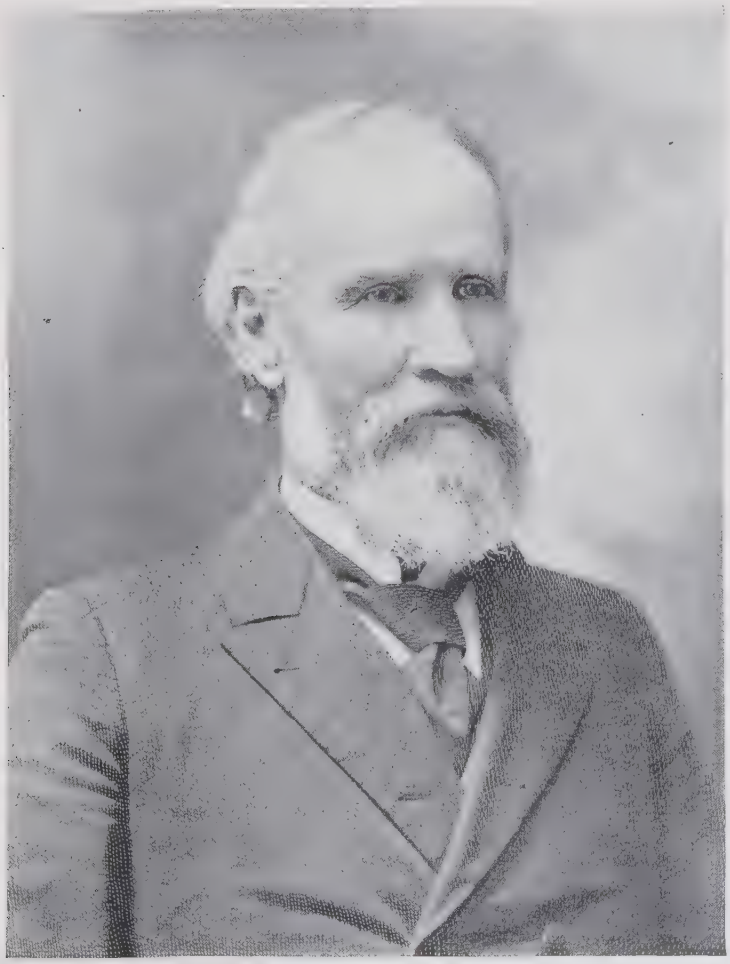
John Carleton Sherman.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

Preëminent as agriculture is among American industries, those whose interests are not in the soil have sometimes questioned whether it should have a special representative in the cabinet. Urban journalists have been flippant enough to poke fun at the secretary of agriculture, or to speak of him as simply an agent for the free distribution of turnip seeds. But in the opinion of those whose judgment is best worth regarding, the office has abundantly justified its creation, and has an ample sphere of useful work.

The recognition of its importance has been due, partly, to the character and ability of its incumbents—General Rusk, the first secretary, J. Sterling Morton, and the present tenant, James Wilson, of Iowa. Mr. Wilson has the air of a genuine Western farmer. He is a genuine Western farmer, but he is also a good deal more. He is a man of education, an authority upon the scientific side of agriculture, and by no means inexperienced in public life. Born in Scotland more than sixty years ago, he came to America as a boy, settled in Connecticut with his parents, and at twenty moved westward to Iowa to grow up with the country. His neighbors elected



JAMES WILSON, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

From a photograph by Webster, Des Moines.

him to the Legislature, where he acted as speaker of the Assembly, and then sent him to Washington, where he served three terms in Congress. He has for several years been a lecturer at the Iowa Agricultural College, and

Bryan, to whom be bears a decided facial resemblance. Both the Nebraskan and the Texan are clever and even eloquent speakers, and each seems to have a political future before him. The prophets are already hazard-

JOSEPH W. BAILEY, CONGRESSMAN FROM TEXAS.
From a photograph by Taylor, Washington.

with all his other work he has always kept up his own farm. His administration of his present office is pretty sure to be a businesslike, intelligent, and successful one.

A NEW POLITICAL LEADER.

Joseph W. Bailey is probably the youngest man who ever held the leadership of his party in Congress. He is not quite thirty four—more than three years younger than Mr.

ing the prediction that three years hence they will be rival Democratic candidates for the Presidential nomination.

The newspapers recently made Mr. Bailey's name conspicuous in connection with an incident of very trivial import—his refusal of an invitation to dine at the White House, on the ground that he could not wear a dress suit. Opposition to social convention is not, as a rule, a sign of good taste and sound

judgment, but Mr. Bailey's friends urge that his idiosyncrasy is a harmless one, and that it is not affected with any thought of currying favor with coatless constituents. They say that he has worn evening dress only once in his life—when he acted as best man at a friend's wedding.

In answer to the charge of extreme youth, Mr. Bailey has been heard to recall the fact that Thomas Jefferson was thirty three when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, and Alexander Hamilton thirty one when he formulated the financial policy of the United States—"although," Mr. Bailey modestly adds, "I do not wish to compare myself to either Jefferson or Hamilton."

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

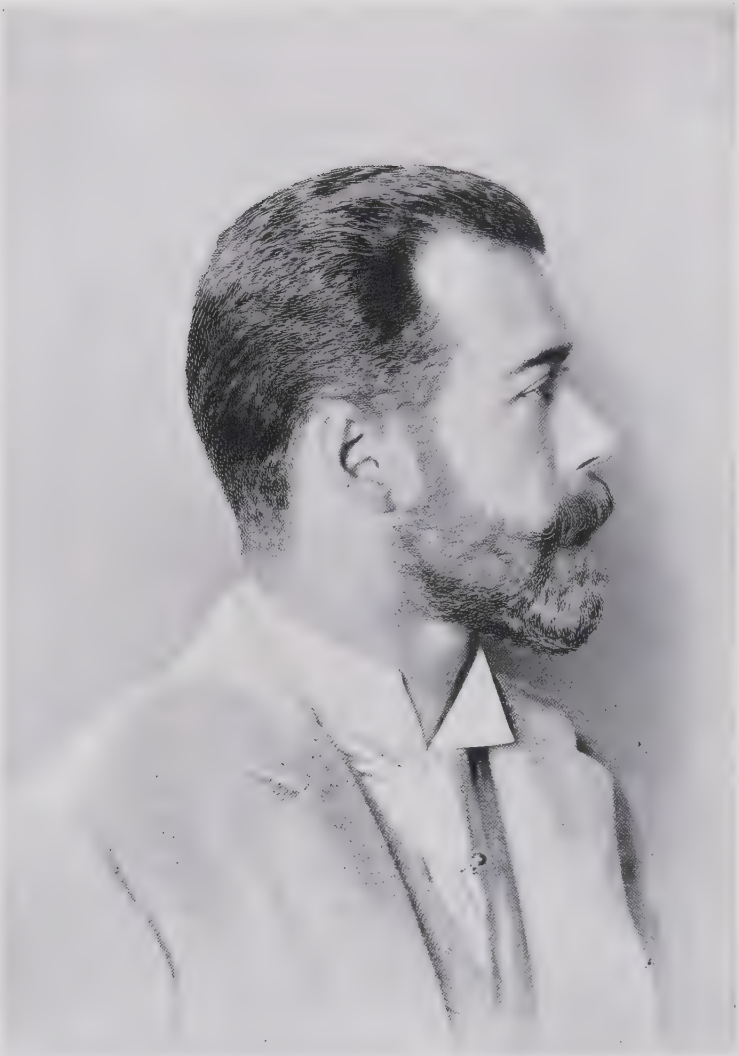
From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Mr. Bailey is a Mississippian by birth, and was a lawyer of some local prominence before he moved to Gainesville, Texas, in 1885. He came to Washington as a Congressman four years ago. The correspondents were inclined, at first, to ridicule his old fashioned style of dress—the traditional "statesman's costume" of the days of Clay and Webster, a black broadcloth suit, with long frock coat and open vest, and a white tie beneath a wide rolling collar; but the stalwart Texan soon became a marked figure in the House, and one of its most popular members.

A PROFESSOR OF CRITICISM.

That New York is becoming a center, like London, to which are drawn the best things of the world's art, literature, and science, is a fact suggested by the recent visit of Ferdinand Brunetière, who came from Paris to deliver a series of lectures for Columbia University.

M. Brunetière is one of the representative men of Paris. He is one of the "Forty Im-



NICHOLAS II, CZAR OF RUSSIA.
From his latest photograph by Steen, Copenhagen.

mortals." He is editor of the famous *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a journal that wields an influence in the world of French letters such as none of our literary periodicals can at all parallel. He is a professor at the Collège de France, and wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. In the art and science of criticism—more cultivated and more highly esteemed in France than with us—he is one of the foremost living authorities.

He represents the reaction of French thought against the modern triumphs of realism and materialism. Once an agnostic, he has become convinced that religion is a valuable, even an essential, factor in society; and his most notable book, "The Bankruptcy of Science," is a strong statement of this theory. In his New York lectures he made a pointed attack upon Zola, whose so called realistic work he regards as untrue both to art and to nature, as well as a perversion of the mission of fiction. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it may be recalled, has stoutly opposed Zola's repeated attempts to force his way into the Academy.

M. Brunetière is a spare, dark man of medium height, a little less than fifty years old. His portrait shows a smooth chin, but when in New York he wore a closely cropped beard. His manner on the platform was

ALEXANDRA, CZARINA OF RUSSIA.
From her latest photograph by Steen, Copenhagen.

natural and easy, and his enunciation delightfully clear.

AN IMPERIAL YOUTH.

This is the age of the young man. Never before have the prerogatives of the man of years been usurped, as they are today, by youth. In the world of science this statement holds by the logic of events. Only within the last decade have our scientific schools reached the fullness of their power; their youngest alumni possess, consequently, a completeness of technical knowledge to which older men of wide experience but scanty opportunities give willing recognition. As a result, we find the impelling forces of great commercial enterprises emanant in many instances from young men.

The statement holds, to a more limited degree, in the world of letters, for reasons which are less easy to trace; and it obtains with startling insistence in the affairs of empires by a manifestation of the mysterious working of human destiny which defies the impertinence of investigation. The Emperor of China is a mere boy. The scepter of united Germany is in the hand of a sovereign whose untamed and youthful ardor has kept Europe in a state of palpitating expectancy ever since his father died. The thrones of

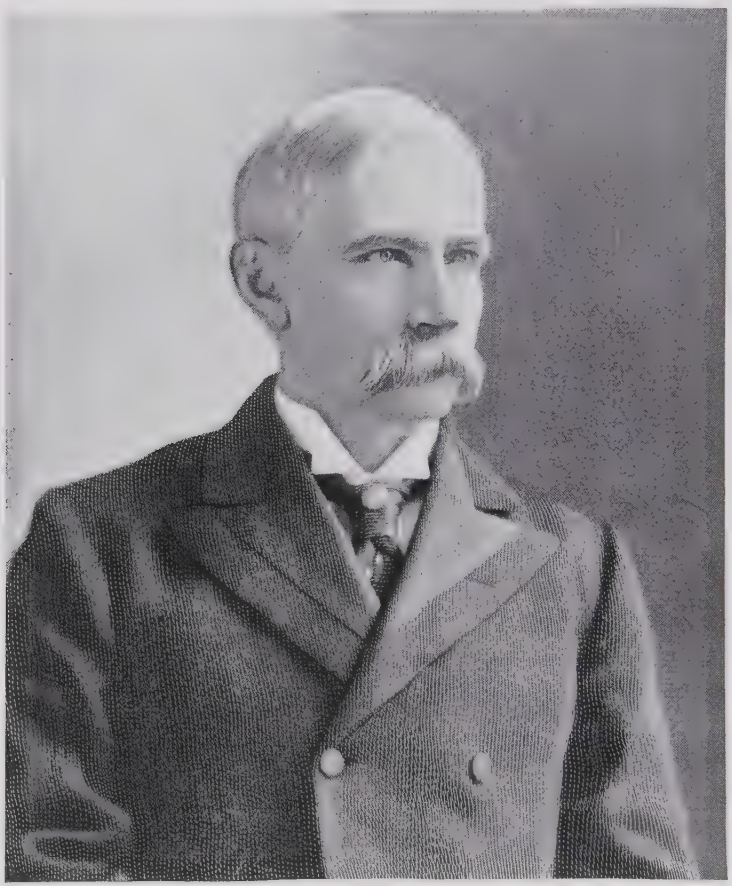
Spain and Holland are occupied by children whose adolescence suggests problems of no mean import.

But our axiom finds its fittest illustration in the person of Nicholas II, the Czar of Russia. The impressive ceremonies of his coronation revealed to the cheering multitudes a youth, tall and slender, of kingly carriage but kindly features, awed by the thought of his overwhelming obligations to his people and by the shadow of his own inscrutable future.

Statesmen may wait with breathless interest for the unfolding of the young Czar's imperial purposes, but we feel that there is not much to fear from this son and husband, who, at the supreme moment of his enthronement, turned with misty eyes to the embrace of his widowed mother and the tender endearments of his young wife. He is closely observant of the ties of kinship. To the thrones of Denmark, Greece, Germany, and England, he is bound by the branchings of the much twisted family tree of European royalty, and he is not a man to forget it.

The Czarina is the child of that Princess Alice who was Queen Victoria's favorite daughter, and whom the English people adored with an ardor not vouchsafed to the other children of the German consort Albert. This, too, is a family tie that augurs well for the peace of Europe. The Czar comes to the throne with the restraining influences of a broad and liberal education, widely different from the military tutelage of the German emperor, and his wife inherits the sweet and tender qualities of the Princess Alice.

With so many benign directing forces potent over these two lives, there cannot be much cause for political unrest in regard to the direction of their great personal influence. Indeed, we venture to predict that this "young despot," as Mr. Gladstone recently termed him, will be called, as his



WILLIAM L. WILSON, LATE POSTMASTER GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON.
From a photograph by Falk, New York.

father was called before him, the keeper of the peace of Europe.

MR. WILSON AS A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

Though he is "out of politics," at least for the present, William L. Wilson will always be an interesting personality. While Mr. Dingley and his associates are trying to improve upon our present fiscal system, the principal author of the Wilson tariff is of especial contemporary interest. Whether he regards the proposed changes as judicious and just may readily be inferred from a perusal of the article he contributes to this month's MUNSEY'S, which will be read with attention even by those who disagree with its author's conclusions.

Mr. Wilson was the scholar of the last cabinet. His career has been divided between politics, war, the law, and college life, and it is to this last that he has now returned as president of the Washington and Lee University. His predecessors in the headship of the famous old Virginia college were the two Lees, father and son—Robert E., the great soldier of the Confederacy, and General Custis Lee. Mr. Wilson also served in the Southern army, enlisting shortly after his graduation from the University of Virginia. After the war he was for several years pro-

fessor of Latin in the Columbian University, in Washington. He was president of another institution, the West Virginia University, when first elected to Congress in 1882. He was five times reëlected, and became one of the conspicuous figures of the House. In the Fifty Third Congress, as chairman of the ways and means committee, he framed the tariff measure that bore his name, and carried through the bill for the repeal of the Sherman silver purchase law.

Mr. Wilson is small of stature and slender in figure. He has the pale, intellectual face of a student, with keen, gray eyes, and hair that has become very white in the last four years—which have been, with him, years of very hard work and great responsibility. He has four grown up sons, promising young fellows, and two daughters. He has amassed but little wealth, and his way of life in Washington was always quite unpretentious. One of his most cherished possessions is an ancient Greek coin—a gold stater of Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great—which he wears as a scarf pin. It is almost a unique specimen, and two years ago, when Mr. Wilson was in London, the British Museum experts offered him a handsome price for it; but he declined to part with his treasured relic of "the glory that was Greece."

CARROLL D. WRIGHT, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF LABOR.
From a photograph by Pierson, Elizabeth.

A DELINEATOR OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

This month's article in our series of "literary confessions" is from the clever pen of Mrs. Burton Harrison, who begins the story of her favoritisms in fiction from the days of her girlhood in an old Fairfax County homestead. Mrs. Harrison has lived for more than twenty years in New York, where her husband—who as a young man was Jefferson Davis' private secretary—is a well known lawyer; but both of them are thorough Southerners. As a critic and delineator of metropolitan life—a rôle in which she has no equal—the fact that she was not a born and

bred Gothamite undoubtedly aided her. Her early years in the South, and her residence abroad, gave her a view point. No one who is a part of New York society, as she is, has watched and recorded its development during the present generation with the keen and humorous insight that stamps her work with individuality. Next month we shall print in MUNSEY'S a characteristic article in which she traces the evolution of that marked modern type, the "society woman" of the New York of today.

Mrs. Harrison is as familiar with the best life of England as with that of America. Her people, the Virginia Carys, are related to the English family of Cary, whose head is Viscount Falkland, the bearer of a title nearly three hundred years old. She has been a guest at Lord Falkland's town house, in Eaton Square, in many London seasons, and she has traveled in quite or nearly every country of Europe. She has been writing for twenty years, and always with the approval of the critics; but it was that clever study of contemporary social types, "The Anglomaniacs," published about eight years ago, that won her first rate rank among the novelists of the day.

THE COMMISSIONER OF LABOR.

The Federal labor bureau, like the secretaryship of agriculture, is a comparatively recent addition to the executive departments of our government. The present commissioner, Carroll D. Wright, is the first incumbent of the office, to which he was appointed upon its creation by Congress, a few years ago. His duty has nothing whatever to do with the settlement of strikes or with the procuring of employment for the idle. He is charged with the collection of facts and figures upon the condition of labor in all its phases, for the information of the government and the public, and to serve as a basis for intelligent legislation upon this all important subject.

Commissioner Wright is a man who has won distinction in several fields. He served with credit in the civil war, entering a New Hampshire regiment as a private soldier, and being mustered out as its colonel. He was a successful lawyer in Boston before he entered public life. After two terms in the Massachusetts Senate, he became chief of the bureau of labor statistics instituted by the Bay State, and his very able and useful work in this last capacity won him a national reputation as an authority in the field of scientific sociology. On an earlier page of the present magazine there is printed an article from his pen which reveals him as an earnest sympathizer with all that makes for the uplifting of the mass of our population, and as a keen and appreciative analyst of the elements that contribute to social progress.

The story is told that when Mr. Edison visited Berlin, some time ago, the Kaiser summoned him to the palace and privately inspected the workings of his latest electrical devices, getting a full explanation from the inventor. Next day his majesty had the exhibition repeated in public, and astonished his courtiers by his familiarity with inventions that were new and mysterious to everybody else.

A French traveler reports that Menelek, of Abyssinia, has a more genuine talent for mechanics. The African monarch had sent for a sewing machine, and one arrived, in parts. No one—not even the French visitor—could put it together, till Menelek took it to his rooms one evening, and the next morning displayed it, in complete running order, to the queen and his guest.

* * * *

Secretary Sherman is rated as a millionaire, chiefly as the result of very successful investments in Washington real estate; but he laid the foundation for his fortune when he started life with the resolution that he would save five hundred dollars each year. Rich candidates for office are seldom popular with the great American public, and Mr. Sherman has been much annoyed by the circulation of stories about his wealth during political campaigns. A newspaper correspondent relates that when the secretary first determined to build the fine white stone residence in which he now lives at Washington, he was very indignant at the premature publication of his plans, and went so far as to deny the whole story, although the house was begun as soon as he was assured of another term in the Senate.

* * * *

Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, is the owner of a small estate at Juvisy, near Paris, which was presented to him by a rich old gentleman who admired his work. Here is situated his private observatory, and here he spends the greater part of his time. The estate is called "Cour de France" because the French kings were accustomed to change horses there on their way to Fontainebleau. Napoleon spent the night before his abdication within the walls of the house. M. Flammarion's observatory occupies a hill, having an unimpeded view of the surrounding country, and here is kept the collection of astronomical and photographic instruments which the celebrated

scientist has been at such pains to bring together.

* * * *

Dr. Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, is one of the leading figures of the Church of England, as well as a learned historical authority. He has also been suspected of being a humorist—a character seldom found on the episcopal bench. A country rector in the Oxford diocese once bored him with voluminous letters about a painting which the clergyman wished to hang in his parish church, but concerning which some unimportant question had arisen. After several fruitless efforts to end the correspondence, Dr. Stubbs sent the rector a postal card bearing the brief message: "Hang your picture!—W.Oxon." ("Oxon." is the official signature of the Bishop of Oxford.) The clergyman has never quite made up his mind what his ecclesiastical superior meant.

* * * *

No one knows, each night, just where the Sultan of Turkey spends the hours of darkness. He has a series of bed rooms—as many as fifty, it is said, in some of his palaces—and to these he retires alone, sleeping in whatever apartment may take his fancy. The doors are of iron, and have highly elaborate locks.

Rechad Effendi, who is regarded as Abdul Hamid's probable heir, is the owner of something that is exceedingly rare among Turks—a head of red hair. Should he succeed to the throne now occupied by his brother, it is said that he will be obliged to dye his sandy locks jet black. He is described as a genial, well educated, and thoroughly progressive man, and an excellent performer on the piano.

* * * *

Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, who is reported to be contemplating a visit to America, is described as an intelligent, dignified, and affable ruler, who appreciates Western ideas. He speaks and reads English well, having learned the language from Dr. Gowan, who was for years his physician and close friend. His two eldest sons were sent to England to finish their education. Basil Thomson, who has since attracted attention as a novelist, and who is a son of the late Archbishop of York, was their tutor. The king has five other sons, the children of his two queens.

* * * *

Sir Henry Yelverton Goring, an English baronet who succeeded to his title a few weeks ago, was born to poverty, in spite of his aristocratic connections. He enlisted in the army, rose to be a sergeant, and, after seeing service in different parts of the world, retired ten years ago on a pension of about six dollars a week. To this scarcely magnificent income he added by opening a small tobacco shop in the country town of Tamworth. His recent succession to the baronetcy was the result of several deaths in an elder branch of the Goring family.

* * * *

The most famous orchid collection in the world, probably, is that of Joseph Chamberlain, the English colonial secretary, who constantly wears one of his costly favorite blossoms as a boutonnière. The orchid houses at his Birmingham home are worth, with their contents, somewhere from eighty to a hundred thousand dollars; but they are far surpassed by those of the Empress Frederick, whose collection of these wonderful flowers is valued at about twice as much.

* * * *

Premier Ralli, whom the failure of M. Delyannis' military plans brought to the head of the Greek government, bears a name almost as well known in England as in his own country. Several members of the family to which he belongs are wealthy merchants in London and Liverpool, and their commercial interests spread all over the world. Five of the English Rallis are popularly rated as possessing fortunes of $2,500,000 or more.

* * * *

Four or five years hence, probably, the greatest heiress in the world will appear before the society of Europe in the person of Mlle. Lucienne Hirsch, daughter of the late Baron Hirsch, the Jewish millionaire and philanthropist. She is now a girl of fourteen, and is being quietly educated in Brussels under the guardianship of Mme. Montefiore Levi, the baron's sister, who is also possessed of great wealth.

* * * *

There are five European kings, according to foreign correspondents, who cannot dance. The quintet of wallflowers consists of King Umberto, the Austrian emperor, the veteran rulers of Denmark and Saxony, and the King of the Belgians. On the other hand, as if to balance the failings of masculine royalty, it is said that there are six queens who smoke.

* * * *

According to a recent report from Russia, Count Tolstoy has lately taken up chess, and taken it up vigorously, like all his other hobbies. He makes his family play with him all day long, and has ruled off a chessboard on almost every table in his house at Moscow. Even his dogs and cats have been christened with the names of chess pieces.

STORIETTES

THE WINGS LOVE KEPT.

THE sunlight fell in great big patches, like a coat of many colors, upon Love, as he sat sorting out his specimens.

A girl with a color box and camp stool came along and settled herself not very far from Love, for he made an interesting figure in the landscape, and she wished to note him down. Love looked her way.

"Would you mind telling me who you are?" he asked. "I always like to know whom I am favoring."

"Willingly," answered the girl, selecting brushes from her box. "I am an impressionist."

"That's good," said Love in a reflective tone that made her glance at him. He looked straight in her eyes. "And what may your impression be of me?"

The girl's eyes faltered. She hesitated a moment, and then, consulting the colors she had chosen on her palette, she replied, "Purple—purple and yellow."

"I must be a beauty," mused Love. "Please don't feel hurt," he added as he saw her crimsoning. "Those *are* my colors—honor bright—but I've always considered them more as symbolism than complexion. They go with my coat of arms and my motto, *veni, vidi, vici*."

The girl laughed. "You borrow from a well known man," she said.

"People are apt to forget my age when I am with them," Love said quietly. "If you will think a moment you will see that it is much more probable that the man you have reference to borrowed from me."

The girl looked at him. "Perhaps it is," she sighed. "But I thought blue was your symbolic color—for constancy."

"Blue is my color—for constancy," said Love, "but I have others for other things. I have as many colors as there are in this collection."

The girl laid down her palette and brushes and came over to where Love was sitting. "How strange," she said. "What do you have here? Butterflies' wings?"

"Souls' wings," responded Love. "I have the best collection in the world. Here are some purple ones if you would like to use them for a color note. They belonged to a princess—a princess in soul."

The girl drew a long, wondering breath. "How beautiful!" she said. "I thought souls had white wings."

"White wings?" repeated Love. "Well, that depends very much on the soul. Now, these green wings belonged to a soul so full of hope that it was a joy to be with him, and when I had to go away I took them for remembrance."

"And what became of the soul when you took off the wings?"

"I do not know," said Love. "You see," he went on, as he noticed the deepening trouble of her eyes, "I am studying the flight of souls, and it is very necessary that I should understand the structure of their wings. Those damaged ones belonged to such a 'flighty' soul." Love hoped to reassure her, but she only paled.

"You are cruel!" she cried, shrinking back. "I wish I had not heard it! Oh, how can I paint you now?" The tears brimmed in her eyes. She dashed them away and knelt to pick a flower, but the tears brimmed and she could not see. "I—I am so disappointed in you."

Love looked at her a while, and he, too, seemed about to cry, for she had wounded him. And then he saw that she would almost break her heart about her disappointment, and he went and slipped his hand in hers. "You can paint me now," he said, laying his cheek tenderly against her hand. "You could not have done it before; you did not understand."

"I am disappointed in you," said the girl, and yet she let him put his arms about her neck.

"You can paint me now," he whispered, kissing her.

The girl smiled a little tremulously, but the sunshine made a shimmering rainbow about her as she unclasped his arms gently and went back to her work. She could not trust herself to meet his eyes, but she worked resolutely while the light lasted and while Love was busy with his specimens. At last he rose, and going to where she was working, he paused beside her easel.

"You have begun well," he said to her. "I think you will be able to finish now from memory, for I must be going along. We have each gained from having met. You have your impression of me, and I—I have my impression of you."

"Oh!" said the girl. She could not bear to have him go. She felt that she had made but a poor impression upon Love, and she glanced up in protest. He was not looking

at her. His eyes were bent fondly upon his collection, to which he had just added the fairest wings of all. "Who—whose are those?" she asked.

"Those? Those are yours," said Love.

Marguerite Tracy.

TOO LATE!

A WOMAN knew that love was in her life.

One came, reverently to touch her hand and look into her eyes, if haply he might find there rest for what was throbbing in his heart.

The woman wavered and drew back. "How foolish I am!" she thought. "Where is the fame — and the wealth — and the beauty?"

She wrapped her love in a shimmering tissue of friendship, and tied it firmly with a cord of indifference—to wait for a day that would come. The taut cord pressed painfully.

"Childishness!" exclaimed the woman with impatience, and deftly wound many cords together and intertwined them.

Then love sat inert. "Now I am safe—until that day."

She waited—and at length one came with wealth and fame, and stooped to kiss her hand. "This must be he," whispered the woman, beginning to unloose the cords.

One by one they fell.

"Dear Love, waken. It's morning!" she said softly, and pulled aside the covering.

But there was nothing inside.

Jean Marie Lawrence.

AT THE LAWN FAIR.

WITH a grim, hurt feeling at his heart, Shilton watched her as she stepped lightly across the lawn with Jackson, his rival, a handsome blond Northerner. The whole week had gone wrong. On Monday she had declined to go boating, because she was going for a ride—with his rival. On Tuesday she had refused him a walk, pleading a previous engagement—with his rival. On Wednesday she was tired from the night before, and would not go rowing with him. That evening she had worn a bunch of daisies which he had seen his rival plucking. Then, childishly enough, he had avoided her for two days, and then for the next two days she seemed to avoid him; and so things had gone from bad to worse.

There seemed, now, a studied coldness between them. The last and worst stroke of all was when he saw his rival wearing the scarf pin he himself had given her. He had reasoned it all out logically, and found that he had no reason to feel hurt, since he had no claim whatever upon her; but his heart refused logic utterly.

He walked away and sat under a tree with his back to the direction in which she had gone. In a few moments, however, he heard her merry laugh, and saw her again by the light of the low swung Japanese lanterns. The soft light fell prettily over her white gown, which was sheer and cloudy—"floaty," as Shilton called it. He saw his rival take her hand and lead her into a few steps of the minuet.

"Would it not be fine to dance out here on the grass?" he heard her say. And then he saw them take position for a two step.

"You must whistle the 'Directory,'" she said.

"I can't think of it," answered his rival, still keeping the position.

"Then we can't dance," she laughed again. "I will only dance it to the 'Directory.'"

Shilton clenched his hands and walked back and forth in the deep shadows of the tree. It was not long before he was besieged by energetic ladies and enthusiastic girls asking him to buy any number of nameless little trinkets, for it was the evening of the yearly summer mission fair of the Hot Springs, held on the hotel lawn.

One pretty girl begged him to have his picture taken by flashlight. "Only," she said laughing, "you must stop frowning so blackly, or the flashlight will be of no use."

When she was gone he frowned twice as blackly. Then others came, asking him to take chances for bed quilts, embroideries, paintings, lamps, and other things which he hated. Some one else pleaded with him to give a dollar to have his silhouette cut, and he gave two dollars not to have it cut. At last a pretty girl of fifteen came to him and said:

"Mr. Shilton, you must have your fortune told! You must find out if she loves you! You know it is worth a quarter. Come now, isn't it?"

Shilton, being perfectly aware that it was worth the whole world to him, did not deny her statement, but stood frowning.

"Ah, do come!" she pleaded. "Mrs. Parker Averill is our fortune teller. There! I really ought not have told you. It is a secret. She is disguised, you know, and wears a veil and all, so that no one knows her. But she does tell the most wonderful things!"

It seemed so utterly foolish to have his fortune told. Besides, he knew Mrs. Averill by sight only. Not knowing him, she would have to make up a lot of impossible things about his being in love and marrying, and all the rest of the unlikely rubbish these people

usually tell. Nevertheless, the pretty little fortune agent urged, and he followed her.

The tent was the conventional gipsy booth, with a caldron, which, in consideration of the August night, had only a mock fire under it. The sides of the tent were hung with skins, and here and there, peering out uncomfortably from unsuspected places, were great Japanese spiders and toads. It was quite dark, too, save for the weird light of a red lantern at the entrance. With her back to this, and closely enveloped in a long cloak, sat the fortune teller, her face concealed by a Spanish veil, fastened under a fantastic headdress.

"The very best of luck to you!" said the girl of fifteen, as she left him in charge of the gipsy.

Rather doggedly, and feeling very like a schoolboy, he sat down on the little low seat before the fortune teller.

"Palm or cards?" said the gipsy, drawing her cloak more closely about her.

"Oh, the infallible cards, by all means," said Shilton, a little sneeringly.

She bade him shuffle and cut the pack. Then she spread them out one by one before her, on a board covered with deerskin.

"Now let me see, you are not entirely blond. I think I shall run you through as the Jack of Hearts. Where is the Jack of Hearts? Ah, yes! Very fortunate!" she began mysteriously. "Wealth, health, and advantage cards together. Much travel. You have traveled a great deal, have you not?"

He nodded his head.

"Pessimistically inclined. Yes, at one time you were very pessimistic, shortly after the death of some one dear to you."

He had once lost a sister, and afterwards almost gone to the dogs. But Mrs. Averill could not know that; it was a mere coincidence. He looked up sharply at the gipsy, but she continued:

"Yes, your nature is a little unfortunate, a little unhappy. Lately—no—yes, lately you have loved. There is a blond man; and the jealousy card, the three of clubs, is between you and the blond man. She is a brunette. Spades. Clubs. Ah, misfortune comes to you through jealousy. It is that unfortunate nature of yours again," she said solemnly, putting her finger on a black card near the Jack of Hearts. "The card of imagination near to it. You have imagined! And yet she—the brunette—you have no warrant for it. Only light cards surround her. You have misjudged her."

"How do you mean?" he was startled into saying.

"See!" she said, laying her finger on the hated Jack of Diamonds, which stood for his rival. "You have no cause for jealousy. There are no love cards between them. She does not love him."

"Are you sure?" asked Shilton.

"Quite," said the gipsy.

"But she might, because he loves her," insisted Shilton.

"Yes," said the gipsy in a low voice, "perhaps he does."

"Well, then," said Shilton, trying to laugh lightly, "I don't see but I've a right to that imagination of mine, after all. Do you mean to say I've no cause for jealousy with that Jack of Diamonds so near my brunette of Spades?"

"None," she replied solemnly.

"No danger of her falling in love with him?"

"No," said the gipsy, "the love cards are not there."

"Where are they, then?"

"Here they are, on the other side of the brunette—the nine, five, and seven of hearts."

Shilton drew up nearer in a businesslike way. He wanted to get the run of it all. "On the other side," he said, "five, seven, nine—those are love cards? Well, what does that mean?" He looked puzzled, and then put his finger on the Jack of Hearts. "Isn't that myself—that Jack of Hearts?"

"Yes," said the gipsy dreamily.

"Then the love cards are between the Queen of Spades—that is my brunette—and the Jack of Hearts—which is myself?"

The fortune teller assented.

"Then that means—she loves me?"

"Yes," said the gipsy almost under her breath, "she does."

Shilton thought a moment. "Well, that's just where you're wrong," he said ungraciously, and rose with a frown. Then he laughed a harsh, irritated laugh. "You see, I knew before I came in. So you will excuse my saying it is rubbish. But here is a dollar for the cause."

As he was leaving the tent, Mrs. Parker Averill passed him, going into it. "You poor dear child!" he heard her say. "Did you grow very tired waiting for me? It was so good of you to take my place for a while. Have you told many fortunes?"

He stopped just beyond the tent, and heard the gipsy answer. It was not in the mysterious tones he had heard but in a girlish voice which he thought he knew better than any other voice in the world. His heart leaped up and then seemed to stand still.

"Yes," it said softly, "and nobody guessed in the least that it was I."

He waited a few minutes, until, the long red robe and veil thrown off, she fluttered out

of the tent in her filmy white dress, like a white moth.

"Alice!" he said softly.

With a little cry she found herself face to face with him.

A few minutes later the Jack of Diamonds, holding something between his fingers, came sauntering up to where the Queen of Spades and the Jack of Hearts were walking beneath the shade of an oak tree.

"Do you know," he said, taking no notice of the Jack of Hearts, "I'm so glad to have found you. I've only just learned that this stick pin belongs to you. I found it two days ago, and have even worn it once or twice. I am awfully sorry to have kept it. You will forgive me, won't you? There were no initials."

"It's not really mine," said the Queen of Spades, for the same lack of reason that girls say many things.

"Yes, it is hers," said the Jack of Hearts pleasantly, taking it from the Jack of Diamonds. "At least it is mine, and it is just the same thing."

And then the Jack of Diamonds said, "Oh!"

Laura Spencer Portor.

NO. 9—WALTZ—LA MANOLA.

"GIVE you this dance! But I couldn't possibly! It's promised to Mr. Trevor. Here he comes now. Permit me—Mr. Trevor, Mr. Brand. Yes, this is our waltz, Mr. Trevor—excuse us, please, Mr. Brand—this music is too good to lose. The Military? Ah, no! The old Spanish waltz is best, don't you think so? There! Take me quite around—that was lovely! I do love to have the whole floor! You won't let me slip, will you? But I didn't say you might go to the other extreme—stop, please!

"How perfectly your step matches mine! Oh, no—don't stop yet! Round once more—there! I'm n-not tired—a-at all! Well—fan me, please—wasn't that perfect? The piazza? We can step right out through the window.

"How delightfully cool it is out here! The beach? What, with thin dancing slippers! It does look lovely, though! That moonlight is simply bewitching! Well, just for one little minute—my shawl, please! Oh, be careful—your disarranging my hair! What, away down there by the surf? Well—come on! Oh, isn't this beautiful! Just see how each little wave catches the silvery light! And the waltz—listen—the breakers are dancing to it! Ah, Jack; please don't! Is that why you made me come out here? Do you know what you are saying? Do you really mean it? Say that?—oh, I couldn't! No! No! Ah, Jack, *must* I? Well, then—I—I—I think I do love you—just a little!"

Clarence Herbert New.

A WOODLAND PATH.

SOON after leaving Transylvania I married and settled down out there in Nebraska, on the farm where I have been working for nearly forty years. I have not been doing much else, in fact, but drudging my life away. At first I occasionally got down Horace or Theocritus, and read a little, but that was long ago. Years after, when the boys came home from college for their vacation, I used to tell them what a student I had been once, and I brought in my old books, but—well, the boys said that I would have to get a "pony."

Last winter we decided, my wife and I, to come back to Kentucky, where one of my brothers lived on the old home place, and rest all spring, while my boys put in the crop at home. To spend spring in Kentucky!

We have been here three days now. The day we came was one of those bright, sunshiny days in early spring when the warmth of the conquering sun is beginning to triumph over the frost of winter; when there is just a faint, lingering hint of the icy season in the air; when everything seems to be living and moving; when you feel like sitting out in the sun and soaking your soul and body full of the busy life and sunshine about you. It seems as if the sun had carelessly spilled a little sunshine into your soul. You even have a warm feeling for the turkeys and chickens, industriously scratching and sunning in the first dust of the year. You laugh as you watch the barefooted, light hearted boy who goes running and whistling down to the muddy creek, and sticks his bare hand into the cold water to see if it is not about time for "fishin'" and "swimmin'."

This was the sort of day, as I was saying, when I came in at noon; and while the folks were busy getting dinner I wandered, in a hazy, idle dream of long ago, out into the orchard. I lay down in the grass and in the sunshine, under the old Early Harvest apple tree, where we used to swing in the dear old boughs amid the pink and white blossoms, and to watch the white and blue tinted clouds, like ships at sea, sailing across the blue heavens, and to wonder when they would come sailing home to us. I had a notion to climb to that dear old limb, but it was older than it used to be, and looked rather rotten; so I lay there and peeped up through the fragrant, snowy blossoms to the sky above. Somehow a sort of tender, dreamy feeling for the hills, and wood, and meadow land, came

rushing over me; and somehow, I thought I was lazily wandering along with the boys and girls again, coming home from school along the old time woodland path.

I was back there, this bright spring day, loitering along with the rest—Madge is the only name I can recall now; wandering with the path through the sweet scented red and white topped clover; straggling by a field of green, rivery rippling wheat; then running down across the hillside where the dandelions, peeping out of the grass here and there, hardy little messengers of spring, fringed the path with rich yellow splendor.

Next we are in the orchard, where the apple blossoms, blown off by the gentle April breezes, are drifting lazily into the long green grass. The drowsy, droning bumble and honey bees stumble and stagger by on lazy wings, as if loaded down with the honey stolen from the abounding blossoms. A robin sings in the gnarled old apple tree hard by, while a lazy south wind brings the sweet smell of an April shower, hardly an hour old. We linger here a moment, while I jump and grasp some low hanging bough that brings a shower of white petals and fresh rain to the earth. Then I climb to the topmost branch to get that sprig of pink apple blossoms, like the color in her cheeks, for Madge.

From the orchard the path winds under low hanging beech and elm, where the cardinal sits upon the topmost branch, pouring forth his heart in a song of joy. You can tell that he feels that the skies are blue, and the grass is growing. Here we stop and gather the first spring flowers, shaking from them the drops of fresh, sweet rain.

A step farther on, and we are walking through a stretch of rich open woods, where the pale, sweet cowslips, Madge's favorite flowers, bloom in the late spring. The delicate white ones, nodding gracefully on their tall stems, always remind me of her. It is hardly time for them yet, but they are coming, for the clusters of smooth, dark green leaves have already begun to shoot forth from their long bare stems.

Next the path winds along the brookside, where the cattle splash and drink, and chew their cuds the livelong day, under the spreading old sycamore where "Madge" and "Tom" are cut, one above the other, deep in the white bark, and a heart just below, with "T. W." and "M. W." in it. Then, zigzagging through cattails and water lilies, where the lazy bullfrog croaks at twilight, we pass over old stumps and rotten logs, and old and new blackberry briers, into damp, deep, darker places; dim, cool moss covered dells, and flower strewn glades, where the shy chipmunk peeps from the moss grown log, and the bushy tailed squirrel springs from the old rock fence to the young walnut hard by. Here the sweet blue violets grow around the rocks and roots of the trees, and the crowfoots and crocuses shoot out of the damp earth—the first pledges of blithesome May. Here I gathered buttercups and violets for Madge, the violets to match the blue of her eyes, the buttercups her golden hair.

Now we lazily climb, resting a moment on the topmost rider, an old, lichen bearded worm fence, with a broken rail, and jump with our bare brown feet into the cool, wet mud of the cornfield. We rake, as we go along, the mud from our toes upon the long wet grass that fringes the path. We stand amid the green corn and listen to the crow as he croaks from the dead limb of a solitary oak, and the "bob white" as he whirls away from his perch on the old rail fence, piping his name as he goes.

On goes the path until we let down the barnyard bars and go up the lane, lined with maple and locust, among the lowing cows that have come up to be milked and are standing close to the gate, looking longingly toward the hungry, frisky calves on the other side.

Then we go through the old gate, with its one hinge at the top, and under the fragrant lilac bush in front, around the house and into the kitchen, where mother is getting supper, and fixing the table on the porch for the first time this year. Here at the old farm house, in the evening twilight, amid the lowing of the cattle, and the neighing of the horses, with the farm hands just in from the field—amid the clash of the harness, and the thump of the corn as it is thrown into the feed box, and the rattle of the sweep as it goes down into the well to fill the moss covered watering trough, with the mint growing where the water steals over the side, and with the smell of fried ham from the kitchen—here ends this old time woodland path, so dear in the days of long ago.

And what became of Madge? Why, like the apple blossoms, the violets, the buttercups, and the cowslips, she was a spring flower. When summer came with its heat and dust—well, they have flowers that bloom forever in Heaven.

But this is not a romance. Madge, I believe, married a young country lad, and went West. They farm now with their three boys and two girls. Madge hasn't changed much—and just then I heard a sweet old voice behind me: "Tom, my dear, dinner's ready."

"Why, Madge, how you frightened me," I said, as I slowly arose and put my arm around her, and stooped and kissed the tired,

faded lips with as much fervor as I did forty odd years before on our wedding day.

"Why, Tom," she said, with some of the old time ring in her voice, "that is the first time in years—and there are tears in your eyes, too!"

Still holding her I reached up and pulled a sprig of white blossoms, to match the color of her hair, and fastening them in the smooth old locks, "Do you remember, Madge?" I said.

And there were tears in her eyes, too.

Frank Waller Allen.

AT THE DINNER TABLE.

THE guests were about going out to dinner, and Mrs. Van Decken said to Harrison Staples: "Come and be presented to my little cousin. You are to take her out."

"I shall be delighted," he said; but he was not. He knew that she had recently come from somewhere in the country, and the dinner was to be a long one.

"I know what you are thinking," said Mrs. Van Decken deprecatingly. "I was to have given you Marjorie Fenton, for I know you enjoy her witty flings; but at the last moment I had word that a bad cold would keep her away, and so I give you Phillina. This is her first big dinner party, and I know you will be amiable to her."

Staples said that nothing could please him more. He was introduced to Phillina, offered her his arm, and they joined the procession dinnerwards.

"She's really pretty," he thought as they seated themselves. "She has lovely eyes, but how she does stare out of them!"

Phillina was thinking of all she had heard about Harrison Staples. He was asked everywhere, was so cynical, and knew so much of the world. Phillina knew nothing of the world, but she thought she would like to learn.

After his third oyster Staples asked her how she liked New York. He thought that would do as well as anything to say.

Phillina liked it, but she didn't think she would ever get acquainted with the people.

"It never occurred to me that we were a difficult people to get on with," remarked Staples.

"But getting on with people is not knowing them!" exclaimed Phillina. "The people here all talk a great deal, but one never seems to get nearer to them."

"I see you are a sentimental young lady."

"I am not sentimental, and I think it is very unkind in you to say so," said Phillina, with a look of indignant reproach. Somehow she felt deeply hurt.

"What a killing glance she can give!" thought Staples, and he was conscious that he no longer felt bored. "Now you are angry with me," he said. "Please don't be."

"But you are very unjust to say I am sentimental, just because I like to really know people. Don't you care to know the hearts of your friends?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Staples. "I don't even want to know my own heart."

"Is it so desperately wicked?" inquired Phillina. She felt that she was pleasing him, and experienced an exhilarating sensation.

"Unspeakably! Do you make a study of your own heart, Miss Van Decken?"

"I never thought about it until I came to the city," said Phillina, evidently thinking about something that disturbed her, for she blushed and hastily changed the subject. "Don't let us talk of hearts when we are having our soup; let us wait till the sweetmeats for that. Tell me about Miss Fenton, who was to have come. My cousin says everybody admires her so."

"You said that rather wistfully. Are you longing for admiration, Miss Phillina?"

"I think I should like being admired," said Phillina, who only knew enough to say what she thought.

"Because I was going to say that without doubt you will have plenty of enjoyment of that kind."

"If I could only live always in the city!" remarked Phillina irrelevantly.

"And aren't you going to?"

"I am afraid not;" she spoke sadly. "We do not seem poor in our town, but we are too poor for the city. I almost wish cousin Margaret hadn't asked me to visit her, for now that I know what this life is like, I can never be quite as contented at home again."

Just at this juncture Staples' attention was claimed by the butler, who offered him a dish, and the pause was taken advantage of by Phillina's other neighbor, an old gentleman who had known her mother and who had been waiting for a chance to tell Phillina how much she was like her. Staples found that the lady on his left was engaged in conversation, so he was left to his own thoughts.

"Poor little thing!" he reflected. "What a pity for her to be wasted in the wilds of a country town where the people don't half appreciate her! Why can't some rich old fellow take a fancy to her and marry her instead of spending all his money on himself? Colonel Mason, for instance. Perhaps Mrs. Van Decken had some such idea in her head when she asked her here. Phillina's very taking. She'd be a social queen, I'm sure. I would enroll myself under her banner for one." Here he glanced at Phillina's lovely side face, her

little pink ear, and the waves in her crisp, dark brown hair. "Now if I only had the money people seem to think I have, blest if I wouldn't go to Phillina's rescue myself, and think myself a lucky fellow, too!"

At this point, Staples' thoughts wandered off to Marjorie Fenton. She was an heiress, and she seemed to take pleasure in his society. He had decided that the best thing he could do would be to propose for Miss Fenton's hand and heart and purse, but had put it off because her cynicism always repelled while it amused him—not that he regarded things in a higher light himself, but yet he liked women to be different. Lately he had noticed that young Langworth was becoming very attentive to the heiress, and as he sat beside Phillina, he was saying to himself, "I think I would better call on Marjorie Fenton tomorrow and settle things one way or another."

During the remainder of the dinner Phillina was monopolized by the old gentleman, who did not cease his reminiscences of her mother's girlhood. She listened patiently and smiled. She was sure that she and Staples had not had their talk out, and felt certain that after dinner he would find some way to finish it. As they rose from the table, Phillina gave him a little unconscious smile of expectancy. He understood and smiled back. Later he asked her to show him some photographs in the library.

Once in the library, and possessed of the photographs, he listened rather absently to Phillina's gay little description of the old gentleman's recollections. He wondered if Mrs. Van Decken had given the girl any advice on the subject of matrimony. Phillina was so innocent that no doubt the idea of looking out for herself in that way might not occur to her unaided.

"I suppose you know Colonel Mason very well by this time?" he ventured.

"Yes, he has been here nearly every day, and I have been in town more than a month." She spoke hurriedly and seemed nervous. Staples wondered.

"I thought possibly I'd see him here tonight," he said. "I am getting up a little party to look at some rather choice pictures I know about. I hope you will be with us, and I thought of asking Colonel Mason."

"Oh, no, please don't!" Phillina promptly replied. "At least—I ought not to have said that," and she blushed painfully. But after a pause she added simply, "I always speak so hastily. I am sorry, but since I have, I will tell you that yesterday Colonel Mason asked me to marry him."

Staples came very near saying "Jove, you don't say so!" but instead he said warmly, "Well, if anybody *could* deserve such luck it is Colonel Mason!"

"But you don't understand!" cried Phillina. "I don't love him."

"Oh, Miss Van Decken, after people are married they often——"

"But I have refused him!"

"Do you know what you have done?" exclaimed Staples. "He is a man of enormous wealth"—he paused. Phillina was looking at him. He felt somehow like a cad.

"Mr. Staples," said Phillina, with her eyes full of pride and scorn, "do you think I should be such a coward as to marry a man I didn't love for his money?"

"A coward!" murmured Staples.

"Yes, and if it came to the point, don't you suppose I would be brave enough to work all my life rather than act such a lie?"

"Don't be so hard on me," pleaded Staples. "It's only the way such things are looked at in the world."

"Perhaps it is just as well that I shall never live in it. I am going home in a few days. Cousin Margaret wants me to come again, but I do not think I shall." She was not speaking with anger now, only sadly. She had seen his point of view in a flash, and she felt sore and disillusioned.

"Really going so soon?" said Staples. "At least say that you forgive me!"

"Why, of course, if there's any question of forgiveness."

"And shall I see you next winter? Do promise me that."

"I do not think so," said Phillina gently. "I think this is really good by." She moved towards the door.

"Where are you going, Phillina?" he said, using her name unconsciously.

"I am going to talk to the old gentleman who used to know my mother." Phillina smiled a little as she said this. She was thinking how impossible it would have seemed to her, an hour ago, that she would leave Staples to stay with the old gentleman.

"Then good by!" said Staples, holding out his hand.

Phillina put hers in it, and said quietly and kindly, "Good by, Mr. Staples. You helped me to enjoy my dinner party."

After she left him, Staples stood still a moment staring at the floor. Then he went to Mrs. Van Decken and made his adieux, pleading an engagement. "Your niece is charming," he told her.

Out in the street he pulled himself together and lit a cigar. "Just an episode," he said to himself. "I've had 'em before. But there's one thing, I shall never make that call on Marjorie Fenton."

Gertrude E. Watson.

LITERARY CHAT

LITERARY COLLECTORS.

When a collector once gets the fancy for a thing, all is grist that comes to his mill. Generally it is a little curious to see how his hobby begins. It does not by any means follow that he has any great and particular interest in the things he undertakes to collect. The selection of his fad is usually a matter of chance. For instance, the man who owns the greatest collection of autograph letters of the Americans who have created American history dates his life work from the day when he happened to find a garret full of old documents that had belonged to a great uncle prominent in colonial affairs.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has a special room in his home in London which is devoted to "Pickwick." He keeps there the material for what he calls his "Monumental Pickwick," which will, of course, never be written. But the "material" fills thirty or forty large volumes. There are more than a thousand pictures which have been made as illustrations to "Pickwick," and hundreds of pictures of the places described in the book. There are translations of it in Dutch, German, French, Spanish, Swedish, Russian, and other tongues. There is every known edition of the book, besides every article or newspaper clipping upon the subject. Yet once Mr. Fitzgerald cared no more for the "Pickwick Papers" than he did for a great many other books. He happened to buy some old prints which were too valuable to put aside, but were of no particular interest alone. There was nothing to do but to begin a collection.

AN ABLE BODIED SET OF GHOSTS.

Marie Corelli preaches the doctrine of reincarnation with so much insistence that one is inclined to believe her sincere; but as she emphatically disclaims any responsibility for the views her characters entertain, it is an open question whether this favorite topic of hers is after all a part of her creed.

"Zisca, the Problem of a Wicked Soul," is the uncanniest of ghost stories, but one would not expect this writer of lurid tales to tie herself down to the narrow limits of a conventional "spook yarn." The theory of ghosts which *Dr. Dean* expounds is of no ordinary sort. *Armand Gervase*, who appears to the world as the foremost of living painters, is in fact the nineteenth century reincarnation of an amorous warrior of utmost antiquity, but he lives in blissful unconsciousness of this disquieting fact. *Zisca*, on the other hand, whom the world knows as a beautiful princess of Egyptian descent, is in reality the living embodiment of a dancing girl of equally antique period, whose ill usage by the warrior the modern *Zisca* lives but to avenge. Unlike *Gervase*, *Zisca* retains the fullest knowledge of her real status; in her the dancing girl of antiquity lives again. *Zisca* is, according to *Dr. Dean*, undoubtedly a ghost, but about *Gervase's* true condition the reader is left in suspense.

A doctrine of ghosts so flexible as to include the unwitting impersonation of a contemporary of Rameses, and the deliberate avenger of his long forgotten victim, possesses unusual attractiveness for the novelist, but does not add materially to the sum total of psychological data. Having in mind her versatility in the construction of various grades of spooks, one cannot help wishing that Mr. Stead could have had the coöperation of this talented author in writing his "Real Ghost Stories."

Uncanny as "Zisca" is, it is sufficiently earthly to give us a clever picture of English and American tourists in Egypt, drawn in Miss Corelli's remarkably vivid manner. The author has little sympathy with "trippers" in general, and she is particularly merciless in regard to foreign sightseers in Egypt. In "Zisca" she displays her descriptive power to advantage, and generally in a quiet and rational manner, but one is confronted occasionally by passages like this: "A woman whose dark hair fell about her heavily, like the black remnants of a long buried corpse's wrappings."

Little has been published in regard to the personality of this gifted but eccentric woman, whose work has stirred up so much discussion. It has been generally supposed that the name she signs to her books is an assumed one, but this is not so. Miss Corelli leads an unusually secluded life, though her habits are by no means those of the recluse. She admits a small circle of devoted friends to her artistic home in London, from which the outer world is so rigorously excluded. She is of Italian descent, as her name and temperament would suggest, and keeps her patronymic, though she was adopted when a small child by Charles Mackay. She is described as a modest and unassuming young woman of fascinating manners.

It is a matter for much rejoicing that Miss Corelli, who has made a fortune from the great popularity of her earlier works, is not likely to put upon the book market a succession of mediocre novels, to be traded off on the strength of her established reputation. We are told that she writes much, though she offers but little to the public. We wish her example was more generally followed.

"FLAMES."

Robert Hichens is turning out books at the rate of one a year—a very moderate pace, in these days of hurlyburly production. In 1894 came "The Green Carnation," in the following year "An Imaginative Man," and in 1896 "The Folly of Eustace." His new novel, the fourth of his annual series, is named "Flames," as if in deliberate defiance of the epithet "lurid."

"The Green Carnation" is the book to which Mr. Hichens owes his literary recognition. Passing by the intervening works, we feel inclined to allow "Flames" the second place. It is deliberately weird—a quality toward which the author's imagination proceeds most freely. It exploits a doctrine of transmigration or transference of souls that is altogether ghostly.

It appears that a soul, strong in its own self satisfaction, possesses the power of ousting another soul weakened by unrest, and of usurping the latter's place. The usurper is like a vampire soul feeding on any somnolent victim it chances to light upon. In Mr. Hichens' cheerful tale, a preternaturally sinless London youth, known as the "Saint of Victoria Street," becomes dissatisfied with himself. Thereupon the soul of an utterly corrupt and degraded man leaves its habitat, at the moment of death, and takes up its abode in the interior of the Victoria Street saint, ousting the soul resident therein. The author does not inform us clearly of the fate of this evicted soul, but discreetly leaves the question open. This upsetting of souls plays havoc with surrounding souls, and the close of the book finds a number of people in such sorry plight that none of them rests secure in the undisputed possession of his own or any other spirit. The vagrant souls appear as tiny flames flickering in the dark with awesome scintillations, and are usually accompanied by a thin, wailing cry. Any one experiencing simultaneously a flickering flame and a thin, wailing cry should be on his guard at once against the vampire soul.

The idea of picturing a wandering soul as a tiny flame is not new. Mr. Hichens gives Rossetti the credit of originating it. Possibly Rossetti might have placed its parentage further back yet. At least, he is not the only one who has helped Mr. Hichens in making "Flames." The idea of soul transference is as old as the hills in psychology, and by no means new in fiction.

"Flames" is the oddest possible combination of strength and weakness. One chapter, "The Dance of the Hours," is in its way a notable work of art. It is a vivid picture of a London music hall and the holiday crowds who throng there. It shows Mr. Hichens' unusual descriptive power to great advantage. On the other hand, the dialogue is at times utterly inane. Two young men are talking together over an experiment:

"It is rather interesting."
"Yes, it is very."
"You really don't feel anything?"
"No."
"Nor I. But why do we find it interesting?"
"Hang it! I don't know. Why do we?"
"That's what I'm wondering."
"It's awfully puzzling."

This may be realistic, but like almost all realistic dialogue, it is terribly dull.

Laboring through the uncanny passages of "Flames," the reader wishes that a writer possessing Mr. Hichens' command of English, and his skill in the portrayal of persons and scenes, would forsake the tangled jungles for clear and open paths in which average readers of normal and healthy tastes might walk with pleasure and appreciation.

Mr. Hichens is quite a young man, little more than thirty years old. He did not go to a university, but studied the organ and the piano at the Royal Academy of Music, in London. From music he went to a college of journalism, and he is still something of a musician, and a good deal of a journalist, as well as a clever novelist.

A PICTURESQUE ROMANCE.

The metropolis of today is a vastly different place from the little city of one hundred thousand inhabitants of which Mr. Edgar Fawcett tells us in his "Romance of Old New York." Where Broadway is busiest now, then there were quiet apple orchards; and around the "grassy circle of Bowling Green" were the fashionable residences of the town.

Nor was this so very long ago. In eighteen hundred and twenty, the time of the narrative, New York was still "prim, colonial, and in spots village-like, and gave no prophecy of those prodigious changes which awaited it." The Battery was the fashionable promenade of the town; away out in the open fields, where Madison Square now roars with traffic, the tents of the traveling circus were pitched; and today the crowded tenement district stretches out into the region where

the wealthy classes of those days had their country homes.

Though Mr. Fawcett takes us back less than eighty years, each decade has brought such changes that we seem to be reading of a forgotten age, and it is difficult to realize that the incidents upon which he builds his picturesque romance are hardly yet beyond the memory of living men. The story deals with a chain of events in the life of Aaron Burr, and the sympathies of the reader are early drawn out to that erratic genius. Burr's madly foolish schemes turned his immense popularity into odium and disgrace; but Mr. Fawcett paints his better qualities in glowing colors. It is, indeed, an idealized Burr whom the author shows us.

Mr. Fawcett's former novels—and he has already written more than many writers could count as their life work—have been built up chiefly around the familiar scenes of modern New York, and this new book is a marked departure. The author has signified his intention of following it with a series of books dealing with the bygone days of the metropolis.

A NOVELIST FROM KENTUCKY.

One of the figures often seen about New York is that of James Lane Allen. Tall, handsome, easily recognizable by the many photographs which have been published, he is generally followed by more than one pair of interested eyes, even in the busy streets of the metropolis.

As almost everybody knows, Mr. Allen was a college professor down in Kentucky when he discovered that he had a talent for fiction, and threw up his work to make the attempt to prove his gift to the world. One of his first stories, if not his first story, was called "Too Much Momentum." It was published something more than a dozen years ago, but that was some time after its acceptance by the magazine in which it appeared. Before it was ready to come out, Mr. Allen repented him. He had a feeling that the humor of the situation it depicted was a trifle too broad, and he wrote to the publishers asking it back again; but they had already put it into print. If Mr. Allen regretted its appearance, he was the only mourner.

We hear a humorous account of the genesis of one of his most familiar stories, which tells the beautiful and pathetic tale of two young lovers who went to Cagliostro, the famous magician and charlatan, and begged him to turn backward the tide of their lives, so that they might live again the two years in which they had loved each other. A friend of Mr. Allen's says that this poetic fancy had its origin in a bottle of hair restorative, which the novelist once found it necessary to use. As he brushed it in, in the watches of the night, visions of renewing any part of the body, or all of it, came to him, suggesting the delicate conception which finally settled into literature.

Mr. Allen's best stories were those of the Kentucky convents, "The White Cowl," and "Sister Dolorosa." His last book, "The Choir Invisible," tries to be too much. He has worked too much of his own thought and fancy into it. Great masters of literature have often written half a dozen books as the background, the under stories, of one published masterpiece. In this volume, Mr. Allen has made the mistake of elaborating his background, with confusing results.

"A VINTAGE OF VERSE."

A dainty volume of the poems of Clarence Urmy has just been brought out in California, under the suggestive title of "A Vintage of Verse." Readers of MUNSEY'S are familiar with Mr. Urmy's work. These poems of his are pictures. They follow one another like the sunny days in the land they mirror. The first note, "The Golden Gate," is indeed

> The open sesame to bowers
> Of far famed sunshine, fruit, and flowers;

and turning, page by page, we wander in verse through a land that teems

> With shadows, reveries and dreams;
> * * * * * *
> The dulcet reveries that throng
> With Mission bells and vesper song—
> The dreams where joy and peace enfold
> The happy Argonaut and gold.

The verses gathered under the title of "Treading the Wine Press" are more somber in tone. Theirs is the note of the toil and turmoil of life; theirs the sweat and the stain of the press.

But "With Laughter and Song" the vintage brightens again. There is a burst of gladness, a sound of reveling and of dancing fairies:

> Do you know the fairy measure—
> Lilting measure that they dance to,
> When the moon is in the crescent
> And the busy world is still—
> When each sprite and fay and fairy
> Steps from out the rose and lily
> And goes tripping to the woodland
> Just behind the purple hill?

Mr. Urmy, who has lived for many years in San Jose, California, is the son of a Methodist minister. Next to his verse he places his love of choir music. His compositions in this line are well known, and his own choir in San Jose ranks third in point of excellence in the State. Two years ago he visited New

York, and his verses have appeared in most of the leading magazines of the country.

"A Vintage of Verse" is the second volume of Mr. Urmy's poems. His earliest book, "A Rosary of Rhyme," issued some years ago in San Francisco, was the first volume of verse by a native Californian published in the State. Even with that distinction, and with many good verses to recommend it, most of the edition came home to roost. After cherishing the volumes several years, Mr. Urmy finally decided to keep them no longer. Shrinking from the idea of committing the offspring of his muse to the sacrilegious hands of the junkman, he tied the books in a sack, took them at midnight to the bay at Alviso, weighted them with rocks, and consigned them to the deep. In some way the bundle came untied, the rocks went to the bottom, but the "Rosary of Rhyme" strung itself out across the bay to the Golden Gate and —China.

"I never hoped," Urmy says, "to have my little book achieve so wide a circulation."

"WITH THE BAND."

From the sunny, peaceful quiet of vine clad hills—the odor of the wine press, and the laugh and song of the vintage, to the dull, querulous rumble of war, the note of the bugle, and the jest and hurrah of the trooper—this is not a greater step than from Mr. Urmy's "Vintage of Verse" to Robert W. Chambers' collection of ballads, "With the Band."

"With the Band" is strongly suggestive of Kipling. From "The Recruit" to "If There Ever Comes a Day," which is inscribed to Mr. Kipling, there are the same rollicking, changing meter, the same spirit of deviltry, the same touches of tenderness, that characterize the "Barrack Room Ballads." Still, there is no suggestion of plagiarism. Chambers' verse is as much his own as Kipling's is his. It has a dash and go that is irresistible. The roll of the drum and the call of the bugle is the meter, and the soul of the verse is the spirit that makes men do brave deeds in battle. Light or serious, grave or sentimental, the movement is always "with the band."

Of the lighter verses there are no better lines in the book than those of the first verse of "The Recruit":

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Bedad, yer a bad 'un!
Now turn out yer toes!
Yer belt is unhookit,
Yer cap is on crookit,
Ye may not be dhrunk,
But, be jabers, ye look it!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Ye monkey faced divil, I'll jolly ye through!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Parrk!"

In "When Custer Rode into the West," we have a graphic picture of the daring cavalry charge and the bloody massacre that followed. Here are history, romance, and poetry, all in one stanza:

Ye've read of the battle an' slaughter;
Ye've heard how the cavalry died;
Have ye read how the farrier's daughter
Died wrapped in the robes of a bride?
Oh-h-h!
Died wrapped in the robes of a bride—
Sweet Tessie, the regiment's pride?
We found her a-kneelin'
To Heaven appealin',
Cold, dumb, widout feelin', a rose by her side;
An' Burke of the Seventh we found,
Where Custer lay dead in the West,
Around him a mound
Of Sioux on the ground,
An' a rose hid the wound in his breast.
Oh, wirra, the day
That he galloped away,
When Custer rode into the West!

Toward the end of this procession of Uncle Sam's dragoons, troopers, rangers, national guardsmen, and their sweethearts, there is a pleasant and fraternal tribute to Tommy Atkins in a chorus that runs:

Half a million Boys in Blue
Have a sneakin' love for you,
An' perhaps they'll prove it too,
If there ever comes a day
When a brother needs a brother for to help him on his way,
Anywhere betwixt Quebec and Mandalay,
Tommy A.

The second part of Mr. Chambers' book, "Vagrant Verses," adds little but pages to the volume, while the third is only "Shadows"—those inexplicable lines which are neither prose nor verse, and which no man, except Aubrey Beardsley, ever understood—and which he could only draw.

It is not alone on his reputation as a poet that Mr. Chambers hopes to achieve lasting fame. His is a smithy of large capacities, and many irons are heating at his forge. He paints pictures, and writes plays, librettos, novels, short stories, verse. All of these irons have thrown sparks from his anvil, and his forge is seldom cold. He is a young man—born in Brooklyn in 1865—and venerates Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, as an ancestor. His skill with the brush is the result of natural talent developed under many of the best known French artists. His previous books are "The King in Yellow," "The Red Republic," "A King and a Few Dukes," "The Maker of Moons," "The Mystery of Choice,"

and "Lorraine." He is devoted to outdoor sports, and is a man of attractive personality, unaffected, full of interesting information and good humor.

"THE BUILDERS."

A third volume of miscellaneous verse is Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "The Builders and Other Poems," to which we referred recently in this department.

"The Builders" is the title of an ode recited by Dr. Van Dyke at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Princeton College; but it is the "Other Poems" to which the book owes its charm. One may turn many a page of rhyme to find so delicious and fresh an expression of a city angler's "spring fever":

When tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
Of westward houses stands aglow,
And leads the eyes toward sunset skies
Beyond the hills where green trees grow;

Then weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream.

It is the same with all of Dr. Van Dyke's outdoor songs. They are full of the melodies of birds, the perfume of flowers, and the love of nature—with now and then a lesson to offer or a story to tell.

"THROUGH UNKNOWN AFRICAN COUNTRIES."

Since the expatriated Stanley gave to the world as much of the history of his wanderings in Africa as he deemed expedient, no narrative of African travel has appeared comparable in importance to the one just written by Dr. Arthur Donaldson Smith, "Through Unknown African Countries."

Dr. Smith, who is an American, and likely to remain one, set for himself a task of unusual difficulty and danger; but the perils to which the hostility of the natives has subjected many another traveler, he mitigated by the display of unusual tact and delicacy in dealing with the warlike negro tribes. He won the respect and friendship of chiefs who would not have scrupled to massacre an expedition animated by a less friendly spirit. He secured concessions and received rich presents from the head of the Abyssinian army, at whose hands a less diplomatic traveler might have fared badly.

He gives an interesting and amusing sketch of his efforts to "lobby" his expedition through Menelek's domains against the commands of that monarch. Dr. Smith's purpose was to push on to the great lakes of northeastern Africa. His tactful policy so far prevailed over the jealous Menelek that he was able to reach Lake Rudolf, of which he explored the eastern shore, and Lake Stefanie, of which he made a complete circuit. He returned to the coast with remarkably slight loss of life among his native followers, bringing with him a rich store of geographical data, and a valuable collection of specimens, mostly zoölogical.

Dr. Smith's narrative is specially important in view of the recent war between Abyssinia and Italy. The glimpses he gives of Abyssinian character are of great interest, because of the surprising strength King Menelek's forces displayed. In conclusion, he discusses in a broad and thoughtful manner the inevitable apportionment of African territory among the European powers, and in the interest of the English speaking world he urges Great Britain to take action for the ultimate acquisition of the vast and loosely governed border countries of Abyssinia.

In his simple, straightforward manner of writing, Dr. Smith has unconsciously revealed the qualities that go to make the successful explorer. Every detail seems to have been taken into account in planning his expedition, and every contingency provided for. The men were constantly drilled in the use of arms, and their loyalty secured by the greatest personal consideration. It is not surprising, therefore, to read of the heroic stand these native followers made, under such leadership, against superior forces.

It is unfortunate, from the point of view of the scientist, that our national interests do not lie in the line of exploration. England's vital interest in the extension of her territory has led her to encourage the amateur traveler by a variety of means, but in America no such national incentive exists, and Dr. Smith deserves all the more honor for organizing and conducting, without assistance, such a brilliant expedition.

SOUTH SEA STORIES.

Every now and then we hear of a "new Robert Louis Stevenson." It generally turns out to be some writer who has used as material the strange conglomeration of human types that appear to infest—"inhabit" is scarcely a descriptive word—the South Seas. But as a matter of fact, Stevenson's fame is not going to rest anywhere near his South

Sea stories. They are nearer the bottom than the apex of his work. The Stevenson that will go down to posterity is the Stevenson of "Treasure Island"—which is a South Sea story in scene only—of "David Balfour," of "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde."

The author's residence in the Pacific islands has been well advertised, with "diaries," photographs, and interviews. His step family were journalistic in their tastes, and always found his doings marketable. But these things are ephemeral, and are better known to the newspaper skimmer than to the reader of serious books. Stevenson's South Sea stories are not pleasant reading. "The Ebb Tide," which is the most powerful, is powerfully unpleasant, and leaves the reader with a bad taste in the mouth, a sense of almost physical nausea which drives him away from the Pacific as a field for literary enjoyment.

There is one other man who has written South Sea stories worth more than a passing glance. Basil Thomson, whose fantastic, vivid tales hold the attention, is also interesting as a personality. He is a son of the late Archbishop of York, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. Lord Derby sent him to Fiji as a magistrate several years ago, and a little later he held a government position in New Guinea. In 1890 he was official adviser to the native king in Tonga, and wrote his "Diversions of a Prime Minister." Just now he is in London, writing sketches out of his vast store of experience.

Apropos of "The Ebb Tide," we have never seen it noticed anywhere that one of the characters in that disagreeable book had been lifted into another story, which the transfer equally contaminated, without the touch of genius to excuse it. L. Dougal, in "The Madonna of a Day," took the character of the miserable little vitriol throwing Cockney, and put him whole and entire into her backwoods camp of ruffians. She transplanted him cleverly enough, and kept most of his life in him.

It might be an idea for other writers. Why not call a convention of characters when one wishes to write a novel, and simply set them new tasks?

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

One of the most interesting books of this year is W. T. Harris' "The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia."

In this latter day, since the old idea of a capacious lake of literal fire and brimstone has been abolished by general consent, no subject has claimed more general and perennial attention than that of the sinner's fate. Nobody will allow that he can get off scot free—possibly because we all have so many enemies who are sinners. George Macdonald found thousands of readers for the translation he made from the Danish of "Letters from Hell," although one frivolous young person was known to lay it down with a sigh of relief: "Well, I'm not half so scared as I was!"

Mr. Harris has a theory which is not precisely new, but when applied to a criticism of Dante's great work it claims attention. He regards the poem as entirely symbolic. The flames, the ice, the torments of the Inferno which the Italian poet painted are not literal, but psychological, and terribly true. He shows that in classifying his sinners Dante had all the accuracy of genius. Wherever a man actually was, in the psychological sense, the poet placed him in the literal sense. When an individual commits a crime, according to Mr. Harris, from that very moment his soul takes on the character, the color of his sin, until in course of time it becomes transformed; and this penalty must be eternal, the destiny from which there is no possible escape.

As a system of future punishment, this theory certainly gives a refinement of intellectual horror.

We have just read a passage in a "short story" which equals any "bull" we ever heard of: "Look into those eyes, and they will tell you that they have tasted bitter tears."

Here we have a most abnormal pair of eyes, eyes to be proud of, eyes to guard with special zeal. We have heard that when one sense becomes blunted, the others grow unwontedly acute. This person's sense of taste must have undergone lamentable degeneration, for here we have the eyes usurping the prerogative of the tongue so far that they both taste and tell!

* * * *

A story comes from Boston that is far too good to keep. We have always stood in awe of the New England city's educational methods, but if the following is true we must ever hold the erudition of the Hub in speechless veneration.

It appears that the officials of a Boston library recently noted, with curious interest, that the children of a certain school district were clamoring for the "Pilgrim's Progress." A systematic investigation into the cause of this unwonted literary activity on the part of the native youth revealed the fact that the history teacher of this particular school had reached the colonial period of New England, and had told her classes to read the "Pilgrim's Progress," as a book of reference upon the valorous deeds of the Pilgrim Fathers!

THE STAGE

THE SEASON'S RECORD.

The metropolitan season of 1896-97 made further strides in the movement toward shortening the theatrical year, now for some time noticeable. Its beginning was dated August 20, as against August 8 in 1895, and as early as the first of May four houses put out their lights for the summer. Taking the theaters separately, we find that the Academy had no one money winner to mate with the preceding season's "Sporting Duchess." At the American, "Piney Ridge" was the most noticeable production. The Bijou opened with a failure in Harrigan's new play, but redeemed itself with two hits, "My Friend from India" and "Courted into Court."

The Broadway was another house that began with a frost ("The Caliph"), but its next attraction, "Brian Boru" was both an artistic and a monetary success, with "Shamus O'Brien" a close second, especially as regards the first named quality. A third frigid initial offering was "The Gold Bug" at the Casino, which did a fair business with Barnet's clever "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "An American Beauty," and still better with "The Wedding Day." At Daly's "The Geisha" was performed 161 times and made money, while two new productions of Shakspere comedies ("Much Ado About Nothing" and "The Tempest") received much praise from lovers of the legitimate. The Empire was happy in finding it necessary to change the bill but once between September and May, and that only to replace John Drew in "Rosemary" with the stock company in "Under the Red Robe," the latter standing forth as the most notable play of the winter.

"Lost, Strayed or Stolen" began matters merrily at the Fifth Avenue, where Crane did well with "A Fool of Fortune," and then came evil times until the year closed in a blaze of glory with Mrs. Fiske in "Tess." At the Garden, Mansfield did an uneven business; "Heartsease," with Henry Miller, was forced to a run, and Olga Nethersole drew good houses. "Secret Service" and "Never Again" seem to have completely exorcised the old "hoodoo" from the Garrick. That lucky corner, Herald Square, did not altogether redeem its reputation till the third bill for the season was put up—"The Girl from Paris," who promises to be a summer as well as a winter maiden. Hoyt's was another of the houses that opened with a failure ("The Liar"), to find remuneration in two visits of "My Friend from India," and in introducing to Gotham "The Man from Mexico." Francis Wilson, John Hare, and the Bostonians were the most profitable investments at the Knickerbocker. At the Lyceum, Sothern won with "An Enemy to the King," but the stock season fell behind its usual high standard in the matter of plays, "The Late Mr. Castello," a Sydney Grundy farce, being the cleverest of the four put forward. The theater part of Olympia was distinguished only by the pushing of "Santa Maria" to the century mark, after which this corner of the Hammerstein temple fell into innocuous desuetude. The Standard, likewise, after a futile attempt in the "continuous" line, was shrouded in darkness. At Wallack's the most noteworthy presentations were "The Rogue's Comedy" of Willard, and the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of Julia Marlowe.

From the standpoint of the public, the season was neither better nor worse than the one that preceded it, but we fear that the managers will not agree with them. Although it started out brilliantly, success was in many cases a fickle jade and lured her victims on to "runs" which proved unprofitable.

A REVERSAL OF THE PROCESS.

Just now, when several prominent actresses have married into private life, it is something of a novelty to learn that a leading woman, who was recently voted "queen of the stage" in a newspaper contest, entered the profession because she married a member of it. Amelia Bingham, who succeeded Mary Hampton and Annie Irish in "Two Little Vagrants," was educated at the Ohio Wesleyan University, and studied to become an artist, having natural aptitude for painting and wood carving. Her family were in no way connected with the stage, and it was not until she met and married Lloyd Melville Bingham that she conceived the idea of looking at an audience across the footlights.

Mr. Bingham was not only an actor, but a manager as well. His wife began her new career with a stock company in Canada, but received her most valuable training as leading lady for McKee Rankin, whose abilities as a "coacher" seem to be universally acknowledged. Later she appeared in such standard comedies as "London Assurance" and "Caste," at Philadelphia's Girard Avenue Theater, when the three Holland brothers managed a stock company there. Last autumn she had a comedy rôle (*Hattie Van Tassel*

AMELIA BINGHAM.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

JOHN HARE AND HIS SON, GILBERT HARE.
From a photograph by Ellis, London.

Smythe, the American professor's daughter) in Robert Hilliard's production of "The Mummy." Although she is at home in both emotional and humorous work, by her own confession she prefers laughter to tears—even on the stage.

THE HARES.

Our portraits of John Hare and his son Gilbert suggest the tie of brotherhood rather than that of father and son. There is really some twenty three years' difference in their ages. Gilbert began to act about seven years ago, first appearing in Beerbohm Tree's company. Although force of circumstances has frequently compelled his taking up with juveniles, his chosen line of work is in the same field with his father—old men's parts. His inherited ability in this direction is evidenced by his impersonation of the retired pilot in the curtain raiser, "When George the Fourth Was King."

The Hares returned to London in May, and opened with "The Hobby Horse" at the Court Theater, intending to play through the Jubilee season. John Hare is known to be a special favorite of the queen, and although "The Hobby Horse" is a revival of a ten year old play the theme is thought to be more in keeping with the tendencies of the present

than with those of the period at which it was first produced. The next visit to America is set down for the autumn of 1898; we but echo the wish of all theater goers in adding that 'tis pity it is not 1897. Such acting as that of John Hare is a veritable tonic; and it is good to know that his tour in "the States" stands out among the most profitable ventures of those who have come down in ships to entertain us.

MAUD VENNER.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

WILLARD PLANS AND POSSIBILITIES.

Henry Arthur Jones' newest play, "The Physician," produced at the London Criterion in March, will be, it is announced, the chief feature in Willard's repertoire during his next season's American tour. Charles Wyndham has been doing it on the other side, but the piece is somber, and harks back to the "problem" era without the relieving touches of dash and bravado that offset the unpleasantness of the theme of "The Rogue's Comedy."

Maud Venner, whose portrait is presented herewith, is a leading member of Mr. Willard's present company. She was *Lucy* in "The Professor's Love Story," *Mary Blenkarn* in "The Middleman," and *Nina Clarabut* in "The Rogue." Born in London, Miss Venner's first appearance was made some eight years ago with Charles Wyndham. When Mr. Willard comes to produce "The Christian," it is possible that she may be selected to fill the rôle of *Glory Quayle*.

ONE OF THE BOSTONIANS.

The best comedy work in "The Serenade" fell to George Frothingham (an old stand by)

HILDA CLARK.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

and Harry Brown. It is a pity Barnabee had so little to do. As the opera was written especially to fit the Bostonians, it may be that this was a stipulation, for Mr. Barnabee is a poor study. His associates in the cast never know when or whence their cues are coming in the early nights of a new piece.

We print herewith a portrait of Hilda Clark, who alternated in the rôle of *Yvonne*, the ballet dancer, with Alice Nielsen. She is pretty, of the English type, and has an exceptionally pleasing method of singing. This is only her second year on the stage, she having gone into "Princess Bonnie" to sing the title rôle, in September, 1895, direct from St. Mark's choir, New York. She was born in Leavenworth, Kansas, but has lived much in Boston, where her musical education was begun. She has sung *Maid Marian* in "Robin Hood" and *Arline* in "The Bohemian Girl."

Miss Clark comes of an old Southern family, and is proud of ancestors who won distinction both in the Revolution and in the war of 1812. She is a refined and charming girl, and her work is full of promise.

THE BARD OF AVON UP TO DATE.

Were it not for Mr. Daly and the vaulting ambition of new fledged stars, Shakspere would in our day come but rarely to performance. As it is, only when money has been lavished on the dumb accessories to the piece does the public respond in sufficient numbers to pay the salaries of those that speak. Margaret Mather elected to return to the stage under these conditions, and gave us last season in "Cymbeline" a superb succession of settings. No less than six scenic artists of the first rank were represented, the five acts were subdivided into eighteen scenes, only three of which were shown more than once, while eight were elaborate types of the realistically beautiful or effective in stage pictures.

Miss Mather will never be a great actress. There are limitations of nature which cannot be overcome. She lacks magnetism, but she has beauty and is possessed of an earnestness of purpose that has accomplished much. She was born near Toronto, Canada, but was early brought by her family to Detroit, where poverty compelled her to be a newsgirl for a time. In 1878, when George Edgar began to star in Shakspere, he allotted leading support to Miss Mather, who had come to live in New York with her sister. It was during this period that J. M. Hill saw undeveloped possibilities in the actress, arranged to have her properly educated, and by skilful whetting of the public's interest, made her début an occa-

sion of notable import. Success crowned the venture, and when she opened in New York with "Romeo and Juliet" at the Union Square Theater in October, 1885, she created a real sensation. Her name was on every tongue, and this in spite of the fact that Mary Anderson was playing against her. There were two years of prosperity, and then, much against her manager's wishes, she married a musician. She secured another manager, but he was not a mascot, and gradually she faded from public view. Her revival of "Cymbeline" has brought her forward again in legitimate form, and the enterprise is in every way deserving of success.

E. J. Henley's *Iachimo* was a valued feature of the production. In spite of the weakness of his voice—the complete loss of which prevented his creating a part in "The Heart of Maryland"—his intelligent interpretation won ready appreciation.

William Courtleigh, who was the Indian in the melodramatic "Northern Lights," was a commendable *Leonatus*, and has been engaged for the coming season of the Lyceum stock.

THE EMPIRE'S LEADING MAN.

With all respect to John Drew, we are convinced that it was a fortunate thing for him and for Mr. Frohman that the original plans for last season were changed. During the summer it was announced that "Under the Red Robe" had been secured for Mr. Drew. While he might have played *Gil de Berault* with heaven born genius, no amount of grease paint could have made him look the part. But "Rosemary" came to the rescue, leaving the French soldier of fortune to carry the Empire's new leading man into a flood tide of public favor.

It has been the practice of Mr. Daly to fill

MARGARET MATHER.

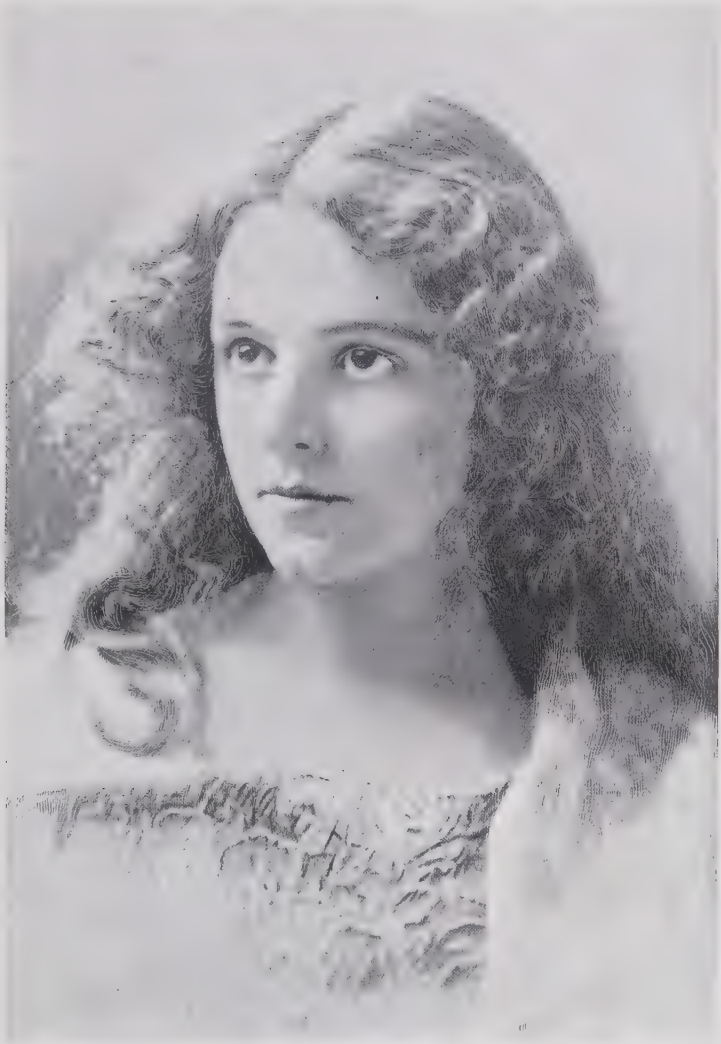
From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

prominent vacancies in his company with importations from without rather than by promotion from within, but the brothers Frohman have adopted the latter plan, Dan having replaced Kelcey with James K. Howard's "Aristocracy." At the Empire he came to be associated with villains, his *Sir Brice Skene*, in "The Masqueraders," making a strong impression. He was *Sir Hubert Garlinge* in "John-a-Dreams," and last year

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

Hackett, and Charles advancing William Faversham to Henry Miller's vacated pedestal. Mr. Faversham has been a member of the Empire company since the era of "Sowing the Wind," in which he depicted the young lover, *Ned Annesley*. He is an Englishman of good family and a university education, and played a prominent part in Bronson went back to lovers again as *Marcel*, the artist, in "Bohemia." As the leading character in "Under the Red Robe," he has done honest, painstaking work. The rôle of *Gil de Berault* is an exacting one in every sense of the word, and although Mr. Faversham was far from well during the winter, he succeeded in proving that his manager made



HELEN MACBETH.
From a photograph by Falk, New York.

no mistake in transforming a second fiddle into a first.

THE UNDERSTUDY FIELD.

Who are the understudies? Sometimes they are the players of other parts in the same piece, resulting, in case of illness, in a "shoving up one" all along the line, until the stage manager or one of his friends is pressed into unwonted service for the briefest part. At the Empire, last winter, when Faversham was in poor health, E. J. Morgan, of the Lyceum, was held in readiness to take the character of *Gil* while he was out of the bill at his own house. The Bostonians maintain practically a double company, so that they are always prepared for emergencies. At the Lyceum, Dan Frohman has a regular corps of understudies, and from these he frequently recruits his company, Elizabeth Tyree being a notable instance. Our portrait of Helen Macbeth shows one of the most promising members of this auxiliary force.

Miss Macbeth is the daughter of a Michigan doctor, and is a special protégée of Minnie Maddern Fiske, in whose company she played ingenue parts during the season of 1895-96. Last winter she made a very pleasing impression at the American Theater in "A Man of Honor," and an engagement with William H. Crane has been offered her. But she prefers to remain in New York, awaiting the

FRANCES GAUNT.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

opening that Mr. Frohman has promised her as soon as the opportunity presents itself. There will be one vacancy, at least, for Miss Shotwell has left the company and gone abroad, but a good deal depends on the line of parts for which the new plays may call.

SACRIFICE HITS.

Another of the innumerable company who have begun at Daly's is to be found in Frances Gaunt, whose portrait appears on page 624. Later she passed under Dan Frohman's management, appearing as *Lucille* in "The Wife" and *Phyllis* in "The Charity Ball." After this she spent a season with Sothern, and then played the leading parts in "The Ensign" and "The Lost Paradise."

Her latest impersonation—*Carmen St. Henri* in "Two Little Vagrants"—is not calculated to win the sympathy of the audience, but the actress who sinks her personal preferences, and plays an uncongenial rôle conscientiously, may come in time to make herself peculiarly valuable to managers. Alice Fischer—*Zephyrine* in "Two Little Vagrants"—furnishes a notable example. She made a hit as the adventuress in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and now, while managers may have half a dozen people in mind for emotional or comedy work, Alice Fischer's name is very apt to occur to them first in casting a shrew or a "villainess."

THE SAMENESS OF SO CALLED VARIETY.

The conversion of an artificial ice skating rink into a summer music hall is a sensible substitute for the roof garden so far as the physical well being of the audience is concerned. Refrigerating machines are more to be depended on than aërial breezes when the thermometer is in the nineties. For the rest, we think the same ends would be served had Mr. James Lederer, of the St. Nicholas (he is a brother to George W. Lederer of the Casino), simply engaged the Sixty Ninth Regiment Band to play, as it does now in connection with the performance, and made no attempt to add the music hall feature.

The money made by Weber & Fields out of their venture with the old Imperial has set the brains of managers awry. Rumors have been flying thick and fast of this or that home of the so called legitimate, which is to be turned into a cis-Atlantic Alhambra or Empire. But Weber & Fields have won out because they are a clever team in themselves, with a large following, and were fortunate enough to strike the popular taste with burlesques on prevailing plays. New York already has more homes of variety than it can stock with first class "turns." There are four music halls and two houses devoted to the continuous, and when we recall that New York has not yet adopted London's plan of making one performer do duty on several stages in the same evening, one can realize what a large number of "artists" are required to supply the dozen or more numbers on each of the six programs. It is not a matter of surprise that the tendency is more and more toward furnishing each bill with a big star, who is kept in reserve till the end of the evening in order to induce the audience to listen patiently to the small fry, who are for the most part time killers.

The wonder is, that with so many people constantly coming over from the legitimate into variety, the average quality of the acts should be continually growing worse. Were it not for the application of photography to theatrical uses, the situation would be desperate. It is almost pathetic to note the eagerness with which even a commonplace song is applauded simply because its monotony is brightened by the quick change from one picture to another on the screen. Variety is what the public wants; not too much of one thing, however good, and in no branch of amusement is variety so lacking as in the houses ostensibly devoted to its purveying.

THE HIT OF "THE CIRCUS GIRL."

"Go to," said the public to the critics. "We are going to judge for ourselves." And this judgment, if crowded houses are any indication, is that Mr. Daly's production of "The Circus Girl" is worth more than a single visit.

The piece itself, while of the same order as "The Shop Girl," is as far ahead of it in swing and go as the sawdust ring excels the department store counter in romantic interest. The first scene of the second act, showing the entrance to the arena, is admirably arranged, and the spectator is almost convinced that he is seeing a double show without being subjected to the neck twisting tortures that this sort of thing at Barnum's involves. The action is swift and culminates in a climax that leaves the audience as mentally breathless as the performers must be physically.

Among the latter, Virginia Earle is easily the favorite. Her entrance is managed in a refreshingly novel manner, and her songs are all captivating and well sung. Cyril Scott has the opposite part—or rather *is* it, as his consummate naturalness causes him to be every rôle he undertakes. James Powers does not possess this faculty. He must get his parts as we buy our hats, not our coats; but in this case the hat certainly fits. Nancy McIntosh as the circus girl really does wonders in a line of work manifestly unsuited to her. Her "Whoop-la-la-la" song is perhaps

more effective with the air of refinement she throws around it than if permeated with the reckless abandon that was evidently in the author's mind, and it gives one a sensation not easily analyzed to see the *Hero* and *Miranda* of the Shakspere season, mount a horse before our eyes and enter the ring to "do her turn."

Daly's "Circus Girl" is a success, and stranger things have happened than that she should keep his theater open all summer.

"A ROUND OF PLEASURE."

The dictionary tells us that "extravaganza" means "something out of rule," and if a play presupposes a well ordered plot, "A Round of Pleasure" transgresses every rule in the dramatic canon. But in warm weather a plot is oftentimes a weariness to the flesh, and when the lack of it is atoned for by such a kaleidoscope of substitutes, it is small wonder that the big Knickerbocker Theater contains a succession of big audiences who really get a "round of pleasure." One has no opportunity to tire of one species of entertainment, be it song, dance, comedy effect, or brilliant tableau, before something else is put forward to capture the attention anew.

Such handsome scenery, such brilliant costumes, and so large a number of young and pretty girls have not been seen gathered together on one stage within the memory of him whose mind goes back to the early days of "The Black Crook" and beyond. The youth and the prettiness of the girls at first sight almost stagger the public, accustomed to something very different in the chorus ranks. This is especially noticeable on the entrance of the jesters in the Shakspere festival scene, when the audience at first gasps and then breaks forth in spontaneous applause.

Of the half dozen American successes mentioned in our last issue as looking toward London production this summer, three have at this writing come to performance. "The County Fair," with Neil Burgess, ran two weeks at the Brixton, one of the outlying theaters, where the booking is usually changed every seven nights; "Lost, Strayed or Stolen," with an English cast, has made a decided hit at the Duke of York's; and "Secret Service," with William Gillette and the entire American company has won the day—and doubtless captured more nights than were originally allotted to it—at the Adelphi, the home of melodrama.

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The season at New York's unique summer theater—Terrace Garden—opens with an attraction that ought to extend its clientage far beyond the German element, for whom it is primarily designed. "The Wizard of the Nile," bandmaster Herbert's tuneful opera, having crossed the ocean and pleased the Viennese as well as it pleased the Americans for whom it was written, comes back to us in foreign garb as "Der Zauberer vom Nil," presenting a capital opportunity for students of German to take lessons of the sugar coated variety.

The Terrace Garden theater opens on one side upon the terrace from which it takes its name, and here, between the acts, the audience refreshes itself with beer and a concert band. If those two maidens from the gay city on the Seine—"The Girl from Paris" and "The Circus Girl"—do not stay on through the summer, Terrace Garden's only rivals will be "The Whirl of the Town" at the Casino and "A Round of Pleasure" at the Knickerbocker.

* * * *

For all that the writing of plays holds out such alluring possibilities, there are humiliations connected with the vocation which are painful even to its successful followers. A novelist makes a hit with one story, and has his fame heralded abroad; a second book is issued and may fall flat, but the fact is not forced upon their attention. They do not have access to his publisher's ledgers; and if critics are severe, their strictures are regarded as the penalty of fame.

A dramatist, on the other hand, has no recourse but to "grin and bear it," when his play is taken off the boards because it fails to draw. In his case the line of demarcation between success and failure is clearly chalked, and he who runs the streets may read the tale writ large on the hoardings.

Just this direful experience befell Louis N. Parker last winter. Co-author with Murray Carson of "Rosemary," he was lauded, fêted, and dined; and then, alas, his "Mayflower" wilted in the early spring. And even though Sothern may win with "Change Alley" in September, Mr. Parker has to fear that unkind people may hint that success has come again only because he has returned to collaboration with Mr. Carson.

* * * *

Three successful annual reviews have given such an impetus to that form of summer entertainment at the Casino that each addition to the series seems assured of prosperity in advance. "The Whirl of the Town" is apparently no exception to the rule, judging by the comments of the daily press on its first night. Between the "Whirl" here and the "Round of Pleasure" next door, the stay at home Gothamite runs the risk of being dizzied by the titles of the entertainments offered him during the heated term.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

"EXCLUSIVE MUSIC."

As New York grows larger and more cosmopolitan, it learns lessons from everywhere, and very often improves upon its models. Because this is a republic, there is no reason why we should not have all the advantages which come to other countries from having crowned heads, who serve as professors of good taste. A good many of us are always—or at least part of the time—insisting that we are all sovereigns here.

One of the latest developments in the musical world is the establishment of concerts on the plan of those under royal patronage abroad. They are to be held in New York, at the Astoria, the new hotel adjoining the Waldorf. They are to be under the direction of Anton Seidl, who will have a new orchestra of seventy five pieces, and the best soloists that can be procured. Each concert is to last a trifle more than an hour, and they will be distinctly fashionable events. No single tickets will be sold, and the course of twelve will cost sixty dollars a seat. Two boxes will be sold for three hundred and sixty dollars each. The idea seems to be to make them as exclusive as possible. Full dress will of course be worn.

There is some curious trait in human nature which makes a thing more enjoyable when it is "exclusive"—that is to say, when the majority of the world is shut out from its enjoyment. King Ludwig of Bavaria carried the theory to an excess, and he was called a lunatic on account of it.

It would seem as if the mind and soul which can assimilate sweet sounds would enjoy the knowledge that the same softening influence was falling upon the rest of the world, or upon as much of it as possible. But—it is not so.

A NATIVE OPERA.

Why don't we have a little native opera? Why do our singers go abroad while we have the European singers over here? Why shouldn't we have operas sung by our own people? There is no reason on earth. Everybody allows that Americans have the finest voices in the world.

Let us look at the people we should have to choose from. There are Lillian Nordica, Emma Eames, Emma Albani, Adelaide Phillips, Ella Russell, Susan Strong, Pauline L'Allemand, Marie Van Zandt, Sibyl Sanderson, Zélie de Lussan. This is only a partial list of the women of America who have become famous in opera, including neither the elder singers who have retired, nor the concert singers. There is no country in the world that could support so fine an opera company. It will come some day, of course, and then we shall begin to have composers belonging to the soil, and the world will see that we are not simply a nation of money getters, who have to send abroad for our art.

So long as we buy art in the foreign markets, our singers will go abroad.

WHERE TASTES DIFFER.

There is beginning to be a queer feeling in some quarters that perhaps there is something wrong with our musical taste.

There was Tamagno. We sent him home again, the year before last, as not quite up to our mark; and lo, we find that Paris, the city which we too often allow to create our taste, is breaking the rule which forbids the use of any foreign language upon the national stage of the Grand Opéra, in order to let Tamagno sing in his native Italian. There have been dinners and fêtes in his honor, and all Paris has delighted to show its appreciation of his talent. But then, Parisian taste may be declining. It was only a few months ago that an old portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence was rejected by art committees in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and pronounced to be quite below our standards, and the very next month France bought it for the Louvre!

But Germany seems to uphold Paris in the case of Tamagno. We are going to have none of the great singers next year, we are told, and they are offering their services in Europe. It is said that the de Reszkes, Lassalle, and Emma Eames are all to go to Germany, with the understanding that they will cut their prices, but Tamagno is holding out for $1,200 a night, and getting it.

A NEW AMERICAN SINGER.

We may have another American opera singer in Della Rogers, who hails from Denver, Colorado. She has been singing "Andrea Chenier" in Milan, and is to sing "Werther" and "Carmen" in Turin. Massenet is coaching her for her appearance in "Werther."

Miss Rogers was taken to Paris seven years ago, and was carefully prepared for her début under the best teachers. Her family had removed to the French capital that she might

have the most favorable surroundings, and be able to meet the leading people in the profession she had chosen. When she was ready to sing, she made a successful début in St. Petersburg, singing afterward at Milan, Constantinople, and Bucharest. After her Italian season she has been invited to make a concert tour in Great Britain.

But Miss Rogers has been best known in Paris, where she sang in many of the great houses before her professional début. Almost invariably she was accompanied by the composer of the music which she rendered. She has a fine stage presence, and Parisians say that she will take a first place within a very few years.

MUSIC IN EDUCATION.

The importance of the teachers' convention in New York, on June 24, was not understood by a great many musicians. It was an education in methods which could be found nowhere else, for it was the personal experiences of thoughtful men that were offered.

The work of Professor Gow, of Vassar, was particularly interesting. Professor Gow put himself in communication with all the college presidents of the United States, and many educators of world wide fame in other countries, and asked for an expression of their opinions upon the proper place of music in education. It was shown that each year American and European colleges are understanding more and more the necessity of teaching music as one of the arts. Its refining and elevating influence cannot be over estimated.

The fact that there are musicians who are neither refined nor elevated is no argument against this truth. The same thing often holds true of the excess of the artistic temperament. In any great creative talent we often find an over balance, which makes it lacking at other points. To the well poised mind, music is always an ennobling influence.

HERMANN WETZLER AND HIS WORK.

Musical people are looking forward to the début of Hermann Hans Wetzler as an orchestral conductor.

Six years ago Mr. Wetzler produced a symphony of his own with the combined orchestras of the opera and conservatoire at Frankfort on the Main, where he studied under Clara Schumann, Professors Scholz and Knorr, and Engelbert Humperdinck, the composer of "Hänsel und Gretel." His conducting attracted a good deal of attention in Germany. The critics unanimously found wonderful magnetism and virility in his work, and predicted that he would reach the highest rank as a conductor. At the Chicago World's Fair, from three hundred compositions submitted to the jury—which included such famous names as that of Saint-Saëns—Mr. Wetzler's symphony was selected as the prize winner, and it was several times played with great success by Theodore Thomas' orchestra.

Mr. Wetzler is to give an orchestral concert in New York during the coming fall, at which he will conduct several of his own works, as well as some of the Beethoven and Wagner classics. One of his latest compositions, "The Fairy Queen," which is based on an old English ballad, has been sung by David Bispham at song recitals, and well received. For the last five years he has been working quietly in New York, as an organist, and as a teacher of the organ and of composition. He is an enthusiast and an authority upon the subject of Bach, and is specially noted for his strong and poetical rendering of the old German master's scores. He has been felt as an influence among local musicians, and his friends and colleagues will be glad to know that at last he intends to place himself at the head of a good orchestra—where he belongs.

MUSIC IN LONDON.

The jubilee period in London was rich in musical events. The musical season begins there when ours is ending. In May, more than a hundred concerts were given, and the rush was kept up during June. Among the entertainments were concerts by Dr. Richter, the début of Mme. Pancera, the pianist, two concerts by Mme. Marchesi, and others by Melba and by Paderewski.

England has been cold to Melba, it is said, probably because the queen refused to hear her sing, on purely personal grounds. It is hard for the American intellect to comprehend why the disapproval of an old lady who never had a great musical taste should dim the brilliancy of what is undoubtedly the most wonderful vocal organ in the world. If Mme. Melba has a sense of humor, she must find plenty exercise for it in considering this question.

Mr. Grau's season opened at Covent Garden on May 10, with Emma Eames in "Tannhäuser." Mme. Eames had been singing in Paris before she went to London. She expects to sing *Elizabeth* in the German cities next winter, and the outside world will wait to see how her beauty and her ever expanding voice interest the Germans.

THE LARGEST SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

It may not be generally known that the largest school of music in the world is quartered in the old Guildhall, in London. It

has one hundred and forty professors, and nearly four thousand pupils; and yet there are more applicants for admission than can be accommodated, and the corporation is about to enlarge its premises at a cost of more than twenty thousand pounds. A more commodious concert room and theater will also be built. There will then be space for at least five thousand students. The vast majority of these pupils are amateurs, studying music entirely for home use.

It is strange that a school like this cannot be successful in New York. The Madison Square Garden building, whose fate is problematical, would make an ideal building for it. America finds more and more pupils every year studying music for professional purposes, but home music bids fair to be ridiculed out of the community by the ignorant joke maker. This is almost the only civilized country in the world where the young men are not taught music, and where it is not an expected part of a "good education."

GIACOMO PUCCINI.

In calling the roll of the "Young Italy" group of composers, the name of Puccini is too often forgotten. In America we always think of Mascagni and Leoncavallo as the leaders of the school; but Verdi has spoken of Giacomo Puccini as the most promising of his successors.

With musicians, Puccini's fame rests principally upon two operas, which have been unsuccessful with the public, but which the best critics consider to bear marks of genius. They are "Le Villi" and "Manon Lescaut." Massenet's "Manon" might appear to have exhausted the possibilities of the Abbé Prévost's story, but Puccini has treated some scenes which the French composer did not touch. Auber had already written an opera about the same theme in 1856, but it is long ago forgotten.

Puccini comes of a long line of musical folk. His great great grandfather was a composer of reputation, whose requiem for eight voices was produced at the Vienna Musical Exhibition of five years ago. He had a son Antonio, born in 1747, who was famous as a theorist. One of his compositions was also included in the program of the Vienna celebration, as well as the work of his son Domenico, who was a writer of operas as well as church music. Michele, the father of the present Giacomo, was famous through northern Italy as a scientific musician, and his death, in 1864, was lamented as a loss to the musical world. At Vienna they sang some of his canons for thirty two voices.

It was as a tribute to his father that the Queen of Italy gave Puccini a small pension, which enabled him to start his studies at the Milan conservatory. He is still a young man, and the older musicians have hopes of him which they do not feel for some more popular composers of the day.

THE MUSIC OF DECADENCE.

When civilization reaches a certain point, it is like anything else past its ripeness and coming to its decay. During this stage it often throws out beautiful developments, unhealthy but wonderful, like the phosphorescence of decaying vegetable matter. Sometimes the fads of an old society are simply the workings of this natural law of decadence.

We cannot call it anything but morbid sentiment that sent people to the catacombs of Paris to hear a concert, although the effects were said to be remarkable. It was an incident that led Ziem, the Parisian painter, to recall and relate the story of Chopin's famous "Funeral March." One night four young meu of the two worlds—the great and the bohemian—were dining at the house of one of them when a skeleton was produced and made to play the piano with weird effect. "Some little time after that," Ziem says, "Chopin came in looking as Georges Sand has so well depicted him, 'his imagination haunted with legends of the misty regions, besieged by unnamed phantoms.' After a frightful night, spent in struggling with specters which had been clinging to him, he had come to rest with me." Ziem spoke of the skeleton's performance at the dinner, at which he was one of the guests, saying that it reminded him of Chopin's nightmares.

"Have you a skeleton?" the musician asked.

One was found for him, and Ziem relates that "what had been a mere joke was translated, through the grand inspiration of Chopin, into something awful, grand, and painful. Pallid, with immeasurably distended eyes, and wrapped in a long shroud, Chopin was hugging to his panting heart the specter which had haunted him so often in his dreams. Suddenly we were all moved to the marrow of our bones. Through the deep silence of the studio spread mournful notes, broad, dull, depressed, deep—music unheard until now; and slowly the funeral march was developing into life, enchaining us with its diabolical ring. The notes began to waver, and we ran to Chopin, to find him almost in a collapse under his shroud."

All Chopin's music has the weird touch of another world. Somebody once interpreted one of his waltzes as the dance of a little pair of red shoes, whose owner was dead, and which danced down the stairs, through the streets, and over the hills, only finding rest

at last on the grave of the light feet that had worn them.

WAGNER'S TWO WIVES.

We wonder what Bayreuth would have been by this time had Wagner lived. It would certainly be a much more powerful factor in the musical education of the world than it is. Frau Wagner is a woman of talent, as the daughter of Liszt should be, but she does not take art for her sole guiding star, as her husband did.

We hear a great deal about Frau Wagner having been the wife of Hans von Bülow, and of the friendship between her and Wagner which ended in Frau von Bülow leaving her husband to become the companion and the "inspiration" of Wagner — without, by the way, altering at all the intimate relations of her first and second husbands; but we seldom hear any mention of Wagner's first wife, Minna Planer, who died in Dresden in 1866. Yet it was in her lifetime that he wrote "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin." She is described as a pretty, domestic little woman, who was economical, thrifty, and quite ignorant of her husband's genius. Wagner was violently in love with her in his youth, and there is said to be a letter still extant in which he threatens to ruin himself by dissipation if she does not marry him. There is another in which he tells her that he has begun proceedings for a divorce, and intends to push them to a conclusion if he can obtain a certain position which he covets.

The marriage seems to have been like so many of those unfortunate alliances made by men of talent or genius when they are young and ignorant of their own natures. It may be that the consequent irritation is like the grain of sand in the oyster, forming a nucleus for the pearl of endeavor. There is a Chinese proverb, that the man who sits on silk seldom becomes famous.

Wagner himself said of their separation: "Between me and my wife all might have turned out well. I had simply spoiled her dreadfully, and yielded to her in everything. She did not feel that I am a man who cannot live with wings tied down. What did she know of the divine right of passion, which I announced in the flame death of the *Valkyrie* who has fallen from the grace of the gods? With the death sacrifice of love, the twilight of the gods sets in."

All of which may be interpreted in the simple old way. Wagner had met Frau von Bülow.

America need not feel so unhappy because she is shown up to the world as unable to afford grand opera. Notwithstanding all efforts, it is practically true to say that it never pays anywhere. No opera house of the first class can exist upon its box office receipts. They all show deficits, greater or less, which are usually made up by the government. The Emperor of Austria gave three hundred thousand florins, last year, toward the Imperial Opera in Vienna.

The star singers appear to be the only people who make anything out of grand opera in the long run.

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They are going to have a musical novelty in Cincinnati next season. Mr. Van der Stucken has announced his intention of giving, with the Symphony Orchestra, Berlioz' lyric melodrama called "Lelio, Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste." It was first produced in 1832, and as it had for an interpreter one of the great actors of that day, Bocage, it was a success. It consists of a recitation with a hidden orchestra, and with an invisible chorus behind the scenes. It ends with a fantasy on Shakspere's "Tempest."

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We are glad to chronicle that Edvard Grieg's tour through Europe has been in every way a triumph. He has moved the world by his playing of his own compositions, and has been fêted and loaded with honors. The phlegmatic people of Holland gave him a particularly enthusiastic welcome. The Diligentia Society, in Amsterdam, made him an honorary member after he had conducted one of their concerts, where his own compositions were interpreted by the leading Dutch artists. The young Queen of Holland gave him a decoration with her own hands.

Every year the world learns more of Grieg's marvelous work.

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As Wagner is so much the fashion at present, Mme. Materna, who has lately opened a school for singing in Vienna, is receiving many pupils who once went to Paris. In the old Wagnerian days, Materna was the greatest of them all. Wagner himself taught her how to sing her rôles, and although her voice is not what it was, she has not forgotten her teacher.

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The little "Book of Encores," by Ralph Bernheim, which was delayed through the serious illness of the author, is before the public at last. One of the songs without words, arranged to "The Widow Bird," by Shelley, has fascinated Yvette Guilbert so much that she has written to Mr. Bernheim asking him to arrange it for her voice, with orchestral accompaniment. She will add it to her repertoire.

IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS, GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS; GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GLARE, FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

THE DEGENERATION OF THE ELOPEMENT.

Elopements have entirely disappeared from fiction, and almost entirely from high life, having, like the generic term "lady," gone from the drawing room to the kitchen. This was inevitable when modern conditions crushed out the romance, the post chaise being replaced by the livery stable buggy, and the pursuit of the irate father becoming a matter of telegraphy and private detectives rather than of thundering hoofs. The well born child of today is prudent and worldly, not troubled with reckless impulses, and preferring a sedate love, ushered into a suitable establishment by Tiffany and "Lohengrin," to the most thrilling escapade that ever set the countryside gaping. And this is not strange, for though one might rather enjoy the squire's laughing oath of admiration, and his lady's uplifted hands and eyebrows, the sensational headlines of the modern daily newspaper are less delicately flattering. Romance cannot survive the vulgarizing touch of the "new journalism."

Moreover, in America the young generation does so exactly as it pleases that there is seldom any excuse for stealth in carrying out its wishes. A contemporary writer confesses that he would prefer elopement to any other form of marriage, but sadly asks where he is to find parents sufficiently obdurate to justify such a course. Obtaining the parental consent has become a mere form, a gratuitous courtesy on the part of the happy lover. Why not? The well bred girl of today seldom wants to marry any one she shouldn't.

There are spheres of life in which the elopement still flourishes, brought about by very much the same causes as those that influenced the heroes and heroines of old time romances—the poverty of the suitor, the youthfulness of his bride. They belong chiefly to small towns just "over the line," or to locations within reach of the unfettered high seas. In California there is a minister who has earned the title of "the deep sea parson," from the number of runaway couples he has married the necessary three miles from land. It is no light thing to face the probable seasickness and possible whales of the great Pacific in a small boat. These runaway minors have the courage of their affections, even though their rank awards them but an inch or two of nonpareil in an obscure corner of the big daily.

This deep sea parson has married so many couples that they talk of forming a Deep Sea Marriage Association, which shall give a banquet in his honor. Such a gathering would offer a good opportunity for collecting statistics on the wisdom of foolish marriages.

THEY THAT MOURN.

The mortality this past winter must have been something appalling, to judge by the sable garments in the crowd. Every third woman was in black from aigrette to dust ruffle, while it would take a civil war to account for all the little toy widows, with their frivolous veils, plump, cheerful faces, and white lawn cuffs. Now, with the coming of summer, humanity seems to have taken a new lease of life, for the symbols of mourning have disappeared, and Vanity Fair glows like a garden. Is it that no one has the heart to die while the shop windows bloom the ethereal colors of midsummer? Or that even grief cannot stand against the seductions of a red hat? Or must we admit the foolish truth, that the garments of woe were but a fad, a device for giving variety to the winter of our discontent?

Not that black was assumed without some pretext. A great uncle, or a something in law, or a faithful housemaid, or even a favorite fox terrier, was always offered up in advance for the privilege of six weeks' retirement from the world and promenading of the streets in fashionable black. Any old person would do, but the death must be authentic.

She who would be most elegant and most bereaved wears a gown made entirely of heavy English crêpe, severely plain, and a bonnet of the same material. The only fur she can allow herself is curled lamb. Precisely one year from the day of her loss she lifts her head again, and adorns it with a white ruche in the bonnet's edge. White begins to appear in shining bands at her throat and wrist. Six months later comes a hint of lavender, and that is the beginning of the end. This, however, is for extreme cases—the loss of a pet dog, for instance.

Any ordinary sorrow admits of white points after three months, gray and lavender at six, and anything whatever after a year.

The colored clothes are prepared weeks beforehand, like a trousseau, that all may be in readiness, when the appointed day arrives. In some instances, dark gray may be worn after three months. It is correct to mourn a husband or a parent with a veil, but not a child; and so on, through all the silly little laws according to which we buy dry goods to express our grief, very much as the Chinese hire mourners.

Some years ago, when fashion condemned a widow to pitch black for six months, a certain woman's husband died. He was on the other side of the globe, and she did not learn the news for six months. Then, very properly, she went into second mourning, black and white; for, as she explained, the time of first mourning had passed before she knew of her bereavement. It is a blessed state of civilization, where we can escape the first half of our grief through the simple accident of a miscarried letter.

CURIO MANIA.

A vigorous, healthy mind, that has no rational exercise in the line of a fixed vocation, is the kind of mind that devotes itself most frantically to the most improbable and unreasonable hobbies. The possessor of a hobby may be at once an object of respect and of pity—of respect, because we cannot help admiring the zeal and determination with which he has pursued his special mania all through his life; of pity, to see that these strong characteristics are not matched and balanced by a sense of the fitness of things.

There is nothing particularly educational about—let us say—a salt cellar; but we have known intelligent men to spend their fortunes and the best years of their lives searching over Europe on no better errand than that of hunting up odd specimens of such household trifles to add to their "collection."

There are many men, busied in useful occupations, who demand constant mental activity. Such people very wisely fill up their leisure minutes with small hobbies, which operate as a counter irritant to the vexations of business. This is the legitimate scope of a hobby. In such cases it becomes a real economic factor.

Then, again, there are men who, in all the busy world, can find nothing to do until they hunt up or invent a fad—by preference, one so extraordinary that no one ever thought of it before. Then they ride their pet all over the world, scouring the globe for specimens to gratify their particular curio mania. These men become pitiable and laughable specimens of misplaced talent, and their boasted collections often remain as grotesque monuments to misdirected genius.

WHEELING TO HOUNDS.

There is indeed something impressive in the way our American people handle a hobby, when its claims upon their consideration are well established. Minor things, like street pavings and public buildings, we sometimes leave half done, but a good, thoroughbred hobby never!

The bicycle is at once the stanchest of allies, the best of physicians, and the great pleasure giver to millions of people of all sorts and conditions; but it is also a hobby, and there is no chance that, as such, our thoroughgoing people will leave it "half done." Some of our theaters would be quite undone if they did not provide arrangements for storing and checking the wheels of their cycling auditors. It is now soberly proposed to have certain trains run by wheelmen. The bicycles and their riders are to be suspended in rows inside the "motor car," and their propelling mechanism attached to the car axles.

The cycle boat is no longer even a novelty, so long has it held its loads of novelty hunters on our park lakes. People go calling on bicycles; we have seen staid parsons paying their pastoral visits awheel; we know of one or two "progressive" churches with a "bicycle entrance" for wheelmen and wheels. Doctors pedal their way upon their rounds, and this may have suggested the movement—to which we have already called attention in this department—for the adaptation of the bicycle to funereal functions.

The ravages of the wheel upon established customs and preconceived notions are merciless. No thought of its fitness or adaptability to its intended use, deters the zealot from extending its domain. The cry of the wheeling enthusiast is ever:

> While the spider spins, spin I;
> With the cycling winds I vie;
> Wheeling gull may tire—not I;
> I'll ride the whirlwind—by and by.

You can drive a nail where it will go, but you can drive a bicycle anywhere if you press hard enough on the pedals. The latest and most astonishing experiment has been made by a bicycle brigade which has been pursuing the fox along with the huntsmen. The cross country wheelmen have to come to terms ignominiously with walls, and fences, but horsemen have to do that too, sometimes. So over stubble, stony meadows, and plowed field go the jolted but happy sportsmen.

Such a performance makes one think that bicycling is a fad, and therefore liable to

sudden and violent collapse. It shows that some wheelmen have no more idea of keeping within proper and fitting limits than has the Mississippi or the Nile. The bicycle is a pleasant and useful thing, but we should be sorry to see civilization swamped by it.

TELLTALE PHYSIOGNOMY.

"If you don't want the world to know that you have done a thing, don't do it," was the sage observation of an ancient philosopher. The advice has a renewed force now when women are becoming more and more emancipated, and are taking up the pursuits and occupations, and even the sports and pleasures, that used to be considered men's special prerogatives. Whether women's faces are more mobile and more ready to receive an imprint, or whether women are less given to self restraint, and so express more of their inner feelings, is not definitely understood; but the fact remains that on nearly every feminine face is indelibly stamped some impress of her favorite pursuit or amusement.

The bicycle face is well known, with its tightly drawn muscles, resolute, tense expression, and an underlying air of resignation, as if it were saying, "If death whirls around the next corner, I will meet it with fortitude!" The long distance lens of the golf eye is also growing common, but the card face is comparatively new. The more experienced *Sherlock Holmeses* of society claim that they can detect the difference between the whist face and the countenance molded by progressive euchre; but the card face in general is recognizable by the veriest tyro.

There are women who have thrown themselves into card playing so feverishly, with such intense excitement, that it is no longer a diversion, but a serious task. Whether they play for money or points, or for some trumpery prize which they would not admit to their drawing room except as an evidence of their skill at the game, the result is the same. The strain on their nerves is expressed by closely drawn brows, and an eye eager and watchful for an opponent's plays and misplays; while greed and the desire for gain show themselves in ugly lines about the mouth. This description applies, of course, to the worst victims of the craze; but the same symptoms, in a more or less modified form, are appearing on the faces of not a few of society's maids and matrons.

THE IMMOBILE GIBSON MAN.

Since the society girl has taken to beruffled and lace trimmed shirt waists, and her silken stock is fast supplanting the stiff, brotherly tie, the Gibson girl, with all her breezy ways, has ceased to be the model of the summer maiden. The dainty ruffled and laced girl is to be queen of this season, and the clinging "angel" skirts may soon be with us.

When we lift up our tearful eyes to the dull horizon, to contemplate the ivy girl with limp skirts and picture hats, our tears are turned to rainbows as the sight is gladdened by society's latest fad—not a maiden, this time, but a man! Lo, he glides forward in subdued splendor, the white parting of his sleek hair enough to indicate the center of his face—even though he were noseless. But he is not noseless, for that straight, firm nose is stiffened with pride, and below it the smooth, well defined mouth and square chin carry out the look of steely indifference with which his face is marked.

To be a successful Gibson model, a man must appear to be wonderfully wise, but tired of worldly wisdom and bored with all creation. Never, while in company, may the muscles of his set jaws relax; but when his valet is dismissed—for the man does not live, the familiar saying tells us, who is a hero to his valet—his nerves may begin to assert themselves and his jaws find rest in a series of facial gymnastics. He should measure at least six feet in height, be very broad of shoulder, very slim of feet, and—another contradiction to the ordinary laws of mankind—have a West Point waist.

Alas, for the man who has been living in a state of bliss these last four years because he resembled Napoleon, for his day is passed. The Gibson man is as grave as the Little Corporal, his face as smooth, his eye as piercing, but he glories in the distinction of being a foot taller, with athletic shoulders, and owns a waist, which poor Napoleon never counted among all his grand possessions.

Such is the description of the new idol of the hour. The beauties of Baltimore and the belles of Washington gaze rapturously upon Gibson drawings, and then go on a mad hunt for the original, proclaiming their find with shouts of joy. The New York girls hunt for him in pairs, and the Philadelphia maidens do not see how they can keep out of the chase, for he is to be the favored light on piazzas and board walks this summer. He is so charming, so handsome, so wise! Wherein does his wisdom consist? Really, they cannot tell, but he looks wonderfully wise. He disdains mere conversational accomplishments. It is vulgar to argue; only people who are learning argue, and the Gibson man knows—knows it all. In fact, he is the male sphinx of the end of the nineteenth century.

THE THREE R'S.

The three "r's" that dominate American society have nothing to do with the impor-

tant trio of the school room, yet a knowledge of them may sometimes be as useful as anything in McGuffy or Wentworth. They are the clipped, slurred "r" of the South, the unctuous, mouth filling "r" of the Middle West, and the thin, cold, pure "r" that is Boston's by instinct and New York's by adoption.

So far as social advancement goes, it is better to be born with the right "r" in one's mouth than with a dozen gold spoons. Just which is the right one, authorities may not have agreed. America in general, and Mr. Hamlin Garland in particular, are fond of asserting that there is no such thing as authority in matters of taste, that no form is to be accepted or denied except by personal preference. But society admits standards and conforms to them, and in her ear that "r" is best which hovers about the classic slope of Murray Hill and the level shores of the Back Bay. Not, let us hope, because it is English by birth, but because it falls pleasantly on the ear, and is associated with all that is most cultivated and refined.

In our snap shot judgments of people, the "r" has a tremendous influence. This is scarcely just, for the man born in Chicago may be of as fine a quality and as deep a cultivation as the bluest blooded aristocrat of the Atlantic coast, and yet his thick, coarse "r" will, at first speech, disguise the fact. He is hampered by a mere geographical accident. From the broadly American standpoint, his manner of speaking is as good as anybody's; but in the narrower judgment of society, accepted authority must rule the tongue of a true citizen of the world. In not recognizing the cosmopolitan standard, he is guilty of provincialism. He may, of course, win his way in the end, but he starts with a handicap.

The three "r's," shrewdly handled, may prove useful allies. Should you wish to pass as a remnant of a fallen aristocracy, a courteous, open hearted, impecunious gentleman of the old school, in which perfect breeding mingled with childlike simplicity, snub your "r" into the merest hint of a sound, with an echo of "oi" about it. That and a little tact will mark you "F. F. V." in any community. Should you prefer to stand for a shrewd, rustling, wealthy man of affairs, a member of boards and a president of committees, cultivate a broad waistcoat and fill your mouth with the thick, furry "r" that growls itself into prominence above all the other letters of the alphabet. Would you seem high born, cultivated, socially *au fait*, a desirable acquaintance in every respect, sharpen your "r" down to a fine edge of chilly purity, and send it forth a thin lipped ascetic, whose right to be known is neither suppressed nor exaggerated.

Above all, never betray by over carefulness and conscious accuracy, the fact that your chosen "r" did not come to you in the cradle.

PARESIS AND POSIES.

Probably few of the young women who love to adorn themselves with large bunches of fragrant violets know that the perfume of these flowers is producing in them paresis of the constrictor muscles of the glottis, and spasms of the bronchial tubes, beside exerting a most sinister effect on various other important portions of their anatomy. Yet such is the case, as we are assured upon the highest medical authority.

Science has arrayed herself against all flowers, but violets, roses, and heliotrope have to bear the brunt of her displeasure. No longer may the invalid's eyes rest on a dainty bunch of roses or violets, expressing in their delicate fragrance the love and sympathy of some dear friend excluded from the sick room. The pernicious influence of these highly obnoxious blossoms is even more injurious to the sick than to one who is out and about, and so able to throw off some of the deadly effluvia. In the London hospitals an edict has recently gone forth that no cut flowers are to pass the thresholds of the wards; and similar rules, we are told, are likely to be made in medical institutions everywhere.

It will be a blow to the poets when the enamored swain no longer bears floral offerings to the shrine of his adored Belinda. The humorists will now depict him, instead, as furtively sending great bunches of odorous roses to his wife's mother, with intent to undermine her constitution.

VAGARIES OF HOUSE NAMING.

A pretty custom prevails abroad, notably in England, of giving names to country houses —names suggestive of their location, or of some prominent bit of family history or legend. These names are mostly simple, and therefore pleasing; but it happens in this relation, as in some others, that a fad cut from English custom and grafted upon American life, bears fruit startlingly variant from its parent tree.

In place of the suggestive names of English country seats, we have names of Presidents, names of prima donnas, girls' "pet" names, names of race horses, and no end of appellations plucked at random from the indices of mythological tomes. It is some consolation to bear in mind the quiet enjoyment our foreign visitors must extract from this borrowed finery of house nomenclature.

ETCHINGS

BICYCLE PROVERBS.

It's an ill wind that blows out of a puncture in your tire.

A soft saddle turneth away wrath.

The novice and his saddle are soon parted.

It's a poor cyclometer that won't register double up hill.

He who sups with the scorcher needs a high gear.

The bumped child dreads the flyer.

Answer a street car according to its trolley.

No man can hasten the passing year, but any good rider can make a century run.

Take heed of the beginner from before, the scorcher from behind, but who shall escape the bloomer girl?

Despise not the day of small things; it's the little sprocket that makes the wheel go round.

It's the man without a cyclometer that has ridden the greatest distance of all.

Winthrop Packard.

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

On most occasions you might take
  Estelle for "Silence" fled her frame;
When with sweet, tight closed lips she sits
  You're sure to cry her sisters shame
For their distracting badinage;
  And when she smiles, their repartee
And wordy wit fall flat enough
  Beside her quiet brilliancy.

Her taciturnity destroys
  The flavor of that ancient jest
That woman talks all day and night,
  And never gives her tongue a rest.
But there is an occasion when
  On chattering she will insist
Fast as the jay proverbial;
  And that's when she is playing whist.

Edward W. Barnard.

A LOVERS' RACE.

Over the hills and dales she wheels,
  Her lover following fast;
    Oh, 'tis a race—
    A rare love chase,
And though he's ever at her heels,
  She leads him first to last.

Yes, just by half a length she keeps
  The lead with calmest ease;
    Ah, don't they go
    Like lightning, though!—
Over the plain and sun kissed steeps,
  As merrily as you please.

And will he catch her? Faith, I doubt!
  They might speed thus all day,
    And in the rear
    He'd stay, I fear;
You see, to let the secret out,
  A tandem's built that way.

Charles Edward Barns.

MORE THAN MEETS THE EAR.

"To rusticate I go," said Brown;
"I can't endure the beastly town!"
  And packed his very swellest clothes—
  The scarfs and suits all dudedom knows.
Better to be a country clown
Than slave of fortune or renown!
  How sweet to leave life's dreary prose,
  And pluck the blossom where it blows—
    To rusticate!

That night a harvest moon looked down
Upon a girl in gingham gown,
  A veritable country rose,
  And Brown! Ha, ha, 'tis thus he goes,
When city maidens wear a frown—
    To rustic Kate!

Mary L. C. Robinson.

IN GOTHAM'S STREETS.

In Gotham's streets I spend my days,
  A looker on, a passer by;
No laurel wreath or crown of bays
  Can draw from me one fleeting sigh,
  Or tempt my ever feasting eye.

  Here shall I live, here shall I die.
  No woodland scene, no mountain sky
Can lead me from the human maze
    In Gotham's streets.

  One of the million, that am I;
  One of the million wondering why
And what it is, and if it pays,
This living in the city's ways—
  This laughing when the heart would cry,
    In Gotham's streets.

Tom Hall.

"EYES LIKE THE SEA."

Have you heard, my pretty, shy lass,
How of old the youthful Hylas
Stood amid the soft voiced rushes
  Of the sedgy Mysian mere,
Heard afar his comrades calling,
Then the water nymphs, enthralling,
Quenched the ardor of his blushes
  In the ripples cold and clear?

Oft, when looking 'neath the lashes
Of your lake-like eyes, there flashes
Over me the thought that duty
Lies in thraldom to their gaze;
Far and faintly calls ambition—
Calls in vain, for sweet submission
To their magic spell of beauty
Cools the heat for others' praise.

Let their echoes ring and die, lass;
Happier am I than Hylas,
And the farewell diapason
When the Argo sought the seas,
Struck by Orpheus, could not call me
From the fate that must befall me
In your eyes, nor thought of Jason,
Nor the grief of Heracles.

Joseph L. Hooper.

A MAIDEN'S YEA AND NAY.

SHE laughed when he asked for the rose in her hair,
The velvet cheeked rose she had gathered that day.
She laughed—but her fingers strayed upward to where,
Amid her dark curls, it lay fragrant and fair,
And 'twas pinned on his coat when he went on his way!

She laughed when he asked for the heart in her breast,
The heart she had guarded from friends and from foes.
"Oh, fickle and false! Who could trust you?" she said.
But he looked in her eyes, and her secret he read,
And she gave him her heart—as she gave him her rose.

Josephine H. Nicholls.

A LOVE LILT FROM BOHEMIA.

No diamonds you wear in your nut brown hair;
No pearls to encircle your neck;
There's never a jewel to glint and glare
And never a gem to deck.
Your tapering fingers have never a ring,
They never a circlet knew;
Yet a rarer thing than the gift of a king
Is the gold of my love for you.

The world, I'm sure, will assert you're poor,
And vow much poorer am I;
But still our love shall endure, endure
As long as the years go by.
A simple toiler alone I stand,
My wealth no miser can see;
But richer than land in the king's command
Is the gold of your love for me.

Your pure young life shall be free from strife,
And all that I hope to be
I'll payment make to my promised wife
For the gold of her love for me.
Together we'll laugh at the world unwise
That fancies us poor, we two;
And your pansy eyes shall behold a prize
In the gold of my love for you.

Roy Farrell Greene.

WHIPPOORWILL.

WHEN the purple night shades fall,
"Whippoorwill!"
Comes thy sweet melodious call,
"Whippoorwill!"
From each sylvan nook and bower,
When the dew is on the flower,
Softly sounds the plaintive trill,
"Whippoorwill; whippoorwill!"
Through the glade and o'er the hill,
"Whippoorwill; whippoorwill; whippoorwill!"

Like a chime of silver bells,
"Whippoorwill!"
Through the lowland's marshy dells,
"Whippoorwill!"
Where the willow droops its head,
Where the summer brook is fed,
Flute-like comes thy mournful trill,
"Whippoorwill; whippoorwill!"
Echoed through the woodlands still,
"Whippoorwill; whippoorwill; whippoorwill!"

At thy sweet and pensive song,
Whippoorwill,
Tender memories round me throng,
Whippoorwill!
Memories of moon lit skies,
When I read, in love lit eyes,
Looks that made my pulses trill,
Whippoorwill; whippoorwill!
While we listened to thy trill,
"Whippoorwill; whippoorwill; whippoorwill!"

Helen Whitney Clark.

THE BELLS.

"RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky!"
The man of verse remarked;
And straightway on a rhapsody
The sainted bard embarked.

He eulogized the pealing chimes
In many a stirring line;
He wrought a maze of feeling rhymes,
Involved and serpentine.

But nowadays we cannot quite
Indorse the bard's idea;
For in our searching modern light
His logic is not clear.

He hardly would have dared begin
His lavish theme to tell,
If he'd ever heard the jangling din
Of the pesky cyclist's bell.

Harold White.

WORKS VERSUS FAITH.

Two good ecclesiastics, on their talk intent,
One morning toward the vast cathedral went,
There to attend the service of the day;
But when they reached it, great was their dismay,
For while they had discoursed of creeds and lore,
The time had passed—the service was half o'er.
"My watch is slow," cried one of these good men.
"Never will I have faith in it again!"
So prone are e'en the wisest and the best
To cast the blame, where never blame should rest.
The other smiled, and gravely shook his head;
"It is not *faith* you want, but *works*," he said.

Katharine Jewell.

SWEET O' THE MORNING.

'Tis the sweet o' the morning now,
And hark, from the hidden bough
There wingeth the warbler's cry,
His matin ecstasy!
Sweet was the dale of dreams,
But sweeter the lyric streams,
The laughter of leaves, and the hues
In the rainbow heart of the dews!

Oh, who would tarry with sleep
When the green earth calls, and the deep
Breast of the blue is aburn
With the fire overspilled from the urn
Of the holy high priest Sun
At his morning orison!
The year's at flood, I trow;
'Tis the sweet o' the morning now!

Clinton Scollard.

A TELEGRAM.

The husband's face grew deadly pale,
As the telegram he read:
"Oh, come to me at once, for I
Am dying"—thus it said.

He scarcely paused to lock the safe,
So great was his distress,
But dashed away in frantic haste
To catch the fast express.

At last he reached the watering place
And rushed to the hotel,
Where he the week before had left
His young wife strong and well.

Amazement! there she sat, attired
In fashion's latest style—
The rose of health upon her cheek,
Upon her lips a smile.

"What did you mean?" he almost gasped.
"I feared that you were dead!"
"Oh, no, but I was dying just
To see you"—so she said.

"Then why did you not write it so?"
"Because you said, dear Ben,
In wiring use but just ten words,
And so I stopped at ten."

Helen W. Grove.

SIR POET.

(*Ideal.*)

Sir Poet, he dwelleth in Arcady;
'Neath sunny skies, he sings
Of life and love. Sweet melody
Spontaneous from him springs.
Naught doth he care for gold so rare;
He writeth in art's dear name,
And for a return doth never yearn,
Or so crumbling a crown as fame.

(*Real.*)

Sir Poet, he dwelleth in Harlem town,
In a flat on the far fifth floor;
Writes vagrant verses by the ton;
And sells them—which is more.
What doth he care for fame so fair?
He'll write in what style you please—
Sad or funny, so long as your money
Just buys him his bread and cheese.

George Alison.

THE DIFFERENCE.

But yesterday? It seems a year,
Love, since we strolled along this shore.
Where were you when I came at four,
Expecting that you would be here?
My heart throbbed with a nameless fear;
More sullen seemed the ocean's roar,
And shrill the wild, discordant cry
Of some sea bird. What fantasy
Held me in thrall as ne'er before?
Only because you came not, dear!

A year? But yesterday it seems,
The day we strolled along the shore.
Ah me! To think that nevermore
I shall meet you, but in my dreams!
At night, what vision of you teems
Within my brain! Again the roar
I hear of surf along the beach.
What need for human touch or speech?
In your dear eyes that are the door
To your sweet soul, love ever gleams!

Charles Williams Barnes.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

A PERSONAL CHAT WITH OUR READERS BY MR. MUNSEY

I AM just off to Europe. I am going for a bit of rest, and to buy the best products of Europe for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, THE PURITAN, and THE ARGOSY—yes, and for our cloth bound books. On my return I shall resume these chats with you. Meanwhile I hope you will find MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE improving from issue to issue. It is our policy to have it improve.

* * * *

THE letters received from readers of MUNSEY'S, in answer to suggestions made in this department, have been exceedingly gratifying, both in their numbers and in the tenor of their contents. "I am very busy, and get an immense amount of reading matter," says a Connecticut clergyman, the secretary of an important religious association, "but I read MUNSEY'S through last month. The features I like best are its variety, its excellent illustrations, and the *thoroughly good work* which seems to be done on every page." "I read every inch of MUNSEY'S," says a correspondent from Cleveland, "and have never found anything uninteresting in it. I am reading the serial stories, and am sure that I am no exception to the general rule. It is hard to wait for the next magazine to find out what Hall Caine is going to do with *Glory*, and Marion Crawford with *Vittoria's* lover."

It is impossible to quote from all the letters received, or from a tithe or even a hundredth part of them. But every one of them is welcomed, and is read with due consideration.

* * * *

THE following criticism, from a journal in the Hoosier State, is worth publishing because it contains something I wish to reply to. It says:

Munsey's deserves more praise than we have space or time to give it, but is treading in the same channel that has laid the higher priced magazines, *Century*, *Harper's*, etc., on the shelf, or relegated them to those who "seek the instruction that they need" and the class who wish to buy advertisements. For our part we hope the day will come when every publication that we buy will be free from advertisements.

I am not disposed to take issue with the writer on his utterance in the first part of the first sentence, but as to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE treading in the path that leads to the realm of the cobweb, I do take issue; and for reply I refer to the remarks I made in this department last month, in which I distinctly stated that while a part of our thirty two additional pages will be devoted to somewhat heavier articles, all the characteristics that have crystallized into MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will be retained. The new features—the heavier features—are added on the added pages.

And now as to the advertisements. I don't know that I can answer the gentleman better than to quote something I wrote for these columns somewhat more than a year ago. I said:

"Now that advertising has reached a point of commercial honor, the advertiser is as important to the magazine reader as the reader is to the advertiser. The latter spends hundreds of millions of dollars annually to tell the reader—the wide awake reader—just what he wants to know—what he should know. It is very kind of the advertiser to do this—generous, philanthropic. He is a public benefactor. We say it seriously. It is through him that the reader keeps in touch with progress, with the trend of prices, with inventions and improvements, and these mean something to the man who would spend his money wisely—mean something to the woman who would not be deceived in what she buys, and swindled in the price she pays.

"In this age of invention, of mechanical perfecting, you are sure to wake up and find that you have bought something that is out of date, unless you watch the advertising pages of the magazine—that mirror of commercial enterprise. Inasmuch as this information is spread before you free of cost, you—no, not you, but the other fellow less progressive than yourself, is, perhaps, wont to pass lightly over pages that mean so much to the man who profits by the information at his command.

"It is not too much to say that if business men did not advertise, and if the facts contained in the advertisements of the day were published in pamphlet or book form and offered for sale, there would be a fortune in the enterprise for the publisher. And why? Simply because the information (now had in the shape of advertisements) is the very thing the people want—you want.

"Hence we say that the advertiser is as important to the reader as the reader is to the advertiser."

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

PATRIOTISM RUN MAD.

JULY is upon us, and the Small Boy is busy with his preparations for the proverbially glorious Fourth. Wonderful preparations are these of the warlike youth in the Home of the Brave! Awesome and despotic are the purposes of the imperious youngster in this Land of the Free! Freedom must wait at home, and Bravery lurk behind closed shutters, when the Youth Militant and the Kid Rampant go out to give battle with sputtering cracker and noisy torpedo.

The oriental fanatic finds expression for his illogical devotion in genuflections, in weird dance movements, and in shouting his vocal chords into revolt. He taxes his physical endurance to such a degree that sometimes he drops dead in the middle of his frenzied performance. Is this religion? Savages, notably cannibals, signalize their conquest of a weaker foe by fêtes even more violent than the ravings of the dervish. They dance in mad glee around their victims; they play on weird and awful contrivances for making noise; they howl in exultation, and wave their weapons of crude warfare in a delirium of savage valor. This is the best the savage knows. So also is the dervish dance the best the fanatic knows.

Now let us peep cautiously from behind our closed window blind at the howling mob of small folk in the street, forget that they are our own and our neighbors' children, and critically analyze their exhibition of adolescent valor. Here are the sons of civilization, the advance guard of an era of universal peace, shouting their lungs out in celebration of a fierce and long forgotten war of which they have only the vaguest possible conception. It is not a historical observance; its participants have but the vaguest idea of the events of the last century. It is not patriotic; children can have little understanding of the breadth and depth of patriotism, and love of country can scarcely be symbolized by blare of trumpet and flash of powder.

We find the modern counterpart of primeval custom in the most unexpected quarters. We trace the motives of the savage in the conventions of city life; and you will not look coolly and critically at the mock warfare of the Fourth without finding in it a suggestion of the days when the victorious savage beat noisily on his tomtoms, and stamped about in the intricacies of the war dance.

The love of country is the bulwark of national integrity, the foundation on which the phenomenal growth of America has rested. In it is the surest promise of the continuance of that growth until our nation shall be a safe pattern for the fashioning of lesser peoples. But patriotism has no kinship with flamboyance. It is a sentiment too deep even for measuring with words; how then shall it be emphasized by the flash of tame powder, the fizzle of wet rockets, and the tooting of impotent tin horns?

Then, again, the country against which our noisy and smoky demonstrations of patriotism are aimed, against which the florid rhetoric of outdoor orators is directed, is the nation with which we have been for long years on terms of almost brotherly intimacy; to which we are bound by every tie that holds mankind toward a broader and higher civilization and from which we draw much of our best intellectual life. For three hundred and sixty four days in each year we hold out the hand of kinship to our English cousins; on the one remaining day we resort, in commemoration of the victory which our great great grandfathers achieved over their great great grandfathers, to expressions and manifestations of exultation which match in crudity the orgies of the South Seas.

Let patriotism grow apace, with the growth of the nation we love; but with the passage of the years let us hope to find our love of country assuming more moderate forms of expression, to find it lifted into the nobler types of expression which we adopt toward individuals we love, and at last to find the receptive minds of our children left untutored in the direction of skyrocket enthusiasm and gunpowder patriotism. Let the loyalty of generations yet unborn be based more upon the sure footing of intelligent approval and support of the principles of freedom and good government, and less upon the vainglorious heralding of the wars of long ago.

THAT ANCESTRAL LOG.

Now that the so called log of the Mayflower is safely enshrined on this side of the ocean, we might reasonably expect to see a marked impetus in the direction of ancestral record hunting. We might look for a corresponding increase in the ranks of would-be "sons" and "daughters" of those awe inspiring societies into the names of which the cabala of Revolutionary terms is so cunningly worked.

The "log" is not a record of daily life on board the pioneer immigrant ship, but a historical work compiled by Governor Bradford, and begins in 1602, eighteen years before the Mayflower left Southampton. Its nearest approach to the function its name would indicate is found in an accurate list of the passengers on board that famous little vessel. It also contains an account of these people and their families thirty years after the landing at Plymouth.

With such data, a grandmother hunt founded on honest family pride might grow into a genealogical stampede, and the fame of the book would be spread abroad throughout the land. The fact that the placing of the priceless manuscript once more in American keeping has not been marked by any such popular upheaval is evidence that the genealogy fad rests on another basis than true ancestor worship. The exhibiting of colonial heirlooms, and the insistent proclaiming of Mayflower ancestry, are not, as a rule, an end in themselves; they are only means to an end, and that end is social preference. The evidence of so historic a document as Governor Bradford's memoir is too searching to be brought to bear upon some of these cherished but flimsy fabrics of parvenu genealogy. Its appearance has caused disquietude in not a few quarters.

The true and worthy descendant of our best and sturdiest colonial stock is likely to carry with him his passport to recognition. The social strugglers who grasp at the straw of hypothetical lineage do not care to encourage research into dangerously authentic records, fearing a landslide of uncomfortable facts. Considering both sides of the question, we do not look for any startling results from the return of the Bradford manuscript to the United States.

NANSEN AND THE POLE.

DR. NANSEN is very much in print since his return from the arctic regions. One might expect to find his writings and sayings full of enthusiastic accounts of polar experiences, helpful suggestions for future attempts to reach the pole itself, and expressions of eagerness to enter again upon the work of exploration. Instead, he deliberately declares that the North Pole is not "worth while."

The sober good sense of this statement is gratifying. Nansen's observations were continued through months of the most careful attention to thermometric and barometric conditions, and to all the other observations which make up an arctic record. The results show that there is little useful information remaining to be gleaned from extreme northern sources. Nansen has practically reached the pole, and there is no reason to believe that, had his journey been continued to that precise geographical spot, the results of his voyage would have had any greater scientific value than they possess now.

With many men, arctic exploration has been a sort of crusade, a matter of daring hardihood and reckless enthusiasm; but Nansen has placed it on a basis of sound common sense, the same basis that made his last voyage of exploration such a notable success.

PICTURES IN AMERICA.

WE have been called "young" by the old countries for so long that both we and they scarcely realize that we have had time to gain a little age, and at least sufficient experience to know a good thing when we see it, and cultivation enough to feel the advantage of possessing it. People who visit the galleries of the leading New York picture dealers are aware that they can find there better collections of fine examples of modern art than are to be seen in the shops of any other city in the world The taste and the money are here, consequently the artists send their pictures here to be sold. We have not very many Lawrences and Reynoldses, because most of these portraits belong to families whose ancestors they represent; yet some fine examples are owned here, as the people who have arranged our portrait exhibitions discovered. Nor can we boast of our Rafaels and Titians; the great governmental collections of Europe have long held almost a monoply of the cream of the old masters, and they do not sell their treasures; yet even in this field of art we are richer, probably, than most people think. For instance, in a public gallery in Chicago there is a larger collection of Rembrandts than can be found together anywhere else in the world.

Furthermore, it is probably true to say that no other country has brought together so complete a gathering of representative pictures from all other lands. We are cosmopolitan in our tastes for art, and the French, Italian, German, English, and even the Polish and Russian schools find appreciation here, while in Europe each nation centers its attention upon its own painters, or makes an exception in favor of the old masters only. Our Metropolitan Museum, which has grown with phenomenal rapidity to be one of the great galleries of the world, has the distinction of possessing one of the most uniformly good collections, containing less waste, less trash, than almost any other. Every season the leading dealers give free exhibitions of pictures which are in themselves an art education such as could not have been obtained, twenty five years ago, without a journey to Europe.

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"LOVE'S MESSENGER."

From the painting by A. L. Henniker—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

The admission of a painting by an American negro artist to the Luxembourg, and notes on other events of current interest in the world of brush and palette.

COLOR IN ART.

The French government has just sent to the Luxembourg a large and striking picture of the "Raising of Lazarus." The work was a marked canvas in this year's Salon, and though the only honor bestowed upon it there was that of the never absent group of gazers, it will stand out in the famous gallery as a unique work of art. Its creator is a young Philadelphian, Henry O. Tanner, a negro. The honors of the Luxembourg have come to America before, but this is the first instance where its distinctions have been conferred upon one of Mr. Tanner's race.

The artist is the son of an African Methodist bishop, well known in Philadelphia. Young Tanner's love of art took him to Paris some years ago. Ben-

"A CHANCE MEETING."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Eugène Deully.

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"FLEURETTE."

From the painting by A. Landini—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

jamin-Constant became his mentor and friend. His powers developed rapidly, and his fellow students, recognizing his ability, made him vice president of the local society of American artists in the French capital. Tanner has exhibited several times in the Salon. In 1895 his "Sabot Maker" attracted favorable notice, and in 1896 his "Daniel in the Lion's Den" received the coveted "mention honorable," though the critics do not rank it so high as his "Lazarus." Two creditable examples of his work are in this country: "The Banjo Lesson," in the library of the Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia, and "The Bagpipe Lesson," which just now is in Wanamaker's gallery, in New York. Tanner's

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"THE MAGDALEN'S VISION."

From the painting by Mlle. Achille-Fould.

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"THE MORNING HYMN."

From the painting by Walther Firle—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

work possesses wonderful life and vigor, with great force and sureness of touch.

MILLAIS' MODELS.

It is worth noting, in this day and generation, when the nude forms so prominent a feature in every exhibition of pictures and in every art gallery, that the only female nude Sir John Millais ever painted was the figure of the woman in "The Knight Errant."

Another interesting point in Millais' career is the manner in which he used his family as models. "The Order of Release" is a portrait of his wife as she was when he first met her. One of his

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"A CURE FOR GOUT."

From the painting by Dendy Sadler—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York

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"FORGET-ME-NOTS."

From the painting by E. Blair Leighton—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

daughters posed for "My First Sermon," "New Laid Eggs," and "Waking"; another for "Sleeping," while "The Sisters" includes all three of his daughters.

* * * *

The award of one of the Hallgarten prizes, at the National Academy's spring exhibition, to a Western artist—whose name has hitherto been quite unknown to us—is a notable and gratifying incident. It exemplifies the rapid progress that art is making in the West. The prize man was Wilbur R. Easer, of Webster City, Iowa.

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'HER GUARDIAN."

From the painting by E. Blair Leighton—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

MUSIC.

It is the last appeal to man –
Voice crying since the world began;
The cry of the Ideal – cry
To aspirations that would die.
The last appeal! In it is heard
The pathos of the final word.

Voice tender and heroical –
Imperious voice that knoweth well
To wreck the reasonings of years,
To strengthen rebel hearts with tears.

Charles Edwin Markham.

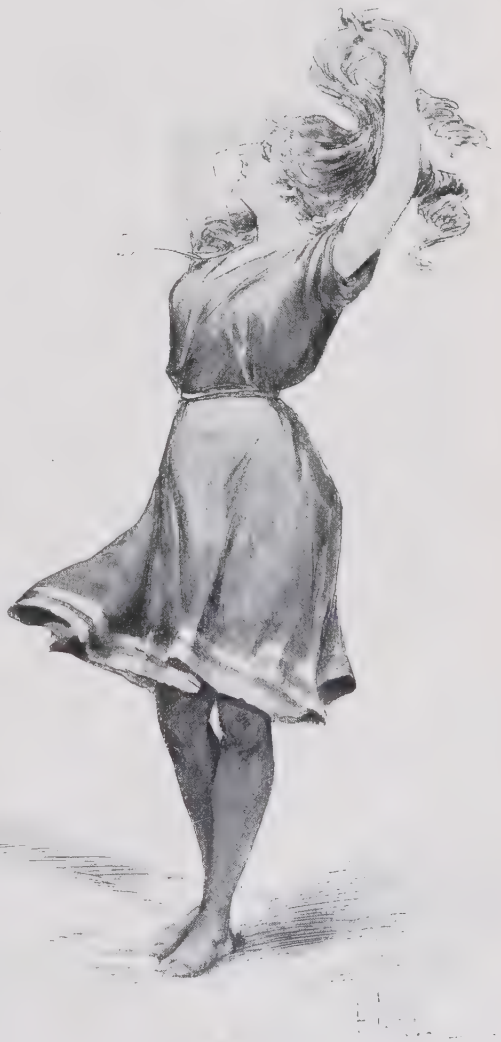
SUMMER ON THE SANDS.

Glimpses of the summer girl in the realm where she shares her sway with Cupid and Neptune —Shifting thoughts and shifting scenes from the panorama of sea and shore.

"PRAISE the sea, but remain on the shore," was a bit of advice given by a sage of ancient days. Undoubtedly he would have changed his preposition, and said *at* the shore, if only he had known the delights of the summer beaches that stretch from Maine to Florida, and from Pescadero to San Diego. For on those sandy shores, in sight of the blue sea, in sound of the dashing surf, are collected all the joys and pleasures invented by nature or art for man's diversion.

There sing the sirens who tempted Ulysses, and there the graces disport themselves. Old Neptune himself forsakes his accustomed lairs and ventures near the borderland of his wide domain to meet and greet the summer girl, who, with her attendant train, troops down to the water's edge. From early summer until late in the fall she is seen in all her variety, meandering over the beaches, clambering over the rocks, embarking in tiny boats from tiny piers, or setting sail on white winged yachts for a cruise across the sunlit sea.

And it is as though the river Lethe had mingled some drops of her oblivion giving moisture with the salt spray of this enchanted land, for all human woes and misery seem left behind. Bright eyes and smiling lips meet the eye, gay laughter and merry voices greet the ear, world wearied men and wondering eyed children play with the shifting sand together. Under their hands rise miniature forts, bridges, and palaces of sand; and for both alike, on the misty horizon, rise airy castles of what may be, not what might have been. Over behind that sea line are the ships freighted with human hopes, human desires, human expectations — some of them heavy with human woe. But it is a far cry to the edge of that visible world; no ship is in sight, so for the actual, present moment joy reigns supreme.



THE MODERN MERMAID.

Here and there on the beach may be seen a bit of the past—an old man for whom everything has been, to whom only one thing more can come, in whose harbor only one more ship will drop its anchor; but by his side, around him, are the small delvers of the future, the little atoms of humanity who, out of the sun and sea, are building the brain and muscles of their lives. They are so intent, so full of life, that they throw into the background this relic of bygone days, and the air resounds with young glad shouts, with merry laughter, with youth, the essence of the eternal sea.

* * * *

Why a residence, long or short, within sight and sound of the sea, is provocative of true love, or its counterfeit presentment—a summer flirtation—is not apparent, unless it is because the Goddess of Love rose from the sea, and therefore her son Cupid must needs go to its edge to sharpen his arrows and try their points before storing them up for winter's use. Arrows are dangerous playthings; and although Cupid is careless in leaving them lying about, he is remorseless about healing the wounds that they have made. Whatever the cause may be, for seaside loves the fact remains the same. Neptune gives his blessing to countless lovers and their lasses with each returning season. Probably the rakish old god cares little whether the vows are fulfilled or not, and luckily his memory is short. If the same lover, with a different lass, come to him for his benediction, he does not know, does not recognize, that a change has been made in combinations.

"WHILE SHE SITS AND DRIES HER HAIR AFTER HER SALT BATH."

Undoubtedly there are some mortals who do not believe in this out of date

"IMMACULATE IN WHITE DUCK AND BLUE SERGE—HE IS AN ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE SUMMER GIRL."

Venus and her old fashioned son. Such people give the praise or blame of these summer idyls to something which they call propinquity. Perhaps they have some foundation for their reasoning, because life at the sea shore in the open air, under the broad sky, in the summer moonlight and sunlight, induces a sudden intimacy, a quick, deep knowledge, that would never come in the conventional, dimly lighted atmosphere of teas, dinners, and dances.

Many a man who would never succumb to a woman's crowning glory when it is tightly bound with golden or silver bands, and surmounted with a quivering aigrette, is hopelessly enmeshed by its waving, floating masses while she sits and dries it after a salt bath. There is something confidential and caressing in its movement as it floats toward him on the soft breeze, each hair glistening in the sunshine, enticing and alluring as it floats away. Was it not a mermaid who sat on a rock in the sunshine, combing her hair with a golden comb, drawing her lover to her with her wondrous voice? This modern mermaid does not sing to her lover, but she prattles the latest society gossip, parting her locks occasionally to peer at him through the shadowing mass of hair. He, also, like the luckless Rhine fisher, is unconscious of rocks.

* * * *

That the summer girl has a definite place in the social fabric has long been

"DARED TO LOOK PRETTY IN HER BATHING SUIT."

admitted. She has been named and classified. She comes with the opening buds and blossoming trees, stays until the last yellow leaf has fluttered silently down, and then she is gone. Whence she comes, and whither she goes, is hard to tell, just as all the other whys and wherefores of life are difficult to answer.

But her attendant swain is not so easy to classify. She invariably possesses one, or is possessed by one; for it is this fact of possession that is the characteristic mark of the summer girl. But who and what he is no one can tell. Immaculate in white duck and blue serge, at his ease in knickerbockers and bicycle stockings, or tennis flannels, and at least once a day in a knitted bathing suit, he is an accompaniment to the summer girl, holding her parasol, carrying her camp stool, reading to her, talking to her, singing to her with banjo or guitar, playing with her, and swimming with her.

From the first formality of meeting, when indifferent opinions about nothing at all are exchanged, to the bitter moment of parting, when summer and the summer girl are about to flee away, when all the world is seen through tears salter than old ocean's brine, he is by her side.

* * * *

The thought of a day or a week or month at shore or beach, harbor, pier, or island, to whichever classification the chosen place may belong, brings visions of the same delights and pleasures. All offer the same glistening sandy couch spread for long, lazy hours alone or

> Together, you and I together, and the world away.

In this case the partition that divides the wide, wide world from this world of two is a gaily painted bit of Japanese paper, the flimsy stretch of a Japanese sunshade, or a wind blown dune of yellow sand held in place by a clinging, creeping vine. All offer the same madcap, curling breakers, now rushing forward to entrap the unwary, then rising up and back to lure the daring on for a quick dive into their gleaming green depths. And all offer, too, the blue, encircling, outspread sea, into which the athletic swimmer plunges, and, dashing out through the swelling waves, past the shallow waters, rests on the cool sweet

buoyancy that comes only from deep sea brine, only from fathoms deep of still green water.

* * * *

It has taken women a long time to learn that a bathing dress could be, and should be, becoming. It is quite within the memory of man that women persisted in gowning themselves for a plunge into the sea in the most woebegone, bedraggled coverings they could invent, so hideous that even the sea itself retired before them. Fortunately some athletic, dauntless summer girl dared to look pretty in her bathing suit, and her sisters have followed quickly in her footsteps. In place of an awning shaped hat or an oil silk bag, she tied her curly locks into a bright silk handkerchief—a rubber underneath, because this much maligned summer girl is prudent; she dared to appear in short skirts, long enough to satisfy the veriest prude, but short enough to allow her to give a good frog-like kick without sending her straightway to the bottom. Thanks to this pioneer, a pretty woman now looks her prettiest when ready for her dash into the sea; and an ugly woman, if there be such, defies her calumniators, and is classified for once with her more fortunate sisters.

"WHITE WINGS OF A SUMMER SEA."

* * * *

Bathing girls are divided into many classes, and each class has its subdivis-

ions. Looking upon them merely as specimens, and not as human creatures, it is easy to determine to which class each one belongs as soon as it emerges from its bathing house. The one who has no intention of venturing near the water is soon recognized, and the one who, with run, skip, and jump, will plunge headlong into a rising wave, and emerge on the other side, shaking the water from her like a curly water spaniel, is picked out just as quickly. Then, too, there is the rollicking maiden who will be tossed on high by a white capped wave, thrown headlong into the rushing foam, and will come up madly clutching the sand, only in time to be thrown down by the next on rushing wave. Rescued at last by some heroic life saver, she will stand on the edge of the sand, laughing and shivering, and detailing her thrilling adventure with its attendant sensations to all who will listen. There is the dignified creature who, having been through the same adventure—perhaps the self same wave—will acknowledge, with a faint shrug of the shoulders, that perhaps she may have "lost control of her motions" for an instant, but will never admit that she was "rolled." It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and all kinds of girls to make a summer.

After the sea bath and the sun bath comes a long stroll over the shifting sand, out on the shelving rocks, where brown hermit crabs scuttle awkwardly away, where little pools must be crossed with dainty feet and uplifted skirts—and each day the pools must grow larger, for each day more assistance is needed in their passage—to where the white winged gulls eye the intruders suspiciously, and then flap lazily away—for even the birds of the air love a lover, and are willing to resign their eyries for a trysting place. From some sheltered nook the dying day is watched, and, as the lights grow pink and purple and golden overhead and down in the sea, hope and joy and love grow in the watchers' hearts.

And then some day, before the waning of the summer solstice, will come the tide in this human love which, if it be taken at the flood, will lead on to everlasting joy and bliss; and always afterward with the tang of the salt sea spray there will come to these lovers some breath of that first love confession, some memory of the old days when the old, old story was new to them.

"THE WANING OF THE SUMMER FLIRTATION."

CORLEONE.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Corleone" is the latest of Mr. Crawford's remarkable stories of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the modern society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of an old Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of true love and of exciting adventure.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

CORLEONE is the title of the Pagliuca d'Oriani family, to whom a sadly diminished estate descends at the death of the spendthrift prince who had been head of the house. Besides the widow of the dead nobleman's brother, Donna Maria Carolina, there are her three sons—Tebaldo, Francesco, and Ferdinando—and a daughter, Vittoria, who has spent the greater part of her seventeen years in a convent at Palermo. With the exception of Ferdinando, who remains at Camaldoli, their Sicilian homestead, the family move to Rome, where Vittoria meets and loves Orsino Saracinesca. Saracinesca's father is Giovanni, Prince of Sant' Ilario, and his grandfather is the aged Prince Saracinesca, the head of this old Roman family. The monotony of the young patrician's existence has palled upon him, and he gladly accepts the chance of employment offered by his cousin, the Marchese di San Giacinto, who purchases Camaldoli, in order to further a scheme for a new railroad, and asks Orsino to take charge of the property. Vittoria, who knows that her brother Ferdinando objected to the sale of Camaldoli and is determined to prevent its occupancy, is greatly alarmed for her lover's safety, but in spite of her pleadings, Orsino accompanies San Giacinto to Sicily. As they are nearing the Corleone homestead they are shot at by concealed foes, and Orsino returns the fire, killing a man who is identified by the soldiers of their escort as Ferdinando Pagliuca.

Shocked by the catastrophe, Orsino returns to Rome, where Tebaldo and Francesco, unwilling to jeopardize their social position, disclaim the dead man's relationship, alleging it to be a mere coincidence of names. He formally proposes for their sister's hand, but his father emphatically refuses to consent to the match, and Vittoria's mother, encountering Orsino, curses him as the murderer of her son. When he goes back to join San Giacinto in Sicily, Orsino is accompanied by his brother Ippolito Saracinesca, who is a priest and a musician.

Meanwhile Tebaldo Corleone is in a situation of some doubt and difficulty. For mercenary reasons he is anxious to marry an American heiress, Miss Lizzie Slayback. At the same time both he and his brother Francesco—between whom there is mutual distrust and bitter jealousy—are enamored of a young and beautiful Sicilian girl, Aliandra Basili, the daughter of a notary at Randazzo, a village near the old homestead. Aliandra, who is a singer, and has made a decided success in Rome as a prima donna, is ready to marry Tebaldo; but he is unable to withstand the temptation of the Slayback millions, and procrastinates until she frankly tells him that he must either marry her, or cease to persecute her with his attentions. She is suddenly called home to Sicily by an accident to her father. Two days after she leaves Rome, Tebaldo's jealousy of Francesco breaks out in a violent quarrel, in which he almost throttles his brother. When he regains his normal calmness, the elder Pagliuca goes to the hotel where Miss Slayback and her aunt are stopping.

XXIV (*Continued*).

MISS SLAYBACK was alone in the sitting room. The blinds were closed, but the windows were open, and the warm breeze stirred the white curtains. It was an ordinary hotel sitting room, like hundreds of others, but Miss Lizzie had not been satisfied with such mediocrity of surroundings, and had taken much pains to give the room an inhabited look.

She had, of course, bought several hundred objects of no particular value, as rich women who visit Rome for the first time invariably do, and most of them

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were in sight. There were photographs by the score, pinned to the walls and standing on tables, and heaped together in a corner. The photograph is the unresistible temptation to women. There were three or four clever water color studies of men and women in costume, such as one sees everywhere in Rome; there were half a dozen bronzes copied, in the unfinished, wholesale manner, from the antique; there was the inevitable old choir book of the psalms, with the old musical notation that is still used for plain chant, written on parchment, and opened at the page which presented the best illuminated capital letter; there were three or four pieces of old embroidered vestments, draped over the backs of chairs, and there were several vases containing fresh flowers and dry wild grasses from the Campagna. And there was Miss Lizzie Slayback.

She was exceedingly pretty in a sort of nondescript dress, between a tea gown and something else; for though it was adorned with ribbons and laces, after the manner of tea gowns, it was short skirted when she stood up. In fact, it was "a little creation" of her own, as her dressmaker would have said, thereby disclaiming all responsibility for its eccentricity. But it was distinctly becoming, and Miss Lizzie knew it.

There is a great difference, morally, between being vain and being esthetically aware of one's advantages and good points. Vanity is even more blind than love, but there is something really and healthily artistic in judicious and successful self adornment. Vanity paints its eyes, and rouges its cheeks, and dyes its hair, and laces its waist till its ribs crack. Good taste cuts its clothes according to its figure and its age, instead of pinching its body to fit its clothes. Vanity is full of affectation; good taste presents the best it has to view, so far as it can, and hides what is less good, without attempting to distort it, because what is not good cannot be made to look good, by torture, to eyes that understand. The vain woman interprets the statement that she is clay, in a literal sense, and tries to model her clay violently into the Venus of her dreams. The woman of taste accepts the fact that she is not a goddess, and makes the best of her mortality as she has received it.

Miss Slayback was very pretty, and even Tebaldo Pagliuca admitted the fact, though he was not in the least in love with her. She smiled and looked ten times prettier than before, as he entered the room.

"My aunt is supposed to be out," she said, as he sat down. "But she is in the next room. So it is quite proper."

She laughed a little at her own speech, for she was still amused by European ideas of propriety, and she would have been surprised if any one had been shocked by her receiving Tebaldo alone, when Mrs. Slayback was really asleep in the next room, during the heat of the afternoon. Tebaldo smiled courteously, leaned back a little in his small, low arm chair, and fixed his eyes upon her face in silence. His expression might have deceived an older and a wiser woman.

"I am very glad to find you alone," he said softly, after an emphatic pause of admiration. "Your aunt is one of the most charming women in the world, of course, but——"

"But she is not always necessary," interrupted Miss Slayback. "Do you want to see my new embroidery? I bought it this morning——"

"No. I do not care about your embroideries. I came to see you, not vestments."

"It is not a vestment. It is an altar cloth——"

"It is not you, at all events," said Tebaldo, fixing his eyes upon her again. "I want you—and only you—today, tomorrow, and forever." His voice was well modulated.

Miss Lizzie looked down, thoughtfully, but she did not blush. Tebaldo leaned forward a little, gazing earnestly into her face. But she looked down and said nothing, for she wished him to say more. It was pleasant to hear, and though her eyes were bent upon the carpet, she could really see his face quite distinctly.

"I think you see and understand that I love you devotedly," he said in soft tones.

It was not easy for him, with his ideas, to make the statement in cold blood, so to say. But that was evidently what she expected, and he did his best.

"You must have seen it," he continued. "You must have understood it. I have tried to express it to you with the most profound respect, with that respect which I have felt for you from the first, and shall always feel, and wish to feel, for my wife."

Possibly Miss Lizzie, not being a Latin, would have been willing to hear less about respect and more about love. But he managed to make his tone convey something of that also. She looked up, slowly raising her long black lashes, till her dark blue eyes met his.

"You know," she said, with an odd mixture of gentleness and wilfulness, "if I marry you, you must always let me do exactly as I please."

Tebaldo had known her long enough to be past the stage in which she could surprise him. The conception of American life which he had formed from her conversation was somewhat fantastic.

"You would not be so frank if you meant to misuse your liberty," he answered wisely.

"Do not be so sure!" laughed Miss Lizzie gaily.

But Tebaldo wanted a more binding reply to his proposal.

"Please do not laugh," he said. "Your answer—your consent will transport me to paradise."

"I hope not," answered the girl, still laughing a little. "I prefer you on earth, if I am to marry you."

"You are adorable!" exclaimed Tebaldo, understanding that he must accept her jesting humor.

"Yes? Am I?" She smiled.

"But you see that I adore you, worship you—love you! Every one does——"

"I do not want every one——"

"But me? That is the question. Do you——"

"Oh, yes! I want you," she answered, interrupting him. "Please let me think a moment. I am making up my mind."

Thereupon Miss Lizzie got up from her seat. Tebaldo rose also, wondering what she might be going to do to help her mind in making itself up. He rather expected that she meant to go into the next room to consult her aunt before giving her final answer. But she had no intention of doing that. She went to the window, and looked through the slats of the closed blinds, into the hot glare outside. Tebaldo remained standing close to the chair in which he had been sitting. As has been said, she could no longer surprise him, but he watched the ways and manners of the American young girl with interest, even while he grew nervous as he thought of the magnitude of the stake he hoped to win.

Miss Lizzie stayed some time at the window, without moving. When she suddenly turned back into the room, and came straight up to Tebaldo, her face was a little paler than usual; but he could not see it, for the light was behind her. Her manner had quite changed now, and she spoke very gravely.

"I have not known you very long, and you are asking me to put my whole life in your hands," she said. "I like you very much. I care for you so much that I am going to trust you, though I know you so little. I am going to say yes."

She laid her hands in his trustfully, and looked up into his face. His lids half veiled his eyes, for the triumph in his look was not the triumph of love, and he knew it. No sane man is without some good impulse, be he ever so bad.

"I thank you with all my heart," he said, wisely choosing simple words now; and he pressed her hands gently. "I shall try to make you happy," he added.

It all seemed very strange to her. Possibly something warned her even then that he was very false, more false than she could have understood. She had expected, shyly and with a little not quite unpleasant trepidation, that he would suddenly catch her in his arms and kiss her a score of times, quickly, as no one had ever kissed her. Yet there he stood, quite calm, just pressing the tips of her fingers, as though he were afraid of hurting her, and saying that he meant to make her happy. She was disappointed, though she would not have admitted that she was.

She little guessed that the bad man had just then chanced to feel one of the few good impulses that ever disturbed him. At that moment it would have seemed considerably worse to him to act as she really expected that he would than it would have seemed to cut Francesco's throat in his sleep. Explain those things

who can. There is good in human nature, even at its worst; and it comes to the surface unexpectedly. Francesco, whose character was on the whole far less evil and malevolent, would have had no such scruple. To him a woman was a woman, and nothing more. But Tebaldo either loved or did not love, and the woman he did not love was not a woman at all in his eyes. And since in this case she chanced to be an innocent girl, his manliness—for he was manly and physically brave—revolted at the idea of offending her innocence.

An old fashioned theologian might say that a man who has no good in him is not properly fit to be damned. Such a man would have no free will, and could not, therefore, logically be punished for anything he did. That was not Tebaldo Pagliuca's case, at all events.

Miss Lizzie stood still a moment, looking up to his face, after he had spoken; then she drew away her hands, and sat down again, feeling rather shy, for the first time since she had been a child. It seemed strange that it should be all over, and that she was to be married. Tebaldo began a little speech.

"You have made me very happy," he said; and he formed a number of fairly well turned phrases, in which to express his satisfaction, which was genuine, and his affection, which was not.

She did not hear him, for her own thoughts seemed louder than his smoothly spoken words. She was happy, and yet she was uncomfortable, in an undefined way, and did not know what was the matter. He did not seem to expect any response just then, and she let him talk on. Then she was aware that he was repeating a question.

"May I announce our engagement?" he was asking, for the second time.

"Of course!" she exclaimed, suddenly realizing the sense of his words. "It is not a thing to be concealed. I will tell my aunt at once. You must come and see her this evening—no, we are going somewhere—I forget where! Come tomorrow, please."

"And when——?" He purposely left the sentence incomplete, filling the question with one of the long looks he had employed so often with such success.

"When what? Oh! You mean, when shall we be married? Let me see. It is May now. I shall have to go to Paris, of course. You will come, will you not?"

"Could we not be married first, and go to Paris afterwards?" inquired Tebaldo.

But Miss Lizzie had no intention of being hurried to the altar without having got the full amount of enjoyment out of buying beautiful clothes, and Tebaldo was obliged to content himself with a promise that the wedding should take place early in the autumn. She wished to be married in Rome by an archbishop, if not by a cardinal. Tebaldo agreed to the whole college of cardinals, if necessary.

When he went away, he walked more slowly. The sun was very low, and the air was growing cooler. He sauntered down towards the Corso, well pleased with his own prospects, and thinking out the details of his future with intense satisfaction.

Tebaldo was no spendthrift fool to waste his wife's fortune on absurd frivolities, or to gamble it away in mad speculations. He meant to build up the Corleone once more, and make his family far greater than it had ever been. He did not know exactly how rich Miss Slayback was, but his guessing was, if anything, under the truth; and he had seen enough of her to know that she desired to be a personage, and was attracted by the idea of rank. He knew that she and her aunt had taken pains to inquire into the validity of his titles. He smiled when he remembered how cheaply he had held them in the old days at Camaldoli, when he would have sold his birthright for a new rifle, and a title or two for a supply of ammunition; and he admired in himself the transformation from the rough country gentleman, hardly one step above the tenant farmer of the Sicilian hills, to the fashionable young nobleman, engaged to be married to a great heiress, and already on the point of restoring to his family all its ancient magnificence.

He walked the length of the Corso and back before he went home. He had hardly entered his room when there was a light knock at the door. Vittoria entered, looking pale and frightened.

"What was the matter between you and Francesco?" she asked, as soon as she had shut the door behind her.

"The matter?" Tebaldo looked at her curiously, wondering whether she knew anything about Aliandra Basili. "We quarreled, as usual," he said briefly.

"It must have been worse than usual," said Vittoria, in a low voice. "He is gone."

"Gone? Where? Gone out to dinner?" Tebaldo affected to laugh carelessly.

"No. I think he is gone to Sicily," answered the young girl.

Tebaldo uttered an exclamation of surprise, and his expression changed as he looked at his sister.

"Yes," she continued. "He made a terrible scene with me and our mother—not exactly a scene, perhaps—it was all about you. He said that he was going, that he could not live in the house any longer, that he should never come back again. He said——" she hesitated.

"What more did he say?"

"He was half mad, I think. He said it was better to be an outlaw than to live under such a brother as you, and that he would pay you for what you had done to him in the way you least expected."

"What makes you think that he is gone to Sicily?" asked Tebaldo, very quietly, while his lids drooped at the corners.

"He looked for the trains in the newspaper, and I heard him say 'Reggio' and 'Messina.' We tried to quiet him—we did what we could. But he packed a quantity of things in a hurry, and went off in a cab, looking at his watch, and saying that he had barely time. Mother fell into one of those terrible fits of crying that she has sometimes, and she is ill again. I thought it best to tell you."

"Certainly," said Tebaldo thoughtfully. "And now that you have told me, please go away, for I must dress." She was already turning, for she was used to his peremptory ways, but he stopped her. "I may as well tell you, Vittoria," he said; "I am engaged to be married to your friend Miss Slayback. I hope that, as the marriage will be so advantageous to our family, you will not criticise me to her too much. I am not quite so bad as you sometimes think."

Vittoria looked at him in silence for three or four seconds before she spoke.

"I shall say nothing to injure you with her," she said slowly, and at once left the room.

XXV.

ALIANDRA was received in Randazzo with that sort of ovation which only Italians accord to a successful artist; and her father's house was filled for a whole day with the respectable townsmen and their wives and daughters, who came to greet her and congratulate her. For the newspapers had informed them of her successes in Rome, and the Sicilian papers had exaggerated the original reports tenfold.

The mayor and his wife, the municipal officers, the gray haired lieutenant of carabineers with his pretty daughter, the rector, the curate, the young emigration agent of the big steamship company with his betrothed bride and her mother, the principal shopkeeper with his wife and children, the innkeeper—in short, all that represented the highest fashion in Randazzo, including Don Tolomeo Bellini, the most important tenant farmer on the great Fornasco estate as well as a small freeholder, whose ancestors had been privileged to bear arms, and who, therefore, ranked as a gentleman and stamped the cheeses from his dairy with a little five pointed coronet. Basili had formerly hoped to get him for a son in law, and he would have been considered a very good match for the notary's daughter.

All Randazzo talked of the singer's return, and the poor people crowded the street to get a look at her. The mayor said she was an honor to the province and to Sicily, and the rector, who had baptized her, expressed his hope that she might be always as good as she was famous, for he distrusted the name of art, but wished the girl well for her father's sake and her own.

Don Atanasio, the apothecary of Santa Vittoria, tried to persuade his daughter to go with him down to Randazzo and pay Aliandra a visit.

"It will divert you a little from your sorrow, my daughter," he said, shaking his head.

Concetta's dark eyes turned slowly towards her father with a wondering look, as though she were amazed at his audacity and yet pitied his inability to measure her grief.

"The dead need no amusements," she said gravely. "They are very quiet. They wait."

"Eh—but the living," objected Don Atanasio. "We are alive, you know."

Concetta did not heed what he said.

"The dead are very quiet. They wait for the Judgment and the Resurrection—the judgment of blood, and the resurrection of the innocent. Then they will be alive again."

Don Atanasio sighed, for his unhappy daughter was no longer like other women. She was of those simple beings for whom life has but one purpose after love has taken possession, and from whom the loved one, dying, takes all purpose away forever.

The old man sighed and looked sideways at her, and a tear ran down his thin, straight nose, and fell upon the plaster he was spreading on the marble slab before him; but his daughter's dark eyes were dry. She was sitting on a little low stool behind one end of the counter, where she could not be seen by any one who might chance to come into the shop. Her head was screened by the great old fashioned marble mortar.

Don Atanasio laid down the broad mixing knife he was using, pushed back the black broadcloth cap which Concetta had once embroidered with a design of green leaves, wiped his spectacles, turned away to blow his nose with a large colored handkerchief, and turned back again to take a long look at the girl. He laid his hand gently on her head, pressing her forehead back until she looked up into his face.

"You wish to make me die also," he said slowly. "What have I done that you wish to make me die?"

She looked at him very sadly, and then quickly got hold of his other hand and kissed it with a sort of devotion. She was very fond of him. He patted the back of her head affectionately.

"In truth, my dear," he said gently, "if I see you always thus, I shall not live long, for I have only you in the world, and the rest does not matter. But it is not that, since I would die to make you happy. What should it be for me? I am old. I am of no use. They will have another apothecary in Santa Vittoria. That is nothing. My thoughts are for you."

"Do not think for me," answered the girl. "I sit here quietly. I do no harm. And then, when it is later, I go to see my dead one every day."

"But it is not good to do this always," objected Don Atanasio coaxingly. "That is why I say come down with me to Randazzo tomorrow, and let us go and see the notary Basili, who has broken his leg, and his daughter, the great singer, who has come back from Rome to visit him. She is a good girl, and you can make a little conversation with her. It will be a diversion, a sober diversion, and the air will do you good, and the movement."

She kissed his hand again, then dropped it, and drew up her black shawl over her head, for she heard a step on the threshold. Don Atanasio heard it, too, and immediately took up his mixing knife and went to work again at the plaster. The newcomer was the lieutenant who commanded the infantrymen quartered in Santa Vittoria. He asked for six grains of quinine in three doses.

He was a quiet young fellow, scrupulously neat in his close fitting tunic with its turned down velvet collar, his small red mustache, carefully trimmed, and his red hair parted behind and well brushed below his cap. He had singularly bright blue eyes, with rough red eyebrows, and a bright and healthy, but much freckled, complexion.

Don Atanasio proceeded to weigh out the little doses of the valuable drug, and the officer watched him as he cut the clean white paper into smaller sizes and neatly folded each package.

"Do you know all those Pagliuca brothers?" he asked suddenly.

The apothecary stopped in his work and looked at him keenly. The officer was a Piedmontese, and was, therefore, unpopular in the south.

"Eh!" ejaculated the apothecary. "They formerly lived here. I have seen them."

Concetta did not stir in her hiding

place at the end of the counter, behind the marble mortar. The officer was silent for a moment, and the apothecary hastily folded the last package, slipping one end of the doubled paper into the other, as chemists do, and taking up another sheet of paper in which to wrap the three doses together.

"One of them has suddenly returned here," said the officer. "He is in the neighborhood, and is not here for any good purpose. Most probably he has come to do some injury to the gentleman who killed his brother, the brigand."

In spite of herself Concetta drew a sharp breath between her teeth. The officer's eyes turned inquisitively towards the corner where she sat.

"It is the cat," said Don Atanasio calmly. "One lira and fifty centimes, signor lieutenant," he added, handing the officer the package across the counter.

"They say that it is Francesco Pagliuca who has come back, and that he was seen this morning in Randazzo," said the young man, while he counted out the money in big coppers; for, as usual in the south, there was a scarcity even of the flimsy little paper notes. "We do not know him by sight, you see," he continued, "and I should be very glad of any information, if you should see him in the village. One thirty—forty—fifty—there it is."

He laid the last copper on the marble slab.

"A thousand thanks, signor lieutenant," said Don Atanasio, collecting the coins.

"And you will let us know if you see the young man?" asked the officer.

"You shall be served," replied the apothecary gravely.

The officer thanked him, nodded, and went out, with a little clattering of his light saber. When he was gone, Don Atanasio's grave face relaxed in a smile.

"And those are the men who expect to rule us Sicilians," he said in a low voice, more to himself than to his daughter. "They wish to catch a man. What do they do? They warn his friends by asking questions. What can such people catch? A crab, as we say, that will bite their own fingers. Then they complain. They are like children. They do not even know what the mafia is, and they come to Sicily."

Concetta sat quite still in her corner, thinking. It seemed to her sure that Francesco Pagliuca had come to kill Orsino Saracinesca for his brother's sake. That was what the officer thought, and all the soldiers would be looking out for Francesco, and on the smallest excuse he would be arrested on mere suspicion. It did not strike her that he could possibly have come for any other purpose, and her one desire was that Orsino should be killed.

That was man's work, that killing, and she would leave it to the men. But if none of them would do it, she would some day take her father's gun and wait for Orsino at the cemetery, for he often passed that way. She was not afraid to kill him, but she considered it to be the duty and business of the Corleone men. They had prior rights, and, besides, they were men. A woman should not do any killing so long as there were men to do it, except in self defense.

It was clearly her duty, she thought, to warn Francesco that the soldiers were aware of his presence in the neighborhood. It would be much wiser of him, she reflected, to communicate with the outlaws who were about Noto, and get half a dozen resolute fellows to help him. She had no knowledge of his character, though she had often met him, and she supposed him to be like his brothers, bold and determined. So she wished to warn him, in order that he might safely accomplish what she supposed must be his purpose.

The difficulty lay in finding him. Her father might help her, perhaps, but it was doubtful. It was quite certain that he could not say or do anything which could thwart Francesco's plans; but, on the other hand, she knew that he would be careful not to seem to help him, for he had to keep on good terms with the authorities, for the simple reason that he held a government license as apothecary, which could easily be taken from him.

"Did you know that Francesco Pagliuca had come back?" she asked, after a long silence, during which the plaster had been finished, folded up, and laid aside ready to be called for.

"I knew," answered Don Atanasio, but he did not seem inclined to say anything more.

"Why did you not tell me, father?" asked the girl.

"It might have given you pain, my child. And then, one does not say everything one knows. One forgets many things. He slept at the house of Don Taddeo, the grocer."

"Where is he now? Is he still here?"

"Who shall say where he is? Heaven knows where he is. I cannot know everything."

He answered with a little irritation, for he understood that Concetta wished to see her dead lover's brother, and he could not understand how any good could come of the meeting.

Concetta rose slowly to her feet and came out from behind the counter. She had grown very thin, but she was not less beautiful. She drew her black shawl together under her chin, and it fell over her forehead to her eyes. There was no disguise in it, for every one knew her, but she felt that it gave her some privacy in her grief, even in broad day and in the street.

"I go to breathe the air," she said quietly, moving towards the door.

"Go, my daughter, you need it," answered the apothecary.

He watched her sadly, and as she went out he moved to the entrance of the shop and looked after her. Tall, sad, and black, and graceful, she walked smoothly along the shady side of the street, which was deserted in the blazing noon. Don Atanasio did not go in again till she had turned the corner and was out of sight.

She found the grocer's brother, the fat and cross eyed sacristan, eating dark brown beans out of an earthen bowl with an iron fork, in the open shop. No one else was there. It was a cool, vaulted place, with a floor of beaten cement and volcanic ashes, and a number of big presses, in a row behind a long walnut counter, black and polished with age. Hams and sides of bacon hung from the ceiling, and the air smelt of salt pork, cereals, and candles. The fat man sat on a bench, in his shirt sleeves, eating his beans with a sort of slow voracity. He looked up as Concetta's shadow darkened the door.

"Will you accept?" he asked, lifting his earthen bowl a little as he spoke.

"Thank you, and good appetite," answered the girl. "How are you?"

"Always to serve you, most gentle Concetta," said the man. "What do you need?"

"Eat," replied Concetta, sitting down upon a rush bottom chair. "I do not come to disturb you. Are you all alone?" She peered into the shadows at the back.

"Eh, you know how it is! Taddeo eats and then goes to sleep, and while he sleeps I keep the shop. In truth, it needs no great merchant to do that, for no one comes at this hour."

"And you and your brother do not eat together?"

"Generally we do, but today, who knows how it was? He ate first and went to sleep. Then I brought my beans here for company. This is our conversation. I open my mouth, and before I can speak the beans answer me. This I call, indeed, conversation."

"And Francesco Pagliuca, with whom does he converse up stairs?" asked Concetta, lowering her voice.

The man looked up quickly, with his mouth full, as though to see whether she were in earnest and knew the truth. A glance convinced him that she did.

"He went to Randazzo at dawn," he said, almost in a whisper. "He makes love with the notary's daughter there."

Concetta did not believe that this could be the only reason for Francesco's return.

"Why does he not stay at Randazzo, then?" she inquired. "Why should he come here at all? It is a long way."

"Perhaps he is afraid of Basili's friends," suggested the fat man. "Or he prefers to sleep here because the air is better. He will certainly not tell us why he comes."

"Is he coming back this evening?"

"I think so, for he has a box here with his clothes, and other things. But for charity's sake tell no one."

"I?" Concetta laughed in a cold way, without a smile. "I wish to warn him that the soldiers know he was in Randazzo yesterday, and are looking out for him."

She told the man of the lieutenant's visit to her father's shop, and he listened attentively.

"I could wait for him in the road," he said. "He thought that the soldiers would not know him here, because they are all new men. But they have seen him in Randazzo and have sent word. They think that he has come on account of the Saracinesca, but he has followed the notary's daughter from Rome. They cannot touch him so long as he does no harm."

"They may prevent him from doing it," said Concetta, looking steadily at the man.

"That would be a pity," he answered gravely. "I will wait for him in the road."

"But if he comes by the bridle path over the hills, you will miss him."

"I do not think he will do that, for it is a bad road, and he had my brother's best horse to ride."

"Go and wait in the bridle path," said Concetta. "I will wait in the road, towards Camaldoli."

"He will not come before sunset," observed the sacristan. "That crazy priest of the Saracinesca, Don Ippolito, comes to play the organ in Santa Vittoria every day, and pays me to blow the bellows, and he never goes away till twenty three o'clock."

Twenty three of the clock is half an hour before the sun sets, at all times of the year, by the old reckoning, which is still in use in the south.

"You can send a boy to blow the bellows," suggested Concetta. "You cannot trust any one to warn Francesco Pagliuca."

They both supposed that since inquiry was being made for him, he would be in imminent danger of arrest, with or without any legal grounds, an opinion sufficiently indicative of the state of the country. The man stared blankly at the wall for a moment after Concetta had last spoken, then nodded, and began to eat again.

The girl rose from her chair, and moved towards the door with her graceful, slowly cadenced step. She had done what she had come to do, and was quite sure of the man, as indeed she had reason to be, for the mafia protects its own, and generally has its own way in the end, in spite of governments and soldiers. If Concetta and the fat sacristan asked no one to help them, it was because it was such a very simple matter to warn Francesco of danger, that they needed no assistance. But as they needed none, they told no one what they were going to do.

Concetta came home again to the quiet little shop, and Don Atanasio bolted the glass door, and they both went up stairs to dinner. The girl ate a little better than usual, and sipped half a glass of strong, black wine.

"The air did you good," observed her father, looking at her. "Eh, this human body! What is it? Who shall ever understand it? You go out every afternoon, when it is cool, for two hours, and it does you no good, and you eat no more than a bee takes from a flower. And to-day you go out for half an hour into a heat that would burn up paving stones, and you come back with an appetite. So much the better. It is not I that should complain, if you ate the house and the walls, poor child."

"When the heart is thirsty for blood, the body is not hungry for meat," said the beautiful, white faced girl, in her clear, low voice.

XXVI.

Ippolito and Orsino had already acquired certain fixed habits in their several occupations, so that they rarely failed to meet at the same regular hours and then separate again, each doing the same or similar things day after day. Such regularity becomes a second nature in remote places where there is little chance that anything unexpected should happen.

Orsino had really not enough to do, after he had once familiarized himself with his surroundings. So long as San Giacinto had remained, it had been different, for he had great plans, and had spent much time in riding about the country with an engineer from Palermo who was to build the light railway round Etna. San Giacinto had now gone back to Rome, however, leaving his cousin in charge of Camaldoli, with directions to manage things with an easy hand, so as not to prejudice the people against the work of

the railway when it should be begun. To do this meant, practically, to leave the tenants to their own devices, unless it were possible to help them in any way to which they would not object. At the same time, there were certain defensive measures which were always necessary, for no one knew when the brigands might grow weary of Noto and appear on the slopes of Etna again to avenge their friend, Ferdinando Pagliuca.

Orsino used to ride about a good deal, more for the sake of exercise than for anything he could accomplish. He carried his rifle now as a matter of habit, but rarely took one or two of the carabineers with him. He began to believe that there were not really any outlaws at all, and that Ferdinando's unknown friend had left that part of the country.

Ippolito, as a priest, went about unarmed, and, being naturally fearless, he rambled as he pleased. Almost every day he walked to Santa Vittoria and spent an hour at the organ. Orsino accompanied him, when there was any reason for going to the village, but it did not amuse him to hear his brother's music. In fact, it was rather a relief to him not to hear the piano constantly at his elbow, as he heard it when Ippolito played in their joint sitting room in Rome.

On the afternoon of the day on which Concetta had walked to the grocer's shop, Ippolito strolled up to the small church as usual. There was a little lame boy who had discovered the priest's habits, and used to hang about in the afternoon in the hope of earning a penny by calling the fat sacristan to come and blow the organ. He was not strong enough to blow it himself, and was content and glad to get a copper or two for limping into the village with his message.

Ippolito now had a key of his own to the church, and went inside while the man was coming. Each day, during the twenty minutes or so which generally elapsed, he worked at the back of the instrument, repairing with bits of wire a number of trackers that ran from the pedals to a wooden stop set up on one side of the organ. At some former time the connections had been repaired with waxed string, which the hungry church mice had knawed to pieces. It was a troublesome job, requiring patience and some mechanical skill, as well as two or three simple tools which Ippolito had brought from Rome and now left in the organ until the work should be finished.

Instead of the sacristan, a big boy appeared on this particular day, the same who had carried the holy water for the priest who had come down to Camaldoli when Ferdinando had been killed. He explained that the sacristan had been sent on an errand to Bronte by his brother, the grocer, and had left him, the boy, to do duty at the bellows if needed. Ippolito thought nothing of the matter, and sat down to make music, as usual. The days were growing very long, and he generally regulated his stay in the church by the sun rather than by his watch. Sometimes the fat sacristan came round from behind, perspiring, and declaring that his brother needed him at home.

Meanwhile Concetta had gone down the road to the cemetery just beyond the shoulder of the hill, out of sight of the village and the little church in which Ippolito was playing the organ. It was her hour, and he had grown used to seeing her sitting on the curbstone by the churchyard gate every day when he went home just before sunset. When she passed the church and heard the music through the door that was left ajar, she knew also who was there, and her eyes darkened as she went by, and she drew her shawl more closely about her head. And she recognized the priest's light step when he came by the cemetery gate an hour later, and she always turned her face away, that she might not see him.

The people knew her, too, and most of them pitied her, and all respected her sorrow. Some of the laborers who came down from the hill farm, by the paths that turned into the main road just at the end of the churchyard, used to touch their hats when they passed her, and, when she chanced to be looking, she nodded gravely, acknowledging their greeting. They knew she was half mad, but the madness of a great sorrow has always been respected by simple folks who feel seldom, but keenly, and think little. The peasants generally passed about sunset on their way into the village.

Today Concetta came to the gate as usual, and when she reached it Francesco was no longer uppermost in her thoughts. At the sight of the black cross that marked the last grave on the left, the whole world vanished again, and her sorrow came down like a darkness between her and all life. She stood with dry eyes and compressed lips, grasping the iron rails that were hot with the level sun, and out of the long, low mound rose the face and figure of the well loved man.

There can be nothing intellectual in the spasm of a great sorrow, in the blind grasping upon emptiness for what is not, in the heart famine that no living thing can satisfy. Such grief brings no thoughts, for it is the very contrary of thinking. It is only when each returning convulsion has subsided that thought comes back, and then it comes uncertainly like the sense of touching a small object through a heavy pall.

Concetta had no consciousness of the passing of time, as she stood at the gate, nor for a long while afterwards, when she had sat down upon the curbstone in her accustomed attitude, with her shawl drawn down over her face, shielding it from the low rays of the sinking sun, and from the sight of the world that was so desolate for her. As spring warmed to summer, no one passed that way who could help it, for the road was dusty and hot.

Two of the foot carabineers passed her, returning to Santa Vittoria from their regular patrol of the high road, their carbines slung over their shoulders and their pipe clayed cross belts gleaming white in the sun. They knew her, too, and barely glanced at her as they went by. She did not even raise her head, though she remembered, now, that she had come to wait for Francesco Pagliuca, and she was glad that the patrol had marched up again, for he must be following them, and could thus not be met by them.

She knew that he would come on horseback. As she strained her ears to catch the distant sound of hoofs, the savage longing for revenge began to burn again in her heart. Surely he must have come for that, and not really for love of Aliandra Basili. If he reached the cemetery in time he could kill Ippolito, the priest, as he came down from the church. She would show him just where to stand with his gun, at the corner of the wall, and she would stand beside him; and then, if he were quick, he could get down half way to Camaldoli, near the crossroads, and kill Orsino, too, when he came up hastily to see his dead brother. The vision of much blood reddened before her aching eyes, as she listened for the horse's hoofs. If only he could come before Ippolito, she thought, and she listened also for the priest's light step behind her.

Francesco came first. She saw him far down the road before the first sound reached her. He was riding leisurely up the steep way, a broad hat drawn over his eyes, against the level sun, that gleamed like fire on the barrel of his rifle. She could see that from time to time he looked behind him quickly. He was warned already, she thought. So much the better. If only he would quicken his speed a little! Ippolito almost always passed the graveyard before the sun was quite down. Her heart beat very fast as she heard the clink of the horse's iron shoes against the stones, and then the rattle of the tiny pebbles that flew up and fell to right and left at every step.

She rose when he was within fifty yards of her, and threw the black shawl back from her splendid black hair. He knew her face, and would stop when he recognized her. She remembered the sound of his voice, and how he had said in her hearing that she was very beautiful, and once when she had been alone in her father's shop, he had come in and had talked strangely, and she had been a little frightened, but Ferdinando had entered just then. She remembered it all distinctly. It did not matter, now, for he had come to avenge Ferdinando. The bullets that should do justice were already in the Winchester that gleamed so red in the setting sun.

She stood upright, with her head thrown back, that he might recognize her. He stopped beside her.

"Concetta!" he exclaimed, smiling, as he smiled at every pretty woman. "What brings you here? What are you doing out here in the road alone?"

She hardly saw that he smiled, in her own earnestness.

"That brings me here," she said, point-

ing through the iron gate. "Do you see? It is the last one on the left, with the black cross."

Francesco looked.

"I see a grave," he said indifferently.

"It is your brother's grave," said the girl. "Ferdinando lies there."

"Oh—I understand."

The young man glanced up and down the road, and dismounted from his horse, passing his arm through the bridle. He advanced close to the gate, and looked through it in silence for several seconds.

"Poor fellow!" he exclaimed, turning away again, but without any very strong feeling in his tone.

Concetta grasped his arm roughly, to draw him after her, and spoke rapidly into his ear.

"The priest Saracinesca will be coming down the road from the village at any moment. Come quickly, come with me. Behind the corner of the wall. You can shoot him from there, and I will hold your horse." She dragged him along and the horse followed, led by his arm. "No one will come. When he is dead, mount quickly and ride down to the crossroads above Camaldoli, by the fields, and wait behind the shrine. I will run all the way, and tell the other Saracinesca that his brother is dead in the road. He will run out—from behind the shrine you can kill him easily. Then ride for the woods of Noto. The brigands are there, and you will be safe."

Almost before he knew where she was leading him, he found himself behind the corner of the cemetery, on the side away from the village. In digging the foundations of the wall, the dark tufo had been broken out of the earth and piled high up at a short distance, so that there was a sort of trench between the wall and the heap of stones, out of which the poisonous yellow spurge grew in great bunches. It would have been impossible to select a better spot for an ambush in what was really an open country.

With the unconscious ease of a country bred woman, Concetta, taking the bridle, backed the horse into the trench so as to leave room in front of him for herself and Francesco to be under cover of the wall. She had scarcely done speaking when they were already in position.

"Get your rifle ready!" she said in a whisper, at the same time taking hold of the leathern belt by which the Winchester was slung. "He may be here at any moment. Be quick!"

"But I do not wish to kill anybody," said Francesco, at last, with an uneasy laugh.

Concetta started and stared at him, too much astonished to despise him yet.

"You do not wish to kill the Saracinesca!" Her face expressed blank amazement. "But then, why have you come?"

"Not to murder any one, at all events. You are mad."

"Mad? I? Mad? Is not the body of your murdered brother lying there, on the other side of that wall? Does not his blood cry out for the blood of those who killed him? Have you not come to do justice? Have I not brought you to a safe place? And you call me mad!"

"Quite mad," reiterated Francesco coolly.

She stared at him a moment longer, and an immense contempt rose in her eyes.

"Give me your rifle," she said in a different tone. "I will kill him, since you are afraid."

"I am not in the least afraid," answered Francesco, with the too ready resentment against a woman's accusation of cowardice, which a real coward always shows. "Not that I see why I should risk being sent to penal servitude because my brother got himself killed in a foolish affair——"

"Foolish?" Concetta's black eyes blazed suddenly from contempt to anger.

"Foolish, yes! Ferdinando—I am sorry for him, of course—but he was a fool."

The back of one little white hand had struck him across the mouth, almost before the word was out.

"*Infame!*" she cried, using the strongest word in her language.

He did not care for the light blow, still less for the word. She was matchlessly beautiful in her anger, as the blood rose a little in her white cheeks, and her nostrils dilated with wrath. The shawl had fallen almost to the ground, and revealed her perfect throat and exquisitely graceful figure as she faced him. The color rose

in his face, and his lips reddened, and his eyes sparkled badly. Almost before the hand that had struck him had fallen to her side, he had caught her in his arms, and his lips were on hers, smothering her, hurting her, and he was forcing her backwards against the heap of stones—not twenty yards from his brother's grave.

She was lithe and strong, but she was no match for him. Yet, defending herself as she could, like a wild animal, she bit his lip half through, and as he started under the pain she wrenched her head aside and screamed with all her might, once, before he got one of his hands over her mouth.

But her scream had been heard. She had judged rightly that Ippolito Saracinesca would be coming along the road in a few moments, to meet his death, as she had hoped. Instead, he saved her, for at her cry, being but a few yards from the corner of the wall, he sprang forward, saw a woman struggling against a man, recognizing neither, leapt into the trench and had Francesco by the back of the collar in a moment, twisting the tough starched linen with all the might of his by no means weak white hands. As Orsino had always said, Ippolito was more of a man than anybody suspected, and there was the good blood of his good race in him, and all the fearlessness.

In an instant he had dragged Francesco backwards, half strangled, up the little declivity of the trench, and out into the middle of the road. So far he had done nothing more, perhaps, than was necessary to save the girl. But having got him out, the man's instinct against the wretch that does violence to a woman, took possession of him, and holding Francesco by the back of the collar in front of him with his right hand, he struck him half a dozen times quickly and violently on the side of the head with his left fist, till Francesco, stunned and choked, suddenly fell in a heap in the road.

Concetta had struggled to her feet at once, and stood leaning against the corner of the wall. With a mad horror she saw that she had been saved by the man she had wished to kill. The horse leisurely picked its way up through the stones and stood waiting in the road.

At that moment, four peasants coming home from the hill farm came down into the road from behind the other end of the long wall of the cemetery. They naturally glanced downwards before going up towards the village, and seeing the priest standing over a fallen man, they hurried to the spot.

Francesco was already beginning to get to his feet. Ippolito drew back a little to be ready if he should be attacked, as he naturally expected. But a moment later the peasants had recognized Francesco, had helped him up, and were dusting his clothes, while they scowled at Ippolito.

"It is well that you come, friends," said Concetta's clear, low voice. "A moment later and another Saracinesca would have killed another Pagliuca."

Ippolito stared at her, dumfounded by her speech, and then looked at the grim and angry faces of the lean brown men who surrounded Francesco. He could not conceive that a woman whom he had saved from worse than death but a moment earlier should turn upon him instantly, as she was doing.

But she was half mad, and the idea of injuring the Saracinesca was always uppermost in her unsettled brain. She had come to warn Francesco of danger, because she had loved his brother, and loved the name; and she had done her best to make him do a murder then and there.

"Help Don Francesco to his horse," she said to the peasants. "Take him round to the back of Don Taddeo's house—not through the village—you will meet the carabineers, and he is bleeding. They would see; there would be questions. Go quickly—the patrol passed half an hour ago; the next will come out in half an hour more."

She foresaw everything. In a moment the men had helped Francesco to the saddle, and they were moving away. He had not uttered a word, surprised, bruised, and terrified as he was, and his lip was bleeding where Concetta had bitten it. His face was white with fear, and he held a handkerchief to his mouth, as he slowly rode away, leaving Concetta and Ippolito standing in the road together.

Ippolito faced the girl quietly enough, but he meant to ask for an explanation of some sort.

"Did you think that I should accuse him, though he is—what he is?" she asked, speaking first. "You saved me from that infamous beast—yes. I thank you, though you are my enemy. But do not think that I value myself higher than the blood of my bridegroom whom you killed. I would rather lose body and soul together than not hurt a Saracinesca, if I could—kill you, if I could; give your bodies to dogs, if I could; send you unconfessed to hell, if I could. And you thought that I would turn and accuse a Corleone when I could accuse a Saracinesca? You do not know us."

She turned from him scornfully before he could answer a word. She had found her little shawl, and she drew it about her face as she moved away. He stood still a moment, looking after her in mute surprise. Then he shook his head and turned towards Camaldoli, not yet understanding that the beautiful girl was not quite sane, but speculating upon women in general, as good priests sometimes do in total ignorance of the subject.

Orsino looked grave when Ippolito told him at supper what had happened.

"The girl is mad," he said sadly, for he was himself the cause of her madness. "And she is a Sicilian. We understand these people very little, after all. I sometimes think we never shall."

"Nobody could possibly understand that kind of woman," observed Ippolito.

"No. Put such a scene as that on the stage, if it were possible, and the audience would hiss it, as a monstrous improbability. They would say that the girl would fall at the feet of her preserver, forget her hatred forever, or possibly turn it all against the man from whom she had been saved. Unfortunately things are different in real life. Poor Concetta will hate us all the more because one of us has helped her in danger. It is true that she is mad. All the people say so."

"Because she sits half the day outside the cemetery? It is not a month since Ferdinando died. One need not be mad to feel a great sorrow for a whole month."

"No. Perhaps not. I should like to know what that fellow is here for. It means no good to any one. I have no doubt that he is in communication with the outlaws, and she is quite capable of trying to help them to catch us."

"Then you really believe in the existence of the brigands, after all," said Ippolito, with a laugh, for Orsino did not often speak of the outlaws seriously.

"We all know that they exist. But we have trouble in realizing that they do. We know the names of many of them. Everybody does. But of course, with so many soldiers about, we feel safe. I wish you could carry a weapon, Ippolito."

"I? I am a priest. Nobody will touch me."

"Do not be too sure. There are even priests who wear a revolver under their cassocks down here."

"I could hardly carry a rifle," remarked Ippolito, laughing again. "And imagine carrying a knife in these days—one of us! It sounds like the last century."

"A knife is a very good weapon, nevertheless. The peasants say that a knife has more shots in it than a revolver, and does not miss fire."

"I hate the idea of carrying a weapon."

"Yes, no doubt. But suppose that matters had turned out a little differently today, and that Francesco Pagliuca, instead of being an abject coward, had turned upon you and fought you for his life. What could you have done with your hands?"

"A priest has no business to be fighting," said Ippolito. "When he fights, he must take the consequences."

"But you could not escape it today. The cause was just and urgent. As a man, you could not have done otherwise."

"Certainly not. I admit that, and the fellow was scared. He had a Winchester rifle across his back. It got into the way when I twisted his collar, I remember. Do you know that I never struck any one before? It was rather a curious sensation."

"You have struck me often enough," laughed Orsino. "You used to fight like a wildcat when we were little boys. It is a pity that you turned priest."

"I am very glad I did," said Ippolito. "Besides, I do not like fighting. It was different when we were children and pummeled each other."

"Look here," said Orsino. "I shall feel anxious about you after this affair.

Unless you will carry some weapon, I shall have you escorted to Santa Vittoria and back by a carabineer."

"How absurd!"

"I will, I assure you. If you were like that miserable Francesco Pagliuca, I should send four men with you. But I know that you could make a pretty good defense alone, if you had anything to fight with."

"Of course, if you insist in that way, I must. I utterly refuse to be followed about by soldiers. It is too ridiculous. Have you a knife? Something that is easy to carry?"

"Two or three," answered Orsino. "There is a very nice bowie knife—one of those American things made in England. It is convenient, for it has a cross hilt and a leathern sheath."

He rose from the table and opened a drawer in an old fashioned press, from which he produced the weapon in question.

"There is a saddler in Rome who gets these things," he observed, showing it to his brother. "You see it is really a dagger, for there is no spring. It is made solid and straight, and would go through anything, I should think. Look at the thickness of the back of the blade, will you? And the point is extremely fine. You could engrave with it, and yet it is as strong as the rest."

Ippolito turned the knife over and over.

"At all events it will be useful in cutting up the bits of leather I use for mending the old organ," he observed. "My pocket knife is of hardly any use."

He sheathed the knife blade and dropped it into the deep side pocket of his cassock.

"Imagine me carrying a bowie knife!" he exclaimed, still inclined to laugh.

"Imagine the feelings of Francesco Pagliuca this afternoon, if he had thought you had one in your pocket, when you were behind him and twisting his collar." Orsino smiled grimly.

"My hands were good enough for such a beast," answered Ippolito, in a tone of disgust.

Thus it was that Ippolito began to go armed, much against his will, for he took his profession as a priest and a man of peace seriously. Orsino was not even then half satisfied, and intended before long to try to persuade him to carry a revolver instead of the knife.

But up at Santa Vittoria there was much talk of another sort on that evening. As generally happens in such cases in Sicily, the carabineers and the soldiers, though on the lookout for Francesco Pagliuca, were in profound ignorance of the fact that he was now lodging for the second night at the house of Taddeo the grocer, though there was now hardly a man in the village who did not know it.

The soldiers in Sicily are matched as one to a thousand against a whole population of the most reticent people in the world, bound together by that singular but half defined force, which is the mafia. Knowing the country perfectly, and well acquainted with the unchanging hours of the regular patrols in the neighborhood, Francesco might have stayed ten days in Santa Vittoria in spite of the soldiers, even if he had been guilty of the crimes which he did not at all mean to commit. Not a human being would have informed against him, and if any one had betrayed him, the betrayer's own life would not have been worth much. The peasants remembered, and told their children, how the Corleone brothers had once led a dozen carabineers about the hills for two days in search of the brigands, taking good care not to catch them. It was not probable that the soldiers could ever get any information against such popular persons, except by stratagem or accident.

And now Francesco sat in a long upper room at the back of Taddeo's house, bathing his sore face with vinegar and water, and telling his story to the grocer and his brother, in his own way. And in many humble little houses the men were talking in low tones, telling each other how the "priest of the Saracinesca" had fallen upon Francesco Pagliuca after they had quarreled over Ferdinando's grave, and had treacherously twisted his collar and beaten him before he could get his gun into his hand.

They discussed the matter in whispers. And one man, who had loved Ferdinando, said nothing, but went out quietly from his house and walked down over the

black lands and set fire to three haystacks on the Camaldoli estate, because the corn was not yet harvested, and there was nothing else to burn at that time of year. In the morning every one heard of it and was glad, but no one ever knew who had set fire to the hay, for the man who did it did not tell his wife.

But neither did Concetta tell her father truly what had happened to her. She had been at the cemetery, she said, and the two gentlemen had met, the priest and the layman, and had quarreled, she knew not about what, and the priest of the Saracinesca had caught Francesco Pagliuca unawares by the neck. So her story corresponded with that of the peasants and with that of Francesco.

For two reasons she could not tell her father the truth. If he had known it, he would never have allowed her to leave the village alone again. And he would most certainly have risen from the table, and would have gone straight to Taddeo's house, where Francesco was, to kill him at once, though Don Atanasio was an old man, having married very late in life. It was true that since it was all over, and she had cast the blame upon Ippolito, the hatred of her offended maidenhood for her cowardly assailant was slowly and surely waking; and her white cheeks blushed scarlet as though they had been struck, when she thought of it all. But it was better that her father should not know, and she held her peace. It was hardest of all to feel that she had almost had Francesco's rifle in her hands, and that if he had not assailed her, there might by this time have been one Saracinesca less in the world.

It would have done her good to see the haystacks flaming down in the valley, and it would have brought a smile of satisfaction to her tragic face to have heard what the peasants were whispering to one another in all the little houses of the village that night.

No one said that it was a shame for an armed man to have been beaten by an unarmed priest. They felt personally injured by what they called the treachery of the latter in choking his antagonist, and they softly cursed the Romans, and vowed to hurt them if they could. Generations of their fathers had known generations of the Corleone, had been ground and rack rented by them, and had resisted their extortions with a cunning that had often been successful. But now that the Pagliuca had lost their birthright, that was all forgotten in the fact that they were Sicilians, injured by Romans.

No one said, in defense of the Saracinesca, that San Giacinto had paid the Pagliuca more than twice the actual value of Camaldoli. In the eyes of the peasants, their old masters had been ignominiously ejected from their home by Romans, and Ferdinando had done a brave and honorable deed in trying to resist them. It was the duty of every good Sicilian to stand by the Pagliuca against the Romans and against the authorities, come what might. If this young Roman priest had the overbearing courage to beat a Pagliuca on the high road in broad daylight, what might not his tall, black browed brother be expected to do, or what deed of violence might not follow at the hands of the gray haired giant who had been at Camaldoli, and who had momentarily terrorized every one? No one's life or property was safe while the Saracinesca remained in the country.

And they evidently meant to remain. They had cut down the brush around the house, so that no one could creep up with a rifle under safe cover, and they had strengthened the gate and were restoring the tower. They had turned the monastery into a barrack for the carabineers, and had quartered a company of infantry in the village. Their power and their evident influence in Rome, since they had obtained troops for their protection, made them ten times more hateful to men who hated all authority. They wished that Ippolito had wounded Francesco slightly with some weapon. Then he might have been arrested, and there was not a man in the village who would have said a word in his favor. Many would have perjured themselves to testify against him, in the hope that he might really be sent to prison. The fact that he was a priest went for nothing. He was not their own priest, and more than one churchman had been in trouble in Sicily, before now.

(*To be continued.*)

OVER THE WAY.

If the rose in the garden over the way
Beckons and nods the livelong day;
If only to you its sweetness is shown,
If only for you its beauty is grown—
What do you care what the world may say,
If your heart owns the rose just over the way?

If only to you doth the heart unfold,
If only to you love's story is told;
If only for you the blush and the kiss,
If only for you this exquisite bliss—
What do you care what the world may say,
If your heart owns the rose just over the way?

Katherine Elwes Thomas.

THE SUMMER COLONY AT LENOX.

The paradise among the Berkshire hills that is the chosen retreat of American wealth and fashion —Lenox and its remarkable series of fine country houses and estates.

FROM the casino of Newport and the pier of Narragansett society now swings to the beautiful Berkshire Hills, impatient to exchange the formal and exacting pleasures of the crowded watering places for the quiet, restful joys of lovely Lenox. Already miniature mountains of trunks ambitiously tower above the eaves of the modest little railway station, as if in an attempt to rival the green topped hills about them; and the annual retreat to the woods, a period which seems to become more delightful each year, is well under way.

WYNDHURST, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN SLOANE AT LENOX.

As in past seasons, the Lenox colony will contain representative society people from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. The place has its social character securely fixed, and the families who have made it what it is, and have built the fine and costly summer homes that distinguish it, are likely to maintain its prestige and its charm for many years to come.

It is only natural that those who have so well molded the character of Lenox should wish to preserve it as it is, for surely society has no more beautiful tarrying place in all America. To its enthusiasts the blue of its sky seems deeper, the infinite variety of its scenery more attractive, than any to be seen elsewhere. It has all the beauties of the lake country of England, together with a social life which that region does not possess. It is not to be compared with the peaks and uplands of Switzerland, nor yet with much that is to be found among the lakes and mountain ranges of our own West; and yet these modest highlands of western Massachusetts have a charm all their own, and one which leaves their lover quite as well content as with grander and more distant scenes. And to all the natural requisites for ideal country life there has been added a most skilful development. Lenox shows no mistakes. Every effort has been characterized by cleverness and good taste. The millions that have been spent have been well and wisely spent.

Lenox now forms a sort of private park, about twenty five miles square, and a thousand feet above the sea level. It is most effectively laid out. Fine roads and walks of great length extend almost indefinitely, it seems to the new visitor,

in all directions; and follow whichever of them he will, he is greeted by beautiful scenery. The whole region bears the stamp of the thoughtful, careful effort of man in supplementing the beauties of nature. Each year sees the work carried a little farther, yet never to the detriment of the pristine charm of the place. Lenox, the quaint old New England village, has quite lost its original character in the magnificent summer colony of today.

In its gradual improvement many millions of dollars have been expended, and the result is a collection of country residences and landscape gardening that can scarcely be equaled anywhere. Great will appear before the limit of development will be reached.

From the scores of luxurious places around Lenox a few may be pictured and briefly described as illustrating the general character of this remarkable summer colony.

ALLEN WINDEN, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. CHARLES LANIER AT LENOX.

The house of Shadow Brook, the seat of Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, is one of the largest residences in America, or indeed in the world. It is four hundred feet long, and contains a hundred spacious rooms. Within the boundaries of the estate there are two thousand acres, while winding through the grounds are driveways and roads, beautifully kept, with a

INTERLAKEN, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. DAVID W. BISHOP AT LENOX.

and small, more than a hundred of these have come into existence; and many others—some of which will be all that modern ingenuity can devise and money procure—have already been planned, or total length of about ten miles. Fine roads, by the way, are a specialty in Lenox, and do much to add to the attractiveness of the neighborhood. Money has been spent lavishly both to bring them

into perfect condition and to preserve their firm smoothness, delightful to the driver, the pedestrian, and the cyclist.

Mr. John Sloane has three miles of this perfect roadway within the grounds of his estate, which is called Wyndhurst. The house, which is two hundred and sixty feet long, is placed on one of the finest sites in all America. High up on Beecher Hill, it commands a magnificent view, and by ascending the tower, when the atmosphere is clear, the guests of Wyndhurst can view highlands or lowlands in four States—Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, and New York. Another feature of Wyndhurst is its very successful floriculture.

The impressive house belonging to the estate of Mr. Henry H. Cook is near the spot where once stood the unpretentious dwelling of Nathaniel Hawthorne, in which some of the famous novelist's most enjoyable creations came into being. Mr. Cook's residence has several striking features, and perhaps the chief of these is the arrangement of the halls. The main hall, a hundred feet long, is crossed at right angles by one extending the full width of the house, which is sixty feet. Both are rich in tapestry and other decorations, and all the first floor rooms so open out of them that practically the whole space may be converted into one great room for a ball or other large entertainment. The second floor, too, is arranged upon the same plan. Another feature of Mr. Cook's place is the summer house, which is situated on the left of the main entrance, and commands a fine view. It is connected with the house by a colonnade supported by white marble pillars.

Elm Court, the estate of Mr. W. D. Sloane, has a frontage on the Stockbridge Road of three miles. One of the chief beauties of Elm Court is its lawn, which is about two score acres in extent, and which is most scrupulously cared for.

Interlaken, Mr. David W. Bishop's place, is for many reasons one of the most delightful in the Berkshires. Within its boundaries are nearly a thousand acres of park land, skilfully arranged and always in splendid condition. The roadways on the western side of the estate furnish drives which cannot be surpassed anywhere. The house is placed about midway between Stockbridge Lake and Laurel Lake, both of which can be seen from the balconies and upper windows. It is from its situation that Mr. Bishop's place derived its name.

ETHELWYND, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. HENRY M. BRAEM AT LENOX.

Lenox and the Berkshires have never had a more devoted admirer than William C. Whitney. For several seasons Mr. Whitney and his family occupied a leased cottage, but hereafter they will have their own hearthstone. And it will be in a house on a royal estate. October Mountain, which is Mr. Whitney's property, is reached by a drive of a few miles from the center of Lenox, after a gradual ascent. It contains eight thousand acres, the total length of its boundaries being thirteen miles, and the house itself is more than two thousand feet above the sea. Mr. Whitney has used his brains as well as his money in the preparation of his mountain retreat, and as a result he has the finest shooting box in America, as well as one of the most desirable country places to be found anywhere. Those who are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Whitney will

SHADOW BROOK, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. ANSON PHELPS STOKES, AT LENOX.

Drawn by Francis Gilman Howard.

have at once the pleasures of the shooting season of Scotland and the delights of the best American society.

On the other side of the mountain there has been constructed an elk park, four miles in circumference, and inclosed with a stout fence nine feet high. Fifty elk were placed within this reserve some months ago. Roaring Brook, which tumbles down the mountain and through the valleys, has been stocked with a hundred thousand young trout, and small game of many sorts abounds all over the estate. Sport unequaled on any private estate in America will await Mr. Whitney's friends. A polo ground is being constructed, and the brilliant assemblages at the games in Newport will undoubtedly be repeated on picturesque October Mountain. Near the preserves is a regulation Adirondack camp, whose construction and equipment were carried on under the direction of an old North Woods guide, and which contains every comfort as well as all possible requisites for good shooting and fishing. It was on October Mountain that Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney passed their honeymoon, not in the main house, but in a small cottage on the estate, which has been transformed from a mere cabin into a snug little dwelling.

CLIPSTON GRANGE, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. F. K. STURGIS AT LENOX.

Mr. Charles Lanier's residence, which is called Allen Winden, occupies a commanding position on a high hillside. Its grounds are considered by many to be as beautiful as any in Lenox. The great lawn contains almost every variety of flower that can flourish there, and the conservatory is another evidence of Mr. Lanier's love for horticulture. There are many fine specimens of foreign trees scattered about the grounds.

Mr. George Griswold Haven's estate, which fronts on the Stockbridge road, is another of the beautiful places of Lenox. The house is a large and imposing structure, purely colonial in style, and its interior is perfectly in accord with its exterior. Its situation commands an excellent view of the Berkshires, and of the valley through which the pretty Housa-

BELVOIR TERRACE, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. MORRIS K. JESUP AT LENOX.

tonic winds along on its journey to Long Island Sound.

Erskine Park, the residence of Mr. George Westinghouse, Jr., of Pittsburgh, is another of the most noticeable places

WHEATLEIGH, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. H. H. COOK AT LENOX.

in Lenox. Still another magnificent house is the one now in process of construction for Mr. Giraud Foster, of New York. It is perhaps the splendor of these newer buildings that has moved some of the older residents to plan additions and improvements to their houses, of which in some cases the present year will witness the completion. It may be added that in general, with remarkably few exceptions, the residences of Lenox are

THE FRELINGHUYSEN PLACE AT LENOX.

architecturally pleasing and in excellent consonance with their surroundings.

In the way of amusement, society extracts from Lenox all the varied pleasures which the place has it in its power to bestow. In such an ideal country it is only natural that outdoor diversions should predominate. The golden days of the early fall season are well filled with driving and with various more or less athletic sports. Great Barrington, Lebanon, Stockbridge, and Pittsfield are all near neighbors, and expeditions with some one of these New England towns as a turning point are always pleasant. Tennis, coaching, golf, and other pastimes have their daily adherents, and in all there is that community of interest which renders its object the more enjoyable. Golf has been steadily growing in popularity during the last few years, and its devotees' preparations for this season are greater than ever before. The game will easily be supreme among all the outdoor pleasures of the autumn. Some of the best contests that have been seen in America have taken place on the links of Lenox. This year's tournament is already arranged,

and many well known experts will be there to do battle for the splendid silver cup that is the victor's trophy. There may also be a match between the leading amateur and professional golfers. Among other outdoor pleasures will be the usual coaching parade, the tub parade, and the flower parade.

The evening pleasures are quite as varied as those of the day, sometimes reaching a pretentiousness worthy of a midwinter function in the city. The sumptuous homes of the leaders of Lenox

THE RESIDENCE OF MR JOHN E. PARSONS AT LENOX.

society are in turn the scenes of balls, fancy dress parties, musical and other entertainments, and the débuts of not a few of the leading belles of Eastern cities have been accomplished within the shadow of the Berkshires. Then, too, there is a theater in which dramatic performances, with an occasional lecture, serve to round out the days.

Most of the large Lenox places have private ball rooms. One of the most beautiful is that in the house of Mr. W. D. Sloane—a spacious hall decorated in the Empire style. Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes added a wing to his house in order to secure an ample space for dancing. Dinner dances have long been a favorite function in Lenox. They become more numerous each year; and it is easy to understand their popularity when such a magnificent series of ball rooms is available for the pleasure of the colony.

All this, of course, costs a great deal of money. True, to the ruling number the expense is not counted; but none the less, little Lenox, with its season of a few months, stands for the annual exchange of many scores of thousands of dollars. Just as there are always cottages and places that may be rented for a season, or leased for a series of seasons, so there are always wealthy persons eager to establish themselves amid such delightful surroundings of nature, and in the midst of such a social environment. Rentals of from $5,000 to $7,500 for a season are often recorded, and there have been many instances of transients, so to speak, paying even more than the last named figure for the enjoyment of a Lenox place and the Lenox prestige for a few short weeks. Living expenses frequently amount to $2,000 a month, and some householders disburse a much larger average. Sustained hospitality is always expensive, but in few places more so than in Lenox. And if society is willing to spend money for its pleasures among the Berkshires, the shrewd dwellers of this particular part of Yankeeland are certainly willing to aid it in spending money for its necessities. It is doubtful if there is another place in all America that can equal Lenox in its truly mountainous prices for the necessaries of life. The natives know the people with whom they have to deal and act accordingly; and long as is the typical Lenox purse, it not unfrequently happens that the total outlay for a season makes quite an impression upon it. But the impression is never more than temporary, and the luxury and the display of Lenox bid fair to go on almost, if not quite, as unendingly as the beautiful brooks of the Berkshires.

Charles M. Lincoln.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER.

The man who directs the foreign policy of the mighty Russian empire must always be a personage of the first importance to the world at large. The late Prince Lobanoff was generally credited with the cogitation of far reaching schemes for the extension of Muscovite power. His death, last winter, was perhaps felt as a relief in some of Europe's capitals; and the selection of his successor was certainly watched with interest.

Count Muravieff, to whom the post fell, is a man more generally liked and less generally feared than his predecessor. He is a trained and experienced diplomat, who has been stationed, during his thirty years' service, at half a dozen European courts. He is regarded as a friend of peace, and has been described as "well disposed toward Austria, passably alive to Germany, inclined to cultivate the *entente cordiale* with France, little inclined to flirt with England, but bent upon seeking with her the foundations of a serious accord." His personal relations with the imperial family of Russia have been very close, and the fact that the dowager empress urged his appointment is another evidence that his influence will oppose

COUNT MURAVIEFF, THE RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER.

From a photograph by Bieber, Berlin.

warlike policies. He is fifty two years old, and a long and brilliant career may be still before him.

A PRINCE CHARGED WITH COWARDICE.

The full story of the war between Greece and Turkey has not yet been told, and in the absence of a final and authoritative record praise and blame must be bestowed with caution. The utter failure of the Greek commanders, however, is a fact that can scarcely be denied or even palliated. Their soldiers fought well, and they had the advantage of maneuvering in their own territory, and with strong defensive positions; yet not only were they signally outgeneraled, but most accounts agree that they displayed a lack of ordinary courage and capacity.

In the case of the Greek crown prince, a promising career has been seriously blighted. Correspondents declare that the telegrams in which he described his daring deeds on the field of battle were not justified by what they saw. A Parisian journalist avers that when the fighting began, on the Turkish frontier, Prince Constantine was at Larissa, where his chief occupations were smoking cigarettes and reading novels. The precipitate retreat from the Thessalian town—a retreat that became a pitiful and disgraceful panic—may or may not have been due to his orders; but it seems to be true that he was among the first to leave the place. It is asserted that at five o'clock in the morning, while fugitives were pouring out of Larissa before the dreaded advent

CONSTANTINE, DUKE OF SPARTA, CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE.
From a photograph by Boehringer, Athens.

BARON DESIDER BANFFY, PREMIER OF HUNGARY.
From a photograph by Koller, Budapest.

of the Turks, the prince galloped to the railway station. A train stood there, loaded with women and children, and ready to start; but the unfortunate passengers were driven from the cars by the royal escort, to make room for Constantine and his horses.

The young prince's popularity in Greece, which has hitherto been general, has been badly shaken, if not totally destroyed, by the reports that have come from the scene of Greece's disastrous war; but it is only fair to remember that defeated soldiers can seldom judge their commanders fairly.

THE HUNGARIAN PREMIER.

The accompanying portrait of Baron Banffy—who, though but little known in America, is one of the great men of Euro-

pean politics—shows him in the costume he wore at last winter's great millennial fête at Budapest. An interesting incident was connected with his appearance at the celebration of Hungary's one thousandth birthday.

When the national festival was arranged, there was much speculation whether the emperor would receive the Hungarian premier's wife. Franz Josef—who is a sensible and generous man as well as the proudest of aristocrats—heard

RICHARD R. KENNEY, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM DELAWARE.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

Though he has held a series of important posts, and is now president of the council of ministers, the baron has long been frowned upon by Budapest society, for the reason that some years ago he married a pretty but not high born school teacher. In spite of the disapproval of the Hungarian four hundred, the marriage proved a very happy one. Baron Banffy prospered in politics, and his wife's tact, modesty, and kindness won her universal popularity with all but the aristocratic circle.

of the baroness and of her exclusion from society. Satisfying himself, by private inquiry, of her character, he settled the question in a decisive way. On the morning of his arrival in Budapest he sent for her husband, and, before a crowd of courtiers, shook the baron's hand and said:

"Monsieur le president, we intend to hold a reception tomorrow. We desire you to present to us the Baroness Banffy, and we trust that she will assume the rank to which she is entitled."

THOMAS BRACKETT REED, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From his latest photograph—Copyrighted by Charles Parker, Washington.

LORD KELVIN (SIR WILLIAM THOMSON), THE FAMOUS ELECTRICIAN.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

The Magyar aristocrats have not dared, from that day, to look askance at the baroness; but it is said that she goes little into society, preferring domestic life, and finding it hard, perhaps, to forget and forgive the scorn she once received.

SENATOR KENNEY OF DELAWARE.

In the list of Senators who have represented Delaware at Washington the names of Bayard and Saulsbury are inscribed again and again. For several generations these two families maintained an almost unbroken Senatorial dynasty; but some years ago there arose a difference between them which ended in the defeat of their party, and the election of a Republican Senator from the little State.

Since the old tradition was broken, the political situation in Delaware has been very complicated. The last Senatorial election was long in doubt, and it was only after a keenly fought contest that the prize fell to Richard R. Kenney, one of the younger Democratic leaders in the State. Mr. Kenney, who is a lawyer, studied his profession in the office of Willard Saulsbury, and is regarded as the successor to the Saulsbury prestige. He is just over forty, a good business man, and a clever speaker, for whom his friends confidently predict a useful and creditable career in the Senate.

THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, is a single unit among the seventy millions in our national structure, but destiny, by putting him at the head of a string of ciphers, has made him a controlling unit in a sense rarely equaled. And the comparatively small, far away State from which he came has always called to the people

through the clarion voices of her sons. Those whom she has sent out have sat in high places, and have given her a rank in the federal councils disproportionate to her size.

Of these clarion voices Mr. Reed's rings furthest. From the chair of the House of Representatives his strong words have been heard above the din of conflicting personal interests, and have brought law and order where jealousy and cross purposes had made deadlocks in the national enginery. In such a trying position Mr. Reed is surrounded by stanch advocates and by enemies of equal intensity, but his bitterest foes will generally credit him with the honest purpose of putting the serious transactions of Congress on a stable basis of business methods and common sense.

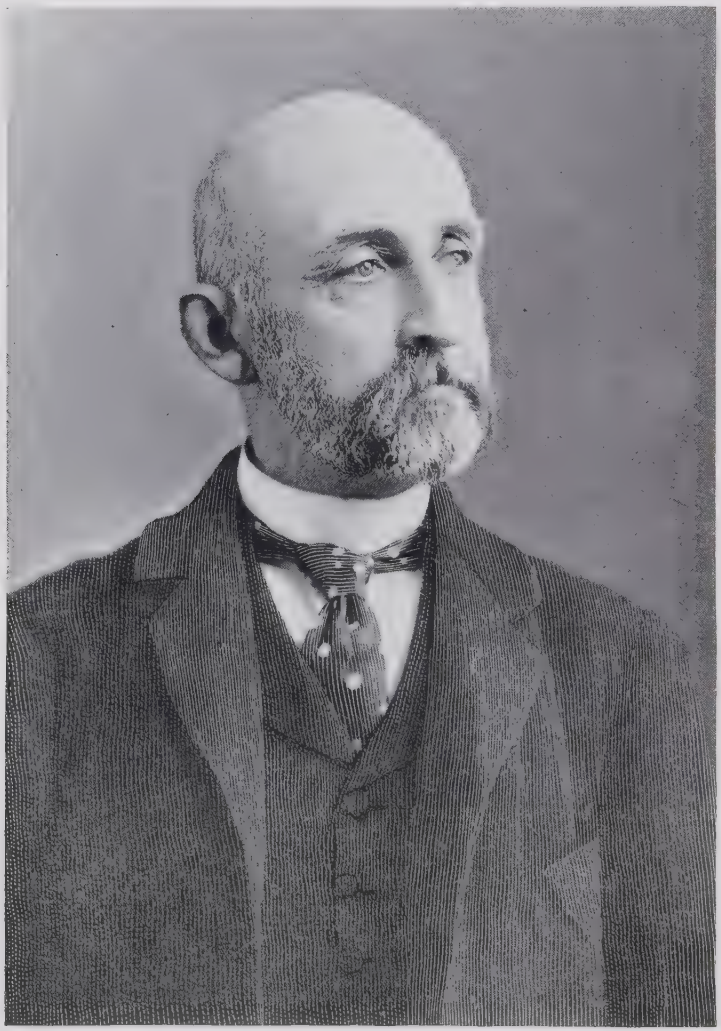
A man of scholarly attainments—as may be judged from the historical sketch from his pen, printed in this issue of MUNSEY'S—he is first of all a man of will, and this, with his deep knowledge of parliamentary precedents, has given a weight to his rulings that his opponents have been first to discover. However opinions in regard to Speaker Reed's methods may differ, there are few who fail to recognize that he is one of the controlling intellects of the day, and that his display of personal force through the vexations and difficulties of the famous Fifty First Congress placed him in a category separate and distinct from any other figure in contemporary American history.

His wit is widely known—and widely dreaded; it is almost as much a factor in his Congressional success as his more weighty logic. The wit of Sunset Cox

SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

was notable, but it did not turn votes. Mr. Reed is unique, in that he shatters the framework of his opponents' arguments by a sharp volley of satire or an unexpected bombshell of epigram.

sesses, that of the Duke of Lauenburg, few would recognize the veteran statesman. Similarly, although Sir William Thomson's name was world famous, when his services to science and industry were



CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN, OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

Mr. Reed's personality is a most interesting one. He is affable and genial with his chosen friends, while to others he exhibits a dignified reserve which is sometimes mistaken for the coldness of an unresponsive nature.

A TITLED ELECTRICIAN.

If Prince Bismarck chose to call himself by the highest of the titles he rewarded with a peerage, he lost his identity, as it were, under the dignities of Lord Kelvin.

The scientific peer began life—more than seventy years ago—as William Thomson, the son of a mathematical teacher at a college in Belfast. He went to Cambridge, where he was the "second wrangler" of his year, and earned the scarcely smaller distinction of a place in

the university eight. Then he was appointed professor of natural philosophy at Glasgow University, and devoted himself to scientific research so successfully that he made a wide reputation as an electrician and inventor. He was one of the men who made possible the submarine telegraph between America and Europe, and it was as he stepped ashore from the Great Eastern, after one of the great steamer's cable laying voyages, that he was knighted.

To this day the veteran scientist lectures to his Glasgow students, and is as busy as ever with his experiments and discoveries. He says himself that for many years he has not had time to read a book. His amusement is yachting, and he owns one of the finest vessels on the list of the Royal Yacht Squadron. His inventions have brought him a considerable fortune, and his home, Netherhall, is a handsome house on the shores of the Clyde.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Sir Edward Poynter, the successor of Leighton and Millais in the post that carries with it the official headship of the English art world, tells a curious story about one of his most important pictures. It was the "Israel in Egypt," a large and striking canvas showing a typical scene of life under the Pharaohs. A long file of slaves—a quivering mass of naked and tortured humanity—were dragging the colossal statue of a lion, to decorate some tomb or temple for the pleasure of the monarch, who, with a gaily decked band of courtiers, rode beside his toiling bondmen. The picture was exhibited at the Academy, made a marked impression, and sold for a high figure; but its purchaser, an engineer, came privately to the artist, and told him that his work was admirable, but incorrect. The weight of the colossal lion was so great, the engineer said—and proved by mathematical calculation—that the slaves harnessed to it would not have power to stir it.

Sir Edward, who very properly believes that art should have truth as well as beauty, met the criticism by adding more slaves, lengthening out the line of men to the extreme edge of the canvas.

The president of the Academy is a man of sixty, a correct and scholarly painter, who has done notable things in several branches of his art. Several of his pictures are very well known, but probably his most admired work is the frieze in the Albert Hall, representing the four quarters of the globe bringing offerings to Britain. His father, Ambrose Poynter, was a celebrated architect of a generation ago; his wife, who was Miss Agnes McDonald, is a sister of Lady Burne-Jones and an aunt of Rudyard Kipling.

A LITERARY COMMANDER.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan, of the United States Navy, has exhibited a diversity of talent uncommon among men who follow the sea. Sailors are necessarily out of close touch with events on shore, and their interests generally become more or less limited by the monotony of their environment.

Captain Mahan has had a long and honorable career in the navy, and another and equally honorable career in the world of letters. He has taken for his great work the study of sea power and its influence upon the events of human history. It was eminently fitting that this task should be undertaken by a sailor of ripe experience; and it was fortunate that in Captain Mahan's case it could also be studied from the standpoint of a man of literary culture. His books combine the charm of nautical atmosphere and spirit with literary polish and precision. His earlier work, "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," commanded wide attention, particularly among Englishmen, whose national pride was aroused by Captain Mahan's striking review of the influences to which they owe their extension of empire. His lately issued "Life of Nelson" is already attracting general notice.

Through his recent captaincy of the cruiser Chicago, Captain Mahan was widely known in European and American naval circles, but he has now retired from the active list to devote himself more fully to literary work.

A representative of the "new journalism" wrote to John D. Long, when that gentleman's name was announced for the secretaryship of the navy, asking for a

picture of Mrs. Long, a description of her ball gown, and some facts concerning her jewels which she would wear at the inauguration ball. Mr. Long dashed off this brief reply:

"Mrs. Long's stock of pictures has run out. I regret to say that she will not go to the ball, and that she has neither ball gown nor jewels."

Mr. Long is one of the members of the cabinet who "board," as they say down in the State of Maine, whence the affable official at the head of the navy originally came. Mrs. Long's social position in Washington this winter has been taken by the secretary's budding young daughter, Helen, while Mrs. Long remains at home to direct and watch the education of a young son, Pierce Long, a flaxen haired youth of nine summers.

* * * *

History records that George Washington wrote out some "Rules for Conduct in Life" and pasted them inside his desk. Those who have cherished the epigrammatic lines of the father of our country may be interested in some others which Senator Chandler has pasted over his desk in one of the committee rooms:

Fulfil existing promises before you make new promises.

Pay your own debts before borrowing money to lend to others to enable them to pay their debts.

Bear your own burdens first; after that, try to help carry those of other people.

Very good. The Senator should lend the first "rule of life" to some of his colleagues. It might save office seekers many heart aches and much shoe leather.

* * * *

It is not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that John G. Carlisle was the wit of President Cleveland's cabinet. At a cabinet meeting held last February, Mr. Carlisle inquired if it was to be the last meeting of the old cabinet.

"Oh, no," Mr. Cleveland is reported to have replied, "there will be one more before we go out of office. But why did you ask?"

"Well," said Mr. Carlisle, according to the story, "I thought, if it was to be the last meeting of the cabinet, I would offer a vote of thanks to you for the able, dignified, and impartial manner in which you have presided over our deliberations during the past four years."

Even Mr. Cleveland, it is said, smiled, while the Kentuckian maintained a sober countenance.

* * * *

The lady mayoress of London, Lady Faudel-Phillips has declared that it is one of her great ambitions to own a different dinner service for every day in the year. At present, she owns only about a hundred and thirty, less than half the required number. Her collection is a very valuable one, including some costly specimens of old English china, Crown Derby, Worcester, and Staffordshire, besides French and Dresden services and fine Chinese and Japanese porcelains.

Queen Victoria's china, which is kept at Buckingham Palace and at Windsor, is said to be worth a million dollars—which great sum is but a quarter of the value of the gold dinner service at Windsor.

* * * *

Mr. Wilson, President McKinley's secretary of agriculture, has an accomplishment which was omitted from the sketch we printed last month. At the present time he is busily employed, aside from his official labors, in completing a book of stories about the early settlers in Iowa. The secretary entertains his friends, now and then, by reading some of his sketches, which are at once humorous and pathetic, and teeming with anecdotes. Those who have heard him read predict the success of the work. Mr. Wilson is thoroughly at home with the subject of his writings, and the book will be historically interesting, whether it catches the public fancy or not.

* * * *

Few people, probably, know that Thomas C. Platt was at one time the "circulation man" of the New York *Tribune*. Senator Platt recently declared that the sale of the journal founded by Horace Greeley boomed under his administration; "but," he went on, "that was when the *Tribune* was a Republican paper. I am afraid, if I had charge of its circulation today, it might not fare quite so well."

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the *Tribune* and Mr. Platt have not been in complete accord for some time.

THE MAKING OF THE CONSTITUTION.

BY THOMAS BRACKETT REED,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Speaker Reed extols the wisdom, foresight, and patriotism of the men who formulated the bond of union between the American States, and explains the nature of the constitution in the light of contemporary problems and conditions.

THE constitution of the United States was not the work of inspiration, or even of genius. It had its origin in the good sense of able men applied to the practical work in hand, in a keen appreciation of the dangers already existing, and the greater dangers to come, and in the spirit of conciliation forced upon its authors by the ever present nature of the troubles to be avoided. Undoubtedly many men not in the convention, and also the general public sentiment, had great and serious weight in the deliberations, though the secrecy of the debates, and the lack of communication—impossible of appreciation by men of today—put it beyond the power of the debaters to know immediately the effect of what they had said or done. Yet from the nature of things there must have been much of consultation outside. Indeed, traces of it appear once or twice in the proceedings, even without reading between the lines.

Of course the germs of the constitution had long been in the public mind. The errors of the arrangement under which the Continental Congress acted were too painfully apparent for the thoughts of the governing men of the country to have shut out speculations as to the methods of improvement so sadly needed to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity.

Of course they had against them the inertia of the existing state of things, and the opposition of those who, being well placed themselves, were quite willing to let well enough alone, and continue themselves in power and dignity regardless of any deluge not yet arrived. Demetrius, the silversmith, with a laudable desire to continue to make images of Diana, confronted the fathers, as he confronted St. Paul. There were other private ambitions, also, which were ready to do their work. If the constitution had not been on the whole a fair reflex of the general sentiment of the people, it would have been wrecked upon inhospitable shores. Almost every important man appears to have been defeated on some point which he regarded as of the gravest importance; and yet all such men, except Edmund Randolph, Mason, and Gerry, seemed willing to consent to advocate and champion the whole instrument.

There had been one previous attempt to call a convention for special amendments to the existing system, at the instigation of Madison; and commissioners of the State of Virginia invited the other States to meet them at Annapolis. Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York sent representatives. As only five colonies were represented, the commissioners did not feel that they ought to take up even the limited task for which they were appointed; but observing that popular feeling in favor of a union of a more satisfactory nature had increased and was increasing, they took occasion to issue a recommendation in favor of a convention with powers adequate to the occasion. Copies of this recommendation, which was drafted by Alexander Hamilton, were sent to the other colonies, and to the Continental Congress.

Virginia, the legislature of which was then, or soon afterwards, in session, took up the recommendation, and assumed the task of leading the movement. "As proof," says Madison, "of the magnitude and solemnity attached to it, they placed General Washington at the head of the deputation from the State; and as a proof of the deep interest he felt in the case, he overstepped the obstacles to his acceptance of the appointment." There are acts in history which are very simple and yet very great. The placing of the foremost man in American history at the head of the first deputation to the convention which was to assemble to decide on the government of the United States of America, had a rare fitness, which satisfies the mind. And when Washington was chosen president of the convention, it was also fitting that the rule of the house should decide that "when the house shall adjourn every member shall stand in his place until the president pass him."

It is not in the least the purpose of this article to give a summary of debates, or even a consecutive narrative of the acts and doings of this historic body. The story as we already have it in the sixteen hundred pages of the Madison papers is a condensation by a remarkably competent hand. There are, however, in those pages many things disclosed of doctrines forgotten, and plans which have vanished from our thoughts, which are worth a revival.

A little less than four months of almost constant discussion covered the period between the 25th of May, when they began, and the 17th of September, when all but three who were present signed and recommended the constitution to the people of the United States. There were twenty nine members present when they organized, and during the four months, from time to time, came in other members to the number of twenty three. Fifty two men, therefore, contributed their wisdom to the final result, though only thirty nine certified by their signatures to the "Unanimous Consent of the States present." Randolph, Gerry, and Mason—two of them certainly very able men—refused to sign.

When the convention first met, Mr. Edmund Randolph, representing Virginia, laid before it a series of resolutions, stating the principles and many of the details of the plan which had its advocates in that colony. While there is no indication in the debates of the origin of this plan, much, if not most of it, will be found in Madison's letters to Randolph and Washington only a month earlier. On the same day, the 29th of May, Charles Pinckney of South Carolina presented a detailed proposition for a constitution of sixteen articles, which contains most of the articles under which we now live, save and except the disputed points which the convention finally determined.

Next day they proceeded to the discussion of the resolutions of Mr. Randolph. Their parliamentary methods were very simple, and consisted largely in moving to postpone the clause under discussion, to take up another, and proceeded, if the postponement was ordered, to consider the new proposition. They divided the questions freely, and addressed themselves mainly to intelligent discussion of the matter in hand. At first there was a little stiffness about the remarks, and each seemed afraid of the other, as was but natural; for they were to embark upon an untried ocean, and were not sure of their shipmates. Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, on the 1st of June "animadverted on the shyness of gentlemen on this (the executive) and other subjects. He said it looked as if they supposed themselves precluded, by having frankly disclosed their opinions, from afterwards changing them—which he did not take to be at all the case."

The first contest was on the legislature, and it was determined that there should be two branches, though Dr. Franklin desired but one, and Pennsylvania voted that way. Sherman and Luther Martin agreed with Franklin. On the proposition that the members of the first branch —afterwards called the House of Representatives—should be chosen by the people, the motion prevailed, with five States in favor, two against, and two divided. Democracy was not very fully approved of in this country at that time, though it is but fair to say that the ablest men were on that side in this particular phase of the question.

As to the Senate, it was proposed by Mr. Randolph that the Senate ought to be chosen by the House, out of persons nominated by the State legislatures; but on the 8th of June it was practically settled that the legislature of each State should choose its Senators. The question of the method of representation in the Senate was the great subject of contention, and reappeared on numerous occasions. The smaller States were determined to retain the equality with the larger States, which they possessed under the confederation then existing. On this question, on the 11th of June, and for some days previous, the discussion seems to have become very hot. The "shyness" for which Mr. Rutledge had chided the members seems to have disappeared, and they had indulged in such vehemence that Dr. Franklin intervened with some philosophical remarks in which he reminded those who were excited, that they were sent there "to *consult*, and not to *contend*," and that "declarations of a fixed opinion, and of determined resolution not to change it, neither enlighten nor convince us."

On that day, shortly after Dr. Franklin's address, the vote was taken, and the convention voted negatively that the States should not each have one vote in the Senate, and affirmatively that the ratio should be the same in both branches. The vote was 6 to 5. But this was one of the cases where votes do not end questions. Three days afterwards, Mr. Patterson of New Jersey asked time to prepare a plan of amendment to the articles of confederation which would render a new constitution unnecessary. Accordingly, on the 15th of June, he presented his plan, which was then debated. Mr. Patterson declared that the only power the convention had was to try to amend the articles, and that his plan was the sentiment of the people. Mr. Wilson of Pennsylvania, in a speech of great power, fully exposed the defects of the New Jersey plan, while Mr. Pinckney, discarding excuses, and putting forward the real underlying reason, said: "Give New Jersey an equal vote, and she will dismiss her scruples, and concur in the national system."

On the next legislative day, Monday, June 18, Alexander Hamilton broke silence, and in a speech still extant, which had the benefit of his own revision, explained the faults of both plans before the audience, and then unfolded his own, the hopelessness of concurrence in which he frankly and openly admitted. After Mr. Hamilton's speech, the convention adjourned, and the day following, after Mr. Madison had spoken at length, Mr. Patterson's plan was rejected, 7 to 3, with one State divided. On the 2nd of July Mr. Ellsworth's proposition for one vote for each State in the Senate was lost by a tie, 5 to 5, Georgia divided.

"We are now at a full stop," said Roger Sherman, and then the whole matter went to a committee to devise some "expedient." The committee adopted the expedient of an equal vote in the Senate, with money and salary bills originating in the House, without the right of amendment in the Senate. A twelve days' struggle ensued. The small States were stubborn and determined, their hostility was reinforced by the institution of slavery, and there began that struggle between the North and South which ended at Appomattox.

On the morning of the 17th of July, after a vote on the preceding day of 5 to 4 in favor of the equality of all the States, there was a meeting of members of the larger States, and it was found that they were divided as to the importance of the action just taken, some thinking it of supreme consideration, and others not regarding it as cause of final disagreement. Naturally enough this ended the contest, and notwithstanding the strong language, and still stronger reasoning, of Madison and Hamilton, the substitution of representatives of the States on a basis of equality for the representatives of the people on a basis of population became the organic law of the land.

Today we can see that there was something prophetic in Madison's fourth point, that "the evil, instead of being cured by time, would increase with every new State that should be admitted." Nevertheless, the bad result of which Hamilton was so sure has not yet come upon us. "It is not in human nature," said he, "that Virginia and the other large States should consent to it; or, if they did, should long abide by

it. It shocks too much all ideas of justice and every human feeling. Bad principles in a government, though slow, are sure in their operation, and will gradually destroy it."

Hamilton wanted a legislature composed of an Assembly elected by the people for three years, and of a Senate. The Senators were to serve during good behavior, and to be chosen by electors, selected by the people in districts, into which States were to be divided for that purpose. The executive was to be called Governor, and was, like the Senators, to serve during good behavior, to have a negative on all laws about to be passed, the execution of all laws passed, and the direction of war when begun by the Senate, which had the sole power of declaring war. The Governor was to appoint heads of departments at his own pleasure, and all other officers with the consent of the Senate. Treaties were to be made by the Governor, while the Senate had the power of advising and approving. In order to prevent laws being passed by the States in derogation of the powers of the general government, such laws were to be utterly void, and to be subject before passage to the negative of the Governors of the States, who were to be appointed by the United States. We have, unfortunately, no note of Hamilton's particular explanations on these propositions separately. He was to furnish them, but did not find time.

The right to negative State laws was frequently urged by Madison also, but without success.

The struggle over the executive was not so protracted or so important. It was soon seen that the convention was not inclined to a plural executive, though good men were on that side, and it was in Mr. Patterson's plan, which had the vote of three States. As to the term of service, and the manner of selection, there was much dispute; and yet, on the 2nd of June, when it was so voted, 8 to 2, it seemed the opinion of the convention that the President should have a term of several years and be chosen by Congress.

This, apparently, remained the prevailing opinion until the very last days of the convention. But the discussions as to eligibility to a second term, and the hold the legislature would have on the executive of its choice, and the nature of the powers to be conferred on him, had evidently caused much thought on both subjects—the term of office and the method of election. Election by the people had been rejected by a very strong vote, early in the discussion.

Finally, August 31, the whole question went to a committee, who determined that the term should be four years, and that electors should choose. If they failed of a choice, the Senate was to determine out of the two equal highest votes, or, if there were no equal votes, out of the first five who had been voted for by the electors. This scheme Colonel Mason thought would make the Senate choose nineteen times out of twenty. Mr. Pinckney seemed to agree, and so did many others. The debate lasted for a day or two, during which all sorts of propositions were offered, until the plan which actually became part of the constitution was presented by Roger Sherman, and was promptly assented to, 7 to 3, though further details were immediately added.

A council of revision, to be composed of the Justices of the Supreme Court, and of other officials, was frequently mooted, and was dear to the heart of Mr. Madison, who proposed to have all bills submitted to the President, and to the Justices. If either decided against the proposed laws, then each House must pass the bill again by a two thirds vote. If both decided against the bill, then a three fourths vote alone could give it vitality. Only three votes, however, were given for this proposition, while eight were cast against it. But in the article defining the veto power, the reasoning in this debate, and the apprehensions it had raised, kept alive for more than a month the three fourths vote needed to override the executive disapproval. Up to the last days of the convention the President had the title of "his excellency," but fortunately lost it.

The time will come, in the growth of the republic, when the wisdom of the fathers in requiring a majority for a quorum in each House will be as much questioned as the reasoning which led to the adoption of that provision. They thought that the States near by the Capitol would

be there at all times, and that those from a distance would rarely be present. Experience has shown that the Pacific Coast members are always present, while those from neighboring States furnish the largest proportion of absentees. The same causes which have increased the membership of the House are likely to be long at work, and in time the House of Representatives will be very large.

Those who, in one session alone, have seen the equivalent of thirty days wasted in factious roll calls to obtain the yeas and nays, will enjoy, even if they do not fully agree with, the hearty denunciation of Roger Sherman when he said: "They have never done any good, and have done much mischief. They are not proper, as the reasons governing the voter never appear along with them." The convention itself refused to adopt a rule for the yeas and nays, and they were never once taken during the whole four months.

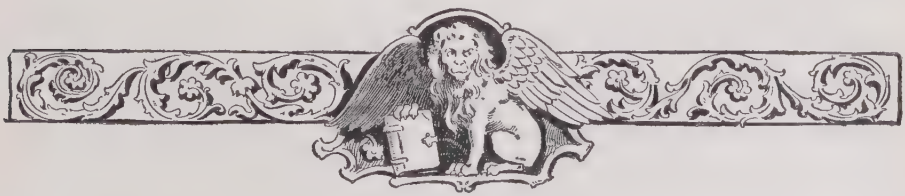
To give proper attention to the conflicts in the convention over slavery, and the provisions which had to be made for the institution, would be far beyond what is here required. The subject was once replete with living and growing passion, but it has been fought out, and has no longer anything but a historic interest.

When we look over the debates, and see how the questions arising out of shipping and navigation went with equal step alongside the privileges of slavery, one is tempted to remember, with a new interpretation, George Stephenson's aphorism that where combination is possible competition ceases. Nevertheless, the reader of the debates arises from their perusal with increased respect for the wisdom and foresight of the men of whom Madison justly says: "There never was an assembly of men charged with a great and arduous trust who were more pure in their motives, or more exclusively or more anxiously devoted to the object committed to them." Peace to their ashes. Reverence to their memories. If their work should not be eternal, that work and its results will have educated their children to meet successfully the problem of that future into which they could not penetrate.

How earnest they were, and how doubtful was the issue, how often they were alternately torn by doubts and difficulties, and rejoiced by successful coping with their hazardous problems, was voiced by the many sided intellect of the great Dr. Franklin.

"Whilst the last members were signing, Dr. Franklin, looking towards the president's chair, at the back of which a rising sun happened to be painted, observed to a few members near him, that painters had found it difficult to distinguish, in their art, a rising from a setting sun. 'I have,' said he, 'often and often, in the course of the session, and in the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that behind the president, without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now at length I have the happiness to know that it is a rising, and not a setting sun.'"

Thomas B. Reed.



SYMPATHY.

A FLOCK of birds that far from woodland trees
Have built and sung within a city mart,
The tenderest of thoughts and sympathies
Are sometimes found housed in a busy heart.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

PASQUALE'S STRATAGEM.

BY WARREN McVEIGH.

A plain tale of life and love in an obscure corner of the metropolis—The romance of Julia Morelli and Pasquale Bucio.

JULIA MORELLI lived on the top floor of the three storied rickety old building in the rear of the four storied rickety old building that looked out on Mulberry Street. The four storied building had a little air and sunlight to give to its hundreds of men, women, and children. The three storied building had none at all. Once where it stood there had been a play yard for the scores of dirty little Italians who lived in the front house, but land is too valuable to let it run idle just to make little children happy, and so the three storied building had been patched up and now the children played about in the halls and in the alley that led from Mulberry Street to the building in the rear.

In the winter the building in the rear was comfortable as a home, but in the summer it was fearfully hot and everybody had to sleep on the roof. Here little Julia, for she was only fourteen years old and small for her years, could lie awake at night and look up at the stars and dream of Pasquale.

He was her neighbor. He lived in the front house. He was eighteen, and he was tall and brave and gave her the peanuts and apples that he could not sell, so that she loved him and he loved her.

Julia's father was a shoemaker, and so had but little liking for Pasquale. All of the Bucios had been ne'er-do-wells, he declared; the father had died and left his only son nothing but a push cart and a barrel of apples and a bag of peanuts. Pasquale had worked hard, he admitted, but he was not in a good position and his trade did not pay well, for the policeman ate half his stock in trade on some days, and on other days waited until he had sold three dollars' worth of apples and peanuts and then arrested him and took him off to court, where he was fined all that he had made. No, Pasquale was not the man for Julia, her father declared; for she was extravagant and used to every comfort, such as shoes in the summer time and new shawls when the patriotic sons of Italy had their picnics in Lion Park. So Julia was told never to think of Pasquale again.

Of course she never did think of him after that, for she was an obedient little girl, but it did make her heart sick thinking that she must never think of him again, and she was not the happiest girl in Little Italy.

Pasquale declared that he was not a bit afraid to climb up the fire escape and that he knew there was no danger of her mother interrupting them, for he had just left her talking with old grandmother Estella about the elopement of banker Lacio's wife. Julia said that it was wrong for him to come to see her in that way, but Pasquale was too wise a lover to talk.

Julia was sure that she loved Pasquale, and she knew that he loved her, too. So that it was all soon arranged.

Pasquale said that he would make a formal offer of his heart and hand, and then, if her father would not let them get married, why they would do so anyhow and ask his consent afterwards. Then he went away.

Julia heard him make his offer that night, and heard her father tell him to go ask for the moon.

The next morning when her mother went out to market she was ready. She crept down the stairs and then through the alley to Mulberry Street and then down to the Bowery. Pasquale was waiting for her. They got on the elevated and went away up town.

"Now we are safe," said Pasquale;

"they will never seek for us up this far, and I have bought a shoeblack stand up here and we will soon be rich—and so happy."

"When are we to be married?" asked Julia, her heart beating violently at the mere prospect of so much happiness.

"You will trust me, won't you, my loved one?" said Pasquale. "I have a scheme. We will not be married yet."

"Oh, oh!" cried Julia, her heart sick with horror.

"Wait a moment, my precious," cried Pasquale. "I am going to take you to my aunt's house. She is good and kind, and will see that no harm comes to you. Besides, I have my scheme, you know."

"What is it?" asked Julia.

"Well," replied Pasquale, "you know America is a queer country, and men and women can't do everything they like just because they are in love with one another. Now, if I were to marry you at once, your father could have me arrested for taking you away, for you are only fourteen years old. You see, if I married you, he would do that, for he would hate me and try to do me some harm. But——" and then Pasquale proceeded to explain the nature of the brilliant idea that had occurred to him, and which caused his little sweetheart to think him the cleverest fellow in all the world.

So Julia went to live with Pasquale's aunt and stayed there three days. She was happy, for Pasquale could come to see her whenever he wanted to, and there was no need for them to be always watching out for papa and mamma to interrupt them.

After three days Julia said that she wanted some clothes, for she had left everything at home. Pasquale volunteered to go and get them for her. She was afraid her father would kill him. But he said he was not afraid, and so she let him go.

In the evening he returned, but without her clothes.

"Well?" she asked.

"Your mother was in the house. She drove me away with her broom. See, she hit me here on the head."

Pasquale showed her the wound on his head. Julia kissed it and it did not hurt him any more.

Pasquale said that he would make another attempt to get the clothing the next day. He had found out what time her mother went to market and he would get the clothing while she was away.

"Wouldn't that be wrong?" asked Julia.

"Do not the things belong to you?" asked Pasquale.

That settled it, and she told him where she kept her things and how he could get at them.

The next day Pasquale went again to Mulberry Street. He watched the old woman leave the house, then went in. He had no trouble getting into the rooms, but he couldn't find the little red shawl that Julia had told him to be sure to get. She wanted to wear that when she was married, she said. So Pasquale hunted high and low for it.

Suddenly Pasquale heard the door open. Julia's mother came in. She had the little red shawl about her shoulders. She had her basket on her arm. Pasquale could see the carrots and the onions and the beets. She saw Pasquale. Her surprise gave him an opportunity and Pasquale dashed past her. He seized the little red shawl as he ran and dragged it from her.

"Thieves!" cried the old woman.

Pasquale was down the steps in a minute. The old woman ran after him.

"Thieves! Stop him!" she shrieked, and the carrots and onions and beets fell out of her basket all over the sidewalk.

Pasquale dashed into the Bowery. A policeman tripped him up and he fell, but still he held on to the little red shawl and the bundle of Julia's clothing.

The policeman sat on Pasquale's chest until the old woman came up. She said that he had robbed her.

Pasquale was taken to the station house. He sent for Julia to come down and see him at once. She arrived just as he was being taken to the Tombs. He told her to go to the Tombs and take a seat in the rear of the court so that nobody could see her. Julia pulled her shawl down over her eyes and was in her seat when Pasquale was brought in.

Julia's father was there. She could see that he was very angry.

Pasquale and Julia's father talked to-

"Where is my daughter?" cried the old man.

"Oh, never mind," said Pasquale coolly.

The old man ground his teeth and clenched his fist.

"You have taken her from me. You have stolen her. You are not married to her, are you, eh—eh, I say, are you?"

"Oh, never mind," answered Pasquale, in whose scheme this question — which he had fully expected — played a paramount part.

The old man was livid with rage.

"You shall marry her," he cried.

"Oh, never mind," said Pasquale.

The old man was furious. He stormed and he raved.

Pasquale was quite cool and calm.

The old man declared that he would kill him if he did not marry the girl, now that he had taken her reputation away.

Pasquale was still quite cool and calm.

The old man wept. He pleaded and he begged. He would do anything. He would give anything. Pasquale began to pay him some attention.

"How much?" asked Pasquale.

Julia did not hear her father's reply. She saw his face beam with joy, however, and she almost wept when the old man shook his son in law by the hand.

Then the case was called. Julia's mother said that she had made a mistake, and that Pasquale had simply taken his wife's clothing.

The magistrate tore up the papers.

Then Julia came forward at a signal from Pasquale, and with tears and kisses they all left the court.

At the City Hall they were married. Julia wore her red shawl, and as she and her husband walked out arm in arm to get into the carriage which her father had ordered, Pasquale said:

"What do you think of my scheme now, eh?"

Julia pressed his hand and looked up into his eyes and smiled.

A SUMMER SPELL.

A LOAD of hay in the street today—
I close my eyes, and the old dreams throng
Back to the time when the world was May,
And I hear the rush of the robin's song;
My drifted years of grief and wrong,
And my heart, with its rue and asphodel,
Grow mute with love, in the old sweet way,
At the mystic touch of the summer spell.

A load of hay in the street today—
A hint of rain in the sun sweet air,
A clover scent in the flash of spray,
And the face of her who waited there,
With the clover bound in her sunny hair,
And the winnowed fields that the autumn brings;
Oh, life and love! How far away
From the soul that longs for thy whisperings!

A load of hay in the street today—
And the tears fall fast in the dark tonight,
For the summer spell has gone astray,
Making sorrow and breathing blight;
Bringing winter instead of the might
Of blossoming May and the violet sod;
For I sit alone in the shadows gray,
And dream of her—in the fields of God.

Myrtle Reed.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

The evolution of society in the American metropolis, as formed by its women, from the simpler fashions of a generation ago to the elaborate and magnificent standards of latter day luxury—The advantages and the disadvantages of modern progress.

THE close observer of the structure of New York society—considered in its broad aspect as a model and an influence for the whole of our splendid continent — grows aweary of the constant necessity for fault finding. To attack insincerity, affectation, pretension, and over freedom of manners, is a far less pleasant task than it would be to extol the maintenance of the hardier virtues and better behavior handed down to us by the founders of our republic. But it is certain that the members of this society which, for some years past, has made a business of pleasure—these professional entertainers and the recipients of their gorgeous hospitality—have not yet attained the golden satisfaction with their lot, for which mankind is supposed to strive.

It is a matter of common note that among fashionable New Yorkers, today, there are few cheerful faces to be seen. Especially are some of the young people restless, dissatisfied, complaining about the existing conditions of their guild. And this, in the suite of the present extraordinary efforts and outlay by rich and exclusive metropolitans for their children's benefit and amusement.

Since it is with us the woman who aspires, and who controls society, one looks to our wives, mothers, and daughters to know why this state of things exists. The cause is, undoubtedly, the elaborate and exotic scale of modern establishments, in the attempt to equal which people of moderate means choose to stand on tip toe and to strain themselves all the time. No one who has any opportunity of viewing New York society from within can deny this depressing fact. It has robbed our older ranks of some of their best ornaments; and has made many of our young men and of our girls artificial to a painful degree.

I have never been willing to concede that the old times were the only good times. I am thankful for the march of progress, and for the ability to see and share in the wonders of this end of the century. New York, today, is superficially a thousand times better to live in than when I first knew it as a residence. It is broader, more brilliant, more interesting. The strangers within our gates, multiplied to their present fatiguing numbers, give it a zest of cosmopolitanism. The animation of its business life is wonderful. There is nothing other countries can fabricate or furnish that may not be bought in our shops, or seen in our dwellings, or otherwise enjoyed here. Our opportunities in music, as in other arts, are inexhaustible; and, not unduly to swell the list of our advantages, we have everything a great metropolis should own, excepting adequate means of comfortable and inexpensive traction in the streets.

But we have not, in some respects, improved upon the social relations of thirty years ago, the period directly following the war, when New York shook off her garments of a callow youth, and determined to cease to be an overgrown village.

If one were to judge our society of that period by such a sketch of manners as the late Laurence Oliphant's "Irene McGillicuddy," it might not sustain my boast of better social conditions in those days. But that sprightly story—a satire upon a set popularly known as "The Bouncers"—had to do with an eccentric-

ity of fashion such as has been known to crop up occasionally in all societies. The larger ruling class of that epoch in New York was composed of gentlefolk, who, possessing enough for their needs, dreamed not of feverish advance in ways of living.

The girl growing up to womanhood during the stress of the nation's struggle for existence, habituated to see acts of self denial and generosity and patriotism all about her, may not have been of finer stuff than her sister of today; but opportunity shaped her to better enjoy life and contribute to it, in many particulars. She was, assuredly, not dependent upon her father's purse or her mother's ability to scatter money in entertaining, for her degree of success as a belle in society. She was not obliged to stay at home from a party unless preëngaged for the cotillon. She was not afraid to ask in return the companions who had invited her, because her home and belongings did not equal theirs in glory! And, above all, when, in the course of human events, a young man fell in love with her, she did not keep him silent and afraid to speak because he was unable immediately to provide for a wife all the luxuries that he saw surrounding her daily life at home!

The girl of this class, in the New York of 1867, generally lived in one of the brown stone or brick fronted dwellings now being abandoned to dressmakers and shops, or else transmogrified by modern architects with the coquetries of the made over school of household decoration. The "front parlor" (there were no drawing rooms then) upholstered in plush or satin, with ebonized woodwork banded with gold; with a chandelier of gas globes shedding broad light on a center table; with statuary in the corners, and a large vase between the lace curtains of each window—was, by general consent of the family, as soon as our girl grew up, to be her kingdom. Here she received young men, who came early in the evening, and stayed late; the parents and the rest of the household occupying the "middle parlor," where, through open folding doors, they caught the low murmur of interminable talks about himself and herself and what the world said. The "consequences" came later!

Once a week—on Saturday evening, perhaps—a simple supper, after the fashion of the English "high tea," would be spread and ready at nine o'clock, in the dining room in the rear of the two parlors, of which the middle one was presently cleared for dancing to the piano. The young lady, or ladies, of the family had put on their prettiest gowns (not ball dresses of satin, such as are now commonly worn to dinners, but high gowns, with abundant lace and ribbons, and with camellias in the back hair) to receive whatever friends dropped in. As almost any one was able to offer such an entertainment, everybody came. Hilarity endured till eleven o'clock, when all scattered, to meet again next day at the after church parade—an important affair.

Every Sunday, at the close of morning service, the tide of the outgoing congregation from Grace Church met and crossed that of Calvary on Broadway or Fifth Avenue. These streets glowed like tulip beds until the late luncheon—or early dinner—in which most New Yorkers indulged. There one saw everybody of one's acquaintance. Matrimonial engagements were announced by a young couple walking arm in arm. And it was a matter of course for Madame Joan to thus annex herself, in public, to Monsieur Darby—a connubial attitude now rarely seen, except at funerals!

At Easter, particularly, the after church parade was in fullest efflorescence. The girl of 1867 dreamed for days beforehand of her toilet for that occasion; and the new spring bonnet was a thing of necessity. Now, Broadway and the Avenue are both forsaken by fashion afoot and strolling to be seen. While London keeps up, with zeal, this custom of sauntering after church—its Prayerbook Parade in Hyde Park the show of every bright Sunday in the season — New Yorkers of the exclusive world are rarely seen in the Avenues on Sunday. They walk home from church by side streets, or hastily and at a businesslike rate of speed, and the great thoroughfares are abandoned to a less important if multitudinous crowd of pedestrians. The old time Easter display of finery is a thing given up and utterly renounced.

One can see, without need of convinc-

ing argument, that the girl of 1867 was a less complex person than her successor of 1897. From sixteen to twenty five, she passed along a path broad and well defined, filled with comrades of her own station and pretension, who enjoyed life together, unvexed by questions of precedence or superior show. Until the age of eighteen, she was generally kept close at study and "accomplishments." The "reeling, and writhing, and fainting in coils" of *Alice's* dream in Wonderland were still rigidly exacted of the maidens of her period.

Many matrons of today look back upon, and chat with almost girlish enthusiasm about, their life at the day schools attached to the celebrated boarding schools of New York—then so few in numbers, compared to the present array, that they were known and talked of by outsiders all over the country. In some leading families, the English fashion of a resident or day governess was maintained, with masters to add those finishing touches that were to "gild refined gold and paint the lily" of the household.

During this latter period of her education, our girl read a good many novels—but who shall say that harm came to her at the hands of Thackeray, Trollope, Charles Reade, George Eliot, Dickens, or Mrs. Gaskell? Such authors as these—though I know of one stern Knickerbocker matron who ordered "Middlemarch" out of her house because she disapproved of its creator—could but enlarge her mental vision, give her just ideas of life and of society, teach her to despise insincerity and affectation, and lend mirth or enchantment to the world of every day. With their books upon the girls' table, the mother of 1867 could rest in peace, without that interference in a young person's literary recreation which is so difficult a duty to fulfil, at present, that it seems to be relinquished altogether.

I am inclined to think the mother and daughter of 1867 were more intimate in many respects than those of 1897. One heard much less then of the friction that independent thought and desire for independent action produce now. The mother did not then so often have to see her chick go out to swim with the ducklings. The well bred girl of the best society did not astonish her family circle by announcing that she was going to take up a trade or a calling by which she might earn money for her needs. She did not inform her mother that she "intended" to go abroad to study art for two years, or to take a course in college, or assume charge of a dancing class, or accept "bids" for the direction of landscape gardening, or set up a violet farm on the paternal precincts out of town. When it was necessary to help herself, at home, she went out as a daily governess, or gave music lessons, or meekly and surreptitiously wrote poems and stories, copied them in a fair hand, and tremblingly despatched them to the editors of the magazines subscribed for by her family. Upon all these efforts the mother looked, sighing. It was too sad for her young daughter to have to work for her living, or for her pin money! But all such efforts were shared by her lovingly. Upon her faithful heart the daughter leaned for solace in disappointment, from her gained strength for continuing exertion.

When there was no necessity for her to work, the girl of 1867 studied, practised her music or other art, read, visited, and in the morning took a turn at the housekeeping to familiarize herself with its methods. There is no time, now, to give to housekeeping; and the consequence is a series of ill regulated and confused "honeymoon" establishments, which nothing but a young wife's common sense, under the saving grace of God, ever brings into fair working order. I recall at least one girl of that date whose habit of going daily to visit her mother's larder and kitchen in a large and wealthy New York establishment has made her husband, and all his friends who have profited by it indirectly, rise up and call her blessed, for the ease and comfort she has conferred upon her subsequent home.

At eighteen or nineteen, our girl of 1867 came out into society. The first ball to be given at Delmonico's, in Fourteenth Street, about that time—arranged by a leading citizen of distinguished antecedents and connections, for the début into society of his own daughter—was a great surprise. Many animadversions

were passed upon it by society. If people's own houses cannot contain their friends, then let entertaining be abandoned, said the conservatives. But the idea thus conveyed obtained immediate hold. From that date until now, balls in the hired rooms at Delmonico's or Sherry's, have been in vogue.

Last winter, for the first time, we saw indications that the fashion is passing. The time honored "Patriarchs," before which any bygone belle was as proud to make her courtesy as was an English girl at Almack's, has now gone out altogether. The building of ball rooms by so many great entertainers, as a part of their own residences, has made a "home dance" the one thing desirable among fashionables. One hears ominous hints that such and such assemblies in semi public rooms are "going out." It looks much as if this fashion, set by the necessity of thirty years ago, when there were no ball rooms in private houses, will soon disappear altogether from among the exclusives of the present—though in the Waldorf we already have, and in other great new hotels now building we soon shall have, better accommodation for such things than New York ever before saw.

One of the red letter days of our maiden was so much less appreciated by her elders, upon whom the tax of a New Year's reception finally became so great, that the custom, years ago, ceased to be. But to be permitted for the first time to stand up all day long, under the lighted chandelier in the darkened "front parlor," side by side with her mother, sisters, cousins, and aunts, to receive the visits of one hundred and fifty gentlemen wearing evening dress, was a coveted excitement for the girl of 1867. In the middle of the morning the bell began to ring. Male acquaintances from outlying regions, forgotten the rest of the year, appeared first, and, after making their bow, and babbling a "Happy New Year" to each of the ladies, melted away as they had come.

As luncheon time drew on, it was often the duty of the girl to conduct shy or strange callers into the dining room, where a mahogany table displayed a stout array of comestibles. At certain houses, known for their superior good cheer, certain callers timed themselves to appear for luncheon. But appetites tested by the hospitability of Gotham's dames and damsels all along their line of visits planned were not generally to be coaxed by oyster croquettes, boned turkey, or anything less than hot terrapin in silver chafing dishes. The punches, egg nogs, apple toddies, madeira, sherry, and other liquors or wines served, were even more deadly in their work, and have happily gone down the stream of time. At these festivities, our girl saw her own particular young men arrive in daylight hours, wearing evening clothes (then called "full dress") with white ties and gloves. The length of their calls was graduated by the work still to be counted upon from the driver, hack, and horses which four youngsters had clubbed together to hire for the day!

It was during the "talk over" by the ladies—"exhausted receivers," as they were called—after these levees, and the counting of the cards left in the hall, that our girl learned many lessons of worldly wisdom and of differentiation in men, and heard lively comments upon grades in character and pretension. It was a common conclusion to their day's ordeal to hear older people exclaim, with fervor, "Thank goodness, *that's* over for another year!" Our girl could not understand such laziness!

Proposals and engagements, directly after the war, went on with an activity increased by four years of uncertain prospects. Weddings were great affairs—and the next best thing to being a happy bride was to be bridesmaid. The fashion of groomsmen escorting the bride's attendants up the aisle of the church to the altar had not then been quite superseded by the prettier train of bridesmaids, two and two. The present melancholy line of ushers does not impart to the bridesmaid the exact shade of excitement our girl had when she leaned on the arm of a manly being in broadcloth with a rosette of white satin ribbon above his throbbing heart. With this exception, and the fact that evening weddings were still *en règle*, there was not much to be noticed that made them different from the ceremonials of today—certainly none in the time honored preliminaries of courtship leading up to them.

The chief points of difference in social custom between her day and this lay in the fact that large, formal dinners were generally reserved for the entertainment of married people. Girls went rather to luncheons, receptions, dances, the play, the opera. Evening visits (now wofully out of fashion, and never made, except as a continuation of a formal dinner), impromptu parties where everybody knew everybody else — the occasions offered, in short, by the simpler scale of living — threw young people much more pleasantly together.

There were many jolly parties out of town; drives out to dine at the Four-in-Hand Club, and to return by moonlight; sleighing parties, now obsolete; runs in a steam yacht up the Hudson for a picnic; and then there were the spring meetings of the Jockey Club at Jerome Park, where the scene on the lawn and veranda was like Ranelagh or Hurlingham today, and the road on the return was crowded with breaks, drags, landaus, and road wagons, filled with people that one knew in a friendly fashion. It was the custom, in the years soon after the war, for well to do women here to get all their gala costumes from Paris; and as a good deal of money was afloat, the result was often a more charming outward show than is usually made even by plutocracy today.

Another trouble of this age is the overcrowding of every place of resort by those who go to look on, so that there is no room for the exhibitors, and some who would be there consequently keep away.

The area of a girl's movement in search of pleasure was then far more circumscribed than now. One recalls the haughty assertion of Brown, the portly sexton of Grace Church, who for many years delivered invitations and managed the carriages at the entertainments of party giving New York, that he could not undertake to deliver invitations above Fifty First Street! Washington Square was a center of select society, as also Stuyvesant Square, near which latter were found the homes of the Fishes, Morrises, Rutherfords, Stuyvesants, Keans, Evartses, Griffins, Websters, Folsoms, and many others. In the streets leading out of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, between the Brevoort House and the Reservoir, the modest brown stone and brick houses of ordinary width then sheltered some of the present stars of fashion, who have since removed up town with their families into new and newly furnished dwellings of the later period. Gramercy Park, always a pretty, shady, flowery, and well kept up spot as seen behind its railings and gates, through which the holders of keys alone could penetrate, was surrounded, as now, by the homes of quiet, well bred people; though it is only of later years that Gramercy Park houses have put on their fine fronts, decked themselves with Japanese *ampelopsis*, asphalted their streets, and assumed the elegant entourage of an English private square in Belgravia or Mayfair.

The favorite promenade was, of course, broad Fifth Avenue, with its unbroken lines of substantial dwellings, varied here and there by one of greater breadth and pretension, marking the abode of the multimillionaire who was later to add a ball room or picture gallery to his home. Central Park, although accessible only by an approach through a region then still given over (except at the Fifth Avenue entrance) to promontories of rocky ground crowned with shanties, and intersected only by streets in process of opening, was lovely, even then. Its drives, less incumbered with every variety of equipage—a bicycle was never then seen there—than as at present, were fuller of the carriages of people who knew one another well. It was, in short, a merrier meeting ground for fashion.

A prominent feature of our girls' entertainment was the variety of musical clubs into which it was customary for society to form itself, meeting at private houses under the direction of a paid leader. The larger Church Musical Society, originated under the direction of Mr. George Strong, of Gramercy Park, then president of the Philharmonic Society, was a notable and agreeable success. In its ranks, under Dr. Peck, were united professionals and amateurs. Our rehearsals took place at the rooms of the Trinity Chapel parish house—the public concerts, in Steinway Hall. The "at homes" of Mr. and Mrs. Strong, by the way, may be mentioned as combining many of the features of the French *salon*,

so much discussed in later days, but so hopeless of realization under our present conditions of society here.

The New York of our girl had also a small ultra gay set of people, whose doings were vigorously discussed in clubs and at tea parties. But the larger and representative society was of the class we have been trying to illustrate. It is here, still among us, with its ramifications by marriage; but the tide of extraordinary wealth and luxury, possessed and displayed by a few, has welled up over and around it. The interiors of the best houses of that earlier time would seem like those of hotels now, beside the good taste and better art displayed in the luxury of certain modern homes. Our girl of 1867 may have seen such grandeur in palaces visited during her rare trips abroad, but never in New York. And she was quite satisfied without it.

For one thing, among the ornaments of her society there were ordinarily as many men as women. In her daughter's day the men are more often obliged to efface themselves in offices down town, in order that their women may shine in the galaxy of wealth. And whatever may be said, a society of women, although graceful and distinguished in outward show, has its limitations.

It is quite impossible to write even so brief a chapter of contrasts between now and then, without dipping into the philosophy of the question. And every observant resident in New York, during the years of our new era since the war, must realize the spirit of young people of this day. It is not a happy spirit.

The girls we know are busy always, active in affairs, admirable in good and clever works. But they are not merry, buoyant, hopeful, self poised, restful—do not know what repose, in manner or character, is. They do not inspire the young men, who have to work so hard to win places for them, with a sense of cheerful willingness to meet the monotony of every day married life and the restraining influence of domesticity. Here, at least, our restricted girl of thirty years ago had the advantage. In the eloquent words of a character of Dickens, she was "born in a wale, and took the consekvences of the sitivation." And, with all its brilliant array of advantages, the end of the century has nothing with which to assume to counterbalance the virtue of contentment.

Constance Cary Harrison.

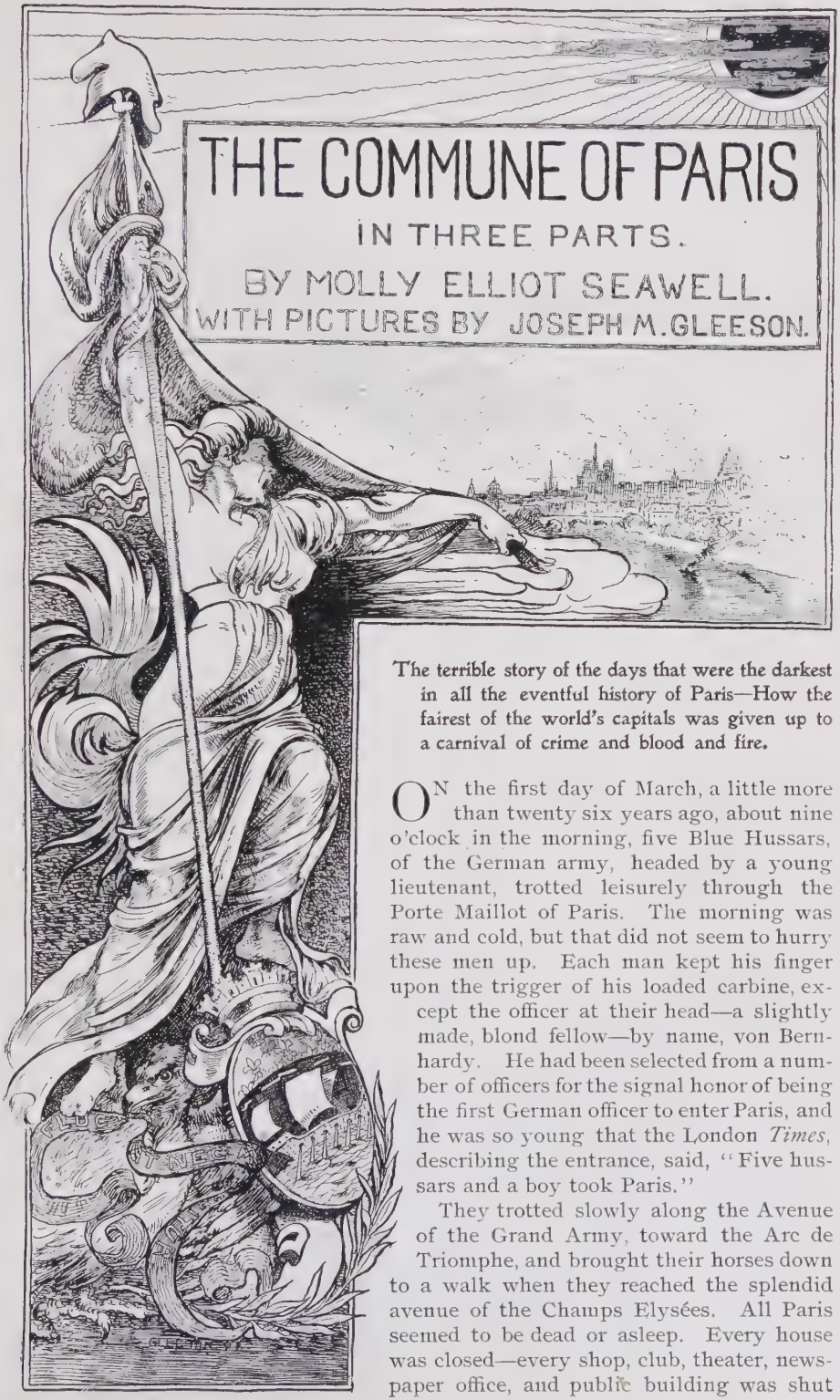
LOW TIDE.

THE sea came wooing in mad male fashion;
The strand like a maiden was shy as fair.
He fell at her feet with a cry of passion,
And flung out his arms to clasp her there.

He swore to be true; the bright stars glistened,
And the wind went dallying off with the ships,
While the strand like a maiden leaned and listened
And the sea's wild kisses fell on her lips.

But desolate now in the moonlight's glory
Is lying the pale, deserted strand,
While the sea is telling the same old story
To another shore, in another land.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



THE COMMUNE OF PARIS

IN THREE PARTS.

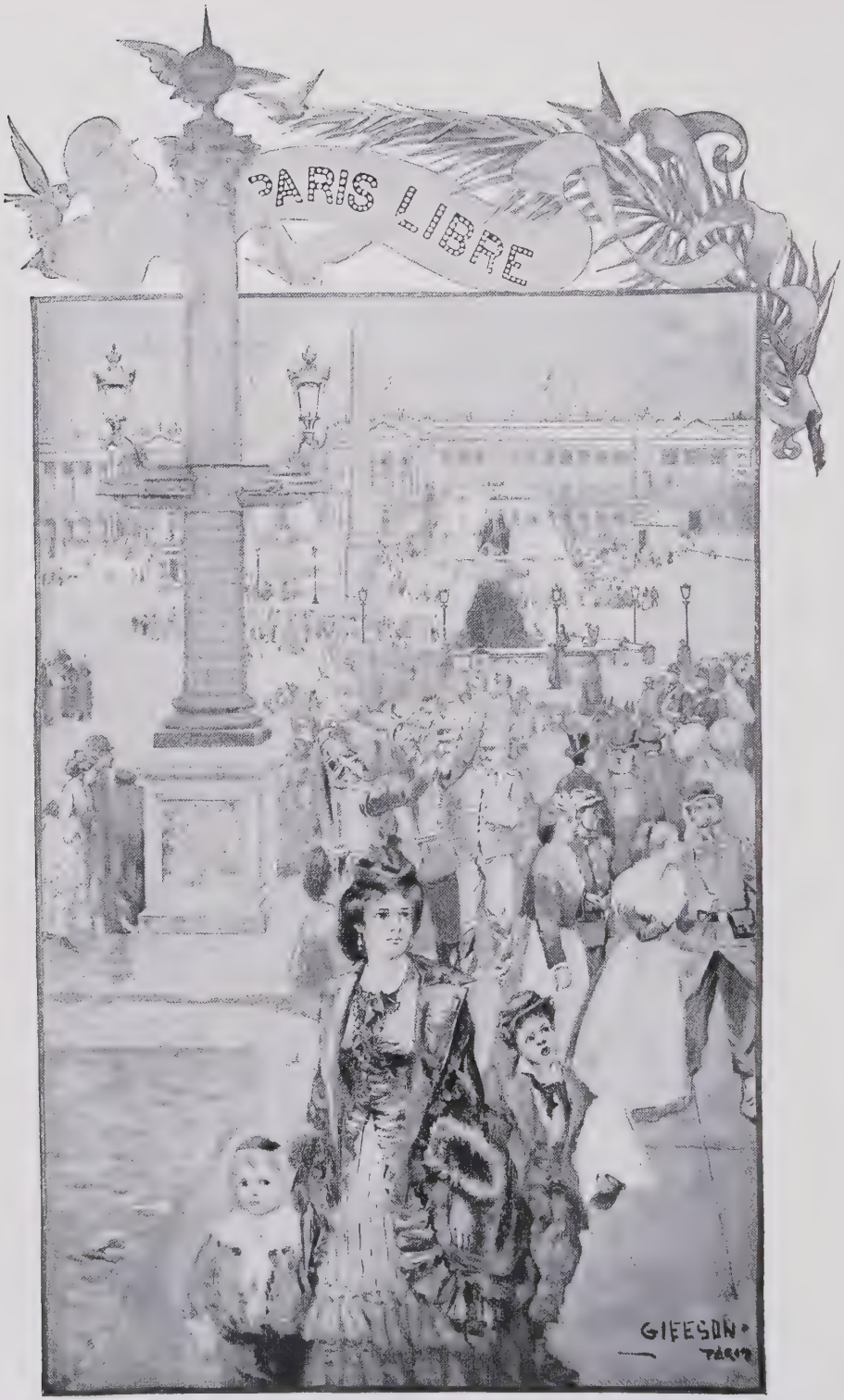
BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH M. GLEESON.

The terrible story of the days that were the darkest in all the eventful history of Paris—How the fairest of the world's capitals was given up to a carnival of crime and blood and fire.

ON the first day of March, a little more than twenty six years ago, about nine o'clock in the morning, five Blue Hussars, of the German army, headed by a young lieutenant, trotted leisurely through the Porte Maillot of Paris. The morning was raw and cold, but that did not seem to hurry these men up. Each man kept his finger upon the trigger of his loaded carbine, except the officer at their head—a slightly made, blond fellow—by name, von Bernhardy. He had been selected from a number of officers for the signal honor of being the first German officer to enter Paris, and he was so young that the London *Times*, describing the entrance, said, "Five hussars and a boy took Paris."

They trotted slowly along the Avenue of the Grand Army, toward the Arc de Triomphe, and brought their horses down to a walk when they reached the splendid avenue of the Champs Elysées. All Paris seemed to be dead or asleep. Every house was closed—every shop, club, theater, newspaper office, and public building was shut



WHEN THE GERMANS DEPARTED.

"After having been starved and beaten, harried with fire and sword, and drenched in blood, Paris was once more free."

and as silent as the grave. Not a wheel turned in Paris, except those of the hearses, which occasionally appeared, and made the somberness more somber still.

The mighty city had endured eleven sieges in the thousand years of her greatness, but none compared in shame and horror to the one she had just passed through. Her people — those whom Thackeray called "this great, gallant, boasting, absurd, sublime French nation" —would not look upon their conquerors, but remained indoors, and shut out the view of their desecrated streets. No newspapers appeared; the Bourse was closed by order of the syndics of Paris; the theaters suspended their performances —the Parisians were determined not to make their city pleasant to the invaders. Not even the sound of marching feet, and the blare of military bands—the sight and sound of which are always new and always delightful to Parisians—could draw them from their seclusion.

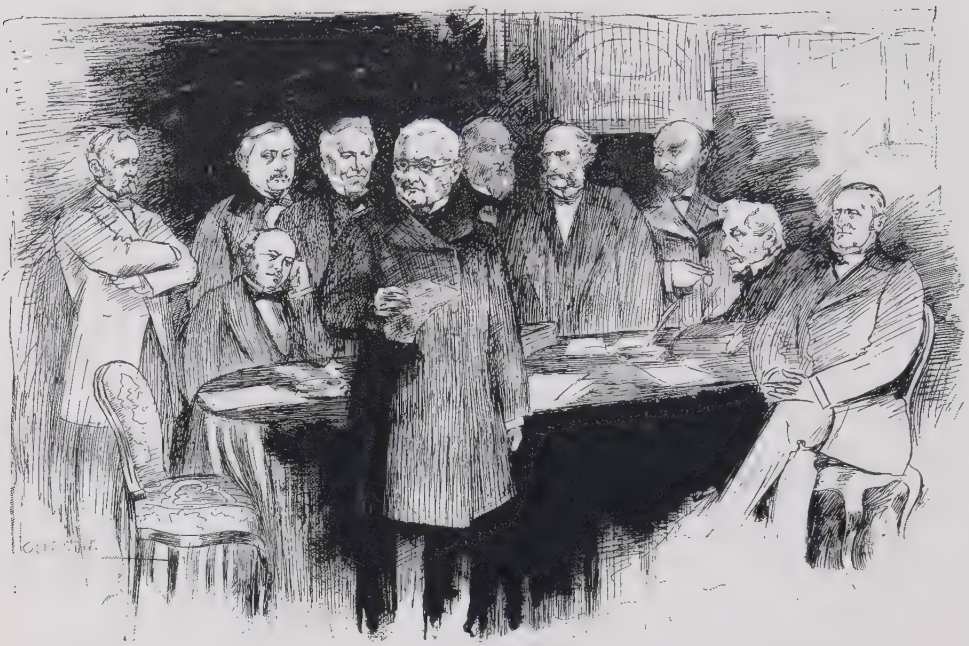
Soon there were soldiers enough and there was music enough. Von Bernhardy's five hussars had been followed by six more, and then in squads they began to pour in. About eleven o'clock, the main body of the advance guard—about a thousand men—reached the Arc de Triomphe. They were composed of Prussian cavalry and Bavarian infantry. The Prussians were among the very smartest soldiers in the German army, and their accouterments shone, from the tips of their glittering helmets to the toes of their polished boots. And their faces shone, too—for this was Prussia's day.

THE PETROLEUSES.

"They were from the lowest depth of society, savage creatures, born and reared in the center of the highest civilization, yet knowing no more of it than the cannibals."

As for the Bavarians, they were clumsy fellows, good fighters, but slovenly soldiers, and not so violently in love with the Prussians, who were soon to take from them their national uniform, and, as far as possible, their national autonomy. It must not be forgotten that the South Germans did not then, or at any other time, particularly relish playing second fiddle to Prussia, and the Prussians did most of the hurrahing during the Franco Prussian war. However, on the 1st of March, 1871, they saved their cheers for the time when they should march through the Arc de Triomphe on their way out of the city; for there was no knowing what might happen, had they exasperated the Paris populace too soon.

From nine in the morning until half



"AT VERSAILLES THEY STILL DEBATED."

past one in the afternoon did the Germans pour into Paris, until there were thirty thousand of them. By that time the sky had cleared, the sun shone brightly; it was one of those perfect spring days for which Paris is famous. Some of the Germans wore sprigs of green in their helmets, and although there was but little noise except the incessant clash of military bands, it was plain that they were in great good humor — the Prussians more than the rest.

When at last the ranks were broken, and the men went about to find the places where they were billeted, a very small crowd had assembled, chiefly of the irrepressible Paris *gamins*. These children of the streets could not forbear exercising their wit upon their enemies. Numbers of them politely inquired of the Bavarians what tailor produced those superb uniforms. Others, on seeing the Germans looking for the houses where they were assigned quarters, would step up and say, "M'sieu cannot read. May I assist him?" And they took much pleasure in extolling Berlin, having been told by their grandfathers what an agreeable place it was—their grandfathers had been there several times during the Napoleonic wars!

The Germans paid little heed to this sort of thing, but went about their business. Some of the officers attempted to enter the Louvre, but this being reported to the authorities of Paris, it was immediately stopped.

The day passed quietly and even dully to the conquerors. As night came on, the city presented a strange sight. Paris is accustomed to turn night into day; but on this, the day of her crucifixion, there was neither light or sound. The street lamps were few and dim, but in the quarter occupied by the Germans—the gayest quarter of the town, usually—that was all the light to be seen. The cafés and restaurants were as black as every other building, and a pall enveloped the whole city.

Every moment, the officials and the people expected to hear of the ratification of peace by the National Assembly. One article of the treaty was the immediate withdrawal of all German troops from French soil, except those fortified places which Germany was to hold until the payment of the indemnity. The Parisians were in hopes that the ratification

COMMUNISTIC GRATITUDE.

"*Twelve Dominican sisters, who had spent the night succoring the wounded, were seized at daylight, carried off to the St. Lazare prison, and from that day to this they have never been heard of.*"

A TYPICAL MOB OF COMMUNISTS.

would be made before the enemy entered Paris at all. But the Germans had not come so far for nothing, and they took the precaution of occupying the town before the ratification could take place. As a matter of fact, this actually occurred at Bordeaux, where the National Assembly was sitting, about twelve hours after von Bernhardy and his five hussars had entered the Porte Maillot. Bismarck, however, declined to take the telegraphic report as official information.

There were occasional outbreaks of hostility toward the Germans, but as the few persons on the streets who provoked these rows were of an order of beings easily cowed by a display of force, the disorder was trifling. The thirty thousand Germans slept in peace that night in Paris. They had brought into the city some of their crack artillery, and in the event of serious trouble they were well able to take care of themselves.

The morning of the 2nd of March broke clear and brilliant. At six o'clock, M. Jules Favre started for Versailles, to ask the immediate execution of the treaty and the withdrawal of the German troops from Paris. Bismarck, however, was in no hurry, and waited all day for the official notification, which came too late on Thursday evening for the Germans to leave that night; so all day Thursday they possessed Paris.

On that beautiful spring day there were more people on the streets, and people of a more respectable class than the day before. Some were obliged to be out, and some employed themselves in tearing up the avenues by which the Germans were to depart, so as to make the road as rough as possible. In the parts of the city not invested by the Germans, the shops and cafés were open, and business was going on as usual; but in the most splendid part of Paris, which the Ger-

mans, with excellent taste, had chosen, there was the same silence and desolation as on the day before.

The hours crept on, and before midnight it was known that every German soldier was to be out of Paris by eleven o'clock the next morning—and by eight, on the morning of March 3, they were on the move. Every regiment passed under the Arc de Triomphe, and it was observed that the Prussians cheered vociferously, while even the South Germans, who remembered Sadowa, and had little love for the upstart German empire, with Prussia for king pin, were roused to something like enthusiasm. Precisely at eleven o'clock, the last battalion passed through the Porte Maillot—and Paris indulged in an outburst of joy. As if by magic, every house and shop and club and theater was thrown open; the people thronged the streets. The great fountains in the Place de la Concorde began to play; and the route over which the Germans had passed was swept and sprinkled, with an energy and thoroughness as if washing off contamination. France was once more mistress of her destiny, and Paris, after having been starved and beaten, harried with fire and sword, and drenched in blood, was once more free.

It is easy enough, at this period of time, to say that the great city should have arisen from the dust and ashes of her humiliation, and at once taken her place in the vanguard of civilization, without passing through the wild tempest of insanity which is known in history as the Commune. But it is impossible to read the chronicle of the four months and a half of the siege, with all its horrors, without understanding that no people could pass through such an ordeal, and come out of it exactly as they went into it. The good became saints—the bad became devils.

During the siege, in an outside newspaper smuggled in, it was read that Bismarck was awaiting "the psychological moment to begin the bombardment of Paris." The Parisians laughed very much at this, for they laughed in a ghastly way at everything; but there was a good deal more psychology in the whole busi-

A GAMIN'S HEROISM.

"*Little Gavroche takes his stand with his back to the wall.*"

"I AM GENERAL THOMAS. I HAVE ALWAYS DONE MY DUTY."

ness than they realized. The nervous strain of four months and a half, upon ill regulated minds and ill nourished bodies, made madmen of persons who otherwise would have lived and died sanely. The continuous and universal shock of public and private misfortunes unbalanced many minds.

Francisque Sarcey, who was among the besieged, gives much insight into how this terrible period affected men of strong and trained intelligence, and of means enough to insure them against starvation as long as bread was to be had. Besides all the horrors by which they were surrounded, they had to endure the separation from those they loved—for most of the "useless mouths" were sent out of Paris at the beginning. There was no possible communication with the outside world. Once only, during these four months and a half, did M. Sarcey hear from his family—and he was one of the fortunate ones. He notes that in the beginning the nervous strain made the usually gay Parisian crowd ready to insult and even fight one another. Coquelin says that not only among the people, but among the carefully trained players who still appeared upon the stage occasionally during that dreadful time, voices became shriller, and went up half a tone higher. People's appetites grew as food became scarcer and less inviting, and the morning coffee and roll did not begin to satisfy those who had never cared for anything more until then.

The bombardment of Paris, which certainly seems to have been wholly unnecessary, as the city was reduced by famine, threw the whole population into furious paroxysms of rage. When one reflects upon the amazing wickedness developed in the Commune, it is only common justice to remember that no such number of people, since the world was made, ever underwent such an experience. The days of the Terror were bad enough, but the Paris populace was then animated by a perfectly human, though reprehensible, desire for vengeance upon persons, not upon things. When the Bastille was torn down, the municipal authorities took the utmost pains that the great sewer under it should not be injured, and every precaution was observed that the neighboring houses should not be hurt. The Communards, however, were possessed with a blind fury against inanimate things. They dragged down the Vendôme column, and fired the Tuileries and the Hotel de Ville, which, as M. Thiers said, even the enemies of France had spared.

Their rage, too, was greatest toward the most inoffensive persons, the priests and nuns, who had gone about doing good during the siege. The authorities, when authority was respected, had tried all sorts of persons as stretcher bearers, and had found them all so undisciplined, even when willing to work, that they declined to employ any except the Christian Brothers. These men, whom the national guard saw daily, during the siege, going out upon the ramparts, under fire, to succor the wounded; the sisters of charity and of other religious orders, who followed the brothers and the priests into the greatest dangers; the clergy, who turned their schools and houses into hospitals, and who gathered up the orphans —these were the people whom the Communards tortured in every conceivable way, as soon as they had the power.

Twelve Dominican sisters, who had spent one of the most terrible nights of the Commune in succoring the wounded national guards that fought at the barricades, were seized at daylight, carried off to the St. Lazare prison, and from that day to this they have never been heard of. Courbet, the artist, was the instigator of the destruction of that masterpiece of art, the Vendôme Column. Talleyrand's explanation, "In France, everything happens," does not explain all this. Clearly, there was a tinge of madness in these people, developed by their misfortunes and sufferings.

At the same time, there can be no doubt that, from M. Thiers downward, there was a remarkable weakness, a culpable indecision, in dealing with the dreadful emergency of the Commune. The government ran away from Paris when it should have stayed, and the Communist orators and newspapers told the truth when they called the Versailles officials the "fugitive government," and M. Thiers and Jules Favre "fugitive chiefs." But when they had undergone the most terrible siege of modern times, and when a new and un-

dreamed of storm of crimes and misfortunes broke over them, is it any wonder that these men could not at once rally from such staggering blows—that they needed time to get their breath again, to clear their eyes of blood?

The very first problem presented to the Versailles government, after the signature of the treaty of peace, was one most difficult and dangerous. This was, what should be done with the national guard? The empire had always distrusted the national guard; and in the first fury of defeat, everything was laid at the door of the empire. Whatever Napoleon III believed in was discredited, and everything he disbelieved in was fostered—with the result that impartial history will generally give the credit of the better sense to the third Napoleon.

The national guard was one of these things to be favored, because the ex emperor had seen that it was a dangerous organization. It was composed of all sorts and conditions of men, without the least segregation of the old from the young, the active from the sedentary. The consequence was that there were estimated to be 100,000 effectives mixed with 150,000 ineffectives—men who could do guard duty and many other useful things, but who were useless when they met the Prussians face to face. Therefore, although they were brave enough, they were always beaten whenever they met either the enemy or the trained soldiers of the French line. They were not capable artillerists, of course, and were awkward in the use of great guns and mitrailleuses—fortunately for civilization. But when it came down to fighting at the barricades, they knew their business, and the troops of the line had their work cut out for them during the last terrible days when Paris had to be taken street by street.

They had the privilege of electing their own officers—a thing not only destructive, but even preventive, of discipline. They had their rations, clothes, and a franc and a half a day, with an extra allowance of money if they had wives and children. When they ceased to be soldiers, there would be a scarcity of both bread and work for them; consequently they had a great objection to ceasing to be soldiers.

General Aurelle de Paladines issued a proclamation recommending that they should disband and go to work—at which there was a shriek of protest from the national guard and the Communistic newspapers, at "the audacity of General Aurelle de Paladines speaking of the resumption of labor!" And it was these men for whom Jules Favre pleaded three days with Bismarck, that they might retain their arms! The day came, when they held Paris, that M. Favre, in the tribune of the National Assembly, asked pardon of God and man for his mistake.

On the very day of the evacuation of Paris, some of the regiments of the national guard announced that they did not mean to disband. The 190th regiment, headed by its colonel and its vivandière—for there was a good deal of opera bouffe in their proceedings from first to last—marched to the hill of Montmartre, proclaiming that they would not disband, and that "the whole national guard is much discontented at the entry of the Prussians into Paris." So was everybody else in Paris, except the Prussians.

These men were joined, day by day, by other battalions, and the citizens of Paris began to be alarmed. The National Assembly sat at Versailles, but its members and executive officers were in Paris. They saw this handful of men at Montmartre make, in two weeks, an intrenched camp. The government met the emergency by debating. Meanwhile, the national guard were proselyting and intrenching. The mayors of the twenty arrondissements of Paris represented that the situation, as regards these insubordinate soldiers, was becoming daily more critical. They were fearful that two hundred cannon parked in the Place Wagram might be seized. The Assembly debated this, too.

On Friday, the 17th of March, there was great commotion in the neighborhood of Montmartre. The people were awakened by the rumbling of caissons and artillery wagons, and when they peered out of their windows, they saw thousands of national guards, who had helped themselves to the guns and mitrailleuses from the Place Wagram, and were trundling them toward the ramparts at Montmartre.

All day Paris was in a state of alarm. M. Thiers, the chief executive, and the ministers who were in the city, having discussed the coming emergency for two weeks, continued to discuss it. The National Assembly at Versailles did the same. The national guard, without any discussion at all, mounted the guns on the ramparts. On hearing of this, M. Thiers, M. Jules Favre, minister of foreign affairs, and the whole government, in what must have been a moment of madness, left Paris, at half past nine in the evening, for Versailles. They had a harder time getting back, and their absence was a good deal more prolonged, than they expected.

The running away of the government was a surprise to all Paris, but to none so much as to the insurgents. They were stupefied by it. They had no leaders, they were not prepared for such a triumph, and after they had got their victory, they did not know what to do with it. But like all people without law or liberty, they promptly committed a crime which started them upon their course of horrors, after which there was no turning back.

General Vinoy, the commandant of Paris, sent the 88th regiment of the line —now no longer existing in the French army, and never more to exist—under the command of General Lecompte, early in the morning of Saturday, the 18th, to disarm the insurgents at Montmartre. The regiment marched along in good order until it came within sight of the national guard, when, without a moment's warning, the soldiers of the line reversed their muskets as a signal of fraternization. The national guard ran toward them, embraced and kissed them, and hauled them off to the wine shops in the neighborhood. In vain their officers commanded, pleaded, wept. General Lecompte was dragged from his horse, and carried under a strong guard to the Maison Rouge. Other officers were made prisoners, and the demoralization was complete.

Hearing of this, General Vinoy sent another body of troops of the line toward Montmartre, and followed himself. These behaved no better than the first, and melted away like snow. The commandant was surrounded by a shrieking mob of women—for the Commune from the beginning was in the hands of the ferocious women of the slums of Paris. They pelted the general, abused him, threw their caps at him—the last insult they could offer a man.

The government had forty thousand troops of the line in and near Paris, but it was feared that to bring them face to face with the national guard was to turn them into insurgents. Apparently, nothing more was attempted by either the national or the municipal government in the defense of law and order—and Paris, in the twinkling of an eye, was without the vestige of legally constituted authority.

General Lecompte had been sent to the Maison Rouge on Friday afternoon. On Saturday, General Clément Thomas, a brave old officer who had returned from exile to fight for France, went, in citizen's clothes, to inquire after one of his former aides, who he heard had been imprisoned with General Lecompte. The old soldier was recognized by a national guardsman, who said:

"Are you not General Thomas?"

"I am General Thomas. I have always done my duty," was the reply.

"You are a wretch and a traitor!" cried the national guardsman, and, seizing the general by his white beard, dragged him off to the Maison Rouge, where General Lecompte was imprisoned.

The two officers calmly awaited their fate, although it is not likely they anticipated the full atrocity of it. Some time in the afternoon, about a hundred national guards, mostly drunk, came to the prison and entered. "Make ready," they cried. The generals understood instantly what was meant. They went out, perfectly composed, and bore unflinchingly the hoots and jeers, and even the blows, of the wretches who were to murder them, and of the evil women who added a peculiar horror to the Commune. The ill treatment was not universal, though. Some of the national guard officers made a brave effort to protect the two prisoners from insult, and even showed a disposition to spare their lives—and actually succeeded in saving some junior line officers who had been captured. But the

red sash and the *bonnet rouge* were too much in evidence, and they demanded that some one be shot—it did not much matter who, apparently. The two generals being at last selected for the sacrifice, they were marched along toward the top of Montmartre.

As the procession was moving, a man wearing a tricolored scarf ran up, pale, breathless, and wild looking. It was M. Clémenceau, then a deputy from Paris.

"Where are you taking these prisoners?" he cried, but the wretches gave him no answer and hustled him out of the way. On reaching the heights, they stopped before a large house with a walled garden. In a room on the first floor sat an alleged court martial, made up of a lot of evil looking men in gaudy uniforms. In a few moments, without witnesses, and without giving the accused a hearing, the two generals were ordered to be shot. They were marched into the garden, and General Thomas was directed to take his place with his back to the wall. He did it quite coolly, while General Lecompte behaved with equal fortitude. A squad fired, and General Thomas fell dead. General Lecompte quietly advanced and took his place. A fellow came forward and said to the general:

"You once gave me thirty days in prison. I claim the honor of firing the first shot."

A volley followed, and General Lecompte fell dead. He left six young children. The news was known all over Paris in an hour or two, and the city seemed stupefied by it.

The Communists that day made some feeble pretense of organization, and a "Central Committee" elected itself. Next morning, Sunday, the 19th, the *Journal Officiel* appeared, denouncing the crimes of the preceding day, and promising vengeance on the criminals. But the government having run away, the whole force of the *Journal Officiel* ran away too, and the national guard took possession of the printing office. On Monday, the 20th, they issued a *Journal Officiel* of their own, in which proclamations were printed in the name of the "Central Committee of the Republican Federation of the National Guard." The words "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" ornamented this precious sheet. As Victor Hugo said many years before, in France liberty, equality, and fraternity usually means cavalry, infantry, and artillery.

Still, the city was strangely calm. The Communists seem not to have realized the full extent of the fearful power they had so suddenly acquired. The law abiding people, deserted by their national government, with their municipal government paralyzed, without a soldier who could be depended upon, seemed to be in a state of lethargy. Business went on as usual, and the Communists appear to have been busy plotting whom they should murder next.

Tuesday passed like Monday. On Wednesday, several thousands of the best citizens of Paris formed themselves into a body, and, totally unarmed, marched through some of the principal streets as a demonstration in favor of law and order. When they reached the Rue de la Paix, they saw that the Place Vendôme was occupied by the national guard, commanded by "General" Bergeret. The citizens marched along quietly. As they came within range of the men in the Place Vendôme, a volley rang out, and did frightful execution among the unarmed men. Many of the most prominent citizens in Paris fell dead at that discharge; the rest fled, and the reign of terror was fully inaugurated.

At Versailles they still debated, and the crisis failed to bring forth a man fitted to cope with it. This is another of the strange phenomena of that strange time, and shows that there was psychology, as Bismarck says, in it. The general and personal misfortunes of the French people seem to have temporarily quenched their intellect. Neither among the law abiding people of France, civil and military, nor among the insurgents themselves, did any one single man stand forth as a leader at that supreme moment, in spite of the axiom that the occasion always produces the man. The Revolution of 1789 murdered some statesmen and soldiers, but it produced a great many more, and much greater men. Not so the revolution of 1871. Even among the alleged leaders of the Commune, no one led for long; and the extraordinary spec-

tacle was witnessed of men with unlimited power, and equally unlimited wickedness, seeking to escape from their places and eager to give way to others. Gambetta seems to be the one commanding figure that 1870–71 produced, and he, like the rest, was not in evidence during the days of the Commune.

It took a week for the "Central Committee" to organize plunder and murder. Most of the men who assumed responsible positions were quite unfamiliar with pen and ink, and the transaction of affairs. But at the end of six or seven days, they had learned enough to pursue crime as a business, as well as a pastime. A swarm of incendiary newspapers, reeking with blood, sprang into life after the peculiar French fashion. These had the most remarkable titles—proving that the French had not lost their talent for ornamenting sedition with a telling name.

On the 24th of March, the Central Committee, by the grotesque methods known only to itself, placed the whole military power in the hands of three "generals"—Eudes, Brunel, and Duval. Eudes was an escaped jailbird, and Brunel and Duval a couple of ragamuffins. These were to serve until the arrival of Garibaldi, who had been "elected" commander in chief. Garibaldi, however, prudently declined the honor.

The committee also announced that on Sunday, the 26th, an election would be held, to indorse the Commune—and they promised the "rurals" at Versailles that hundreds of thousands of votes would sustain the *bonnet rouge* government. The word "rural," which is synonymous with the American "hayseed," was commonly applied to the National Assembly. The Communists of Paris had little respect for anything or anybody outside of Paris, and considered it the height of impudence for the "provincials" to assert themselves in any way. The Communist newspapers demanded that the "hayseeds" return to their cow pens, and leave to Parisians the task of governing France. The idea of the superiority of Paris to all France is an article of faith among the lower as well as the higher classes in Paris, and recruits from the capital are notoriously hard to break in to the discipline of the French army.

To the honor of French journalism it should be known that when the Commune proposed to hold this mock election, every newspaper of repute in Paris came out boldly, and signed a protest against it. The answer to this was a counterblast from the *Journal Officiel*—there were now two, one published by the Communists and another by the Versailles government—practically threatening with death any journalist who should tell the truth about the Commune. This, however, did not intimidate the brave newspaper men of Paris, and to their unflinching attitude may partly be attributed the ridiculously small vote which was polled on the 26th of March. Even the section of the ragpickers failed to stand by the Commune. Indeed, it is noteworthy that the ragpickers of Paris were a remarkably law abiding class during that dreadful time, and few were found in the Communist ranks.

The vote was small, but it was enough. On the 28th of March, the red flag was hoisted on the Hotel de Ville, and all the other public buildings and monuments. The postal and telegraphic services were stopped, the Communists rightly regarding all appliances of civilization as so many hostile influences. They did not, however, get possession of all Paris at once. In some parts of the town there was nothing but barricades, the red flag, the red sash, the red cap—the distinctive badge of a Communist—the beating of the *appel*, that sound appalling to French ears, and the movement of troops. In others comparative quiet reigned. For some time the Versailles forces held the railway station for Versailles, while at Batignolles, the next station out of Paris, the Communists were in full control, and stopped and searched all trains.

During the succeeding days after the mock election, the Communists employed themselves in organization, and the men who were to secure a hideous immortality by their crimes began to appear. On the 28th of March, when the Central Committee took possession of the Hotel de Ville, it was done with great military pomp, an enormous number of national guards being paraded under arms, and every military band in the insurgent army being pressed into service. The two million inhabitants of Paris were at

this time without the smallest protection to life and property, but even then they did not seem to realize the dreadful possibilities of the situation.

Meanwhile the Commune was every day becoming more and more conscious of its unrestrained power. So far, it was the men who had had the direction of its atrocities, but in the first week of its existence the women and children began to make themselves heard and felt. The women of the lower classes in France will ever remain a mystery. With the most ferocious hearts in the world, they seem never to be able to rid themselves of certain virtues, of which industry and regularity are two. Just as, in the days of the Terror, the working women, after setting their houses in order, would go to the places of execution and knit industriously while the axe of the guillotine worked up and down in the groove, so many of the women of the Commune knitted and sewed ceaselessly, while shrieking for blood. It was noticed that the assemblages of women in the public halls, and in the desecrated churches, would consist chiefly of respectable looking creatures, generally clean and incessantly knitting, who would listen and nod their heads approvingly while the most appalling sentiments were advanced. A strange fact was noted—they seemed, to a woman, opposed to marriage, and highly in favor of divorce. Perhaps the eternal struggle of the French working classes to save a portion for their daughters put it into the heads of these women that they might avoid a world of trouble by doing away with the whole machinery of marriage.

These women were fond of parading the streets and singing revolutionary songs, and denouncing "the Spanish woman," in imitation of their grandmothers, who had done the same thing amid shouts of rage against "the Austrian." They also liked to stop the omnibuses, crowd on the top and on the driver's seat, and wave red flags and the "*bonnet rouge*," which many of them wore. They particularly delighted in marching arm in arm with stray squads of the National Guard.

But these women seemed to be satisfied with inviting crimes. They were the *tricoteuses*, and quite distinct from the *petroleuses*, who appeared later on. These last were never seen knitting, and were never clean. They were from the lowest depths of society—savage creatures, born and reared in the center of the highest civilization, yet knowing no more of it than the cannibals of Africa. They were the women who, later on, were to defend the barricades, to sneak up behind the Versailles soldiers, pour petroleum on them, and set them on fire. Several lives were lost in this way. They were to offer the Versailles troops poisoned bread and wine and cigars—to hack and hew the aged and infirm priests who fell out of the dreary procession from the prisons to the places of execution—to commit every crime the human mind can conceive and the human hand execute.

The children of this class supplied an element heretofore unknown in revolutions. It was often remarked that the best builders of barricades in Paris were boys from ten to fifteen years of age. These *gamins*, who were not big enough to carry a carbine, were wonderfully clever in tearing up paving stones, deftly overturning carts and omnibuses as the nucleus of a barricade, and making an infinite noise.

In considering this carnival of crime it would be a frightful injustice to the French people to suppose that beings like the Communists were actually in a majority. Every atrocity committed by the Communists can be matched by an act of heroism or self abnegation performed by men and women of the same race, the same country, the same city. A Paris gamin furnished an instance of integrity of soul that has been immortalized in verse and prose. During the eight days' fighting of the Versaillists in the streets of Paris, they carried a barricade by assault, and every Communist caught with arms in his hands was promptly set up with his back to the wall to be shot. A gamin of the regular Gavroche type happened to be among them, although he had merely taken refuge at the barricade. He went up to the officer in the line in command, and said, "Please may I go and speak to the concierge in the house opposite? I want to ask him to give my mother this silver watch, which was my father's."

"Go along with you," said the officer, glad to have the boy out of the way when the executions took place. Ten minutes after, little Gavroche comes running back, quite breathless, and, taking his stand with his back to the wall, gasps out:

"Here I am, sir!"

He had come back to die. The officer looked at his men, and the men looked at their officer — who, after a pause, caught the boy by the back of the neck, and, giving him a kick, said:

"Run away from here as fast as you can, you young rascal!"

On the 31st of March the gates of Paris were closed, and all communication with the outside world by post, wire, and rail ceased. The city was completely isolated. Its situation was unparalleled. The Prussians still held the northern and eastern forts; the Communists were masters of the heights of Montmartre, and the southern forts; while the Versailles troops had possession of Mont Valérien, on the west, the strongest of all the fortifications of Paris.

On that day, also, all the government employees ran away from Paris to Versailles, and so did the whole diplomatic corps, except one man—the American minister to France, Elihu Washburne, of Illinois. Henry Labouchere said of Mr. Washburne that he was worth all of the diplomatic corps put together—and this verdict has been indorsed by the civilized world. When no other flag except the red flag of anarchy was kissed by the air of Paris, the Stars and Stripes flew steadily, all day long and every day, from several hundred points in Paris, and it was never lowered from the flagstaff of the American legation. The man to whom this was due was entirely worthy of that flag; and the courage and devotion of the American minister, and his work in saving life and assuaging suffering, reflected honor not only upon him, but upon the country he so nobly represented.

(*To be continued.*)

WRECKAGE.

THE revel is over, the music
Has ceased, and the dancers are fled.
The festal adornments have vanished;
Now, darkness and silence instead.

Yet linger some echoes, some traces—
Some wreckage that follows a ball;
A rose trampled down in a corner,
A crumpled glove there by the wall.

Ah, yes! you may call these but trifles,
Not worthy a place in a song;
Just rubbish, swept out in the morning
Where only such trifles belong.

But wreckage tells tales of disaster—
Of mariners lost in the sea,
Of vessels storm beaten and baffled,
With gaunt rocks agape on the lee;

Of regions where typhoons are blowing,
And death rides aloft on the gale;
Where faces grow ashen with terror,
And hearts that are stoutest must fail.

And so may a rose that is trampled—
A glove far away from its mate—
Speak mutely of hearts that are breaking,
Of lives that are trampled by fate.

D. L. Woodcock.

ROSES AND A MEMORY.

BY LOUISE FISKE BRYSON, M.D.

A story of the woman who married and the woman who married not—of the woman who erred and the woman who sat in judgment.

THE room seemed dead. Usually it was a pleasant place, book lined and cheerful, with pictures and bits of porcelain, odd furniture, and a few soft rugs. But now a ghostly air pervaded it, and vague memories lurked in every corner. Foggy streaks of daylight came in at the windows, and gray shadows hid all its genial beauty. In self defense Miss Van Orken lighted the lamps, and drew the curtains close. Better the semblance of night than nondescript day, with its dull depression.

A tap at the door roused her: flowers for Miss Van Orken. She tossed the card with its black border into the glowing fire, and smiled scornfully as she did so. Was ever man such an idiot? But the roses were lovely, fragrant in their half blown beauty and soft, dewy freshness. As she arranged them with gentle touch, in a high crystal jar, their tender radiance seemed like a benediction from another and better world.

The electric bell gave a trill. Alice sprang up from her worshipful attitude before the roses, and opened the door.

It was a woman who entered; young, with fluffy hair and blue eyes—wide open eyes, honest, like those of a child that knows not evil. About her rested an air of extreme youthfulness, of unconscious helplessness. This morning she seemed ill at ease, as a truant who feared justice. Saying no word, she slipped out of a soft English waterproof and kicked off a pair of thin rubber sandals. Then, with a deep sigh, she sank into a low chair and gazed wistfully at the proud Miss Van Orken, who inquired, in a matter of fact way, "What's up?"

"Well, I'm not sick, for one thing," said the little lady. "Wish I was; or better still, dead and buried! Regular dog's life, mine is, dull and stupid, and always the same. Thank your stars you're not married!"

The clock ticked on the mantel, the rain beat against the pane, carts rumbled in the distance, and the postman's whistle sounded along the street. "Why don't you say something?" broke in the younger woman petulantly. "You're getting almost as dull as my husband; and Thedford's the dullest thing going, gloomy as an owl, about as lively as this rainy day. Preach, preach, that's about all he can do; says we must see things through to the end, be faithful to obligations, fulfil the duty that lies nearest, and all that horrible stuff. Oh, how I do hate him!"

She rose with sudden irritation and began walking up and down. Alice gave no heed. Thedford Prince was her oldest and best friend. She was used to hearing his wife abuse him. There had been a time when she herself held the man in keen resentment, in sharp anger for untimely reticence and impassive calm. But that was long ago; and she had been wrong, no doubt, and had repented silently. The image of Betty's husband flashed across her mental vision: tall, lightly but strongly built; straight nose, kind eyes, and a firm mouth; richly but quietly dressed, and with a reserve that combined courtesy and dignity.

"I'm in an awful box," Betty said, at length, confronting her friend. "Stop sorting those papers, can't you, and listen to what I've got to say? And don't look at me like that, for I won't stand it. Sit down opposite, and I'll explain. I see you think this pink and lace queer for a rainy day. Well, it wasn't put on this morning. You know it didn't rain last night; at least, not in the early evening.

Some of us went to the theater—the Hodges and Timmy Barton. Thed told me he mightn't be home; the Jersey lawsuit often keeps him, you know; and it was very late when the play ended. I went to stay with Timmy Barton's sister." She smoothed out the folds of the pink silk, and rearranged some of the delicate lace, looking like an angel straight from heaven.

"With Mrs. Deccan? With Belle? Why, she left for Boston last Friday."

"So I found out," Betty replied coolly, "when it was too late to go home. I haven't been back yet," with a shudder, "and unless you can think of a way out, some explanation, I'm done for. Thedford will do something dreadful to me if he ever knows the truth. You'll have to lend a hand for the sake of old times, just as you've done before, Alice."

Miss Van Orken turned very white. She sat motionless for some minutes; then she said slowly, "And if I refuse?"

Betty laughed nervously. "Then I'll have to disappear. The only thing that holds me back is that Timmy has no money."

"And where is that brave and beautiful youth?" the other asked scornfully.

"At the club, I suppose. He went there last night. He told me to come to you this morning; said you were a brick, and could get a man or woman out of any scrape, if you'd only give your mind to it. Timmy admires you awfully."

After a strained silence ensued, then Alice spoke. "There is only one way," she said slowly. "It must be made to appear that you and I were together all last night, and that the storm detained us somewhere. I must go home with you now in evening dress. The play—what was it?"

"'The Primrose Path,'" said the other in prompt reply.

Miss Van Orken began preparations with an air of resolute determination.

Betty looked relieved. "I say, Allie, you are a good girl. Well, I'd do as much for you, any time." And she began to laugh in her usual light way. "Thed married the wrong woman; that's what's the matter. He ought to have married you. Timmy says so, and it's what everybody thinks."

"Who was at the Deccan house?" Alice asked abruptly.

"Not a soul. The servants went with Belle. No one saw me. That's something to be thankful for."

In her pale yellow gown, the proud Miss Van Orken looked like her former self again, as in the days of old, before the grind and its carking care. She had a fine head, not too large, and well poised; and expressive eyes that took on different deep tints in turn. She was not tall, though she seemed so, for she held herself erect and with grace, and dressed with great simplicity and a certain elegance that seemed independent of fabric and quality. The fresh tea roses she took from the crystal jar, and dried the stems carefully. Foolish, fluttering Betty! How she trembled and turned pale and red by turns, starting at every sound! What might happen? Who could tell?

Miss Van Orken lifted the flowers tenderly, as if seeking inspiration in the fragrance and softness of their velvety depths.

"Ready for the masquerade?" she said, with an assuring smile.

It might have been the gesture, the attitude, the roses, something, she never could tell what, that brought back to Betty's frightened remembrance other seasons, other times, the days of long ago. Her brain seemed ready to burst, with warring thoughts. Conscience was not all dead; no, it slumbered. And now it awoke with a sudden start. She fell upon her knees before Miss Van Orken, beside herself with grief and remorse, and sobbed in broken accents: "Oh, forgive me! You do not know all of it. There is more, more! Read this—read it! Then you will understand."

She thrust a piece of paper into Alice's unwilling hand, sinking down in a heap upon the floor as she did so, a pitiable little mass of pink silk and lace, shaken with violent emotion, and moaning and crying aloud in a dazed way.

Alice glanced at the paper. It was her own handwriting.

"Thedford dear," it began, "as you say, we are suited to each other, with the same tastes, the same interests, and enough money. So take my life into your own keeping, since you have my heart; and may we be happy ever after! Why

so slow in arriving at this conclusion? Discipline, Theddy, discipline! I relent out of kindness to your

A. VAN O."

It was dated six years back.

"He never saw it," whimpered Betty. "I was too clever for that. It made me frightened to think of destroying it, so I've always had to keep it. You see, it didn't suit me to have Thedford in love with you, for I wanted to marry him myself. We were so poor, you know. You remember the night at the Ainslies'? Thed asked you something about a message; a message from heaven, I think he said. And you laughed and answered gaily: 'The only message you'll find, Sir Knight of the Doleful Countenance, is over there among the yellow roses.' The others heard, though no one understood. But I did, Allie, because you spoke very slowly and in a low voice. And when you do that, even now, there's always something up. So I slipped away quietly and found this note. Thedford never knew. When he looked, there was nothing there. And he turned away sorrowfully. I saw him."

Alice stood transfixed. This, then, explained it all—the silence, the mystery, the change. Betty, miserable Betty, without principle, pride, or honesty, had attempted to ruin her life. If one person could ruin the life of another, her success would certainly have been assured. But in that supreme moment, it was given to Alice Van Orken to see the everlasting light, no longer burning dim, and to realize that the soul itself alone has power to work its own destruction. The past was gone and would come not again. The future? That was never hers. The present remained; and today must begin the salvation of the weak and sinful, the selfish, worthless woman, groveling at her feet.

"Get up," she said sternly, in a hard voice. The Van Orkens were never pleasant enemies.

Betty remembered and shook with fear. "Oh, what are you going to do?" she shrieked in terror, as she sprang to the other side of the room. "Kill me? Oh, do not kill me! God knows I'm punished enough already. Why, I'm married to Thedford Prince! It almost drives me crazy. He's just like a funeral most of the time, dark, sinister, horrible! Five years of it, just think, five years of hell!"

What was Alice going to do?

Betty watched her silently as she sealed up the note in an envelope, writing a few words on the outside. Then the little package was laid away in the safe that stood in the corner.

As she turned the lock, Miss Van Orken said in her usual voice, "There it will stay as long as you remember your obligations and fulfil the duty that lies nearest. If you forget, Betty, I shall show this note to your husband."

"Then he'll kill me!"

"Most likely he will," Miss Van Orken replied, in a commonplace tone. "Indeed, I haven't the least doubt of it."

Bravely she related the little history to Thedford Prince, in the spacious dining room, now full of warmth and light and life. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon as they sat down to an impromptu collation, ordered by the host in honor of the prodigal's return. The fatted calf she could dispense with, Betty said, but the ring she insisted upon, topaz or sapphire, something poetic.

The storm had lifted, and floods of sunshine now illumined the massive silver, the delicate glass, and the curious armor upon the wall.

It was late after the play, Alice explained; and knowing her husband's intended absence, Betty had decided to spend the night with her. But rain fell in torrents, so they sought nearer shelter, Belle Deccan's house, placed perpetually at her own disposal for just such occasions. Timmy Barton suggested it. He let them in with his latch key.

"And here we are!" cried the now radiant Betty.

"I always feel so safe about her when she's with you," answered Thedford, turning to Miss Van Orken, with a sudden flashing smile that transfigured his dark and handsome face, lifting for an instant the sadness of its shadows. His eyes fell upon the flowers.

"What beautiful yellow roses! They remind me of something—something past and dear. My mother, perhaps, for she dwells ever in my memory with all things beautiful and sweet."

MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

The author of "The Raiders" asserts Scott's claims to primacy in the ranks of fiction, names "Guy Mannering" as his favorite novel, and avows himself a "humble and loyal clansman" of the Wizard of the North.

I.

IF you wish to localize a Scot, ask him which is the most beautiful county in Scotland. He will immediately tell you the name of his own. If you ask him further to nominate that which stands next in his good opinion, he will say "Perthshire!"

So runs the legend, zealously fomented by the children of Strath Tay.

But the framer of this excellent jest reckoned without the natives of the county of Wigton and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. For if you ask one of the former his favorite county he will say Wigton, but if you proceed to demand his second favorite he will say, "I dinna think there is muckle to beat the Stewartry!" In like manner his neighbor from across the Cree will reciprocate the compliment by manifesting a secondary preference for "the Shire." The reason for this alliance is, that these two, Stewartry and Shire together, make up the wild, wide, ancient province of Galloway. And to the Galloway man there is nothing like Kirkcudbright—except perhaps Wigton. It was a Galloway man who, being asked to name the finest road in the world, said, "The road from Gatehouse to Creetown," and when asked for that which in his opinion came next replied, "The road from Creetown to Gatehouse."

And I beg in this place to state that, with some knowledge of the shoreward highways of three continents, I entirely agree with him.

And now as to Scott's connection with the Free Province. "Guy Mannering," Scott's one Galloway novel, may not be his best. But I will make bold to say that I like it best, perhaps because it concerns the Solway shore.

II.

Scott was once within the bounds of Galloway—that is, probably so. He had early in his legal career undertaken to defend a certain parish minister of Girthon, a sort of unwashed jovial Ishmael of the cloth, from a charge of scandal. It is possible, nay likely enough, that on this occasion Scott journeyed from Dumfries to Kirkcudbright, and from thence on over the hill to Girthon, to see the man whose hand was against every man, and to "precognosce" any witnesses who by hook or crook might be willing to bear such testimony as would lighten the minister's burden of shame.

And though there is little of what is now denominated "local color" in the book, we can see that the landscapes of "Guy Mannering," sketched in with Scott's invariable freedom of treatment and staid conventionality of language when describing natural objects, are such as he would pass through on a coastwise journey from Dumfries to that Gate-House-of-the-Fleet near which dwelt the jovial clerical prodigal.

The tall cliffs of Ellangowan, the caves of *Dirk Hatteraick*, the broad expanse and rushing tides of Solway, now glittering

* Under this title MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is printing a series of articles in which the leading literary men of the day discuss a question interesting to all readers of novels. Papers by William D. Howells, Brander Matthews, Frank R. Stockton, and Mrs. Burton Harrison have already appeared.

with multitudes of tiny wavelets, anon dark and angry under the overhanging cloud of night, are all on the line of Scott's progress Girthonwards.

The author of "Waverley" *may* have recalled these scenes of his youth and inwoven them into the rush of his plot as a fit and sufficient background for his story. Or, on the other hand, he may simply have seized on the local customs and characteristic Galloway names with which Mr. Joseph Train supplied him in such abundance, and by the aid of a map before him, and his own broad based, cliff fronted Scottish brain conning it, he may have invented the scenery as easily as he did the incidents. He was quite capable of the latter not very uncommon or surprising feat.

It is to me one of the triumphs of my favorite story that Scott has brought out the wild, untamable character of the Galloway people solely from a knowledge of their traditions, and with such stray lights upon local habits and customs as he could glean from the reports of his researcher, Train, the worthy exciseman of Castle Douglas.

It gives us as we read, a most wholesome and penitential sense of limitation and unworthiness to find that Scott was able to divine, without any local knowledge or habitude, depths and delicacies which come to most of us only after years of closest observation, added to the freedom of our countryside's especial mysteries which comes to us with our birthright.

Nevertheless, the romancer was remarkably well served by Joseph Train, and his letters and journals are full of his gratitude, which, however, he was also able to express in ways more substantial.

I have seldom had a more complete sense of the sweep and inclusion of the Ten Commandments than when first I heard of those volumes on volumes of Train's communications, all written out in the neat, clear cursive of the Galloway exciseman, cloistered in intact virginity upon the shelves of the library at Abbotsford. I am not allowed by the law, nor yet qualified by an imperfect education, to steal them. What is more unfair, I am forbidden by the Tenth Commandment even to covet them.

"Guy Mannering" is not only my favorite of Scott's novels. It is also the novel into which, on the testimony of his son-in-law Lockhart, he put most of his own personality.

"Walter need not trouble to deny the authorship of 'Waverley' now," confided some of his friends one to the other, after the appearance of the three slim volumes of the second romance of the Great Unknown, "for in Colonel Mannering he has just drawn his own portrait to the life."

And what a rich, variously hued, and contrasted gallery of character Scott has drawn in these brilliant pages. Here we have *Meg Merrilies*, that terrible "randy wife," whose prototype the author had often heard of as a boy about Yethom and upon the hills of Cheviot; *Sampson*, that "prodigious" dominie; *Dirk Hatteraick*, Scott's most convincing villain; *Glossin*, the bad lawyer, skilled chiefly in the Iago art of insinuation; and, best and most sound hearted of all, fragrant of the hills and hopes, *Dandie Dinmont*, with his heather bred honesty and his belief in a fair field and no favor either with the natural armory of man, or with the subtler and more dangerous weapons of the law.

And all these imagined, written, and finished within six weeks!

We are often told by this and that sapient critic how that once in two or three years is as often as a romancer of any self respect ought to deliver himself of his weighty message. But for me I hold, with Scott, that what is hard to write will be equally hard to read. And that when even the mountains are long in bringing forth, the result is apt to be of the proverbial dimensions.

"Six weeks about Christmas," says the chronicler, and the great work was finished, to the shame of the plodder and the patchworker.

III.

Nor do I think that ten years could have improved it. Scott, like Shakspere, never blotted out a line, nor do I, for one, wish that either of them had blotted a thousand. For in that case, instead of thirty seven (is it not?) plays, we might

only have had a paltry half a dozen, and instead of the twenty four novels, no more than the original three mentioned in the preface to "Rob Roy."

Not that a man ought ever to do less than his best, but in my opinion a creator will always do the worthiest work when he gives his imagination the airy rein, and sets his spurs deep in the flank of Pegasus.

Some one took Scott to task because he so often sacrificed the symmetry of his plot to the scenes in which he developed the character of his byproducts—the characteristic *Dandie Dinmonts* and *Dominie Sampsons* of his genius. Scott listened, and shook his head. "It may be very true," he modestly replied, "but whenever *Dandie* or the *Bailie* take the words out of my mouth, I hae the sense to let them say their say without hindrance of mine."

Who can remember the names of Scott's heroes, or, save and except the immortal *Di*, and (perhaps) *Julia Mannering*, who cares a straw about his heroines? Who is concerned about the working out of his plots, the dovetailing and carpentering of his masterpieces? Not Scott himself, certainly, who never had the least idea when he turned the page what was to be written on the next smoothly legal surface.

But the *Baron Bradwardine*, and his girdling clachan, who can forget? Or *Meg Merrilies* and the *Kame of Ellangowan;* or, in that neglected story of "Red Gauntlet," *Steenie* and his journey to hades to get that fatal receipt for his rent?

Ah, these "six weeks about Christmas" in which was written "Guy Mannering"! How happy must not "the sherra" have been then—his future assured, his bairns growing up about him, new and golden horizons opening out before him. Truly in these weeks, "let the snow 'onding,' the frost bite," still for him it was summer in the land. Byron might have beaten him at the poetry. The erratic young genius was welcome to the victory. "Well," so he said, with the brave good nature which brings the water to the eyes, "we will e'en hae to try something else!"

And that something else which he tried included "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering."

IV.

One of my most treasured souvenirs of bygone days of journalism consists in a library of reviews, and extracts indexed and arranged from old magazines, quarterlies, and newspapers, showing how nearly every great work of the century was received at the time of its publication. Of these two hundred volumes some six are devoted to Scott, and it is cheering to mark the envy, malice, and all uncharitableness excited in the average reviewing mind of the period by the rapid succession of the great novels as they flowed from the press with a vivacity which carried all before it, and with a popularity intensely galling to the less successful.

We are assured again and again by the most sapient authorities that the author of "Waverley" is "singularly overrated." The success of his works "shows the low state of the public taste, which can be tickled by such vulgar straws." He writes "not to elevate or improve, but solely for money, and especially and particularly in order to keep employed Ballantyne's hundred black printer men in Coul's Close."

The materials of his romances "are slight and flimsy." The "whole thing is overdone." The *Examiner* and the *Edinburgh* agree as to the "weak and ineffective descriptions," the "slovenly production," the "bungling commencement," the "foolish finale." "Each book," says a certain mighty critic of the time, "grows more and more into a mere chronicle of bombast and small beer."

The author himself varies according to the point of view between "an apostle of meretricious glitter" and "a furious and half savage partisan."

And so on through some six thousand pages composed in about equal parts of quotation and abuse.

Even so did the playcobblers of a yet more golden time abuse Shakspere—a "tiger's heart," a "Shakescene," a "botcher of other men's ideas." Even so more recently did a great quarterly magazine recommend Robert Browning for

admission to a madhouse, and Jeffrey the Great in the *Edinburgh* declare that the poems of Mr. William Wordsworth "would not do."

There is hardly any more consolatory reading in the round world than these two hundred volumes of criticism dead and damned. For these diatribes condemn for the most part without measure the books which men and women still read, which you find to this day on every bookstall. But the critics who believed that they had annihilated them—where are they? Ah, where are "the snows of yesteryear"?

Once only in my life did I see a collection of the critical essays of Francis Jeffrey, but it was spending its latter days in extreme privacy and retirement. Half its leaves were gone—and the rest soon to follow—unwept, unhonored, and unsung. Wordsworth was avenged.

V.

Scotsmen are popularly supposed to credit themselves with the possession of all the virtues worth having. This opinion is not always subscribed to as it deserves by those of other nationalities. But, certain excellencies of commercial forethought excepted, all the world concedes these to Scott without a dissenting voice. He was the only man, it has been well said, whose friends thought as much of him in the height of his prosperity as they had done in the days when he was no more than the rambling scatterwit young advocate.

"I have never knowingly done any one an ill turn, nor yet when I had a fair opportunity refused any man a good turn," Scott was able to say to his children when he supposed himself a-dying. And so it is written in his biography, and none has ever gainsaid the assertion.

And that when it comes to my turn, I would rather be able truthfully to say so much, than, were it possible, even to fall heir to his wizard's mantle of romance.

Sober, grave, humorous even in the midst of intense physical suffering—amid all the shocks of life Scott remained calm, serene, above all things indomitable—a Christian stoic, in whom the Roman virtue was joined to a sweet and reasonable humanity peculiarly his own. Witness his letters to his son. Read his fatherly advice—sometimes baring his own past, and as it were standing with bowed head before his son, humiliated and remorseful, that at least the young man may not go unwarned. In some moods I can read Chesterfield's cynical paternal counselings, but at other times, and especially when fresh from Scott, I am inclined to send the peer flying across the room. Worldly wise he was, and yet somehow unworldly, keenly alive (no man more so) to position and the social dignities, yet with his feet planted, as Carlyle would have said, on the Eternities. If not the greatest kind of a man, certainly the best.

More than any of the great whom it has not been given me to see, Sir Walter Scott draws my heart.

I would liefer have known Walter Scott than Shakspere. Rather had I been a doorkeeper at Abbotsford or Ashestiel, or sat like Willie Laidlaw with obedient quill, while the swiftly changing, dramatic voice rolled forth the marvelous stories scene by scene, than write—well, all that a young man hopes to write.

I have a certain friend—no man has a better—who, like Pharaoh, dreamed a dream. It seemed that he was coming by the gate at Abbotsford when he met Sir Walter, hirpling forth upon his stick and looking up at the unfinished masonry. The wizard seemed sadly oppressed and distrait. At last my friend mustered up courage to ask him the reason. Sir Walter told him that the silver cord was loosening—that the pitcher had been too often to the fountain—and (alas now for those "six weeks about Christmas" when "Guy Mannering" was written), he could not finish the book he had in hand.

"Will *you* help me?" said the master.

Well might my friend's heart beat fast, well might he say, "Thy servant is not sufficient for these things!"

Yet in a trice he found himself within, and seated at the "sore tashed" velvet of the mahogany desk. And lo! (so it was in the dream) the words flowed like water from a full fount, while Sir Walter sat at his elbow and chorused applause as page after page fell from the hand of the ready writer.

Thrice happy friend of mine! Rich dreamer of dreams! Much would I give for such a vision. But though I have charmed never so wisely, the Brownies will not work so featly for me. Often indeed I carry matters worthy and unworthy to the borderland of sleep, and rehearse them

> Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
> And sew them on in a dream.

But to speak as man to man with the Laird of Abbotsford is not, sleeping or waking, within my ken. Yet I, too, have dreamed more than once that I lay prone on a sunny braeface and saw him come forth with Maida and all the tatterdemalion pack at his heels. I have seen him stop and chide. I have even been near enough to catch his kindly "Fair guid day" to the sonsy goodwife at the first door of the clachan.

And that, alas! is all that I shall see or hear of the master till the sough of life's stream grows faint, even as Tweed ceased on his own dying ear that September afternoon when, in the presence of his children, Sir Walter Scott breathed his last. I have always thought the sentence in which Lockhart brings the life story of his father in law to an end one of the most touching in literature, and even before Mr. Andrew Lang's finely sympathetic life of him, it went far to disprove to my mind the received idea of Lockhart as a cold and captious cynic. "It was a beautiful day"—thus he ends his long heroic tale—"so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt round the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

Walter Scott's faults—let another than I con them and set them in a book. I am too humble and loyal a clansman of his to do more than subscribe my allegiance to "the Master—right or wrong!" And I still cheat myself with the thought that some day I may chance to write a book which he, who found good in everything, might perhaps have read with a kindly smile and a tolerant eye.

S. R. Crockett.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE.

A NIGHTINGALE bent to a crimson rose,
And, whispering low in her ear,
Made her blush as red as the light that glows
In the east when the day is near.
Then back upon a bough he sprang,
And sweet and clear was the song he sang,
And higher and higher the love notes rang,
Till all the world could hear;
Then trilled as low as the winds that blow
In the midday of the year.

For he sang of love that cannot die,
This minstrel of the air;
Love tuned the notes of his melody,
And furnished a sonnet rare.
For love will live when the world is dead,
And lowly lies each maiden's head;
But never a word of this he said,
As he sang without a care.
But he sang of the now from the swinging bough,
Of the now, and his lady fair.

R. H. Beck.

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

V—GEORGE ROMNEY.

The gifted Georgian painter whose fame, long overshadowed by that of his great contemporary, Sir Joshua Reynolds, has had a remarkable revival in our own day—Romney's life and work, and his favorite model, the celebrated Lady Hamilton.

ALTHOUGH George Romney was the contemporary of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and painted almost, if not quite, as many of the great of the earth as the famous first president of the Royal Academy, his work was comparatively unknown until just fifty years ago, when the gift of the Vernon collection to the English nation brought the rare beauty of his work to general notice.

It was not until 1871 that any canvas of Romney's hung upon the walls of the Royal Academy; but it was only necessary to see one of Romney's beautiful portraits for the public to ask to see more, and year by year they were brought forward at exhibitions until his name has come to be ranked, even among the people to whom a name is all, and who have no artistic perceptions of their own, with the greatest portrait painters.

The comparative eclipse of Romney's fame was due to the fact that he was a very poor business man, and had absolutely no care for public recognition, and no idea of its value. He would not send his work to exhibitions; part of the time he would not even sign his pictures, and there are doubtless in many English houses works by this great painter which are unnoticed and unvalued. This is all the more peculiar, inasmuch as in their own day Romney and Sir Joshua Reynolds were rivals, and disputed the title to fashion. But the fact that Romney never exhibited kept the royal family away from him, and he had none of the tact and knowledge of the world which made Sir Joshua accepted everywhere both as a painter and as a man of social eminence. Reynolds had a thorough knowledge of the value of judicious advertisement, while Romney's private life was almost unknown.

Romney's father was a small farmer and cabinet maker in Dalton, on the coast of Cumberland, and the boy George, born there on the 15th of December, 1734, was expected to follow in his father's footsteps. As soon as he could hold the carving tools, he began to make fiddles for himself and his young friends, carving some of them so quaintly, and succeeding in making such a pleasant tone, that they are still preserved and valued.

It is interesting to know that Romney's attention was first directed toward drawing by an illustrated monthly magazine which was taken by one of his father's workmen. They were very crude engravings which the lad admired and copied over and over, but they served to show him that there was such an art. Some of these drawings fell into the hands of a Mr. Lewthwaite, who took the trouble to go to the boy's father and tell him that his son's talent for drawing should be cultivated. It was just at this time that a good natured woman named Gardiner asked him to draw her portrait. The result pleased her so much, and filled Romney's parents with such pride, that they bound him as an apprentice to a traveling painter named Steele.

Steele was a cheap, showy fellow, who really had had good training, and who might have been an accomplished artist had he been a man of principle or application. At first he made Romney into a drudge, giving him only the color grinding and canvas preparing to do; but this very work was the best that could have come to the boy. He learned every trick of color and combinations of color, and from the very first his pictures had a clear, beautiful sweetness of tone which time has proven lasting.

In this position young Romney made

MISS CLOSE.

From the painting by George Romney—Copyrighted, 1895, *by the British Art Publishers' Union, New York.*

"ARIADNE" (LADY HAMILTON).

From an engraving by H. T. Greenhead after the painting by George Romney.

no acquaintances which could be of any advantage to him. He fell in love with a servant named Mary Abbot, and when he was barely twenty two he married her. As he was still an apprentice, earning no wages, he was compelled to join his master on his wanderings and leave his young bride behind.

After his apprenticeship was over, he returned to Kendal, where his wife lived, and set himself up in business as a portrait painter, taking his younger brother as an assistant. His first picture was a sign for the Kendal post office, showing a hand holding a letter, which swung over the door for many a year. But it was not long before he found a patron in Mr. Walter Strickland, who not only sat for

his portrait, but gave Romney the best sort of lessons by allowing him to study and copy the fine old family portraits that hung in his own gallery. After this the country people began to bring in orders; but two guineas was considered a good price for one of young Romney's portraits, and he was not making money fast enough. Somewhere he had found some old Dutch prints, which he copied in oil, and composed other pictures in a similar style until he had a gallery. He then exhibited them in the Kendal town hall for a week, and raffled them off to ticket holders. Some of these pictures are still to be found, with direct histories from that day. Several of them are known as the "Shandian pieces," being illustrations from Laurence Sterne's famous book.

Romney had met Sterne while serving his apprenticeship with Steele, and the author of "Tristram Shandy," who was then vicar of Sutton, near York, took a great fancy to the young painter and his work, and probably suggested these illustrations, which were conceived with comic force. One of them represents *Dr. Slop*, splashed with dirt, ushered into *Obadiah's* parlor, where *Walter Shandy* and *Toby* were talking. Sterne is said to have taken the character of *Dr. Slop* from a local celebrity named Dr. Burton, and it is probable that Romney's picture is an actual portrait of this man.

Romney had sent one painting to London, where it had been favorably received, and with this encouragement, after five years in Kendal, he set off for the capital, to find richer patrons than Westmoreland afforded. It has been said by the slanderers that it was his deliberate intention to abandon his family, but this is rendered improbable by the fact that he continually wrote to his wife in the most affectionate way. He did leave her in Kendal with two little children—one of whom, a daughter, died shortly afterwards. It is altogether likely that he discovered that his wife would not be happy in London, and that her homely ways would be a tremendous disadvantage to his career. He has left a portrait of her at about twenty five. She looks like an ordinary English servant, with a dissatisfied countenance.

GEORGE ROMNEY.

Romney soon engaged the attention of the London artists by a large painting of "The Death of Wolfe," and orders began to come in. Each year taught him something new, and his chief desire now was to study the works of the foreign artists. He went to France, and was lucky enough to make the acquaintance of Joseph Vernet. Vernet, the founder of the famous family of painters, was at work on some commissions for Louis XV, and gave Romney access to the Orleans gallery, where he spent his entire holiday.

On his return to London he made the acquaintance of Richard Cumberland, son of the Bishop of Clonfert. Cumberland was a man of great taste and discrimination, and did much to help Romney. He spoke of the artist, at this time, as being "shy, private, studious, and contemplative, conscious of all the disad-

vantages of a stinted education, of aspen nerves that every breath could ruffle, at once in art the rival and in nature the very contrast of Sir Joshua. A man of few wants, strict economy, and with no dislike to money, he had opportunities enough to enrich him even to satiety; but he was at once so eager to begin and so slow to finish his portraits that he was forever disappointed of receiving payments for them by the casualties and revolutions in the families they were designed for. So many of his sitters were killed off, so many favorite ladies were dismissed, so many fond wives divorced, before he could bestow half an hour's pains upon their petticoats, that his unsalable stock was immense; whilst with a little more regularity and decision he would have more than doubled his fortune, and escaped an infinity of petty troubles that disturbed the temper."

"LADY HAMILTON AS A YOUNG GIRL."

From the painting by George Romney—Copyrighted, 1895, by the British Art Publishers' Union, New York.

Cumberland wrote poems about his friend which added to the reputation of both. Romney did a great many fancy pictures, about this time, for want of sitters, and painted a number of actresses. His "Mirth" and "Melancholy" belong to this period. In March, 1773, he was able to realize his dream of going to

"BEAUTY AND THE ARTS"—CAROLINE, VISCOUNTESS CLIFDEN, AND LADY ELIZABETH SPENCER.

From an engraving by H. T. Greenhead after the painting by George Romney.

MISS MARTINDALE.

From an engraving by R. Josey after the painting by George Romney.

Rome and Venice, where he spent two happy years and made many acquaintances, learning a thousand new views of his art.

Even at the height of his career Romney's prices were still small. For a head, his usual charge was thirty five guineas, and he never received more than a hundred and twenty pounds for the largest of his canvases. Not long ago, the Earl of Cathcart refused sixty thousand dollars for a Romney portrait of the Countess of Mansfield.

He painted many ladies as allegorical subjects, one of the accompanying engravings showing the Viscountess Clifden and Lady Elizabeth Spencer, afterward Countess of Pembroke, as "Beauty and the Arts." The latter was a reigning beauty. Walpole wrote of her: "Lady Pembroke alone, at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty."

It was in 1782 that Romney met Emma Hart, who was to become Lady Hamilton. It has been said that he saw her at a house where she was a servant, and, struck by her beauty, asked to paint her. The truth is that Charles Greville, son of Lord Brooke, brought her to Romney, and that she never left Greville's protection until he sent her to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, whose wife she became eventually. She was marvelously beautiful, and while she was with Greville he would allow her few distractions. One of these was having her portrait painted. Romney

"THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER."
From the painting by George Romney.

"NATURE" (LADY HAMILTON).
From the painting by George Romney.

first depicted her as "Nature," with a little dog in her arms, and this portrait was followed by many others, though it is a mistake to suppose that all the pictures which now bear the name of Lady Hamilton were painted from her. In every case she sat only for the head, the rest of the figure being painted from some other model. It has been stated that she became Romney's mistress, as well as the favorite theme of his brush; but though the allegation found many believers, both during the painter's life and since his death, it may be said positively that it had no basis in fact.

Toward the end of his career Romney's brain failed him, and he was obliged to give up work. Then he went back to his wife in Kendal, where he ended his days. He died at sixty eight.

THE CHRISTIAN.*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

JOHN STORM is the only son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, prime minister of England. The two noblemen are estranged through jealousy, both having loved John's mother. Lord Storm settles in a lonely house in the Isle of Man, where he brings up his son for public life, and is bitterly disappointed when the young man decides to enter the church, and obtains a curacy in London. Glory Quayle, an orphan, the granddaughter of old Parson Quayle of Glenfaba, travels to London in John Storm's charge, to become a hospital nurse. Her associations at the hospital cause much anxiety to the young clergyman, who has known her since her childhood. Polly Love, a fellow nurse, comes to grief through Lord Robert Ure, whose friend Drake proves to have been Glory's playmate years ago. The directors dismiss Polly, but ignore Lord Robert's complicity, in spite of John Storm's emphatic protest. Distressed at his apparent inability to accomplish any good in the environment in which he finds himself, Storm resigns and enters a brotherhood known as the Society of the Gethsemane.

On learning of John Storm's withdrawal from the world, Glory breaks the hospital rules in a fruitless attempt to see him, and is dismissed. Determined to earn her own living, she remains in London, and endeavors to get a footing on the stage. She finds the struggle a hard one, and encounters many rebuffs and humiliations. Finally Carl Koenig, an organist, recognizes her talent, takes her to his home, and with the assistance of Drake arranges for her appearance, under the name of "Gloria," at a prominent music hall, where she creates something of a furore.

Meanwhile John Storm has failed to find peace of mind in his retreat, and leaves the brotherhood. Finding a temporary home with Mrs. Callender, a rich and charitable Scotchwoman who knew him as a curate, almost his first thought is for Glory Quayle. Learning that she has left the hospital, he seeks out Drake, to inquire for her, but the latter refuses to give him any information. Undaunted, John Storm learns her whereabouts by writing to Glenfaba. Glory is overjoyed to see him again, and they spend the following day together in the country, where she narrates all her experiences since he entered the monastery. He demands that she shall give up her profession, but she indignantly refuses. When John Storm reaches his home that evening he learns that Lord Robert Ure has just wedded Mercy Mackray, an American heiress, and that Polly Love has committed suicide in the church during the ceremony.

XLVII.

GLORY sang that night with extraordinary vivacity and charm, and was called back again and again. Going home in the cab, she tried to live through the day afresh, every step, every act, every word, down to that triumphant "*I* will." Her thoughts swayed as with the swaying of the hansom, but sometimes the thunderous applause of the audience broke in, and then she had to remember where she had left off. She could feel that beating against her breast still and even smell the violets that grew by the pool. He had told her to give up everything, and when at length this occurred to her as a separate idea there was an exquisite thrill in the thought that perhaps some day she would annihilate herself and all her ambitions and—"who knows what then?"

This mood lasted until Monday morn-

Copyright, 1897, by Hall Caine.—This story began in the November, 1896, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

ing. She was sitting in her room dressing very slowly, and smiling at herself in the glass, when the Cockney maid came in with a newspaper which her master had sent up on account of a long report of the wedding. There were two long columns of the event of Saturday, and she read it in snatches between moments when other remembrances of that day stole in.

The church of All Saints was crowded by a fashionable congregation, among whom were many notable persons in the world of politics and society, including the father of the bridegroom, the Marquis of Shetland. An arch of palms crossed the nave at the entrance to the chancel, and festoons of rare flowers were suspended from the rails of the handsome screen. The altar and the table of the commandments were almost obscured by the wreaths of exotics that hung over them and the columns of the colonnade, the font, and offertory boxes were similarly buried in rich and lovely blossoms.

Thanks to an informal rehearsal some days before, the ceremony went off without a hitch. The officiating clergy were the Venerable Archdeacon Wealthy, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Josiah Golightly and other members of the numerous staff of All Saints'. The service, which was full choral, was under the able direction of the well known organist and choirmaster, Mr. Carl Koenig, F.R.C.O., and the choir consisted of twenty adult and forty boy voices. On the arrival of the bride a procession was formed at the west entrance and proceeded up to the chancel, singing "The voice that breath'd o'er Eden."

"Poor Polly!" thought Glory.

The bride wore a duchess satin gown, trimmed with chiffon and Brussels lace, and having a long train hung from the shoulders. Her tulle veil was fastened with a ruby brooch of twenty carats, and with sprays of real orange blossom sent specially from the Riviera; and her necklace consisted of a rope of graduated pearls fully a yard long, and understood to have belonged to the jewel case of Catherine of Russia. She carried a bouquet of flowers (the gift of the bridegroom) brought from Florida, the American home of her family. The bride's mother wore——

The bridesmaids were dressed——

Mr. Horatio Drake acted as best man——

Glory drew her breath as with a spasm, and threw down the newspaper. How blind she had been, how vain, how foolish! She had told John Storm that Drake was only a good friend to her, meaning him to understand that thus far she allowed him to go and no farther. But there was a whole realm of his life into which he did not ask her to enter. The "notable persons in politics and society," "the bridesmaids," these made up his real sphere, his serious scene. Other women were his friends, companions, equals, intimates, and when he stood in the eye of the world it was they who stood beside him. And she? She was his hobby. He came to her in his off hours. She filled up the under side of his life.

With a crushing sense of humiliation she was folding up the newspaper to send it down stairs, when her eye was arrested by a paragraph in small type in the corner headed "Shocking occurrence at a fashionable marriage."

"Oh, good gracious!" A glance had shown her what it was. It was a report of Polly's suicide.

At a fashionable marriage at a West End church on Saturday (no names) a young woman who had been sitting in the nave was seen to rise and attempt to step into the aisle, as if with the intention of crushing her way out, when she fell back in convulsions, and on being removed was found to be dead. Happily the attention of the congregation was at the moment directed to the bride and bridegroom, who were returning from the vestry with the bridal party behind them, and thus the painful incident made no sensation among the crowded congregation. The body was removed to the mortuary, and from subsequent inquiries it transpired that death had been due to poison, self administered, and that the deceased was Elizabeth Anne Love (24), of no occupation, but formerly a nurse—a circumstance which had enabled her to procure half a grain of *liquor strychniæ* on her own signature at a chemist's where she had been known.

"O God! O God!" Glory understood everything now. "'I've a great mind to go to All Saints' and shame them.' 'Oh, it isn't the police I'm afraid of.'" Polly's purpose was clear. She had intended to fall dead at the feet of the bride and bridegroom, and make them walk over her body. Poor, foolish, ineffectual Polly! Her very ghost must be ashamed of the failure of her revenge. Not a ripple of sensation on Saturday, and this morning only a few obscure lines in little letters!

Oh, it was hideous! The poor thing's vengeance was theatrical and paltry, but what of the man, wherever he was? What did he think of himself now, with his millions and his murder? Yes, his murder, for what else was it?

An hour later Glory was ringing the bell of a little house in St. John's Wood whereof the upper blinds were drawn. The grating of the garden door slid back, and an untidy head looked out

"Well, ma'am?"

"Don't you remember me, Liza?"

"Lawd, yes, miss!" and the door was opened; "but I was afeared you were one o' them reportin' people, and my orders is not to answer no questions."

"Has *he* been here, then?"

"Bless ye, no, miss! He's on his way to the Continents. But his friend has, and he's settled everything handsome—I will say that for the gentleman."

Glory felt her gall rising as she passed into the house; there was something degrading, almost disreputable, even in the loyalty of Drake's friendship.

"Fancy Liza not knowing you, miss, and me at the moosic 'all a Tuesday night! I 'ope you'll excuse the liberty, but I *did* laugh, and I won't say but I shed a few tears, too. Arranged? Yes, the jury and the coroner and everything. It's to be at twelve o'clock, so you may think I've 'ad my 'ands full. But you'll want to look at 'er, pore thing! Go up, miss, and mind yer 'ead; there's nobody but 'er friends with 'er."

The friends proved to be Betty Belmont and her dressing room companions. When Glory entered they showed no surprise. "The pore child told us all about you," said Betty, and the little one said, "It's your nyme that's caught on, dear. The minute I heard it I said, 'What a top line for a bill!'"

It was the same little bandbox of a bed room, only now it was darkened. Polly's troubles were over. There was a slightly convulsed look about the mouth, but the features were otherwise calm and child-like, for all the dead are innocent. It was impossible to forget they had been friends. Glory's tears fell on the upturned face, and Polly carried them with her.

The three women with demure faces were sipping Benedictine and talking among themselves, and Polly's pug dog was coiled up on the bare bolster and snoring audibly.

"Pore thing! I don't know how she could 'a done it. But there, that's the worst of this life. It's all in the present and leads to nothing, and ain't got no future." "What could the pore thing do? She wasn't so wonderful pretty; and then men like——" "She was str'ight with him, say what yer like. Only she ought to been more patienter, and she needn't 'a been so hard on the laidy, neither." "She had everything the heart could wish. Look at her rooms. I wonder who'll——"

Carriages were heard outside, and two or three men came in to do the last offices. Glory had turned her face away, but behind her the women were still talking. "What a lovely ring! I wish I had a keepsake to remember her by." "Well, and why not? She won't want——"

Glory felt as if she was choking, but Polly's pug dog had been awakened by the commotion and was beginning to howl, so she took up the little mourner and carried it out. An organ man somewhere near was playing "Sweet Marie."

The funeral was at Kensal Green, and the four girls were the only followers. The coroner's verdict being *felo de se*, the body was not taken into the chapel, but a clergyman met it at the gate and led the way to the grave. Walking with her head down and the dog under her arm, Glory had not seen him at first, but when he began with the tremendous words, "I am the resurrection and the life," she caught her breath and looked up. It was John Storm!

While they were in the carriage the clouds had been gathering, and now some spots of rain were falling. When the bearers had laid down their burden the spots were large and frequent, and all save one of the men turned and went back to the shelter of the porch. The three women looked at each other, and one of them muttered something about "the dead and the living," and then the little lady stole away. After a moment the tall one followed her, and from shame of being ashamed the third one went off also.

By this time the rain was falling in a sharp shower, and John Storm, who was bareheaded, had opened his book and begun to read: "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear sister here departed——"

Then he saw that Glory was alone by the grave side, and his voice faltered and almost failed him. It faltered again and he halted when he came to the "sure and certain hope," but after a moment it

quivered and filled out and seemed to say, "Which of us can sound the depths of God's design?" After the "maimed rites" were over John Storm went back to the church to remove his surplice, and when he returned to the grave Glory was gone.

She sang as usual at the music hall that night, but with a heavy heart. The difference communicated itself to the audience, and the unanimous applause which had greeted her before frayed off at length into separate hand claps. Crossing the stage to her dressing room she met Koenig, who came to conduct for her, and he said:

"Not quite yourself tonight, mein dear, eh?"

Going home in the hansom, Polly's dog coddled up with the old sympathy to the new mistress, and seemed to be making the best of things. The household was asleep, and Glory let herself in with a latchkey. Her cold supper was laid ready, and a letter was lying under the turned down lamp. It was from her grandfather, and had been written after church on Sunday night.

It is now so long—more than a year—since I saw my runaway and truant that, notwithstanding the protests of Aunt Anna and the forebodings of Aunt Rachel, I have determined to give my old legs a journey and my old eyes a treat. Therefore take warning that I intend to come up to London forthwith, that I may see the great city for the first time in my life, and—which is better—my little granddaughter among all her new friends and in the midst of her great prosperity.

At the foot of this there was a postscript from Aunt Rachel hastily scrawled in pencil:

Take no notice of this. He is far too weak to travel, and indeed he is really failing; but your letter, which reached us last night, has so troubled him ever since that he can't take rest for thinking of it, and——

It was the last straw. Before finishing the letter or taking off her hat Glory took up a telegraph form and wrote, "Postpone journey—am returning home tomorrow." Then she heard Koenig letting himself into the house, and going down stairs she said:

"Will you take this message to the telegraph office for me, please?"

"Vhy, of course I vill, and den ve'll have supper togeder—look!" and he laughed and opened a paper and drew out a string of sausages.

"Mr. Koenig," she said, "you were right. I was not myself tonight. I want a rest, and I propose to take one."

As Glory returned up stairs she heard stammerings, sputterings, and swearings behind her about managers, engagements, announcements, geniuses, children, and other matters. Back in her room she lay down on the floor with her face in her hands and sobbed.

Then Koenig appeared, panting and saying, "Dere! I knew vhat vould happen! Here's a pretty ting! And dat's vhy Mr. Drake told me to deny you to de man. De brute, de beast, de dirty son of a monk!"

But Glory had leapt up with eyes of fire and was crying, "How dare you, sir? Out of my room this instant!"

"Mein Gott! It's a divil!" Koenig was muttering like a servant as he went down stairs. He went out to the telegraph office and came back, and then Glory heard him frying his sausages on the dining room fire.

The night was far gone when she pushed aside her untouched supper, and wiping her eyes that she might see properly, sat down to write a letter:

DEAR JOHN STORM (monk, monster, or whatever it is!)—I trust it will be counted to me for righteousness that I am doing your bidding and giving up my profession—for the present.

> Between a woman's "yes" and "no,"
> There isn't room for a pin to go,

which is very foolish of her in this instance, considering that she is earning various pounds a night and has nothing but Providence to fall back upon. I have told my jailer I must have my liberty, and being a man of like passions with yourself, he has been busy blaspheming in the parlor down stairs. I trust virtue will be its own reward, for I dare say it is all I shall ever get. If I were Narcissus, I should fall in love with myself today, having shown an obedience to tyranny which is beautiful and worthy of the heroic age. But tomorrow morning I go back to the "oilan," and it will be so nice up there without anybody and all alone.

She was laughing softly to herself as she wrote, and catching her breath with a little sob at intervals.

A letter now and then is profitable to the soul of man—and woman—but you must not expect to hear from *me;* and as for you, though you *have* resurrected yourself, I suppose a tyrant of your opinions will continue the Benedictine rule which

compels you to hold your peace—and other things. I am engaged to breakfast with a nice girl named Glory Quayle tomorrow morning—that is to say, *this* morning—at Euston Station at a quarter to seven, but happily this letter won't reach you until 7.30, so I'll just escape interruption.

The house was still and the streets were quiet, not even a cab going along.

Good by! I've realized—a dog! It's a pug, and therefore, like somebody else, it always looks black at me; though I suspect its father married beneath him, for it talks a good deal and evidently hasn't been brought up in a brotherhood. Therefore, being a "female," I intend to call it Aunt Anna—except when the original is about. Aunt Anna has been hopping up and down the room at my heels for the last hour, evidently thinking that a rational woman would behave better if she went to bed. Perhaps I shall take a leaf out of your book and "comb her hair" when in the train tomorrow, that she may be prepared for the new sphere to which it has pleased Providence to call her.

Good by again! I see the lamps of Euston running after each other, only it's the *other* way this time. I find there is something that seizes you with a fiercer palpitation than coming *into* a great and wonderful city, and that is going out of one. Dear old London! After all, it has been very good to me. No one, it seems to me, loves it as much as I do. Only somebody thinks—well, never mind! Good by "for all."

GLORY.

At seven next morning, on the platform at Euston, Glory was standing with melancholy eyes at the door of a first class compartment, watching the people sauntering up and down, talking in groups and hurrying to and fro, when Drake stepped up to her. She did not ask what had brought him, she knew.

"You are doing quite right, my dear," he said in a cheerful voice. "Koenig telegraphed, and I came to see you off. Don't bother about the theater, leave everything to me; take a rest, and come back bright and well."

The locomotive whistled and began to pant, the smoke rose to the roof, the train started, and before Glory knew she was going she was gone.

Then Drake walked to his club and wrote this postscript to a letter to Lord Robert Ure at the Grand Hotel, Paris:

The parson has drawn first blood, and Gloria has gone home.

XLVIII.

ON the Sunday evening after Glory's departure, John Storm, with the bloodhound running by his side, made his way to Soho in search of the mother of Brother Andrew. He had come to a corner of a street where the walls of an ugly brick church ran up a narrow court, and turned into a still narrower lane at the back. The church had been for some time a disused one, and its façade was half covered with hoardings and plastered with placards: "Brighton and Back, three shillings," "*Lloyd's News*," "Coals, a shilling a hundredweight," and "Barclay's Sparkling Ales."

There was a tumult in the court and lane. In the midst of a close packed ring of excited people, chiefly foreigners, shouting in half the languages of Europe, a tall young Cockney, with bloated face and eyes aflame with drink, was writhing and wrestling and growling and cursing. Sometimes he escaped from the grasp of the man who held him, and then he flung himself against the closed door of a shop which stood opposite, with the three balls of the pawnbroker suspended above it. Somebody within the shop was bellowing for help. It was a woman's voice, and the louder she screamed the more violent were the man's efforts to beat down the door that stood between them.

As John Storm stood a moment looking on, some one on the street beside him said, "It's a d—— shyme." It was a man with a simple, feeble, ineffectual face and the appearance of a waiter. Seeing he had been overheard, the man stammered, "Beg parding, sir; but they may well say 'when the Devil can't come hisself 'e sends 'is brother Drink.'" Having said this, he began to move along, but stopped suddenly on seeing what the clergyman with the dog was doing.

John Storm was pushing his way through the crowd, and his black figure in that writhing ring of undersized foreigners looked big and commanding. "What's this?" he was saying in a husky voice that was loud and clear above the clamor. The shouting and swearing subsided, all save the bellowing from the inside of the shop, and the tumult straggled down in a moment to mutterings and gnashings and a broken and irregular silence.

Then somebody said, "It's nothink, sir." And somebody else said, "'E's

on'y drunk, and wantin' to pench 'is mother." But without listening to this explanation John Storm had laid hold of the young man by the collar and was dragging him, struggling and fuming, from the door.

"What's going on?" he demanded. "Will nobody speak?"

Then a perky young fellow—a poor, swaggering imitation of a man—came up out of the cellar of a house that stood next to the disused church, and a comely young woman carrying a baby followed close behind him. He had a gin bottle in his hands, and with a wink he said, "A christenin'—that's what's goin' on. 'Ave a kepple o' pen'orth of 'ollands, old gel?"

At this sally the crowd, recovering its audacity, laughed, and the drunken man began to say that he could "knock spots out of any bloomin' parson, en' no bloomin' errer."

But the young fellow with the gin bottle broke in again. "What's yer gime, mister? Preach the gawspel? Give us trecks? This is my funeral, down't ye know, and I'd jest like to hear."

The little foreigners were enjoying the parson baiting, and the drunken man's courage was rising to fever heat. "I'll give 'im one—two between the eyes if 'e touches me again!" Then he flung himself on the pawnshop like a battering ram, and the bellowing inside, which had subsided, burst out afresh, and finally the door was broken down.

Half a minute afterwards the crowd was making a wavering dance about the two men. "Look out, ducky," the young fellow shouted to John. The warning came too late—John went reeling backwards from a blow.

"Now, my lads, who says next?" cried the drunken ruffian. But before the words were out of his mouth there was a growl, a plunge, a snarl, and he was full length on the street with the bloodhound's muzzle at his throat.

The crowd shrieked and began to fly. Only one person seemed to remain. It was an elderly woman, with dry and straggling gray hair. She had come out of the pawnshop and thrown herself on the dog in an effort to rescue the man underneath, crying, "My son—oh, my son! It'll kill him! Tyke the beast away!"

John Storm called the dog off, and the man got up, unhurt, and nearly sober. But the woman continued to moan over the ruffian, and to assail John and his dog with bitter insults. "We want no truck with parsons 'ere," she shouted.

"Stow that, mother. It was my fault," said the sobered man, and then the woman began to cry. At the next minute John Storm was going with the mother and son into the shut up pawnshop, and the unhinged door was being propped up behind them.

The crowd was trailing and straggling off when he came out again half an hour afterwards, and the only commotion remaining was caused by a belated policeman asking, "Wot's bin the matter?" and by the young fellow with the gin bottle performing a step dance on the pavement before the entrance to the cellar. The old woman stood at her door, wiping her eyes on her apron, and her son was behind with a face that was now aflame from other causes than drink and rage.

"Good by, Mrs. Pincher; I may see you again soon."

Hearing this the young swaggerer stopped his step dancing and cried, "What cheer, mite? Was it a blowter and a cup of cawfy?"

"For shyme, Charlie!" cried the girl with the baby, and the young fellow answered, "Shut yer 'ead, Aggie!"

The waiter was still at the corner of the court, and when John came up he spoke again. "There must be some amoosement knockin' women abart, but I can't see it myself." Then in a simple way he began to talk about his "missis," and what a good creature she was, and finally announced himself "gyme" to help a parson "as stood up to that there drunken blowke for sake of a woman."

"What's your name?" said John.

"Jupe," said the man, and then something stirred in John's memory.

On the following day John Storm dined with his uncle at Downing Street. The prime minister was waiting in the library. In evening dress, with his back to the fireplace and his hands enlaced behind him, he looked even more thin and gaunt

than before. He welcomed John with a few familiar words and a smile. His smile was brief and difficult, like that which drags across the face of an invalid. Dinner was announced immediately, and the old man took the young one's arm as they passed into the dining room.

The paneled chamber looked cold and cheerless. It was lighted by a single lamp in the middle of the table. They took their seats at opposite sides. The minister's thin hair shone on his head like streaks of silver. John exercised a strong physical influence upon him, and all through the dinner his bleak face kept smiling.

"I ought to apologize for having nobody to meet you," he began, "but I had something to say—something to suggest—and I thought perhaps——"

John interrupted with affectionate protestations, and a tremor passed over the wrinkles about the old man's eyes.

"It is a great happiness to me, my dear boy, that you have turned your back on that brotherhood, but I presume you intend to adhere to the church?"

John intended to take priest's orders without delay, and then go on with his work as a clergyman.

"Just so, just so"—the long tapering fingers drummed on the table—"and I should like to do something to help you."

Then, sipping at his wine glass of water, the prime minister, in his slow, deep voice and official tone, began to detail his scheme. There was a bishopric vacant. It was only a colonial one—the bishopric of Colombo. The income was small, no more than seventeen hundred pounds, the work was not light, and there were eighty clergy. Then a colonial bishopric was not usually a stepping stone to preferment at home, yet still——

John interrupted again. "You are most kind, uncle, and always have been, but I am only looking forward to living the life of a poor priest, out of sight of the world and the church."

"Surely Colombo is sufficiently out of sight, my boy?"

"But I see no necessity to leave London, sir."

The prime minister glanced at him steadily, with the concentrated expression of a man who is accustomed to penetrate the thoughts and feelings of another.

"Why, then—why did you——"

"Why did I leave the monastery, uncle? Because I had come to see that the monastic system was based on a faulty ideal of Christianity, which has been tried for nineteen hundred years and failed. The theory of monasticism is that Christ died to redeem our carnal nature, and all we have to do is to believe and pray. But it is not enough that Christ died once. He must be dying always—every day—and in every one of us. God is calling on us in this age to seek a new social application of the Gospel, or, shall I say, to go back to the old one?"

"And that is——"

"To present Christ in practical life as the living Master and King and example, and to apply Christianity to the life of our own time."

The prime minister had not taken his eyes off him. "What does this mean?" he had asked himself, but he only smiled his difficult smile and began to talk lightly. If this creed applied to the individual it applies also to the state; but think of a cabinet conducting the affairs of a nation on the charming principles of "taking no thought for the morrow," and "loving your enemies," and "turning the other cheek," and "selling all and giving to the poor"!

John stuck to his guns. If the Christian religion could not be the ultimate authority to rule a Christian nation, it was only because we lacked faith and trusted too much to mechanical laws made by statesmen, rather than to moral laws made by Christ.

The prime minister continued to ask himself, "What is the key to this?" and to look at John as he would have looked at an abyss that had to be fathomed, but he only went on smiling and talking lightly. It was true we said a prayer and took an oath on the Bible in the houses of Parliament, but did anybody think for a moment that we intended to trust the nation to the charming romanticism of the politics of Jesus? As for the church, it was founded on acts of Parliament, its doctrines were directed by the lord chancellor, and its clergy were civil servants who went to levees, hung

on the edge of drawing rooms, and troubled the knocker of Number Ten, Downing Street. And as for Christ's laws—in this country they were interpreted by the privy council and were under the direct control of the state department. Still, it was a harmless superstition that we were a Christian nation. It helped to curb the masses, and if that was what John was thinking of——

John was hot all over, and his face had flushed up to the eyes. The prime minister paused and stopped.

"Tell me, my boy"—touching John's arm—"in what way would you propose to apply your new idea of Christianity?"

"My experiment would be made on a social basis, sir, and first of all in relation to woman."

The prime minister glanced stealthily across the table, passed his thin hand across his forehead, and thought, "So that's how it is!" But John was deep in his theme and saw nothing. The present position of woman was intolerable. On the well being of women, especially of working women, the whole welfare of society rested. Yet what was their condition? Think of it—their dependence on man, their temptations, their rewards, their punishment! Three halfpence an hour was the average wage of a working woman in England!—and that in the midst of riches, in the heart of luxury, and with one easy and seductive means of escape from poverty always open. Ruin lay in wait for them, and was beckoning them and enticing them in the shape of dancing houses and music halls and rich and selfish men.

"Not one man in a million, sir, would come through such an ordeal unharmed. And yet what do we do?—what does the church do for these brave creatures on whose virtue and heroism the welfare of the nation depends? If they fall, it cuts them off, and there is nothing before them but the streets, or crime, or the union, or suicide. And meanwhile it marries the men who have tempted them to the snug and sheltered darlings for whose wealth or rank or beauty they have been pushed aside. Oh, uncle, when I walk down Regent Street in the daytime I am angry, but when I walk down Regent Street at night I am ashamed. And then to think of the terrible solitude of London to working girls who want to live pure lives—the terrible spiritual loneliness——"

John's voice was breaking, but the prime minister had almost ceased to hear. Thinking he had realized the truth at last, his own youth seemed to be sitting before him, and he felt a deep pity.

"Coffee here or in the library, your lordship?" said the man at his elbow.

"The library," he answered, and taking John's arm again he returned to the other room. There was a fire burning now, and a book lay under the lamp on a little table, with a silver paper cutter through the middle to mark the page.

"How you remind me of your mother sometimes, John! That was just like her voice, do you know—just!"

Two hours afterwards he led John Storm down the long corridor to the hall. His bleak face looked moist and his deep voice had a slight tremor.

"Good night, my dear boy, and remember your money is always waiting for you. Until your Christian social state is established, you are only an *advocate* of socialism, and may fairly take it. If yours is the Christianity of the first century, it has to exist in the nineteenth, you know. You can't live by the air or fly without wings. Good night, and God bless you, in your people's church and Devil's Acre!"

John was flushed and excited. He had been talking of his plans, his hopes, his expectations. God would provide for him in this as in everything, and then God's priest ought to be God's poor. Meantime two gentlemen in plush waited for him at the door. One handed him his hat, the other his stick and gloves. He waved his adieux and passed out.

Then, with regular steps, and his hands behind him, the prime minister paced back through the quiet corridors. Returning to the library he took up his book and tried to read. It was a novel, but he could not attend to the incidents in other people's lives. From time to time he said to himself, "Poor boy! Will he find her? Will he save her?" One pathetic idea had fixed itself on his mind—John Storm's love of God was love of a woman, and she was fallen and wrecked and lost.

A fortnight later John wrote to Glory:

Fairly under way at last, dear Glory! Taken priest's orders, got the bishop's "license to officiate," and found myself a church. It is St. Mary Magdalene's, Crown Street, Soho, a district that has borne for three hundred years the name of the "Devil's Acre," bears it still, and still deserves it. The church is an old proprietary place, licensed, not consecrated, formerly belonging to Greek, or Italian, or French, or some other refugees, but long shut up and now much out of repair. Present owners, a company of Greek merchants, removed from Soho to the city, and being too poor (as trustees) to renovate the structure, they have forced me to get money for that purpose from my uncle, the prime minister. But the money is my own, apparently, my uncle having in my interest demanded from my father ten thousand pounds out of my mother's dowry, and got it. And now I am spending two thousand in the repair of my church buildings, notwithstanding the protests of the prime minister, who calls me "chaplain to the Greek Turks," and of Mrs. Callender, who has discovered that I am a "maudlin, sentimental, daft young spendthrift."

Have not waited for the workmen, though, to begin operations. Took first services last Sunday. No organist, no choir, no clerk, and next to no congregation. Just the church cleaner, a good, simple old soul named Pincher, her son, a reformed drunkard and pawnbroker, and another convert who is a club waiter. Nevertheless I went through the whole service, morning and evening, prayers, psalms, and sermon. God will be the more glorified.

Have started my new crusade on behalf of women, too, and made various processions of three persons through the streets of Soho. First, my pawnbroker, bearing the banner (a white cross, the object of various missiles); next, my waiter, carrying a little harmonium, and familiarly known as the "organ man," and finally myself in my cassock. Last mentioned proves to be a highly popular performance, being generally understood to be a man in a black petticoat. We have had the nightly accompaniment of a much larger procession, though, calling themselves the "Skellingtons," otherwise the "Skeletons," an army of low women and roughs who live vulture lives on this poor, soiled, grimy, forgotten world. Thank God, the ground of evil doers is in danger, and they know it!

Behind my church, in a dark, unwholesome alley called Crook Lane, we have a clergy house, at present let out in tenements, the cellar being occupied as a gin shop. As soon as these premises can be cleared of their incumbrances I shall turn them into a club for working girls. Why not? In the old days the church came to the people; let it come to the people now. Here we are in the midst of this mighty stronghold of the devil's kingdom of sin and crime. Foreign clubs, casinoes, dancing academies, and gambling houses are round about us. What are we to do? Put up a forest of props (as at the Abbey) and keep off touch and contamination? God forbid! Let us go down into these dens of moral disease and disinfect them. The poor working girls of Soho want their Sunday; give it them. They want music and singing; give it them. They want dancing; give them that also, for God's sake, give it them in your churches, or the devil will give it them in his hells!

Expect to be howled at, of course. Some good people will think I am either a fanatic or an artful schemer, while the clerical guinea pigs, who love the flesh pots of Egypt, and have their eyes on the thrones of the church and the world, will denounce my "secularity" and tell me I am feeding the "miry troughs" of the publican and sinner. No matter, if only God is pleased to vouchsafe "signs following." And one weary faced, lonely girl, grown fresh of countenance and happy of mien, or one bright little woman, snatched from the brink of perdition, will be a better bit of religion than some of them have seen for many a year.

As soon as the workmen have cleared out, I am going to establish daily service and keep the church open always. Still at Mrs. Callender's, you see; but I am refusing all invitations, except as a priest, and already I don't seem to have time to draw my breath. No income connected with St. Mary Magdalene's, or next to none; just enough to pay the caretaker; but I must not complain of that, for it is the accident to which I owe my church, nobody else wanting it under the circumstances. I had begun to think my time in the monastery wasted, but God knew better. It will help me (1) to live the life of poverty, (2) of purity, (3) of freedom from the world.

Love to the grandfather and the ladies. How I wish you were with me in the thick of the fight! Sometimes I dream you are, too, and I fancy I see you in the midst of these bright young things with their flowers and feathers—they will make beautiful Christians yet! Oddly enough, on the day you traveled to the island, every hour that took you farther away seemed to bring you nearer. Greetings!

LXIX.

GLENFABA, THE OILAN.

OH, gracious and grateful friend, at length you have remembered the existence of the "poor lone crittur" living in dead alive land! Only that I lack gall to make oppression bitter, I should of course return your belated epistle by the dead letter office, marked "Unknown" across your "Dear Glory," there being no longer anybody in these regions who has a plausible claim to that dubious title. But, alas! I am not my own woman now, and with tears of shame I acknowledge that *any* letter from London comes like an angel's whisper that is breathed to me through the air.

I dare say you have been unreasonable enough to think that I ought to have written to tell you of my arrival; and knowing that man is born to vanity as the sparks fly upwards, I have more than once intended to take pen in hand and write; but there is something so sleepy in this island atmosphere that my good resolution has hitherto been a still born babe that has breathed but never cried.

Know, then, that my journey hither was performed with due celerity and no further disaster than befalls me when, as usual, I have *done* those things which I ought not to have done, and left *undone* those things which I ought to have done—the former in this instance having reference to various bouts of crying—which drew forth the sympathy of a compassionate female sharper in the train—and the latter to the catch of my satchel, which enabled that obliging person to draw forth my embroidered pocket handkerchief in exchange.

I was in good time for the steamboat at Liverpool, and it was crowded, according to its wont, with the Lancashire lads and lasses, in whom affection is as contagious as the mumps. Being in the dumps myself on sailing out of the river, and thinking of the wild excitement with which I had sailed into it, I think I should have found that I had not *done* crying in both senses but for the interest of watching an amiable Bob Brierly, who, with his arm about the waist of the person sitting next to him, kept looking round at the rest of the world from time to time with the innocence of one whose left hand didn't know what his right hand was doing.

But we had hardly crossed the bar when the prince of the powers of the air began to envy the happiness of these dear young goodies, and if you had seen the weather for the next four hours you would have agreed that the devil must have had a hand in it! Up came a wave over the after quarter, and down went the passengers below decks, staggering and screaming like brewery rats, and then on we came like the Israelites out of Egypt on eagles' wings! Having lost my own sea legs a little, I thought it prudent to go down too, with my doggie tucked under my arm; and finding a berth in the ladies' cabin, I fell asleep and didn't awake until we were on the cross current just off the island, when, amid moans and groans and other noises, I heard the tearful voice of a sick passenger asking, "Is there any hope, stewardess?"

The train got to Peel as the sun was setting behind the grim old castle walls. When I saw the dear little town again I dropped half a tear, and even felt an insane desire to run out and meet it. Grandfather was at the station with old Cæsar and the pony carriage, and when I had done kissing him, and he had done panting and puffing and talking nonsense, as if I had been Queen Victoria and the Empress of the French rolled into one, I could have cried to see how small and feeble he had become since I went away. We could not get off immediately, for in his simple joy at my return he was hailing everybody, and everybody was hailing him, and the dear old Pharisee was sounding his trumpet so often in the market place, that he might have glory of men, that I thought we should never get up to Glenfaba that night. When we did so at length, the old aunties were waiting at the gate, and then he broke into exclamations again. "Hasn't she grown tall? Look at her! Hasn't she now?" Whereupon the aunties took up their parable with, "Well, well! Aw, well! Aw, well now! Well, ye navar!" So that by the time I got through I had kissed everybody a dozen times, and was as red over the eyes as a grouse.

Then we went into the house, and for the first five minutes I couldn't tell what had come over the old place to make it look so small and mean. It was just as if the walls of the rooms had been the bellows of a concertina and somebody had suddenly shut them. But there was the long clock clucking away on the landing, and there was Sir Thomas Traddles purring away on the hearth rug, and there were the same plates on the dresser, and the same map of Africa over the fireplace, painted red where my father died.

The moon was glistening on the sea when I went to bed that night, and when I got up in the morning the sun was shining on it, and a crow cut across my window cawing, and I heard grandfather humming to himself on the path below. And after my long spell in London, and my railway journey of the day before, it was the same as if I had fallen asleep in a gale on the high seas and awakened in some quiet harbor.

So here I am, back at Glenfaba, in my old little room with my old little bed, and everything exactly as it used to be; and I begin to believe that when you went into that monastery you only just got the start of me in being dead. There used to be a few people in this place, but now there doesn't seem to be a dog left. All the youngsters have "gone foreign," and all the oldsters have gone to "goodness knows which." Sometimes we hear the bleat of sheep on the mountains, and sometimes the scream of seagulls overhead, and sometimes we hold a convocation of all living rooks in the elms on the lawn. We take no thought for the morrow, what we shall eat or what we shall put on, and on Sundays, when the church bell rings, we go out, like the Israelites in the wilderness, in clothes which wax not old after forty years, though they may be a little out of fashion. During the rest of the week we watch the bluebottles knocking their heads stupid against the ceiling, and listen to the grasshoppers whispering in the grass, and fall asleep to the hum of the bees, and awake to the *heehaw* of old Neilus' "canary."* Such is the dead alive life we live at Glenfaba, and the days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if——ohoy! (A yawn.)

I suppose it is basely ungrateful of me to talk like this, for the dear place itself is lovely enough to disturb one's hope of paradise, and this very morning is as fresh as the dew on the grass, with the larks singing above, and the river singing below, and clouds like little curls of foam hovering over the sea. And as for my three dear old dunces, who love me so much more than I deserve, I am ashamed in my soul when I overhear them planning good things for me to eat, and wild excitements for me to revel in, that I may not be dull or miss the luxuries I am accustomed to. "Do you know I'm afraid Glory doesn't care so much for pinjane after all," I heard grandfather whispering to Aunt Anna one morning, and half an hour afterwards he was reproving Aunt Rachel for pressing me too hard to serve at the soup kitchen.

*Donkey.

They govern me like a child in pinafores, and of course, like a child, I revenge myself by governing all the house. But, oh dear, oh dear! Gone are the days when I could live on water gruel and be happy in a go cart. Yes, the change is in me, not in them or in the old home, and what's the good of turning back the clock when the sun is so stubbornly keeping pace? I might be happy enough at Glenfaba still, if I could only bring back the days when the garden trees were my gymnasium, and I used to rock myself and sing like a bird on a bough in the wind, or when I led a band of boys to rob our own orchard—a bold deed, for which Bishop Anna ofttimes launched at me and at all her suffragans her severest censure—it was her slipper, I remember. But I can't run barefoot all day long on the wet sand now, with the salt spray blowing in my face, and a young lady of one and twenty seldom or never rushes out to play dumps and baggymug in public with little girls of ten.

As a result, my former adventures are now limited to careering on the back of little Cæsar, who has grown so ancient and so fat that he waddles like an old duck, and riding him is like working your passage. So I confine myself to sitting on committees, and being sometimes sat upon, and rubbing the runes for grandfather, and cleaning the milk pails for Aunt Anna, and even such holy killtimes as going to church regularly and watching Neilus when he is passing round the plate after "Let your light so shine before men"—light, to his practical intellect, being clearly a synonym for silver in the shape of threepenny bits!

But, oh my, oh my! I am a dark character in this place, for all that. The dear old goodies have never yet said a syllable about my letter announcing that I had gone over to the enemy (*i. e.*, Satan and the music hall), and there is a dead hush in the house as often as the wind of conversation veers round in that direction. This is nothing, though, to the white awe in the air when visitors call and I am questioned as to how I earn my living in London. I hardly know whether to laugh or cry at the long drawn breath of relief when I wriggle out of a tight place without telling a lie. But you can't hide an eel in a sack, and I know the truth will pop out one of these days. Only yesterday I went district visiting with Aunt Rachel, and one of the Balaams of life, who keeps a tavern for fishermen, lured us into his bar parlor to look at a portrait of "Gloria" which he had cut out of an illustrated paper and pinned up on the wall "because it resembled me so much!" Oh dear, oh dear! I could have found it in my heart to brazen it out on the spot at this sight of my evil fame, but when I saw poor little auntie watching me with fearful eyes I talked away like a mill wheel and went out thanking God that the rest of the people of Peel were not as other men are, or even as this publican.

I have been getting newspapers myself, though, sent by my friend Rosa; and as long as the misreporters concerned themselves with my own doings and failures to do, and lied as tenderly as an epitaph about my disappearance from London, I cut them up and burnt them. But when they forgot me, and began to treat of other people's triumphs, I made Neilus my waste paper basket, on the understanding that the papers were to go to the fishermen just home from Kinsale. Then from time to time he told me they were "goin' round, miss, goin' round," and gave me other assurances of "the greatest circulation in the world," which was true enough, certainly, though the old thief omitted to say it was at the paper mill, where they were being turned into pulp.

But heigho! I don't need newspapers to remind me of London. Like St. Paul, I have a devil that beats me with fists, and as often as a clear day comes, and one can see things a long way off, he makes me climb to the top of Slieu Whallin * that I may sit on the beacon by the hour and strain my eyes for a glimpse of England, feeling like Lot's wife when she looked back on her old home, and then coming down with a heavy heart and a taste of tears in my mouth, as if I had been turned into a pillar of salt. Dear old London! But I suppose it is going on its way just as it used to do, with its tides of traffic and its crowds and carriages, and wandering merchants and hawkers crying their wares, and everything the same as ever, just the same, although Glory isn't there!

10.30 P.M.—I had to interrupt the writing of my letter this morning owing to an alarm of illness seizing grandfather. He had been taken with a sudden faintness. Of course we sent for the doctor, but before he arrived the faintness had passed; so he looked wise at us, like a prize riddle which had to be guessed before his next visit, left us his autograph (a wonderful hieroglyphic) and went away. Since then grandfather has been in the hands of a less taciturn practitioner, whom he calls the "flower of Glenfaba" (that's me), and after talking nonsense to him all day and playing chess with him all night, I have put him to bed laughing, and come back to my own room to finish my letter with an easier mind. For the last half hour the aurora has been pulsing in the northern sky, and I have been thinking that the glorious phantasmagoria must be the sign of a gale in heaven, just as sleet and mist and black winds are the signs of a gale on earth. But it has tripped off into nothingness, and only the dark night is left, through which the dogs at Knockaloe are keeping up their private correspondence with the dogs at Ballamoar by the medium of their nightly howls.

Oh dear! Only 10.30! And to know that while we are going to bed by country hours, with nearly everything still and dead around us, London is just beginning to bestir itself! When I lie down and try to sleep I shall see the wide squares, with their statues of somebody inside, and the blaze of lights over the doors of the theaters, and all the tingling life of the great and wonderful city. Ugh! It makes one feel like one's own ghost wandering through the upper rooms and across the dark landings, and hearing the strains of the music and the sounds of the dancing from the ball room below stairs!

I "wish you happy" in your new enterprise;

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*A mountain in Man.

but if you are going in for being the champion of woman in this world—of her wrongs—I warn you not to be too pointed in your moral, for there is a story here of a handsome young curate who was so particular in the pulpit with "Lovest thou me?" that a lady followed him into the vestry and admitted that she did. Soberly, it is a great and noble effort, and I've half a mind to love you for it. If men want women to be good they *will* be good, for women dance to the tune that men like best, and always have done so since the days of Adam—not forgetting that gentleman's temptation, nor yet his excuse about "the woman *Thou gavest* me," which shows he wasn't much of a husband, any way, though certainly he hadn't much choice of a wife.

My love to dear old London! Sometimes I have half a mind to skip off and do my wooing myself. Perhaps I should do so, only that Rosa writes that she would like to come and spend her summer holiday in Peel. Haven't I told you about Rosa? She's the lady journalist that Mr. Drake introduced me to.

But let's to bed,
Said Sleepyhead.

GLORY.

P.S.—Important. Ever since I left London I have been tormented with the recollection of poor Polly's baby. She put him out to nurse with the Mrs. Jupe you heard of, and that person put him out to somebody else. While the mother lived I had no business to interfere, but I can't help thinking of the motherless mite now, and wondering what has become of him. I suppose that, like Jeshurun, he waxeth fat and kicketh by this time, yet it would be the act of a man and a clergyman if anybody would take up my neglected duty and make it his business to see that there is somebody to love the poor child. Mrs. Jupe's address is 5a, Little Turnstile, going from Holborn into Lincoln's Inn Fields.

L.

IT was on a Saturday morning that John Storm received Glory's letter, and on the evening of the same day he set out in search of Mrs. Jupe's. The place was not easy to find, and when he discovered it at length he felt a pang at the thought that Glory herself had lived in this dingy burrowing. As he was going up to the door of the little tobacco shop a raucous voice within was saying, "That's what's doo on the byby, and till you can py up you needn't be a-kemmin' 'ere no more."

At the next moment a young woman crossed him on the threshold. She was a little slender thing, looking like a flower that has been broken by the wet. He recognized her as the girl who had nursed the baby in Crook Lane on the day of his first visit to Soho. She had been crying, and to hide her swollen eyes she dropped her head at passing, and he saw her faded ribbons and soiled straw hat.

A woman of middle age behind the counter was courtesying to his clerical attire, and a little girl at the door of an inner room was looking at him out of the corner of her eyes, with head aslant.

"Father Storm, I think, sir. Come in and set you down, sir. Mind the shop, Booboo. My 'usband 'as told me about ye, sir. 'You'll know 'im at onct, Lidjer,' 'e sez, siz 'e. No, 'e ain't 'ome from the club yet, but 'e might be a-kemmin' in any time now, sir."

John Storm had seated himself in the little dark parlor, and was looking round and thinking of Glory. "No matter; my business is with you, Mrs. Jupe," he answered, and at that the twinkling eyes and fat cheeks, which had been doing their best to smile, took on a look of fear.

"Wot's the metter?" she asked, and she closed the door to the shop.

"Nothing, I trust, my good woman," and then he explained his errand.

Mrs. Jupe listened attentively, and seemed to be asking herself who had sent him.

"The poor young mother is dead now, as you may know, and——"

"But the father ain't," said the woman sharply, "and, begging your parding, sir, if 'e wants ter know where the byby is 'e can come 'isself and not send sembody else!"

"If the child is well, my good woman, and well cared for——"

"It *is* well keared for, and it's gorn to a pusson I can trust."

"Then what have you got to conceal? Tell me where it is, and——"

"Not me! If it's 'is child, and 'e wants it, let 'im py for it, and interest ep ter dite. Them swells is too fond of gettin' parsons to pull their chestnuts out o' the fire."

"If you suppose I am here in the interests of the father, you are mistaken, I do assure you."

"Ow, you do, do yer?"

Matters had reached this pass when the door opened and Mr. Jupe came in. Off went his hat with a respectful salutation, but seeing the cloud on his wife's face, he

abridged his greeting. The woman's apron was at her eyes in an instant.

"Wot's goin' on?" he asked. John Storm tried to explain, but the woman contented herself with crying.

"Well, it's like this, don'tcher see, father. My missis is that fond of childring, and it brikes 'er 'eart——"

Was the man a fool or a hypocrite?

"Mr. Jupe," said John, rising, "I'm afraid your wife has been carrying on an improper and illegal business."

"Now stow thet, sir," said the man, wagging his head. "I respects the Reverend Jawn Storm a good deal, but I respects Mrs. Lidjer Jupe a good deal more, and when it comes to improper and illegal biziniss——"

"Don't mind 'im, 'Enery," said the wife, now weeping audibly.

"And don't you tyke on so, Lidjer," said the husband, and they looked as if they were about to embrace.

John Storm could stand no more. Going down the court he was thinking with a pang of Glory—that she had lived months in the atmosphere of that impostor—when somebody touched his arm in the darkness. It was the girl. She was still crying.

"I reckerlec' seeing you in Crook Lane, sir, the day we christened my baby, and I waited, thinking p'raps you could help me."

"Come this way," said John, and walking by his side along the blank wall of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the girl told her story. She lived in one room of the clergy house at the back of his church. Having to earn her living, she had answered an advertisement in a Sunday paper, and Mrs. Jupe had taken her baby to nurse. It was true she had given up all claim to the child, but she could not help going to see it—the little one's ways were so engaging. Then she found that Mrs. Jupe had let it out to somebody else. Only for her "friend," she might never have heard of it again. He had found it by accident at a house in Westminster. It was a fearful place, where men went for gambling. The man who kept it had just been released from eighteen months' imprisonment, and the wife had taken to nursing while the husband was in prison. She was a frightful woman, and he was a shocking man, and "they knocked the children about cruel." The neighbors heard screams and slaps and moans, and they were always crying "Shame!" She had wanted to take her own baby away, but the woman would not give it up because there were three weeks' board owing, and she could not pay.

"Could you take me to this house, my child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then come round to the church after service tomorrow night."

The girl's tearful face glistened like April sunshine.

"And will you help me to get my little girl? Oh, how good you are! Everybody is saying what a father it is that's come to——" She stopped, then said quite soberly, "I'll get somebody to lend me a shawl to bring 'er 'ome in. People say they pawn everything, and perhaps the beautiful white pelisse I bought for 'er—oh, I'll never let 'er out of my sight again, never!"

"What is your name, my girl?"

"Agatha Jones," the girl answered.

It was nearly eleven o'clock on Sunday night before they were ready to start out on their errand. Meantime Aggie had done two turns at the foreign clubs, and John Storm had led a procession through Crown Street and been knocked down by a missile thrown by a "Skeleton," whom he declined to charge. At the corner of the alley he stopped to ask Mrs. Pincher to wait up for him, and the girl's large eyes caught sight of the patch of plaster above his temple.

"Are you sure you want to go, sir?" she said.

"There's no time to lose," he answered. The bloodhound was with him; he had sent home for it since the attempted riot.

As they walked towards Westminster she told him where she had been, and what money she had earned. It was ten shillings, and that would buy so many things for baby.

"Tomorrow I'll get a cot for her—one of those wicker ones; iron is so expensive. She'll want a pair o' socks, too, and by and bye she'll 'ave to be shortened."

But John Storm was thinking of Glory.

He seemed to be retreading the steps of her life in London. The dog kept close at his heels.

"She'll 'a bin a month away now, a month tomorrow. I wonder if she's grow'd much—I wonder! It's wrong o' people letting their childring go away from them. I'll never go out at nights again—not if I 'ave to tyke in sewin' for the slop shops. See this?" laughing nervously, and showing a shawl that hung on her arm. "It's to bring 'er 'ome in—the nights is so chill for a byby."

John's heart was heavy at sight of these little preparations, but the young mother's face was radiant.

As they went by the Abbey, under its forest of scaffolding, and, walking towards Millbank, dipped into the slums that lie in the shadow of the dark prison, they passed soldiers from the neighboring barracks going arm in arm with girls, and this made Aggie talk of her "friend," and cry a little, saying it was a week since she had seen him, and she was afraid he must have 'listed. She knew he was rude to people sometimes, and she asked pardon for him, but he wasn't such a bad boy after all, and he never knocked you about except when he was drinking.

The house they were going to was in Angel Court, and having its door only to the front, it was partly sheltered from observation. A group of women with their aprons over their heads stood talking in whispers at the corner. One of them recognized Aggie, and asked if she had got her child yet; whereupon John stopped and made some inquiries. The goings on at the house were scandalous. The men who went to it were the lowest of the low, and there was scarcely one of them who hadn't "done time." The man's name was Sharkey, and his wife was as bad as he was. She insured the children at seven pounds apiece, and "Lord love ye, sir, at that price the poor things is worth more dead nor alive!"

Aggie's face was becoming white, and she was touching John Storm's elbow as if pleading with him to come away, but he asked further questions. Yes, there were several children. A twelve months' baby, a boy, was fretful with his teething, and on Sunday nights, when the woman was wanted down stairs, she just put the poor darling to bed and locked the room. If you lived next you could hear his crying through the wall.

"Agatha," said John, as they stepped up to the door, "get us into this house as best you can, then leave the rest to me. Cæsar, lie close."

Agatha tapped at the door. A little slide in it was run back, and a voice said, "Who's there?"

"Aggie," the girl answered.

"Who's that with you?"

"A friend of Charlie's," and then the door was opened.

John crossed the threshold first, the dog followed him, the girl entered last. When the door had closed behind them, the doorkeeper, a young man holding a candle in his hand, was staring at John with his whole face open.

"Hush! Not a word! Cæsar, watch that man!"

The young man looked at the dog and turned pale.

"Where is Mrs. Sharkey?"

"Down stairs, sir."

There were sounds of men's voices from below, and from above there came the convulsive sobs of a child, deadened as by a door between.

"Give me your candle."

The man gave it.

"Don't speak or stir, or else——"

John glanced at the dog, and the man trembled.

"Come up stairs, child;" and the girl followed him to the upper floor.

On reaching the room in which the baby was crying they tried the door. It was locked. John attempted to force it, but it would not yield. The child's sobs were dying down to a sleepy moan.

Another room stood open, and they went in. It was the living room. A kettle on the fire was singing and puffing steam. There was no sign of a key anywhere. Only a table, some chairs, a disordered sofa, certain sporting newspapers lying about, and a few pictures on the walls. Some of the pictures were of racehorses, but all the rest were memorial cards, and one bore the text, "He shall gather them in His arms." Aggie was shuddering as

with cold, being chilled by some unknown fear.

"We must go down to the cellar—there's no help for it," said John.

The man in the hall had not spoken or stirred. He was still gazing in terror on the bloodshot eyes looking out of the darkness. John gave the candle to the girl, and he began to go noiselessly down stairs. There was not a movement in the house now. Big Ben was striking. It was twelve o'clock.

At the next moment John Storm was midway down, and had full view of the den. It was a washing cellar, with a coal vault going out of it under the street. Some fifteen or twenty men, chiefly foreigners, were gathered about a large table covered with green baize, on which a small lamp was burning. A few of the men were seated on chairs ranged about, the others were standing at the back in rows of two deep. They were gambling. The game was faro. Rows of lucifer matches were laid on the table, half crowns were staked on them, and cards were cut and dealt. Except the banker, a middle aged man with the wild eye of the hard spirit drinker, everybody had his face turned away from the cellar stairs.

They did not smoke or drink, and they only spoke to one another when the stakes were being received or paid. Then they quarreled and swore in English. After that there was a chilling and hideous silence, as if something awful were about to occur. The lamp cast a strong light on the table, but the rest of the room was darkened by patches of shadow.

The coal vault had been turned into a drinking bar, and behind the counter there was a well stocked stillage. In the depths of its shade a woman sat knitting. She had a gross red and white face, and in the arch above there was the iron grid in the pavement. Somebody on the street walked over it, and there was a sound as of soil falling on a coffin.

John Storm was not afraid, but a certain tremor passed over him on finding himself in this subterranean lurking place of men who were as beasts. He stood a full minute unseen. Then he heard the woman say in a low hiss, "Cat's mee-e-et!" and he knew he had been observed. The men turned and looked at him, not suddenly, or all at once, but furtively, cautiously, slowly. The banker crouched at the table with an astonished face and tried to smuggle the cards out of sight.

John stood calmly, his whole figure displayed courage and confidence. The group of men broke up. "He got the 'coppers,'" said one. Nobody else spoke, and they began to melt away. They disappeared through a door at the back which led into a yard, for, like rats, the human vermin always have a second way out of their holes.

In half a minute the cellar was nearly empty. Only the banker and the woman and one young man remained. The young man was Charlie.

"What cheer, mite?" he said with an air of unconcern. "Is it trecks ye want, sir? Here ye are then," and he threw a pack of cards at John's feet.

"It's that gel o' yawn that's done this," said the woman.

"So it's a got up thing, is it?" said Charlie, and stepping to the counter, he took up a drinking glass, broke it at the rim, and holding its jagged edges outwards, turned to use it as a weapon. At the same moment the other man whispered to the woman, and she handed him a knife.

John Storm had not yet spoken, but a magnetic instinct warned him. He whistled, and the dog bounded down. The young man threw his broken glass on the floor and cried to the keeper of the house, "Don't stir, you! First you know, the beast will be at yer throat!"

Hearing Charlie's voice, Aggie was creeping down the stairs. "Charlie!" she cried. Charlie threw open his coat, stuck his fingers in the armholes of his waistcoat, said in a voice of hatred, passion, and rage, "Go and pawn yourself!" and then swaggered out at the back door. The keeper made show of following, but John Storm called on him to stop. The man looked at the dog and obeyed.

"Wot d'ye want o' me?" he said.

"I want this girl's baby. That's the first thing I want. I'll tell you the rest afterwards."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" The man's grimace was frightful.

"It's gone, sir. We've lost it," said the woman, with a hideous expression.

"That story will not pass with me, my good woman. Go up stairs and unlock the door! You too, my man—go on!"

A minute later they were in the bed room above. Three neglected children lay asleep on bundles of rags. One of twelve months old was in a wicker cradle, one of three years was in a wooden cot, and a younger child was in a bed. Aggie had come up behind, and stood by the door trembling and weeping.

"Now, my girl, find your baby," said John, and the young mother hurried with eager eyes from the cradle to the cot and from the cot to the bed.

"Yes, here it is," she cried. "No—oh no, no!" and she began to wring her hands.

"Told yer so," said the woman, and with a wicked grin she pointed to a memorial card which hung on the wall.

Aggie's child was dead and buried. Diarrhœa. The doctor at the dispensary had given a certificate of death, and Charlie had shared the insurance money. He had been drunk ever since.

The poor girl was stunned. She was no longer crying. "Oh, oh, oh! What shall I do?" she said.

"Whose child is this?" said John, standing over the wicker cradle. The little sufferer from swollen and inflamed gums had sobbed itself to sleep.

"A real lydy's," said the woman. "Mrs. Jupe told us to tyke great kear of it. The father is Lord something."

"My poor girl," said John, turning to Aggie, "could you carry this child home for me?"

"Oh, oh, oh!" said the girl, but she wrapped the shawl about the child and lifted it up sleeping.

"Now you down't!" said the man, putting himself on guard before the door. "That child is worth 'undrids of pounds to me, and——"

"Stand back, you brute!" said John, and with the girl and her burden he passed out of the house.

The front door stood open and the neighborhood had been raised. Trollopy women in their under petticoats, and with their hair hanging about their necks, were gathered at the end of the court. Aggie was crying again, and John pushed through the crowd without speaking.

They went back by the Broad Sanctuary, where a solitary policeman was pacing to and fro on the echoing pavement. Big Ben was chiming the half hour after midnight. The child coughed like a sheep constantly, and Aggie kept saying, "Oh, oh, oh!"

Mrs. Pincher, in her widow's cap and white apron, was waiting up for them, and John committed the child to her keeping. Then he said to Aggie, who was turning away, "My poor child, you have suffered deeply, but if you will leave this man I will help you to begin life again, and if you want some money I will find it."

"Well, he *is* a father and no mistake!" said Mrs. Pincher, but the girl only answered in a hopeless voice, "I don't want no money, and I don't want to begin life again."

Before going to bed that night John Storm wrote to Glory:

Hurrah! Have got poor Polly's baby, so you may set your heart at ease about it. All the days of my life I have been thought to be a dreamer, but it is surprising what a man can do when he sets to work for somebody else! Your former landlady turns out to be the wife of my "organ man," and it was pitiful to see the dear old simpleton's devotion to his bogus little baggage. I have lost him, of course.

But Polly's baby is safely lodged with Mrs. Pincher, a dear old grandmotherly soul who will love it like her own, and all the way home I have been making up my mind to start baby farming myself on fresh lines. He who wrongs the child commits a crime against the state. However low a woman has fallen she is a subject of the crown, and if she is a mother she is the crown's creditor. These are my first principles; the application will come anon. Meantime you have given me a new career, a glorious mission! Thank God and Glory Quayle for it forever and ever! Then—who knows?—perhaps you will come back and take it up yourself some day.

Oh, life is wonderful! But I feel afraid that I shall wake up—perhaps in the streets somewhere—and find I have been dreaming. Deeply grieved to hear of the grandfather's attack. Trust it has passed. But if not, certain I am that all is well with him and that he is stayed only on God.

Hope you are well and plodding through this wilderness in comfort, avoiding the thorns as well as you can. Glenfaba may be dull, but you do well to keep out of the whirlpool of London for the present. Yours is a snug spot, and when storms are blowing even the seagulls shelter about your house, I remember.

(*To be continued.*) on page 883

THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

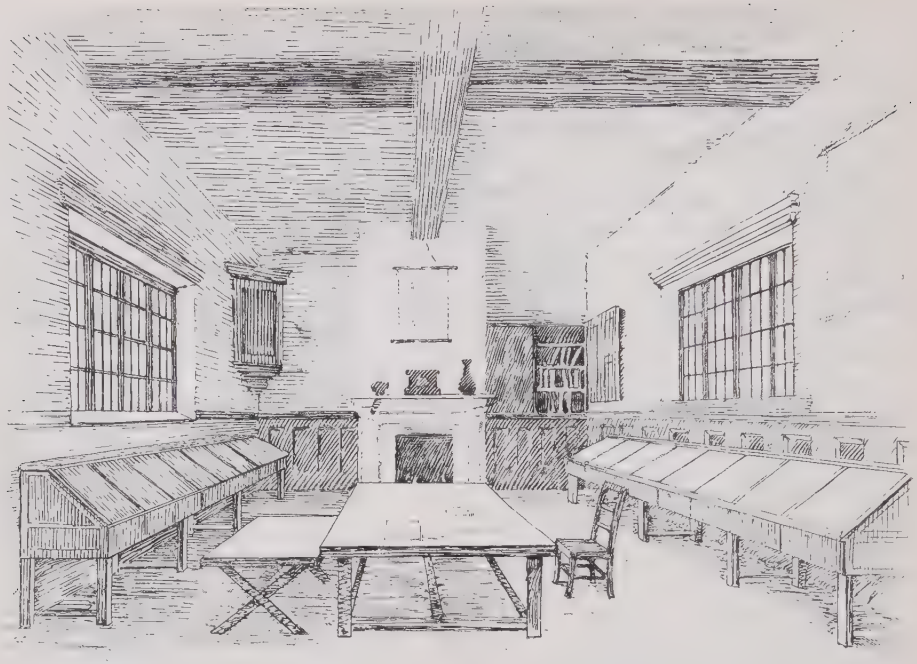
The country scenes among which England's greatest woman novelist spent her early years, and which she pictured in her famous books—The home life of one of the most remarkable figures in the literary history of this century.

THE year 1859 was a memorable one to the reading and thinking world. Within a few months of each other, Darwin's "Origin of Species" and the anonymous "Adam Bede" were given to the public. Both books created the profoundest sensations instantly. Within a month after the appearance of "Adam Bede," a speaker in the House of Commons was quoting *Mrs. Poyser's* "It wants to be hatched over and hatched different," and all England recognized its source.

SOUTH FARM, ARBURY PARK, THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE ELIOT.

Here was a woman of forty who produced a masterpiece at almost her first attempt. But few novelists, if any, ever came to their task with such a background of culture, such an intellectual grasp not only of theories, but of life itself, and such a womanly sympathy. She had already made her marriage—for as such they both regarded it—with George Henry Lewes, and it was in part due to his influence that the book was written. It was in 1856, when she had begun to write the "Scenes from Clerical Life," that she told Lewes how her Aunt Samuel, who was a devout Methodist and the original of *Dinah*, had told her of an experience of her own; how she had visited a condemned criminal, a young girl who had murdered her child and refused to confess; how she had prayed with her through all the night before the execution, until at last the hard heart was moved, and the poor creature broke out into sobs and told her story; and how she had gone with her, the next day, to the scaffold. It was at Lewes' advice that this material was made into a novel.

Doubtless, had it not been for him, the book would never have been written; but



THE SCHOOL ROOM AT THE ELMS, NUNEATON.
Here George Eliot received her early education.

we cannot but think that had Mrs. Lewes been left to herself in the development of the plot, the cheap claptrap of the reprieve would never have entered into the story, which would have gone on to its terrible, logical conclusion, and we should have had one of the strongest scenes ever put into literature. Nor would George Eliot, left to herself, have given *Adam* the commonplace consolation of a happy home with *Dinah* at the end.

The life which led up to "Adam Bede" was a most interesting one, for Mary Ann Evans had one of those strongly magnetic characters which seem to attract events. She had no special advantages, no great stimulus towards literary work from the outside, and she had—curiously enough for a woman of her strong nature—a great self distrust; and yet she stands alone in her field, the greatest woman writer of the century. She was born in the quiet country of Warwickshire, at South Farm, Arbury, on the 22nd of November, 1819. Her father, Robert Evans, was the son of a carpenter. When quite a young man, Evans had formed a great friendship with Mr. Frances Newdigate, a friendship like that between *Adam Bede* and *Arthur Donnithorne*. Mr. Newdigate made Evans his agent, and it was on his estate that George Eliot was born, the youngest of a family of five. Isaac Evans, the *Tom Tulliver* of the "Mill on the Floss," was three years his sister's senior.

The house at South Farm was a cozy, red roofed cottage, with trees and gardens about it. All around it lay the scenes depicted in "Clerical Life." Arbury Hall, in plain sight, was changed by imagination into the "Cheverel Manor" of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." It stands there still, "the castellated house of gray tinted stone, with the flickering sunbeams sending dashes of golden light across the many shaped panes in the mullioned windows." Away in the west is Astley Church, the "Knebley Church" of the story. Five miles away is Nuneaton, the "Milby" of "Janet's Repentance." Chilvers Coton, a village close to Nuneaton, is the "Shepperton" of "Amos Barton." These places were all real, and so were the people who moved among them; not real in the sense that they could be picked out as individuals, but types racy of the midland soil.

While Mary Ann was still an infant, the Evans family removed to Griff House, which stands just outside of Nuneaton. It is Griff House garden which George Eliot describes in "Adam Bede" as being "the true farm house garden, with hardy perennial flowers, unpruned fruit trees, and kitchen vegetables, growing together in careless, half neglected abundance." It was in this old red brick house, ivy covered, that she lived until she was grown.

GRIFF HOUSE, WHERE GEORGE ELIOT'S CHILDHOOD WAS SPENT.

Mr. Cross says that doubtless the *Dodsons*, in the "Mill on the Floss," were copied from George Eliot's own family. Her mother was a shrewd woman who had been a little above her husband in social position, and who had many of the characteristics of *Mrs. Poyser*. The character of *Maggie Tulliver* was more George Eliot's own than has generally been supposed. She was not a brilliant child, and was much fonder of people than of books. She learned to read with the greatest difficulty, and found her truest happiness in the human beings who came near her. All her life it was necessary for her to have some one upon whom she could depend for affection, and of these loved ones she was unreasonably jealous.

The school to which little Mary Ann Evans went at the age of five is still standing, and is still a school. It was kept by a Miss Lathom, in a suburb of Nuneaton. It is an ivy covered house, still sweet and pretty as in the days when it was nursing an infant genius. Traditions of the famous pupil are still told. We hear that she was an ugly, awkward girl, who had not many friends. She and her sister went home on Saturdays, and then she would drive about the country with her father, standing between his knees and taking in the pictures of rural life of which she made such good use long afterward.

The first books the child read were "Æsop's Fables," a little story called "The Linnet's Life," and "Joe Miller's Jests." When she was eight she went to another school in Nuneaton, and here she began to find her way into the classics of English literature. One of her favorite books was Defoe's "History of the Devil," and her copy of this is still preserved at Griff House.

But the influence which had most to do with the literary training of George Eliot was her association with Miss Rebecca Franklin, at her next school, in

Coventry. The Franklin sisters, daughters of a Baptist clergyman, kept the school, and its whole tone was thoroughly religious. Its atmosphere surrounded the young girl all through her early life, and had a great influence upon the development of her mind. From Miss Rebecca Franklin she learned a beautiful, simple, clear style, which, while a little prim and labored in the first instance, became so enlarged and glorified by the imaginative genius which illumined all she did, that it was at last the perfect instrument through which her thoughts imprinted themselves indelibly upon the world.

She left school early and went back to the farm, where she made jellies and butter, and did sewing for her family and the poor. Yet she found time to go to Coventry and learn German and Italian, to keep up her music, and to write poetry and prepare a chart of ecclesiastical history.

As the years went by her father grew old, and his son succeeded him; and father and daughter removed to a small house near Coventry, where for the first time Miss Evans was thrown into the society of people who thought and who put their thoughts upon paper. She met Mr. and Mrs. Bray here. Mr. Bray was a ribbon manufacturer, who had published two books—"The Education of the Feelings" and "The Philosophy of Necessity." A member of his family was Charles Hennell, who wrote "An Inquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity"—a book which had much to do with the change in the religious belief of this young girl, nurtured on faith.

NUNEATON CHURCH.

Nuneaton is the "Milby" of "Janet's Repentance."

Emerson came to Mr. Bray's house while Miss Evans was there, and she must have delighted the Boston sage. She was a woman to please the society which gathered there. She was not only a profound student, but a brilliant talker, who brought out the best in all the people about her. She had no smallnesses of nature, no spirit of contradiction, but the large, sunny, open nature which attracted and held.

In 1841 came the rupture with her father over her religious beliefs—a rupture that caused her sorrow to the end of her life, for she felt that it might have

THE MARKET PLACE, NUNEATON.

"Milby was a dingy looking town, with a strong smell of tanning up one street and a great shaking of looms up another."

been avoided. The following years were taken up with laborious work, the most important in its bearing upon her own development being a translation of Strauss' "Leben Jesu," a philosophic criticism of the sources of the New Testament history as we know it. After the death of her father, in 1849, she went abroad with the Brays, and came back to London, where she soon became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*.

Now she was brought in close contact with the greatest thinkers of the day. Herbert Spencer became her devoted friend, and it was he who introduced George Henry Lewes to her. At this time Lewes was one of the best known men of his set in London. He had pub-

ASTLEY CHURCH—"THE LANTERN OF ARDEN."
"Knebley" and its church were favorite spots of George Eliot's.

lished a novel or two, a life of Robespierre, and a great deal of journalistic work, but he was chiefly known through his own personality. He was a peculiar looking man, with strong features and charming manners. Almost at once he and Miss Evans became close friends.

She, too, was a remarkable looking woman. She was not tall, and yet she left an impression of height upon most people. She was thin and slight, and held herself well poised. Her head was so peculiarly formed that Mr. Bray, who was a great believer in phrenology, persuaded her to have it shaved that a cast might be made of it. It was said to resemble that of Savonarola, and it was George Eliot's study of his character, to see what characteristics they might have in common, which grew into "Romola."

At the time of his meeting with Miss Evans, Lewes' family life had been broken up entirely. There were reasons why his marriage could not be dissolved legally, and yet in reality it no longer existed. Each of these two natures found in the other the complement of itself, the development which it needed. From girlhood, George Eliot had held views of her own concerning marriage, upholding and believing in the German divorce laws. In the full maturity of her life, understanding exactly what she did, she maintained that she had a right to take what an unbending law denied, and went to live with Mr. Lewes, bearing his name, and taking her position as his wife.

George Eliot's defiance of convention caused the greatest gossip. She has been condemned by some who condone the scandals of the lax divorce laws of the present day. There is no sort of doubt that the union accorded in every way with the consciences of a strong man and a strong woman, and that neither ever regretted the step they had taken, although there were those who made it a painful one for her. But the complete happiness of mutual understanding, of intellectual companionship, satisfied them both. By Lewes' belief in her, she acquired a self confidence she never could have found otherwise. To this connection the world owes the great works which we know as George Eliot's.

Her books followed each other in a

ARBURY HALL ("CHEVEREL MANOR").

"A castellated house of gray tinted stone, with the flickering sunbeams sending dashes of golden light across the many shaped panes in the mullioned windows."

famous line—"Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Warner," "Romola," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Much of "Daniel Deronda," her last work, grew out of Lewes' early experiences, and it showed his influence more than any of the others.

As time went on, her genius triumphed over all criticism and opposition, and her lovers. As the months rolled by she began seeing her acquaintances, and in 1880 she astonished the world by marrying Mr. John Walter Cross, one of her oldest and most intimate friends. She was at this age, as she had been as a child, utterly dependent upon affection, and this Mr. Cross gave her, besides an intellectual companionship.

CHILVERS COTON CHURCH.

This was the "Rev. Amos Barton's" church.

Sunday afternoon receptions became distinctly fashionable—more so than she would have had them. No other house in London could show such a collection of celebrities as gathered here.

She and Mr. Lewes spent the summer of 1878 in Witley, returning to London in the autumn. A severe cold contracted by Mr. Lewes brought on a serious illness, and within a few short days he was dead. His wife was completely prostrated for a time, and then she took up her work again, producing "Theophrastus Such," a book which depresses all of her earlier

They made a continental tour together, and came home to live at 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Mrs. Cross was resuming her Sunday afternoons, when she was taken with a sudden cold, and, seven months after her second marriage, died in her sixty second year—exactly Lewes' age at the time of his death. They buried her by his side in Highgate Cemetery, and the distinguished men of England came to do honor to this woman who had been born in a village cottage, amidst the simplest surroundings, and who was a sovereign in intellect.

Anna Leach.

TOM'S COURTSHIP.

BY MARION AYER.

The interesting correspondence of Miss Cecilia Wentworth and Mr. Thomas Holliday, showing how the course of true love once more failed to run smooth.

BOSTON, AUGUST 20, 1896.

MY DEAR MISS WENTWORTH:

Do you know, it was awfully good of you to suggest that I write a description of my trip home, for I'm so desperately homesick for you all that I must write with even the remote chance of a reply, and my modesty (first prize at Harvard!) wouldn't let me address you without an excuse.

That month on Puget Sound was the greatest I ever spent in my life. The weather is scorching here. I went out in our cat boat on the harbor yesterday and burnt the skin all off the back of my neck. I tell you I wished for the cool, breezy Sound! Do you remember that day we went out to the lake fishing and I had hooked a good two pounder and was holding on for dear life when Bob's hook flipped up and caught me right in the back of my sweater, and you took a snap shot of the whole thing? Don't you think that was taking a pretty mean advantage of a fellow? But what a jolly campfire we had later in the evening! Only I wish you hadn't happened on that old photo that fell out of my pocket when I was blowing the fire, and made me tell you that stuff about Nell Stapleton. You see, I found when I got home that she was engaged to old Doc Tompkins (worth a million), and somehow I didn't care any way. But I always do make a fool of myself in moonlight. Constitutional; mother says dad proposed to her by moonlight, and he had to keep away from the other girls in the full of the moon till he was safely married for fear he'd propose to some more. So please blot out that "confession" and let's begin over again. For I hope to see you again, of course. Couldn't think of not doing so. You ought to come on for the winter and see the opera. There'll be Calvé and Melba and the De Res—I can't spell 'em, but you know who I mean. And my mother will be delighted to welcome you at our house. She feels everlastingly grateful to all Bob's folks for adding a few pounds of flesh to the raw bones of her ungainly son.

By the way, I happened on that etching of Corot's the other day, the one you said you admired so much, you know, and so I send it along. It isn't much, it seems to me; I like things with lots of color and go like Aivazovsky's marines.

Won't you please look in the room I had at your house and see if I left a memorandum book there? I lost one somewhere and it had a lot of tips in it that I might find useful some time. Dad says I've got to stick to business now, and I am knuckling down in good shape, but I must see a race once in a while. We have a first rate family physician aud he says I mustn't attend too closely to business. (I've promised him a percentage!) And when you write about the book, if you are kind enough to take the trouble, tell me about the folks and what you are doing, and whether Tad caught the measles, and whether you will come East. I shall tell mother to expect you, any way. Please give my kindest regards to all.

Very sincerely yours,

TOM HOLLIDAY.

P. S. By the Lord! I forgot the description. I'll have to write again.

For Miss Cecilia Wentworth,
Trenton, Washington.

TRENTON, WASHINGTON, SEPT. 5, 1896.

MR. THOMAS W. HOLLIDAY,
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR MR. HOLLIDAY:

Bob has been threatening to write you for several days and inflict upon you the story of how he caught a twenty pound salmon while trolling in the Sound last week, but though Bob as a brother is all that the heart could wish, Bob as a correspondent leaves many things to be desired, and I presume the letter, like many promised me, has never materialized.

The etching by Corot came through all right and is a little gem. You can rave all you like about the color and "go" of Aivazovsky's marines, but if you lived up here where the Olympics seem to shut one out of the world, and where there is a constantly shifting marine view more magnificent than

any canvas ever yet painted, you would prefer something lighter and sketchier, too, just for a change. You who are out in the rush of affairs, where you daily brush elbows with the "world, the flesh, and the devil," are in the midst of color and "go" always, and feel the need of it even in your pictures! We out here who dwell on Olympian heights are nearer the gods—at least physically, if not spiritually.

You are very kind to invite me to visit your mother, and the grand opera is a great temptation, as music is my weak point—or as they tell me, my strong one; but the contents of the family coffers have recently gone into a rapid decline, the sort of a decline that a family physician (and our is as accommodating as your seems to be) cannot prescribe for, and the trip across the continent would, under the circumstances, involve a series of hip and pedal movements that I do not feel quite up to.

All the folks send regards, especially the incorrigible Tad. With many thanks for the etching and the hope that you *will* write that description, I am

Very cordially yours,
CECILIA WENTWORTH.

P. S. No, Mr. Holliday, Tad did not have the measles. It is entirely due to that cherub, too, that your memorandum book (which Bob was instructed to send through some time ago) was discovered. Not having absorbed the moral training of my parents as readily as Bob and I did, that young sinner perused it at great length the afternoon he found it, and without even a lingering trace of shame at his lack of principle in so doing, quoted from it at length to his long suffering relatives. Mother would have stopped him, but I was anxious to hear what you had jotted down about Bob, and Bob was equally anxious to hear what you thought of me. The former pronounces you a trump—Bob always was susceptible to flattery! And I—well, being charitably inclined, I am willing to draw the curtain over the memorandum you made of me the day of your arrival—would that Bob would do likewise.

C. W.

BOSTON, SEP. 12, 1896.

Oh, come, now, Miss Wentworth, did you read that confounded mem. of mine? I wouldn't have thought it of you, I wouldn't really. Oh, darn it all!—you must excuse me, but I'm simply desperate about it. I wouldn't have had you see that stuff for my new horse. And it wasn't true at all! You know how dark it was that first evening, and you were so offish and wouldn't come near me, and I was so used to Nell, who sort of fell all over me—no, I don't mean that, of course, but she was free and easy, you know, and you are so stately. You regularly overawed me, and I thought you were stiff. But you see when I got to know you better I found you weren't a bit, and I had so good a time that I hadn't time to write any more in that beastly diary. (I'll give it to my Aunt Jane for teaching me to keep one!) But after all, I overheard you tell Bob one day that I was an awfully lazy fellow, and, what's worse, I don't believe you've changed your mind about it. So you'd better forgive me!

But now I'm not going to be a ne'er-do-well any more. What do you think, the pater is going to send me on an important trip to Rio and if I do the business well he'll take me into the firm. Now isn't that just splendid of the old boy! By George, I'll be a credit to him or jump overboard. I start in three weeks, so you'll have just time enough to write me a dear, long, good by letter and tell me you forgive me and won't forget me in the three months I shall be gone. I'll send you my address as soon as I get there, and you'll write me there once in a while, won't you? I'll be desperately homesick, you know. And I'll send you a whole cartload of pampas grass and anything else they grow there that perhaps you'll like.

Now maybe this, my going away, you know, reconciles me a little to your not coming on this winter. But I'm awfully sorry if Mr. Wentworth is having any business trouble. He's such a fine fellow, so generous and clever. It's too bad! But I'm sure it's not very serious or you'd have told me more. I'm one of the family, you know, and you ought to tell me if anything goes wrong. I suppose Bob has started on that Mexican investigating trip he was talking about. Bet he won't find anything but a pretty Spanish girl! Bob has a terrible eye for a pretty face. I heaved a regular sigh of relief when I got him through college without his eloping once.

Tell Tad I've got it in for him. I'll send him a gun at Christmas that'll shoot backwards, and if he wants to kill anything but himself he'll have to stand on his head to do it.

Please remember me with kindest regards to all the family, and believe me

Yours most devotedly,
TOM.

TRENTON, WN., OCT. 1, 1896.

DEAR MR. HOLLIDAY:

It is impossible to imagine how you got the idea that I read your memorandum, you miserable offender! I may have the proverbial feminine curiosity, but along with it I trust is a modicum of honor—enough at least to

prevent my reading what was not intended for my perusal. It was the youthful and investigating Tad, who has not yet lived long enough in the society of "Bob, who is a thorough good fellow—no chump—true blue and all that, with brains—not at all like his sister, who seems a stiff, offish, stately sort of girl—who might be pleasant if she'd come off her perch and talk to a fellow or even notice him, and who looks like St. Cecilia would with a twinkle of the Old Nick all over her face"—to imbibe his general good qualities.

Mother would have stopped Tad from repeating it, and so would I—after he had said what you wrote about Bob; but the graceless imp has principles that are (alas for the honor of the house of Wentworth!) more suited to a politician than to the juvenile hope of a Christian family, and he had learned it off, and was bound to repeat it all (encouraged thereto by sundry bribes from the "thorough good fellow"). However, my charity is great enough to cover even your multitude of sins.

It is splendid that you are going into business, and delightful to hear that you are going into it with even more than your usual vim and energy. I wanted Bob to drink to your success last night, but he said "he'd be hanged if he would after your mean insinuations about his college days." He says common decent gratitude for the times he has gone with you on your moonlight promenades with good looking girls—at his own invitation—just to keep you from inadvertently proposing to a few of them, ought to have made you draw the curtain with the tender hand of a friend over his weak points and paint his good ones with the "color and go" you are so fond of.

Tad is so overcome at the prospect of a gun that he has been very proper all day. He wants to know why more people don't write diaries; whatever Tad's failings in the moral line, his brain is clear and his sequence of ideas all arranged with due reference to the main point of his own "rewards of merit."

Wishing you all the success in the world, and hoping we shall have some descriptions of Rio as fine as the one of your trip home which never came, I remain

Very sincerely,
CECILIA WENTWORTH.

P. S. By the time you receive this I shall be hard at work—doing the only thing I seem to have any talent for—teaching music. You are so kind to express such interest in father's affairs that I don't mind telling you that he has had considerable worry over business matters lately; and now the mines he counted on to give him sufficient returns to tide over the crisis have not panned out so rapidly as he expected, so Bob has given up the Mexican trip—which had more glory than remuneration in connection with it—and is going up to the mines to see what can be done. Poor Bob! This financial embarrassment has brought out all the good there is in him—he says it is the only sort of embarrassment he is capable of feeling (after four years in your society, I presume), and he makes bad jokes about escaping the yellow fever and the destiny of uniting his fate with that of some beautiful "greaser."

C.

BOSTON, MASS., OCT. 8, 1896.

TO MISS CECILIA WENTWORTH,
TRENTON, WASH.

Can't stand it to leave you slaving. Come with me. Mother'll meet you and have minister and things all ready. Can hold ship a week. Wire "yes" to your distracted

TOM.

TRENTON, WN., OCT. 8, 1896.

TO MR. THOMAS W. HOLLIDAY,
Care HOLLIDAY & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

Most emphatically no. Am not an eleemosynary institution.

C. W.

RIO JANEIRO, NOV. 10, 1896.

MY DEAR MISS WENTWORTH:

Don't throw this aside when you see my handwriting, but read what explanation I can make of that wretched telegram that has killed your respect for me forever. I don't pretend to excuse it—there's no excuse but that I was a poor, miserable, boyish fool who blundered like a brute where he should have been most delicate. Though only a month ago it seems years; those long nights in the tropics when for hours I tramped the deck of our ship and thought over the whole business, and realized how I had shocked and disgusted you, made an old man of me. I loved you, you know, Miss Wentworth. Perhaps I didn't know how much until your last letter came, but the thought of leaving you away out there drudging at uncongenial work—you who are so fitted for every luxury, for the highest station the world can offer—it opened my eyes and I knew I couldn't live without you. It wasn't pity! Oh, how could you think so? And yet how could you think otherwise? You couldn't see the working of the thing I call my mind; I hadn't seen it myself twenty four hours; yet I expected you to understand and come all that long distance alone to give yourself to such a chump as I.

That's where I was the biggest fool—to suppose you could ever care for me under any circumstances. Why, you are worth a thousand of me; there isn't a man in the world good enough for you. You are so brave, so noble, so superior to all the other girls I ever knew! Well, it's all over, and I must live my life with only the memory of an inspiration—for you are and always will be that to me. Even in those lazy, happy summer days your strong, earnest character moved me. I became for the first time ashamed of my idle, useless life and saw that even a rich man's son had something else to do in the world besides spend his father's money. And so I went to work, and mean to be a man if I can, partly for the sake of my good father and mother, but more I believe for the self respect you first made me conscious of. What is it some one says?—

> What tho' life's dearest joy I miss,
> There lies a nameless strength in this,
> I will be worthy of it.

I'm not very strong on poetry, you know, but that does express a little what I feel.

Oh, I hope you'll be very happy! I almost hope some day you will marry a man half good enough for you—but no, I don't any such thing, and I'd be a hypocrite to say so! I want you myself, I want you and I can't have you! Good by, good by.

T. H.

TRENTON, DEC. 5, 1896.

MY DEAR MR. HOLLIDAY:

I am grieved past expression to learn that I have been the cause of a *mauvais quart d'heure* to one for whom we all have so much friendship as we have for you.

Of course you exaggerated the view I took of your well meaning but sadly mistaken telegram, just as you exaggerated my ordinary traits of character into superior charms and graces. I most assuredly consider you neither a "brute" nor a "fool," nor any of the other uncomplimentary terms you lavish upon yourself so undeservingly, but admire the big heartedness and generosity which would have set aside your own arrangements and ambitions and held them as nothing to relieve your dearest friend's sister from work which, believe me, is thoroughly congenial and pleasant.

Since this is the last you will hear from me, I desire to leave you with no mistaken impressions. I want you to feel that I appreciate most deeply the manly tone of your last letter and the nobility with which you take upon yourself the blame for your pain—a blame which should rightfully attach to me, I fear.

I shall always be your friend, and I shall always be grateful to you for those few bright, joyous weeks last summer; it is the happiest time I have ever had, or ever shall have; even now when the skies are leaden and the winds are howling discordantly just out of my window, the recollection of it strikes across my soul like strains of music. Good by. I sincerely hope that you will find in life always the things that make it best worth living—action, ambition, and achieved success—and what is better even than these—happiness.

Your friend,
CECILIA WENTWORTH.

Mr. Thomas W. Holliday,
Rio Janeiro, S. A.

TRENTON, WASH., JUNE 1, 1897.

DEAR OLD TOM:

I was russling about In Cissys room for a Litel peese of Papir as a Wod to put in My Gun, an i cum acrost this wich as It is adrest to You at the beginnin she must hav Ment to send orf an it got Must by axident. No, i Wont say that neether, fur that is not so an Cissy sez i must not tell so menny lies or else you Wood be sorry you Give me a Gun an wood not like me nor think me Manly wich i wish to be an to be like You so i will tell The trooth. Wen i see a fello in trubbel i want to Help him out wen he is a good fello like You an givs me Guns an wen he dont no wat to do for his Self in the Mattir. An Bob ses he thort you was in trubbel an Cissy wus the caws so i thort this Letir wood make you feel Bettir an tho i am not the fello to go Back on a gurl wen she is such a tiptopper as Cissy wy it seems to Me it is but the skware thing to tip a wingk to a fello that is in trubbel an that aint got the Branes to get it fixt owt for his Self an let my Branes help him owt. Bob ses he didn't no wither Cissy liked You or Not—he ses it to Muther an i Wus back of the sofy eating pursurvz—but he ses fur her to try to find owt as you wus too good a fello to be warin yure Self owt with pane an greef as he cood see from yure lettirs you wus doing wen it Mite be helped an i never Must it up for Cissy did it an throo it onto the flore an i Found it an wus takin it fur a Wod. The Gun is a Dazy, she shutes like All-fired Blazes—you wus the Only one wot thort i New enuf to hav a Gun or wus morn a Kid an i am grateful an wood stand by You an if you Cum owt You kin use the Gun she shot too jackRabbits an ole mister Wilbys new caf an gose orf if you aint Careful wen you don't want er to.

Pa ses she costs a orful lot fur shot an powdir an if you hav any from yure old Gun

you dont want you Mite send it on—fer we Men dont like to git owt of Powdir you bet.

My sister Is
yures trooly,
TAD,
(The sharpshutir of the Sound.)
That is wot the kids call me an aint tha green ovir Me havin a Gun. O no!

TRENTON, WN., MAY 31, 1897.

DEAR MR. HOLLIDAY:

Bob has come from the mines, and last night told us the good news that we are once more free from all financial cares, for the Happy mine has panned out magnificently. And now that I can meet you on equal grounds I feel that it is only justice to tell you that the answer which I sent to your letter from Rio Janeiro would have been a very different one if we had not been so wretchedly poor then. Pshaw! why should I try to excuse myself like this? It was pride, and not poverty, that indited that miserable epistle! I could not bear that you should feel that I was beneath you, even in ever so little—I could not endure that you should pity me—and then the thought crept in that your big hearted generosity could not bear to see your friend's sister drudge out a weary existence while you had wealth and position. And then, too, perhaps I felt all the angrier with myself to discover when I read your manly letter that I loved you so much. It was such pain to miss you! To find that your presence was what had made those summer days such glorious ones, and made the places on beautiful Puget Sound where we had our outings and excursions all the more beautiful because they were full of memories of you. Everywhere I seem to feel the lack of the strength and help of your presence, and everything seems dull and lifeless without the vim and vigor of your enthusiasm, and wearisome without the cheery optimism of your remarks. You may think that I have not enough pride now, but I cannot help writing so, for my pride, with all my other feelings, seems merged into a great love for you. You may have changed since——

BOSTON, JUNE 8, 1897.

MY DARLING:

Is it true? Do you love me, and am I the happiest man in the world, or am I only crazy? Oh, my dearest, my precious girl, how I have longed for you, missed you, needed you, and now the possibility that I may have you, all my own, never to leave me—it is too much! I'll be right on, dear, by the next train. Father won't listen to a word about business. He and mother are pretty nearly as happy as I am. To be sure they think it is a bit irregular, taking advantage of what was not intended for me, you know, but just this once they agree that the end justifies the means. And since the mother has seen the effect of your letter I believe she would make you have me willy nilly. I've been getting so particularly raw boned lately that the dear soul has fretted about me awfully, and was even losing faith in her beloved oatmeal gruel as a cure for all wounds of mind and body. Here I am going on like the same old rattle pated boy that I thought was dead, but I must "let myself loose" just this once, and you shall see by and by how steady I have grown to be. Don't be afraid to trust me, dearest; I have really learned a good deal in these last six months, and with your dear wise head to help me I may "grow up" in time. And oh, we will be so happy! I cannot wait to see you. I'll carry that precious letter with me and live upon it till I have you. Then I shall want nothing else. Just six days, my own love, and then—will you be glad to see your devoted, crazy, happy TOM?

P. S. There, I've bungled in the same old way! Of course, the letter I mean is the one Tad found in your waste basket and sent on to me, God bless him! He shall have that South American pony I brought home, or anything else on earth he wants, if he has given me the sweetest girl in the whole world.

(From the Trenton *Gazette*.)

HOLLIDAY–WENTWORTH.

The prettiest wedding of the year occurred yesterday at the residence of Hon. Henry C. Wentworth, the high contracting parties being Mr. Wentworth's beautiful and accomplished daughter, Miss Cecilia, and Mr. Thomas W. Holliday, of Boston, Mass., junior member of the wealthy and honored firm of Holliday & Son, dealers in Brazilian coffee and spices.

The auspicious day was a sample of Western Washington's perfection in that line—a warm sun but gentle breeze, the atmosphere clear and soft and laden with the sweetness of a million roses. The house was elaborately decorated with these flowers for which the Puget Sound country is so famous. Musicians hidden behind a bank of jacqueminots in the hall played softly during the ceremony, which took place at high noon. The bride, in a simple gown of white, was more than usually lovely, and the handsome, manly bridegroom looked fairly worthy of her. A unique feature of the occasion was the absence of a bridesmaid, and the substitution therefor, as an attendant upon the bride, of

Master Theodore Wentworth, dressed as a page in veritable "doublet and hose." This young gentleman was the recipient of much attention, both on account of his personal attractions and because of the whispered rumor that in some mysterious fashion he had "made the match."

The gifts were rare and costly, that of the bride's father being 10,000 shares in the Happy mine, which, as those shares are now held, is a fortune in itself. The bridegroom's gift to his bride's attendant was a jet black South American pony of finest breed. The beautiful little animal "showed his paces" on the lawn to the great admiration of all, and the justifiable pride of Master "Tad."

After the ceremony and an exquisite luncheon, the happy couple left by the 2:30 train for the East, where they will reside in Boston, in a handsome house on the Back Bay presented by Mr. Holliday, Sr. The best wishes of a host of friends accompany them.

THE HERMIT.

ABOVE the blindness of content,
The ignorance of ease,
Inhabiting within his soul
A shrine of mysteries,

Between the silences of sleep,
Attentively he hears
The endless, crawling sob and strain,
The spending of the years.

He sees the lapsing stream go by
His unperturbèd face,
Out of a dark, into a dark,
Across a lighted space.

He calls it life, this lighted space
Upon the moving flood.
He sees the water white with tears,
He sees it red with blood.

And many specks upon the tide
He sees and marks by name—
Motes of a day, and fools of fate,
And challengers of fame;

With here a people, there a babe,
A blossom, or a crown—
They whirl a little, gleam, and pass,
Or in the eddies drown.

He waits. He waits one day to see
The lapsing of the stream,
The eddying shapes, the darknesses,
Dissolve into a stream.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

STORIETTES

EVENING—MANHATTAN BEACH.

A MURMUR of voices, music, and the wash of the summer sea against the breakwater. The faint shuffling of russet shoes and the *frou frou* of skirts. Men in negligé shirts and belts—women in laces, crepon, and mousseline de soie. An endless procession of promenaders.

Out of the crowd—silhouetted against the sunset—come a youth and a girl, stylishly dressed and distinguishable from the others only by an indefinable something in their faces; a something painted there by the few confused, passionate words he said to her as they leaned upon the rail at the end of the walk, watching the water and the yachts becalmed out yonder—a something which makes them alone in the crowd of five thousand—which makes the golden afterglow, the music and the lights, symbolic of their coming lives.

As they walk by, his hand accidentally touches hers. Her eyelids droop, and the pretty teeth close upon her lip in an effort to control the thrill of happiness. She looks up at him, and his arm almost—but not quite. It is too light, yet.

So—they disappear in the crowd. The middle aged married couple, who have been watching them from the benches, look at each other and sigh. Same old, old world—same old, old story.

The music dies away—and darkness gently creeps over the rippling water.

Clarence Herbert New.

WHEN THE NETS CAME IN.

THE blue hills rose steep and sheer from the water's edge, and, in the early morning light, seemed like a wall inclosing the little bay. Behind this barrier was a world of bright, translucent pink, deepening moment by moment and quivering with opaline tints. Then the sun rose up from behind the wall, and all the pink and opal lights flung themselves riotously down into the dimpling waves.

On the beach across the bay the Italian fishermen were bringing in the nets. They dragged them in hand over hand, and, as they walked down the beach, left little mounds of the knotted cord behind them. Here and there, in the wet brown heaps, a shimmering flash of silver writhed for a moment and then was still. The fishermen were strangely quiet; they neither quarreled nor jested, as was their wont; they made no eager speculations on the value of the catch; but silently, doggedly pulled at the nets. All, that is, save Manuel. His voice rose high and clear above the dashing waves.

"*Ohi, Caroli, ohi, Caroli;*" the Neapolitan love song sounded curiously out of place on this little Western fishing beach, but it was not the song that brought a frown to the rugged faces of the fishermen; it was the fact that the man could sing at all. "*Cedi, Caroli, cedi, Caroli!*" Such passionate appeal was in the voice, and in every listening heart was the self same question: has the fellow no heart, no feeling?

For a tragedy had come to the sea coast town. Pepita, old Juanita's grandchild, had disappeared; Pepita, the gayest, sweetest girl in all the country round about; Pepita, beloved by the whole village, but betrothed to Manuel.

She had gone with him always when he went at night to set the nets, and over the waters had floated back his beautiful voice singing his love to her. Then had come a quarrel, short and sharp, and for days Manuel lay on the wharf on a pile of ropes, cursing everything and everybody that came near him. Pepita had not been seen in the village during those days; she did not come from her home until the evening of the reconciliation. Then she had walked with her lover on the cliffs, flirting her short red skirts and coquettishly twirling her fan, for Pepita's blood was Andalusian—filtered through many sullying streams, perhaps, but giving her all the arts and graces of sunny Spain.

That night Manuel's voice had again rung strong and clear across the sea. The next morning Pepita was gone. Where or when or why, no one could tell. Old Juanita said that late at night she had heard Manuel singing, ever nearer and nearer, up the wharf, up the steep winding road. Then the house door had shut softly, and, sure that her Pepita was safe, she had slept. That was all she could tell, all any one could tell. At first inquiring looks were bent on Manuel, but his grief was so intense, his search for the girl, or some trace of her, so eager and intent, that suspicion could not fall on him.

As the days crept by, a sullen, morose spirit settled upon him which drove everybody from him. Only in his boat at night,

and in the morning when the nets came in, he sang.

Now, as the brawny, sun burned arms tugged at the net, his voice rose ever higher and higher, clearer and sweeter. The nets were heavy with plunder from the sea. Beads of sweat poured down the fishermen's faces, and their breath came quick and hot. Nearer and nearer came the net. Already its silver freight shone on the surface of the sea. A long, long pull, and the scurrying fish imprisoned in the brown meshes were flopping on the yellow sand; but still the net dragged.

"*Tutto intorno canta amore, amore, amore,*" rose the strong, clear voice, and the swaying bodies moved rhythmically with the song. Then all at once they stopped, and the words died from the singer's lips. In the tawny net, surrounded by gleaming silver scales and shimmering green sea grass, there was something red; something white and ghastly.

Eagerly and with all their strength the men again laid hold of the net, and in an instant the something was at their feet. Another instant, and the net was cut from around it, and Pepita lay white and still in the morning sunlight, her red skirt clinging to her slender form, the tiny fan still clasped in her stiff, cold fingers. One of the men fell on his knees beside her, and drew from her breast a slender blade of steel.

"It is Manuel's!" they shouted as one man, and turned to seize the murderer; but he had fled. When the first gleam of red was seen through the rising wave Manuel knew instinctively what the net held, why it had seemed so strangely heavy. Loosing his hold of the cords, he had rushed in headlong flight up the rocky pathway. High on the cliff above the beach the men saw him stand for a moment. Then he disappeared.

When they had carried the girl tenderly and gently to her home they started in pursuit of her destroyer, but it was as though the earth had swallowed him; no slightest trace of him was ever found.

Now, when the fishermen tell the tale, they look over their shoulders and surreptitiously cross themselves. And there are some of them who affirm that on still, moonlight nights they can hear the pleading refrain, "*Ohi, Caroli, cedi, Caroli.*" Faint and far away it sounds, but sweet and clear as in the old days when Manuel told his love to Pepita.

Kathryn Jarboe.

A PARALLEL CASE.

I WAS a young lawyer at the time—and very much in love. In spite of this fact, my business was prospering, and the addition of a couple of large firms to my clientèle enabled me to think seriously of matrimony.

The question was, "How to propose?" I had every reason to suppose that Miss Florence Keith would accept me, but I did not care to take any chances. There was no one to advise, and I found my married friends singularly averse to relating their own experiences. The best I could get from them was the simple suggestion to take advantage of the first favorable turn in the subject of conversation. This suggestion may have had its value, but I failed to discover it. To me, it seemed about as useful as it would be to tell a mariner who wanted to sail to France to "take the first wind that blew there." I bought a book that appeared to be on the subject, but found it consisted only of a compilation of selections from novels. Nevertheless, I resolved to learn my fate that very evening.

The young lady who had so completely won my heart lived with her father—a widower—in the neighborhood of my own home. It was quite customary, too, for me to spend the evening with them. I was, in fact, an old friend, who wanted to be more; so my next visit was only a matter of course. She invited me, as usual, to sit with her on the porch, while her father, as usual, retired to the library with his evening paper.

"I want to tell you how we have spent the day," said my young lady. I always considered her mine. "We have discovered an ideal life."

"It is what I am myself seeking," I answered. "Tell me about it."

"Well, we went to the State Asylum for the Insane," she began.

"And found it there?"

"There. Not among the violently insane, but among those dear old souls whose minds have not lived as long as their bodies, and whose friends and fortunes have gone away before they have. Among them we found a delightful, white haired old gentleman whose existence was simply ideal. It seems that in the town where he lived before his misfortune came there was a very lovely young lady, and he was very fond of her—in a fatherly way, remember; this is not a love story. Nothing delighted him more than to play whist with her and a couple of her friends who, though married, were of her own age. Although an old gentleman, he made a welcome fourth to their little card parties, as it gave him so much pleasure that his happiness reflected on them—and there was no one younger, you know, who—who was so nice, we will say."

"Or quite good enough for her in the eye

of her friends," I interjected. "That sort of chaperonage has made many an old maid." I believed very firmly in marriage that evening—and still do.

"Well, at any rate," my young lady went on, "one day these four drove out into the country for a quiet little picnic. They had a beautiful ride through country lanes and cool woods, they had a row on a pretty lake, and they played whist to their hearts' content. The skies could not have been bluer, the birds in the trees above them could not have sung more sweetly, and the flowers in the field could not have been fairer. Altogether they had such a delightful time that they resolved to spend the next day in the same way. That evening the dear old man's mind gave way. From the effects of perfect happiness? Perhaps—no one knows. But, at any rate, life has been that evening with him ever since, with nothing in the past but the memory of that happy day, and nothing in the future but the prospect of another just like it on the morrow. That is the ideal life we found. Isn't it beautiful?"

"It's a poem," I answered enthusiastically; and then an inspiration came to me. Mark this—the proposal of every man who really loves is an inspiration. No matter how poorly he expresses himself, how much he stumbles, or falters, or stammers, down in his heart is a love poem. If I could only learn those little measures of human song, the world would raise a monument to me. But I only know one, and that I can only tell in prose.

"I, too, know a story as beautiful as that," said I.

"I—I think I know your story," she answered.

"Nevertheless, let me tell it to you," I continued.

"Well?" said she, with a blush.

"As I said before," I began, "I, too, am seeking an ideal life. There is a beautiful young lady (don't mistake me, I love her for more than her beauty of face and form) with whom I have spent many happy evenings, and a few happy mornings and afternoons. I want to assure myself of an unbroken succession of such evenings in the future, and I want to stretch them into days. In a word, I want to marry her."

"Who is this young lady?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Perhaps—but tell me her initials. That is quite usual."

"She has but one—U," I answered.

She smiled, rose quietly, took me by the hand, and led me in to her father.

"Papa," said she, leaning over his chair, "here is a young man who wants to lead an ideal life."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed her father. "To go mad like our friend in the asylum?"

"Not quite so bad as that," said she. "He wants to get married."

"Tell him we will aid him all we can," said the old gentleman with a smile.

And then the stars sang in heaven for me.

Tom Hall.

THAT HUNDREDTH CHANCE.

MR. PENTERBURY was excessively annoyed. To be sure, it was some consolation to realize that the smash up had overtaken a train ahead instead of his own, but this did not cause the two hours' delay to be any less tedious.

Mr. Penterbury strained his fast failing eyesight to note any objects of interest in the neighborhood. The Limited had come to a halt in the outskirts of a small town whose name appeared only on the local time tables. One glance, however, and the old gentleman started up.

"Bless my soul! This is Holliston!" He pressed his wrinkled forehead close to the plate glass, and endeavored to make out familiar landmarks in the deepening dusk. But the square, gray tower of the academy was the only thing that met memory half way. And small wonder. It was more than fifty years since he had been a boarding pupil there, and he had never once been back. Hard headed man of business that he was, he had had no time for sentiment. Class reunions appealed not to him; he had kept up few of the old friendships; his intimate acquaintances were either associates in business or members of the club where he lived.

But tonight, with time to be killed on his hands, he felt in softer mood as he looked out on scenes upon which his eyes had gazed when there was the sparkle of youth in them.

"I must take a stroll through the old town," he said to himself. "It will divert me and make the delay less irksome."

He summoned the porter and made sure that there was no possibility of the train starting on within two hours, then walked through to the rear car.

"Careful, sir," was the brakeman's warning, and he offered his shoulder, by which the old man might steady his descent to the roadbed.

Mr. Penterbury was inclined to resent the attention. His mind had suddenly gone back to the day when Jack Adams and he ran off with the handcar the men were using in the building of this very road, and dodged all pursuit by the activity of their muscles. Jack was a great grandfather now, somebody

had told him. How they would have laughed if they had ever pictured such a possibility in the old days when they used to put on their best clothes and sally forth of a Saturday night to call on the girls in the town!

The strong odor of box hedge, suddenly wafted to his senses, seemed to transport him in an instant over the intervening decades back to the time when the smile of a certain girl opened heaven to his eyes. How silly it must have been! He was no more than fifteen, and she not so old, but he remembered as if it were but yesterday that he had thought even Joe Bond's tow head worth watching over because her curls were golden, and had a vivid recollection of the thrashing he had given Harry Scott when he had once declared that her eyes were only a washed out blue.

Harry was the fellow who had introduced him to her, and who was made jealous by the preference of the new friend to the old. In looking back Mr. Penterbury now realized that she must have preferred him to all the others. And here he was now, at the very gateway of the old place.

It was Saturday night, too. What if she lived here still? There were a hundred chances to one that she had either married, or had died, or moved away. But there was still the hundredth chance, and old Tom Penterbury was in just the mood to take it.

He pushed open the gate and started up the path. How pungent was the odor of the hedges! His head fairly swam with it. He felt no older than on that last night before he went away when he had plucked up his courage to kiss Hilda good by. And here, at the top of the porch steps, was the very spot where they sat on the night which marked the progress of their acquaintance to the quarreling stage. He remembered how happy it had made him to hear the faint "Tom" he had listened for all the way to the gate, going off in apparent high dudgeon, but walking on the grass lest the crunching of the gravel might drown her voice recalling him.

He was brought back with a wrench to the present by the sudden appearance in the open doorway of a colored servant. Mr. Penterbury pulled himself together.

"Is Miss Hilda at home?" he asked.

The woman stared at him for an instant, then replied, with a little old fashioned courtesy:

"Yes, sah."

"Tell her, please, that Tom Penterbury is waiting on the porch."

"Yes, sah;" and the woman disappeared, casting a wondering look back at him.

Mr. Penterbury let himself down into one of the piazza chairs—he wished he had the courage to try that top step, but he had doubts about being able to get up again—and for an instant was disturbed by the thought that very likely she would have forgotten who Tom Penterbury was. Well, she could simply decline to see him, on suspicion that he was a book agent, and he would have time to continue his walk so much further.

"So this is Tom!"

There was undeniably age in the voice, but a certain cadence to it still that set Mr. Penterbury's heart afluttering. He would never have known her. To be sure, her light hair had not turned so very gray, but it was worn so differently and the cap exposed only a little of it to view. And yet he had seen few old ladies with such a clear complexion and bright eyes. And she had given him both her hands, and stood looking at him with such a mixture of incredulity and pleasure on her face, that the poor old man's head was quite turned.

"I was sure you had forgotten that there was ever such a person in the world as Hilda Crawford," she said, as she seated herself beside him.

"Then you have thought of me sometimes?" he asked eagerly.

"I couldn't well have helped it, with your name in the papers so often."

"And you associated that Thomas Penterbury with the Tom in short jackets who used to sit with you on that upper step and declare he would rather own a circus than anything else on earth?"

"Oh, I knew that was only a boyish fancy, just as—just as some others he had then were," and she laughed in a hearty fashion it did one good to hear.

Mr. Penterbury's face suddenly sobered.

"Boyish though that fancy was, Hilda," he said earnestly, "he never had another. Although you may have seen my name in connection with certain enterprises that have a big sound, I realize tonight that there is one connection in which it might have been used that would have brought me more solid happiness than——"

"Even the ownership of a circus?" quickly interposed his listener. "But come, Mr. Penterbury, we old folks must not stay out here. It is growing damp. Besides, I want you to meet my husband. I think you and he were schoolfellows. You remember Scott, don't you—Harry Scott?"

"Yes—oh, of course, but really, Mrs. Scott, my train may start on any minute. Pray, give him my compliments and congratulations;" and the old gentleman made off down those steps almost as swiftly as he had done in the old days.

"I'm glad I thrashed that Scott," he mut-

tered, as he hurried along to the gate, crunching the gravel noisily beneath his footsteps.

Matthew White, Jr.

THIRD PERSON SINGULAR.

BOTH Copley and Loftus have long honored me with their confidences. Even when we were chums at school I was the repository of their secrets, the mediator in their quarrels. At college they made of me a sort of human diary for the reception of their lives and works. I knew that Copley squirmed under his exclusion from the football team—a fact stoically concealed from every one else; while the keen sorrow which his failure to get into the rowing eight had awakened in the bosom of Reggy Loftus was to me an open secret. And when we emerged from our shells and forsook finally the academical incubator, I remained the mutual mentor of this interesting pair of fledglings.

It was one day when I sat counting chimney pots from my studio window—best north light in all New York, as the janitor will tell you any day—that Copley and Loftus arrived simultaneously at my door. Now this was strange. Although equally my friends, they had never been quite friends themselves. Whenever they had sought sage counsel, they had sought it singly. Hence the elevation of my eyebrows when they entered together.

I waved my hand towards the sideboard. You will observe, when you know me longer, that I am a man of few words. But neither Loftus nor yet Copley was in a mood for libations. Unrefreshed, they sat down. Copley looked at Loftus. Loftus returned the compliment. Result—silence.

"Boys," quoth I, at length, "you had better toss up for who speaks first."

They grinned, uneasily; and at last Copley, who is, perhaps, just a thought quicker than Loftus, opened the ball.

"Jack," he said, "you know Miss Fanny Frawley?"

I nodded affirmatively.

"Well," he continued, "it's about her. You see, we're both very much in love with her——"

"Over head and ears," commented Loftus.

"We met her at the same party, have known her for the same length of time, and—so far as I can see—have paid her equally pronounced attentions."

"And she?" I asked.

Loftus took up the thread. "She has been nice—very nice to both of us," he remarked. "Nice" is the most emphatic adjective of commendation Reggy Loftus was ever known to use. "In fact, Jack, we cannot decide which of us she prefers. And we don't want to take any unfair advantage."

Copley smote his palm upon the table approvingly.

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "No unfairness—no underhand work. A fair field, and no favor. That's why we've come to you."

"But——" I began.

"You don't see what we're driving at, eh? Well, I'll explain, if Loftus will allow me. We just want you to be the same kind old Jack you've always been. We want you to—to—well, dash it all, we want you to find out for us which of the two she really does want to marry."

"Good!" ejaculated Loftus. "It will be the nicest way out of the difficulty; and we're sure you won't refuse, Jack. Will you?"

I sat up, and lit a cigar.

"You see, Bob and Reggy," said I, "there's a little difficulty in the way which you don't seem to have considered Miss Fanny Frawley barely knows me."

"Oh, but she does, and likes you, too!" This from Loftus.

"Only last night I heard her speak of your 'strong character.' You are the very man to discover her predilections." This from Copley.

I mused and puffed—puffed and mused—mused and puffed—and mused again. Finally, between puffing and musing, I laughed. He who laughs commits himself. I accepted the situation.

"Boys," quoth I, "it's a deucedly ticklish mission, but I promise you I'll do my best. And now——"

Once more I waved my hand toward the sideboard. This time the tacit invitation was not declined. Copley and Loftus rose with alacrity, and drank twin bumpers to my very good health.

I was formally accredited ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of Miss Fanny Frawley.

"Dear me, Mr. Dighton! You have been an unconscionable time about calling."

"My dear Miss Frawley, one cannot set lightly about important functions."

"And I am a function!"

"A very delightful one, Miss Frawley. But really, you know, I am not much of a caller."

"You call on the muses daily, I am told."

"But they are never at home, I assure you."

"I wish I were a muse," remarked Miss Frawley, with an adorable smile.

"But you are," I protested. "You certainly are—the tenth muse. The muse of——"

"Of afternoon tea, of course. Won't you have some inspiration, Mr. Dighton?"

I ensconced myself by the tea table, and began the campaign.

"By the way," was my first shot, "I saw Reggy Loftus this morning."

"Indeed? Sugar, Mr. Dighton?"

"And Bob Copley, too. Saw them both together."

"Really! Cream, Mr. Dighton? I think it is so stupid to put the cream in first."

Both of my shots had failed! For a young woman supposed to be deeply interested in two young men, Miss Frawley's matter of fact reception of those young men's names seemed singular indeed. There was no tell tale blush when I spoke of Loftus; no tremor appeared at the mention of Copley, to shake the white hand that held the cream ewer. Either Miss Frawley had all the nerve of a gambler—or else, she was not in love with my two friends.

It were useless to detail our conversation. Suffice it that, though I returned again and again to the charge, I failed to arouse in Miss Frawley the slightest evidence of interest in Copley or Loftus. I spoke of their sterling qualities, recalled instances of brain, brawn, and bravery in school, in college, and in the busy world. Miss Frawley listened, sometimes commented, occasionally admired, but always managed to change the subject. And the odd part of it was, she invariably changed the subject from my friends' affairs to mine—displaying indeed a flattering, if unaccountable, interest in all my humble doings.

In the end I became desperate. Daring tactics, I felt, were the only tactics remaining.

"Miss Frawley," I said, "you do not seem to be enthusiastic over either Bob Copley or Reggy Loftus?"

Up went Miss Frawley's eyebrows.

"Well, hardly!" she exclaimed. "I don't see why I should."

"But you like them?"

"Fairly well. They are rather uninteresting young men, you know—the sort of young men one expects to meet everywhere, just as one expects to find tables and chairs. I like tables and chairs, when they don't get in my way. I also like Mr. Copley and Mr. Loftus."

This was severe; and yet I did not resign all hope.

"Pardon me," I pleaded, "and pray don't think me prying or impertinent. I have known those boys all my life. I have the deepest regard for their welfare. Now suppose—just suppose—that one of them were to fall hopelessly in love with a certain Miss Fanny Frawley, would there be any hope for him?"

Miss Frawley set down her tea cup and looked at me sternly—that is to say, as sternly as she could.

"Mr. Dighton," she remarked, "you were asked to come here and put that question to me!"

"No," I protested; "not that one—I have overstepped my mission."

"Then there was a mission?"

I began studying the shape of my boots, and wondering which was the foot I had just "put into it."

"Ah, I see I was right. Well, I shall not send you back without an answer. I greatly esteem Mr. Copley. I greatly esteem Mr. Loftus. But if either of them expects to awake in me a stronger feeling, he is wasting his time. I cannot experience a strong feeling for any one who does not possess a strong character."

I rose with a sigh. It was rather hard on Reggy and Bob, but that "strong character" settled the matter.

There was some desultory chat as I made my adieux. I don't quite know how it came to pass, but just before I departed Miss Frawley asked me:

"You don't read your Longfellow, do you, Mr. Dighton?"

"Well—no," I replied; "not Shaksperially, as one might say."

"Ah! He is not a critic's poet. But you should read him sometimes, if not 'Shaksperially.' There is some really excellent common sense in Longfellow. *Good* by, Mr. Dighton."

About half way down the street I stopped suddenly.

"Longfellow!" I remarked to that extremely dull person, myself. "Longfellow? Now what in the name of Helicon has Longfellow got to do with my little schemes? She is not a young woman who makes remarks without reason or connection. And then her look, when she said——! I'll swear there is some consoling message for poor Bob and Reggy concealed between the covers of Longfellow."

And then, all of a sudden, a deliciously presumptuous thought set my mental mechanism awhirl.

"Wasn't it Longfellow that wrote 'Miles Standish'? Is it possible that she can have seen any similarity between — but that is absurd."

I hastened home and hunted up a Longfellow. Fate opened the volume at the very line:

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

"By Jove!" I cried, "I'll call on her tomorrow—for myself, this time!"

Gerald Brenan.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THE INVADERS.

The financial fiasco of last season's grand opera must have weakened the faith of foreign artists in Uncle Sam's readiness to respond to any and every appeal to his respect for European celebrities. But many of them still think, evidently, that our abundant dollars are, if not certain, at least worth gambling for.

If there is to be less of grand opera during the coming season, there will doubtless be an unusual amount of concert. Concert tours, properly managed, generally pay the artist better than an operatic engagement. Melba, for instance, is of fabulous commercial value as a concert attraction. We shall not lack the fiery fountains of her vocalization this winter, for, in addition to her appearances with the Damrosch forces, she is to head a concert company.

Another of the operatic stars, in some ways a greater artist than Melba, will also tour the concert stages. Mme. Nordica will doubtless find that her plucky rebellion against the de Reszke dictatorship in operatic affairs has served her in good stead as an advertisement. She will deserve artistic acceptance none the less.

Plançon's magnificently mellow voice is to be heard, too, principally in cities where the ponderous Metropolitan Opera Company could not find entrance.

There are to be many other singers more or less rightfully entitled to their pecuniary rewards, and pianists and fiddlers galore. Paderewski is not to come. In his place we are to have Rosenthal, whose tour was interrupted at its very outset last year by serious and stubborn illness. Rosenthal, curiously enough, makes little pretense of appeal to the emotional or esthetic nature of his audience, but bases his claim to renown upon his agility, which is indeed unprecedented, though, after all, hardly worth while.

Young Josef Hoffmann is to give sixty concerts, half of them with orchestra. Ysaye will bring his violin, and Gerardy his 'cello. Both are well acquainted with the adulation of our audiences, and our audiences are familiar with their genius. Their success is assured, and deserved.

As much cannot be said of all the others. Even our generous national interest in the foreign struggler will not entertain half of those that want to come. One importer of European novelties frankly confessed that they have driven him home. "I shall return to America," he wrote from Paris, "as soon as possible, not because I am tired of this country for itself, but because I am overrun with applications from the almost endless number of European artists who are seeking to make their fortunes on the other side."

OPERA FOR NEXT SEASON.

Walter Damrosch has joined forces with Mr. Ellis, the manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and promises a season of German and Italian opera in New York, to begin January 17 and to last five weeks, or possibly longer. Several interesting details as to casts and programs are announced. Two operas will be given which are new in America, though they have been successfully performed in Berlin and Dresden—"Hasheesh," by Herr von Chelius, who is an officer in the guards and a friend of the Kaiser's, and "Ulysses' Home Coming," by Bungert. In the latter, the three principal characters—*Penelope*, *Ulysses*, and *Telemachus*—will be enacted by Mme. Gadski, David Bispham, and Fräulein Heidler.

Melba will sing two rôles in which we have never seen her—*Rosina* in "Il Barbiere," and *Aïda* in "La Figlia di Regimento." It is not decided whether Lehmann will return, as she fears the strain of another season of heavy work. Gadski, Mattfeld, Kraus, Campanari, and Emil Fischer, of last year's company, have been reëngaged. The most notable newcomer is Fräulein Heidler, of whom we have heard enthusiastic praise as the young and beautiful star of the royal opera in Berlin. Her voice and acting are said to be more nearly like Pauline Lucca's than any other singer of the day, and of course we are told that she had great difficulty in securing leave of absence from her post.

Herr Rothmuehl and Herr and Frau Staudigl, who have sung here in previous years, will be with the company. So will Bonduresque, the young basso of the Paris Opéra, and so will a new Canadian soprano who recently made a successful début in Paris, and from whom great things are promised.

Altogether, we shall look forward to an interesting season of opera under Mr. Damrosch's auspices.

TAMAGNO IN GERMANY.

The great Italian tenor has been making his first tour through Germany, and has been

receiving a salary of twelve hundred dollars a performance—an almost unheard of price in that music loving but economical country. It is not surprising that the enterprise has been unprofitable for the managers. The Germans are, first of all, lovers of music; the personality of the singer is of minor importance. Therefore one does not find a Teutonic audience becoming wildly enthusiastic over two or three high salaried stars who happen to be the idols of the hour. In America the reverse is true to a certain extent; we go to applaud the singer, while the song and its writer are matters of lesser import. For instance, the writer remembers hearing a woman in an adjoining box, at a performance of "Aïda," applaud the singer vehemently; when some one mentioned the composer she exclaimed: "Did Verdi really write 'Aïda'?"

The Germans have so many excellent music schools, even in the smallest towns, that most of the people receive some training. In Würzburg, a town of about thirty thousand inhabitants, they have between forty and fifty operatic performances yearly.

Tamagno's natural powers have been justly praised by the German critics, but no such deference was shown him there as in southern Europe and America.

ANTON SEIDL IN LONDON.

Mr. Seidl's warm and triumphant receptions in England are not surprising to us who are so well acquainted with his work. The London critics note principally his wonderful accompanying powers.

The *World* of London says: "Perhaps the triumph of the evening, nevertheless, was the conductor's triumph. Mr. Seidl made the orchestra into a fine instrument—an instrument at times full of almost breathless delicacy, tender instead of rough and overbearing, good to the singers, sympathetic to Wagner. Too often the Covent Garden orchestra is like the big boy who bullies his meek world. The other night it was rather the servitor of beauty, and Mme. Eames was quite right in her pretty action at the close of the great duet. When the curtain was raised, Jean de Reszke, as *Lohengrin*, stood modestly in the background, almost like the publican in the parable, while Mme. Eames came to the footlights and indicated to Mr. Seidl that he must take their present of applause."

DINA BEUMER.

The great Belgian soprano will be with us next season. Few singers have the standing that Mlle. Beumer has in the European artistic world. She is the daughter of Henry Beumer, a Hollander, who has been for many years a master of the violin in the Royal Conservatory of Music in Brussels.

Mlle. Beumer began her studies under Gevaert, the director of the conservatory, and she studied later with Fauré, the celebrated French baritone, who had prophesied for her a great future when she sang to him as a young girl. The insignia of an officer of the academy have been bestowed on her by the French government, and she is also cantatrice to the court of Holland.

Everywhere she is received with the greatest enthusiasm. When she was in London, a short time ago, an ovation was tendered her at the Grosvenor Club. The audience was clamorous in its applause, and at the conclusion numbers of people jumped on to the stage, eager to shake hands with her.

M. LÉON JANCEY.

One of the most striking proofs of our cosmopolitanism lies in the fact that a French teacher of elocution can find it profitable to spend a portion of the year in this country, teaching American pupils to declaim and sing his beloved language. Elocution is not precisely the right word for M. Jancey's art. He is, rather, a master of enunciation as applied to song. He teaches singers to deliver the French text of their songs and operatic rôles with the proper accent and inflection, and with those eloquent gestures which form part and parcel of the French language.

After winning distinction at the famous theater of the Odéon, M. Jancey entered his present field at the time when French began to assume ascendancy over Italian as the choicest of all languages for the singer. He has gained preëminence in Paris as a dramatic instructor of operatic singers, and he carries his criticism not only into the field of expression and action, but, to the finest degree, into accent and tone production. With particular success, too, he has identified himself with the recitation of dramatic poetry with a musical "background" furnished by some instrument playing a descriptive composition. Those who have heard him deliver a poem thus, to the accompaniment of a pipe organ, will not soon forget the musical character of his voice.

THE MUSICAL MONOLOGUE.

The song recital given by one person was an entirely new thing to America when it was first introduced by Harry Plunkett Greene, five years ago; but it has since become a favorite form of entertainment.

Mr. Greene's personal popularity as a singer has been such that he was certain to have imitators. He is a young Irishman,

who has done more than any other singer to interpret the music of his people. When he was a boy near Dublin, he heard the Irish peasants in their cottages singing old melodies which appealed to him strongly as representing the nature of the Celtic race. He never lost this feeling through his years of serious musical study in London, in Florence, and in Stuttgart. He belongs to a family whose members have served the government with brains and swords and pens, and he chose Stuttgart as a place of study because his brother was stationed there in the diplomatic service.

When he went back to England, he remembered the songs which had so deeply impressed his childhood, and searched them out. Many years ago Dr. Petrie, an enthusiastic Irishman, traveled over Ireland and wrote down, from the lips of the people, more than fifteen hundred folk songs. This famous Petrie collection was at Mr. Greene's disposal. He had many of them rewritten, and adapted to his own voice by well known and skilful composers, giving him a really unique repertory. Since he began singing these songs, he has had dozens sent to him by amateur collectors, so that it seems likely that he has material for a lifetime.

Mr. Greene's recitals are more carefully constructed, as to program, than many an elaborate concert. He divides his recital, giving classical music in the first part and folk songs in the second. He will confine his next year's American tour to Canada and California, giving perhaps one or two recitals in New York.

THE PERILS OF FOREIGN VOCAL TEACHING.

It is frequently said that the shortest way to enter the highest society in America is by way of Europe. However this may be, it is, unfortunately, a fact that Europe is almost the only road to operatic success here. An engagement at some European opera house, and a collection of glowing press clippings, are indispensable; or at the very least, the candidate for home honors must be able to call himself the pupil of some foreign teacher.

It is only fair to say that, in the end, the American audience will reserve the right to indorse or condemn the candidate as it sees fit; but the first audience will hardly be gained without the European introduction. Singers who are thoroughly qualified for the highest honors by tutelage under good masters in this country, find it expedient to go abroad for the prestige which comes of foreign training. Thus it is that the arduous but necessary European pilgrimage for musical students is an event of commercial rather than artistic import.

There are two reasons for deprecating this fact. In the first place, local teachers are reduced to the necessity of teaching rudiments only. In the second place, these foreign teachers, whose reputation is based upon one or two possibly accidental successes with pupils, are patronized and pampered, though their methods may be obsolete or even pernicious. One world famous European instructor owes her renown to two or three pupils, now great singers, who in private discountenance her doctrines. This same teacher has sent back to America many pupils whose voices have been ruined beyond redemption. Nor is she by any means the only one in Europe whose studio is proving a graveyard of high hopes and well grounded ambitions.

American teachers may be watched and held responsible for their work, and their methods may be judged by the average result shown by their pupils. European mentors are beyond the reach of any such painstaking scrutiny, and thus escape the responsibility for the voices they mar.

The solemnity of this warning is emphasized by the recent publication of a pitiful letter from a young woman whose naturally beautiful voice was ruined, even for speaking, by the methods of a prominent foreign instructor.

A MAN OF STRONG SENSIBILITIES.

Frau Serafina Tausig, widow of the great Carl Tausig, relates the following interesting incident:

In the first years of their married life Tausig and his wife played together in concert, and for two years they devoted the proceeds of their recitals to Wagner in order to help him on with his great works. They and the maestro were warm friends, and whenever they were at his house he showed them great honor, especially the young and gifted Serafina, who still shows how beautiful she must have been at that time.

One day, when the young couple were sojourning at Weimar, having given several concerts there, a most extravagant gift, which consisted of a complete service of silver, arrived for them. This was from Wagner. Knowing how much he needed money, and of how little use such a wonderful service would be to them in their dejected little inn, they repacked the treasure and, begging Wagner's forgiveness, returned it.

A letter came immediately containing these words: "Who refuses the gift of Wagner can exist no longer for him." It was a long time before they were again recognized, and they never again occupied their former position of honor at his house.

THE STAGE

THE SEASON'S FORECAST.

The managers are unusually late in announcing their plans for the coming season. One cause of this is the difficulty of procuring suitable plays. At this writing—and in spite of his ten thousand dollar prize offer—Mr. Frohman is still seeking an attraction in which to present Maude Adams. In any case, he who prints a forecast of theatrical plans should write it on a slate, with a damp sponge handy; with which proviso we venture to append the following schedule of New York offerings for the early months of the 1897-98 season.

The Academy of Music opens in August with what is announced as a "colossal production" in the shape of melodrama, called "Nature." It includes a scene at the North Pole, and will have no competitor at the American, as Mr. French has withdrawn from this house, which is hereafter to be devoted to vaudeville.

The Bijou's season has been mapped out with only two features—a happy state of things for managers—Roland Reed in "The Wrong Mr. Wright," to be followed by May Irwin in her new play by H. A. Du Souchet, possibly called "The Countess."

The Broadway opens with a preliminary attraction, at this writing undecided on, followed September 20 by Francis Wilson in "Half a King," which in turn gives way to Frank Daniels in a new opera by Herbert and Smith, preceding another new work by DeKoven and Smith, in which Joseph O'Mara, who did such clever character work in "Shamus O'Brien," is to figure prominently.

At the Casino they have learned a lesson from last year's experience, and have made no advance bookings, which will permit them to keep on "The Whirl of the Town" as long as it continues profitable.

Daly's preliminary season is to be inaugurated about the middle of August with a revival of "The Circus Girl," possibly followed by a reproduction of "The Geisha," while the features of the stock year are to be Ada Rehan's *Joan of Arc* and *Portia*.

At the Empire we are to have Maude Adams, then John Drew, and, about the first of the year, the stock company in a revival of "Under the Red Robe," preceding the production of Anthony Hope's "Phroso," dramatized by Edward Rose.

For the Fifth Avenue no announcements are made. A. M. Palmer is negotiating for the house, and, if he gets it, will probably open with a lively comedy by a new writer. If Mr. Miner determines to remain in control, Fanny Davenport, with her new American play, is likely to be a prominent attraction.

Sol Smith Russell, who has not appeared in New York since 1893, is to open at the Garden Theater, September 20, in Martha Morton's "A Bachelor's Romance," with Blanche Walsh as leading woman.

"The Good Mr. Best," the successful musical farce by John J. McNally, dramatic critic of the Boston *Herald*, but better known as the author of "The Widow Jones" and "Courted into Court," is to ring up the curtain at the Garrick, August 30, with Richard Mansfield booked to follow, October 18, with "Timon of Athens," Bernard Shaw's "Devil's Disciple," and "The Master of Ceremonies," dramatized from a novel of George Manville Fenn by Edwin Booth's daughter Edwina.

"The French Maid," a piece of a piece with "The Girl from Paris," and which has been running since April at Terry's, in London, is Mr. Rice's selection for the Herald Square. It will include in its cast two clever recruits from the music halls—Charles J. Ross and his wife, Mabel Fenton.

Hoyt's will probably start things with "A Stranger in New York," which Mr. Hoyt has already tried on several "dogs," while Mr. Frohman stands ready to come in with "Gambols," Henry Guy Carleton's adaptation of a German farce seen here last winter at the Irving Place.

The Knickerbocker is to open with "In Town," an English musical farce announced last season for the Garrick, but never produced. Then will follow a series of American stars, led off by Nat Goodwin with Madeleine Lucette Ryley's "American Citizen," and possibly "The Taming of the Shrew," presenting Maxine Elliott as *Katharine*. Next, in January, comes William H. Crane, whose new plays include "A Virginia Courtship," by Eugene Presbrey, a comedy by Louis N. Parker, author of "The Mayflower," and another by Clyde Fitch and Leo Dietrichstein, who served "Gossip" to Mrs. Langtry.

Sothern opens his annual season at the Lyceum early in September with a story of the South Sea bubble, called "Change Alley," by Parker and Carson, authors of "Rosemary," and also announces a second

ISABEL IRVING, JOHN DREW'S NEW LEADING WOMAN.

From her latest photograph by Pach, New York.

play which will give him an opportunity to appear as *Henry Esmond*. The stock season will begin late in November with Pinero's new comedy "The Princess and the Butterfly," now running at the London St. James.

New York is to have a new stock company to present first class comedy, possibly opening with "What Happened to Jones," by George Broadhurst.

Wallack's season begins in September, with Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon as joint stars, and W. J. Le Moyne as an addi-

CATHARINE LINYARD, IN "THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN."
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

at the Murray Hill, with popular prices, a weekly change of bill, and Nance O'Neill for leading woman. Hammerstein proposes to separate his Olympia Theater entirely from his music hall, change its name to "Washington" or "West End," and open with Audran's new comic opera, now running at the Prince of Wales' in London, "La Poupée."

A new man, Aaron H. Woodhull, has taken hold of the Standard, idle all last winter, has rechristened it the Manhattan, and proposes tional attraction, in a new play by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, provisionally called "A Coat of Many Colors." This theater will also have Willard in Henry Arthur Jones' latest drama, "The Physician," and Julia Arthur with Mrs. Burnett's much discussed "Lady of Quality." Miss Arthur has lately been with Irving in London, and will have for her leading man Edwin Arden, long associated with "Eagle's Nest." It is within the possibilities that Wilton Lackaye may appear at Wallack's, presenting his new comedy ro-

HELMA NELSON, IN "THE GEISHA."
From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

mance, written by the young dramatist, Theodore Burt Sayre, whose début on the professional stage was made last season with a curtain raiser, "The Wife of Willoughby," at the Lyceum. This piece will take Lackaye completely away from the weird rôles he has been depicting for the past three seasons. It makes him a gay young army officer, whose love of practical joking involves him in a series of adventures, offering opportunities for comedy as well as emotional work.

JOHN DREW'S NEW LEADING WOMAN.

When John Drew begins his new season in San Francisco the play will still be "Rosemary," but there will be a new *Dorothy*. The vital problem of a successor to Maude Adams has been happily solved by awarding the position to Isabel Irving, who for two seasons was leading woman at the Lyceum, and who spent last winter touring the country under the same management in her great success, *Princess Flavia*, in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Miss Irving has an innate refinement of manner which peculiarly fits her for the atmosphere of the Drew company. The stage is to her what the studio is to the artist, the study to the writer; there is no glamour, no tinsel, no nonsense about it. Even with her friends it is exceedingly difficult to get her to

talk about her work at the theater. When questioned about the swoon episode in "Never Again"—her last play before going with Mr. Drew—she glides from a description of her part in it to deplore the exertions it calls for

portunity to see a new heroine of "Rosemary" with whom the rôle is as entirely original a conception as it was with Miss Adams herself.

Miss Irving's favorite parts are—in the

GRACE RUTTER, OF DALY'S STOCK COMPANY.
From her latest photograph by Dupont, New York.

from her associates in the scene. Our portrait was taken during the New York run of this successful comedy.

At this writing Mr. Drew has not yet decided on the new piece for his season at the Empire, later in the autumn. It is to be hoped that he will not do so until he has given New York, as well as the West, an order named—*Theophila Fraser* in Pinero's "Benefit of the Doubt," the title rôle in Henry Arthur Jones' "Case of Rebellious Susan," and *Flavia* in "Zenda."

"THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN."

"What fools these mortals be!" This quotation must frequently recur to the mind

MARY HAMPTON.

From her latest photograph by Jones & Lotz, San Francisco.

of the man who devised "The Whirl of the Town," as he pockets the generous royalties the constantly crowded Casino places to his credit. The entire play is a piece of satire on New York's preference, in things theatrical, for the fluffy, frothy, and flimsy rather than for the genuinely good. In many places it is clever, in a few it is unfortunately true, and sometimes it is vulgar. Mr. Lederer has provided an eminently capable cast and several sets of effective scenery; but when the thoughtful man reflects that this is the one kind of play that is capable of braving summer heat in the metropolis, he begins to believe that its hits at Gothamites are deserved. No further proof is needed than the fact that they throng to see a production which gives them full measure of the diet they are held up to scorn for preferring.

To leave moralizing, "The Whirl of the Town" is undoubtedly the most successful of the four annual reviews with which the Casino has now presented us—reckoned from the point of drawing power. Dan Daly dances, Dave Warfield does his Jew act, while Madge Lessing shakes her abundant hair back from her eyes and looks pretty. Another pretty girl, and one who sings well,

especially in her upper register, is Catharine Linyard, whose portrait is presented herewith. She was mentioned in our March number in connection with "An American Beauty," and two of her duties in "The Whirl of the Town" are to imitate Josephine Hall in the "Mary Jane's Top Note" song, and to dance with Dan Daly. She manages the latter feat with a daintiness all her own, and without infringement on the Marie Dressler copyright.

Miss Linyard grew up in a stage atmosphere. Her father, W. K. Linyard, and her mother, Emma Reignolds, were the leading comedians of the old Bowery Theater, while her aunt, Kate Reignolds, was once leading woman at the Boston Museum. Catharine made her first appearance as a child in the part of *Harry* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the scene where *Eliza* crosses the ice. Next she was *Little Buttercup* in a juvenile "Pinafore" organization, then went into the legitimate in the support of Ristori, Janauschek, Edwin Booth, and the elder Salvini. When grown up she returned to opera, played in "The Isle of Champagne," and was the original *Fatima* in "Tabasco."

During her engagement last winter with the Lillian Russell company, she was called upon to take the star's part several times.

MARION BARNWELL, A RECENT RECRUIT TO VAUDEVILLE.
From a photograph by Campbell, Norfolk, Virginia.

TWO GIRLS AT DALY'S.

In MUNSEY'S for February, 1896, we printed the portrait of Grace Rutter, who was then

appearing in a small part in "The Wizard of the Nile." The accompanying comment mentioned the fact that a newspaper critic predicted that she would some day be a star, and added that Miss Rutter's own aspirations were for the dramatic rather than the operatic field.

This month we print a new portrait of her, and are able to record that she has so far progressed on the road toward the realization of

other woman now on the roster, with the exception of Miss Rehan and Mrs. Gilbert. She joined the company to play *Winny* in "The Last Word," during the Chicago engagement in the summer of 1892. She was born in that city, of Swedish parents, and her clever affecting of a foreign accent was of infinite worth to her as *Juliette*, the Frenchwoman, in "The Geisha," as also in her present rôle of *Marie*, maid to *La Favor-*

MARIE CELESTE, OF THE "ROUND OF PLEASURE" COMPANY.

From a photograph by Marceau, San Francisco.

both prophecy and aspiration as to be a member of Mr. Daly's company, winning special praise for her work in legitimate comedy—as *Inis*, maid to *Isabella*, in "The Wonder." She was also *Iris*, one of the four spirits in "The Tempest" and as *Nami* added to the beauty of the tea house girls in "The Geisha." She is now *Juliette*, of the *Serpentina Quartet* in "The Circus Girl."

Helma Nelson, another member of the Daly forces, enjoys the distinction of having been associated with them longer than any

ita, in "The Circus Girl." Among her other impersonations have been *Oberon* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and *Lili* in "Countess Gucki"; but as she is a clever dancer she has frequently appeared as a member of the chorus. Miss Nelson is, in fact, one of the most useful adjuncts to the Daly organization.

NEW "RENÉES."

An excellent way to determine what is *the* play of any one season is to inquire what

GERTRUDE RIVERS, LATE OF THE LYCEUM COMPANY.

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

performance was selected by intelligent, thoughtful persons with whom theater going is only a very rare treat. The answer for 1896-97 would be "Under the Red Robe." Twice a closing date was set for it at the Empire Theater, but the seat sale continued so good that the house was kept open far into June. Mr. Faversham and Miss Allen grew tired of postponing their dates of sailing for Europe, and finally left their rôles respectively to Mr. Edeson and Miss Conquest. The play has had an equally long run at the London Haymarket, and there will undoubtedly be an enormous clientage awaiting it in all cities of the Union visited during the coming season.

To meet this demand, Charles Frohman has arranged to send out several touring companies. Of the principal so called "road" organization Mary Hampton is to be leading woman. Miss Hampton brought herself into prominence by her skilled depiction of *Rosamond* in a touring company presenting "Sowing the Wind," which she played for two years. Since then she has come rapidly to the front, and during part of last season was leading woman for Sothern in "An Enemy to the King." She could have gone to London as *Edith Varney* in "Secret Service," but feeling the need of rest after several years of work, she relinquished her position to Blanche Walsh, and retired to her cottage on Cape Ann (named by her father Hampton Manor) for the summer.

Miss Hampton is a Kentucky girl, who was educated in a convent, and went on the stage when she was but seventeen. Her first speaking part was in Gillette's "Private Secretary," at the Park Theater, Boston. She is a woman of deep feeling, and likes to make her rôles a matter of study, even after she has been playing them for some time. In this way she avoids getting into ruts, and often succeeds in obtaining new and desirable effects.

A SET BACK FOR THE "LEGITIMATE."

It is said that some of the "big names" lately recruited to vaudeville are proving anything but profitable. This is not to be wondered at. While it was still a novelty to find a first class player from the "legitimate" sandwiched between a clog dance and a trapeze act, "continuous" audiences applauded because they felt they were getting more than they had paid for; but with the multiplication of these numbers on the programs, they lost their attraction, and began to lend to the entertainment a preponderating heaviness which it was the primary object of these houses to avoid.

In such an emergency, some of the less known people are being drawn on to add the element of variety in a lighter form. Marion Barnwell, of whom we print a portrait, has written a sketch for her own use called "Collette," with which she proposes to tempt fortune on the vaudeville circuit during the coming autumn. Miss Barnwell is a Washington girl who began her career by joining the National stock company of that city. Later she was with Stuart Robson, and last season played the adventuress in "Hands Across the Sea."

A COMING STAR IN BURLESQUE.

Marie Celeste seems set quite apart from the majority of her sisters in the profession, owing to the fact that she does not hail from the West or the South, but was born and brought up in New York. Electing to follow the stage, she began in the purely dramatic field, being fortunate enough to procure an engagement with a small road company playing an extensive repertoire. Then came her ambition for the musical side of the art, and she spent a year studying voice culture in her native city.

Her first appearance in opera was with a small part in "Princess Nicotine," with Lillian Russell; then she was *Paquita* in "Giroflé-Girofla," and afterwards understudied Della Fox in "The Little Trooper." Next she returned to Miss Russell's company, and last season played *Queen Titania* with "The Brownies." This summer she was the *Niobe* in "A Round of Pleasure," and although the burlesque was supposed to resemble a round robin in that there were no stars, Miss Celeste's work was of such sterling quality that one was inclined to forget this fact. She is both pretty and vivacious, and throws boundless animation into her depiction of a part which, in less capable hands, would be rather colorless.

WHY ONE COMPANY FAILED.

The personality of actors is a factor in theatrical ethics that must be reckoned with, Shakspere's declaration that "the play's the thing," to the contrary notwithstanding. Managers, as a rule, remember this fact, even to the extent of stretching the truth in their announcement of the "original" company in sending a metropolitan success on the road. Daniel Frohman did not take it into account four years ago, when he organized the Lyceum Comedy Company, to play New York hits in other cities. It was a very good company, but it went out of existence after a single season's experience. The public knew that it was giving plays which the home organization had made notable, and while there existed the remotest chance that the original players could be seen in the parts, they were

not going to pay their money to see substitutes, no matter how clever these might be.

We print herewith a portrait of Gertrude Rivers, who played leading juvenile rôles in this Lyceum Comedy Company, and who has since married George E. Alison, the actor. She is a Boston girl, who studied for the stage at the Sargent school, and her first appearance was at the Lyceum in "Americans Abroad," as one of the two schoolgirls who always said "Yes" or "No" in concert, Winona Shannon being the other. Her last part at this theater was during the season of 1895-96 as *Mrs. Quinton Twelves* in "The Benefit of the Doubt."

THAT LONDON MARKET.

The hit of "Secret Service" in London threatens to deluge that city with American dramatic wares. Wild rumors have even come over the cable telling us that Charles Frohman was to abandon this country to his brother Dan, and establish himself permanently in the English capital. But Mr. Frohman is not the man to strike his tents anywhere; his policy has always been to broaden the field of his operations, and he cannot certainly accomplish this by merely transferring the scene of his activities.

There is no denying that Mr. Gillette's play has pleased the English people and the English critics immensely, and we are justly proud of that fact. But we should not lose our heads over the circumstance, and straightway set about leasing all the London theaters for our own productions. Another play of Mr. Gillette's—"Held by the Enemy"—won British laurels and sovereigns several years ago, and yet it did not pave the way for a long series of conquests by his brother playwrights.

It may be that London wants only war plays. What it does not want from us is thus voiced by *The Stage*, of that city, in the course of a leader on "The American Supply":

"They [the Americans] should send us their comic pieces and their funny comedians cautiously and sparingly; for our audiences do not see eye for eye with theirs in humor. They should hesitate to send us companies in standard plays other than their own, or in modern plays to which the same remark applies; for, accustomed to the English delivery, our audiences do not easily reconcile themselves to the American accent. But the true American play of the best sort—perhaps a rather rare thing, though it is steadily becoming more prolific—may safely be sent."

In the light of this comment, Mr. Gillette has no occasion to think it remarkable that English audiences should be so appreciative, "considering that 'Secret Service' is a very American play."

After "Les Deux Gosses" ("Two Little Vagrants") at the Ambigu, which has broken the French record, the longest run at the Paris theaters last season was achieved at the Gaîté by "La Poupée" ("The Doll"), which Mr. Hammerstein is to present to New York in the autumn. Its music is by Audran, already well known here through his "Olivette" and "La Mascotte," and the story concerns itself with a novice at a monastery, who marries what he supposes to be a mechanical doll, but which turns out to be the daughter of the doll maker. Some of the foreign critics declare that the book is as childish as the title, and reminiscent of more than one predecessor.

When the piece was produced on February 24 at the Prince of Wales', London, the manager caused handbills to be distributed in the cheaper parts of the house informing first night patrons that the full amount of his entrance money would be returned to any one who left the theater dissatisfied before the close of the first act, or half of it if he departed before the end of the third scene. This precaution appeared to be unnecessary, as the opera made an unmistakable hit, and is still running.

* * * *

"The French Maid," the other musical play we are to get via London in the fall, comes from Terry's, and is fathered by Basil Hood and Walter Slaughter, the gentlemen who concocted "Gentleman Joe." If they succeed in living down this atrocity in American memories, they are to be congratulated, indeed. Weber & Fields are already out with their announcement of a burlesque on the new importation, to be called "American Made."

* * * *

A visit to the solitary open air roof garden where variety seeks to lighten the burden of summer heat for the New Yorker, must convince one of two facts he would not expect to learn in this environment. One is that there is much less drinking in these resorts than was formerly the case; the other that there is an increasing demand for clean shows. The stage end of the garden has not yet comprehended this, so our statement is proved negatively by the apathetic silence that follows low suggestions and *double entendres* in song and dialogue. It is doubtless true that the high prices charged for liquors on roofs is responsible for this wave of temperance, but happily no such interested motive can be set down as the explanation of the cold shoulder turned to indecency.

LITERARY CHAT

"BEST BOOKS."

We have seen, from time to time, lists purporting to give the best one hundred, or the best fifty books. These lists are of problematical value. Among the classics of the English language there are a few which will indisputably head any such aggregation; but after the first dozen or so are told off, the list must vary with the personal likes and dislikes of the individual. The best books for the litterateur are not necessarily best for the beginner. We doubt whether, in the literature of Europe and America, there are more than a score of master works that might be drawn without challenge into a list of best books. As to the best fifty or best one hundred, there will be as many different lists as there are possible points of view.

Absolute value is as difficult of determination in matters of literature, particularly current literature, as it is in the matter of uncut gems. After the Kohinurs are picked out, there remains a vast pile of lesser stones, from which the critic takes his chosen fifty with hardly finer discrimination than might be expected of a child picking at a pile of pebbles.

Lately we have received a request to give a list of the best ten short poems. A distinguished man of letters has already published a list of ten he considers entitled to the distinction. Highly as we value the opinion of this noted man, we do not believe that any other equally qualified judge would agree with him precisely in the identity and sequence of the poems chosen.

Perhaps one should read by authors rather than by books, choosing the writers who have best stood the test of time, and acquainting himself as far as possible with their personalities. This brings the reader into a feeling of comradeship with the writer, if the authors are carefully chosen, and the books so read become like personal talks with the great men of the world of letters.

A LITERARY VETERAN.

It is rarely that a pseudonym endears itself as widely as did "Ik Marvel" nearly fifty years ago. When "Reveries of a Bachelor" appeared, there was much speculation as to the identity of the author. Some said no bachelor could possibly portray the pathos, the tragedy, of domestic life with the power that this man showed; some argued that no married man could so closely counterfeit the attitude of the celibate. When this curious interest gave way to the deep regard in which the book has always been held, "Ik Marvel" shared with his work the love of every one to whom the tender "Reveries" appealed, and while greater lights have flamed and dimmed, his fame has never paled.

"Ik Marvel" is known and loved where Donald G. Mitchell is a stranger; and it is with regret that we note that Mr. Mitchell has abandoned his pseudonym. His latest work, "American Lands and Letters," is signed in his own name. In giving up Ik Marvel we feel that we are losing a friend; and the fact that this feeling is quite generally voiced is in itself a strong tribute to the power of Mr. Mitchell's pen.

"American Lands and Letters" is a delightfully chatty and unconventional discussion of early American books and writers. Its name might suggest a historical as well as a literary review, but only enough of the history of the old days is given to hold in proper relation to their times the men whom Mr. Mitchell criticises. We are so completely out of touch with the speech and ways of colonial times that an exhaustive review of our early writers could have little interest for most readers; but his sketch of the beginnings of American literature is light and bright enough to suit any taste. Governor William Bradford finds brief mention; Roger Williams receives a well merited tribute: of him Mr. Mitchell says that "he was kindly, gracious, earnest, and with a charity in all religious matters as rare in that day as it was beautiful." The forgotten poetry of those early times is brought out for inspection, and some quaint and amusing citations are given. Here is a fragment from the "Day of Doom," written by Michael Wigglesworth, in 1662:

> They wring their hands, their caitiff hands,
> And gnash their teeth for terrour;
> They cry, they roar, for anguish sore,
> And gnaw their tongues for horrour;
> But get away, without delay,
> Christ pities not your cry;
> Depart to Hell; there you may yell
> And roar eternally.

What a picture of the cheery and merciful doctrines of our worthy forefathers!

Mr. Mitchell possesses the happy faculty of making a few words go as far as thrice their number would in less skilful telling. The book is widely comprehensive, and nothing seems left out, from Daniel Webster's

stirring periods to the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The chronological limitation is closely observed, however, and no writer born in the present century appears in the volume. The author has not attempted to "put two centuries of flow into a quart flagon," but has given us a sip here and a sup there of all that is best in his varied store.

"Lands and Letters" is a notable book, and Donald G. Mitchell, the man of letters, is to be congratulated upon his success, but the spirit of Ik Marvel shows in the graceful method of the book, and it is he who speaks to us from the pages of "Lands and Letters" no less than from the touching "Reveries" he voiced half a century ago.

THE EVOLUTION OF STEPHEN CRANE.

In these days of rapidly made names it is interesting to watch the development of a young writer, to note his earlier eccentricities of style and treatment and the slow crystallizing of those fixed and unmistakable characteristics which are to mark his later work. A noteworthy case in point is that of Mr. Stephen Crane.

This brilliant writer is hardly more than a lad—barely twenty seven, we believe—and his steady progress toward higher literary ideals may be read as a matter of chronological sequence in his successive books. His first work was published six years ago, before he had fairly reached his majority. It was called "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets." As a matter of justice to Mr. Crane, in view of his later work, we will leave this volume out of the question. Then, four years later, came "The Red Badge of Courage." The book sold so widely that comment upon it now is little short of gratuitous. A prominent reviewer said of it, "There is a total absence of literary style; the writing is clumsy and crude, and even the grammar is bad. What strikes every one, however, is the wealth of color and the tremendous rude force." The young author was manifesting a power of light, precise pen picturing, a surprise that came with all the greater effect because of the crudities of the work.

This summer Mr. Crane has made another advance in "The Third Violet." It is difficult to realize that the man who wrote the brutally disagreeable story of "Maggie" has succeeded in rising so far above his former level. "The Third Violet" is a tender and untarnished love story told in short, terse sentences, mostly of the conversational order. Mr. Crane possesses, to an unusual degree, the power of bringing scenes and events into sharp focus. His paragraphs are cut sharply down; sometimes the speaker's meaning is merely suggested. Often the sentences are left unfinished, or, if finished, contain but three or four words. This breathless, fragmentary aspect of his periods is characteristic of Mr. Crane; possibly it marks his nearest approach to a literary style. In any case he has avoided all ponderous affectations of speech.

The most interesting characters one sees in an afternoon's walk are not those who slavishly conform to the prevailing style in dress. If Mr. Crane's latest book is not garbed in superfinished sentences of immaculate English, it is none the less picturesque. We are inclined to think that the comment of the reviewer whom we quoted above is becoming true in a sense quite contrary to that which he intended, and that Mr. Crane, through his very lack of literary laundry finish, is destined to become one of the most picturesque writers in America.

THE QUESTION OF PROPORTION.

"The Merry Maid of Arcady, His Lordship, and Other Stories" is the title of a new volume of short sketches by Mrs. Burton Harrison. The book is an object lesson for those ultra fastidious readers who are frightened away by an uncomfortable title, for its name is the only tedious thing about it. And even "The Merry Maid of Arcady, His Lordship, and Other Stories" sounds melodious after such inharmonious conglomerations as "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wyckenham." These composite titles are getting to be a bad habit, but we hope the time will come when the writers of novels will abandon such cacophonies of nomenclature to the compiler of short stories, who can use them with better grace.

We said that Mrs. Harrison's book was one of short sketches; we might say of cartoons, if the yellow journalism had not given to that much abused word an unpleasant signification. Mrs. Harrison has caricatured society in a graceful way, and has given us, in fact, some clever prose cartoons of the members of New York's upper ten.

In "The Merry Maid of Arcady," she sketches a society matron, one of Gotham's elect, and, in sharp contrast, a simple and lovely woman, *Miss Pointdexter*, a spinster eking out a scant living in a New York boarding house. *Miss Pointdexter* seeks to renew the cordial relations that existed in girlhood between herself and her more fortunate neighbor, the society matron. The heartless candor with which her frank advances are checkmated is drawn with consummate skill. Mrs. Harrison shows at her best in this brief sketch.

The next sketch (the name of which, "Worrosquoyacke," is mercifully withheld

from the title page) contains a brilliant description of that great New York function, the Horse Show, with some sharp thrusts at one or two society leaders possessed of more ducats than charms or graces.

At that moment there came into the box a lady attended by two dapper youths. At the spectacle of this homely old woman in a girlish costume of dark green velvet and chinchilla—to whom her young followers paid court as to a maiden in her first season—*Richard Wilcox* allowed his ingenuous face to express the wonder of his soul.

"This won't do, d'ye see?" said *Blackburn*, presently linking his arm in that of the young man, to draw him from the spot. "Who ever before saw a fellow show so plainly what he thinks of old *Mother Thomson?* Your eyes are telltales, my dear boy, and I must take you away from the chances of betrayal."

"How can women like *Miss Godfrey* and her aunt associate with that—person?" asked *Wilcox*.

"Why, my dear Rusticus, that is not a person, but a personage. There are more like her to whom the aspirants for place bow down. In the eyes of her followers, she shines with a luster which has nothing to do with the native woman. She is a leader, a social law giver, and that's enough."

Again Mrs. Harrison applies the whip:

While they were waiting, a gentleman brought an old lady ("One of the war horses of the smart set," young *Alexander* whispered slyly in *Virginia's* ear. "Looks like somebody's cook, doesn't she?") into the room.

It is singular that, as a rule, a writer of novels—bulky, pretentious affairs—loses that light, sharp touch which makes the short story readable. It appears to us that the latter may be, in its way, quite as meritorious as the ponderous two volume work of fiction, just as a crayon sketch may be a more pleasing and a stronger work than the same subject treated in oil. We have seen many unwieldy novels that would have been really admirable as pencil sketches. Mrs. Harrison has a due sense of proportion, and is versatile enough to turn from sustained works of fiction to the lighter vein of her sketches without upsetting the balance of her literary work. This cannot be said of the majority of our later novelists.

MR. STOCKTON'S PACK OF STORIES.

In the matter of titles Mr. Stockton's good sense is quite as refreshing as is his delightful nonsense in the matter of stories. "A Story Teller's Pack" suggests choice things in the way of light, farcical sketches—suggests rather than identifies. Contrast this attractive name with the tongue twisting titles quoted previously. If there's anything in a name, after all, writers would do well to make an exact science of book christening.

The "pack" consists of ten stories written in Mr. Stockton's usual light and entertaining style. If one can put himself in a frame of mind suited to the appreciation of the author's eccentric vein of humor, they are uproariously funny; in no case are they dull or drawn out beyond the exact length necessary to their concise telling. In fact, just here lies Mr. Stockton's weakness, or rather that suggestion of weakness which even so vigorous a writer as Mr. Stockton may manifest. His tales are sometimes cut short at too early a point. The story is cleverly told, the quaint plot is speedily unfolded, and a skilfully evolved outcome is promised; then comes the end, shutting down like a curtain. So eager does Mr. Stockton seem to avoid being a bore, the very climax of the story is sometimes caught by the descending curtain, like a belated "super."

This is not true, by any means, in the majority of Mr. Stockton's stories. In this new collection the "Widow's Cruise" (not "Cruse") is quite beyond the reach of the most querulous fault finder. It is just as bright and sparkling at the conclusion as at the beginning; it is admirably proportioned, and it is altogether a notable bit of whimsical story telling. We have seen "The Staying Power of Sir Rohan" and "Captain Eli's Best Ear" before, but Mr. Stockton's tales are usually well worth a second reading.

The best thing about Mr. Stockton is his absolute originality. He is quite unique; one cannot compare him with any other writer. His territory (we do not refer to New Jersey) is entirely his own, his style inimitable. Futurity will accord Mr. Stockton a degree of homage in accordance with its own as yet undetermined criteria, but in the estimation of all lovers of good stories his place today is assuredly a high one.

THE STORY OF A TRUE, STRONG LIFE.

It is rare, in this day of physiological and psychological studies of humanity, or microscopical miniatures of daily life, to find a romance, pure and simple, which can be praised without stint and recommended unreservedly to novel readers, young and old. But such a romance is "A Transatlantic Chatelaine," by Helen Choate Prince. It may not appeal to the student who turns to the modern novel for the newest phase of soul strife, or the latest theories of neurotic degeneration; but to the ordinary reader, who seeks entertainment in the lighter literature of the day, it will be a delight from cover to cover.

There are no descriptions of character serving as long and tiresome introductions to the acquaintances we make in Miss Prince's book, but each actor in the drama works out his

own character, discovering new traits with each new trial that presents itself, very much as do our acquaintances in real life. When the last page is turned, *Sylvia* and *Maurice*, *Philippe* and *Mme. de la Roche* are as well known and familiar as people we have actually met. The story opens in France, crosses to America, where *Sylvia's* uneventful girlhood is passed, and returns to France, where this transatlantic chatelaine is left to live out a life, if not happy, at least strong and brave and true.

Helen Choate Prince is the granddaughter of Rufus Choate. In her new novel she fulfils the promise given to those who, for the sake of her name, were ready to read her first work, "The Story of Christine Rochefort"—a promise that she would write a story that people should read for its own sake.

AN OVERLAND VOYAGE.

Mr. Hayden Carruth, whom many of our readers will remember as the author of "The Adventures of Jones," has written another book, called "The Voyage of the Rattletrap." This is the log of a prairie schooner "manned by three boys." In his description of the "vessel," the author reduces everything, including the dog, to exact measurements. "If dogs were numbered like shoes, from one to thirteen, this would have been about a No. 7 dog," he says. In this strain, Mr. Carruth's conscientious attention to details follows throughout the book. The itinerary includes a circuit of the Sioux Reservation, the outward voyage being through Nebraska and the return through Dakota. It gives many glimpses of frontier life (for in those days this was the frontier), though the incidents are colored to harmonize with the vagaries of the author's inimitable humor.

Mr. Carruth knows whereof he speaks. He is a native of Minnesota, and spent his early years there and in Dakota. The narrative of the Rattletrap is the record of a trip which he took some ten years ago, and the stories he tells are incidents of real life as seen by a party of boys—"pretty big boys," the author says. The book is one of those "boys' stories" which every boy from five to fifty years old enjoys.

It is said that Mr. Carruth will soon bring out a serious story of adventure, "Track's End," and as his pen is as facile in sober narrative as it is in humorous tales, the result should be gratifying.

"A SKETCH OF A TEMPERAMENT."

Speaking of a crayon sketch masquerading as a more pretentious work of art brings us to Mr. Hardy's "The Well Beloved: A Sketch of a Temperament." This book deals with the numerous love affairs of an unfortunate individual who finds the search for his ideal woman about as difficult as the capture of a will-o'-the-wisp, and the precise location of the well beloved one as indeterminate as the end of the rainbow.

This remarkable man devotes some sixty years to the vain quest of his hypothetical beloved, and we have laboriously followed, in the pursuit, through the seventy four thousand words which comprise this "sketch" of a temperament. We mention the book merely to bring it into sharp contrast with Mrs. Harrison's strong, well considered sketches.

In collecting material for this "character study," Mr. Hardy appears to have possessed himself of barely enough pigment for a hasty sketch, and then to have thinned down his colors and eked them out to fit the compass of his voluminous work until the "Well Beloved" has, for us at least, a decidedly washed out effect.

It was an ill day for mankind when an author's "copy" was first reckoned for payment at so much a thousand words, and the yard stick was brought in as a gauge in the adjustment of rates and commissions. To our mind there is more painstaking study, and more vivid and accurate portrayal of normal human nature, in any one of the eight short sketches which make up Mrs. Harrison's book than between the two covers of Mr. Hardy's bulky volume.

CHARACTER AND CLIMATE.

We recently called attention in these columns to the principality of Wales as a gold mine of legendary possibilities for ambitious young writers who go prospecting for fresh fields, and we noted the fact that the Welsh people remain wonderfully distinct from their close crowding English neighbors, retaining an individuality so marked as to constitute a proof of their wealth of national character.

There are quaint corners of the earth where character blossoms out in species variant from the conventional blooms of civilization's hothouses—far away nooks where the type of the flower is nature's unmixed expression, and where there are no hybrid blendings. The Orkneys and the Shetlands, for instance, are so far from the centers of polite floriculture that the characters of their sturdy islanders are the result of native freedom rather than of social limitations and artificial processes of pruning, grafting, and forcing. Mrs. Amelia Barr has sketched one of these true and natural lives, such as are found where the tender shoot is not tied to a trellis, and where the power that gives direction to the flowering stem is the touch of the breath of heaven. "Prisoners of Conscience" is a study of

character followed from cradle to grave. *David Borson* is a Shetlander, and the book deals with the rugged scenes and the rugged people of the Shetland Islands.

This group, together with the neighboring Orkneys, includes nearly two hundred rock bound islands rising out of the ocean that stretches northward from the northern shores of Scotland. Most of them are uninhabited; indeed, few of them are habitable, according to our ideas. Their vegetation is feeble, their live stock is stunted. Tempests are rather the rule than the exception, and navigators avoid such straits and passages as the close gathered islets afford. Lines of travel follow other directions, and the outside world knows hardly more of the modern Shetlander than it does of the old Northmen who made their primitive homes there. Yet these northern isles have a civilization of their own. They are the homes of sixty thousand people, and had had a long history when they first gave their allegiance to the Scottish throne, more than four hundred years ago.

By some subtlety of nature, environment and conditions like these produce such characters as *David Borson*. Mrs. Barr might have searched far and wide without finding such a setting for her picture of a noble man. The deeply religious tendency of the book may be cloying to palates trained to lighter tastes, but it is a grateful contrast to the insipid courses of social scandal and fashionable sin on which some of Mrs. Barr's contemporaries batten.

Though she has not reached the three score and ten mark, Mrs. Barr's literary record goes back more than one generation. After fifty years of full intellectual vigor, her work is still strong, though tender and full of feeling. Since she began to write for Henry Ward Beecher's paper, three or four decades ago, her pen has not been idle. She has written many noteworthy books, but she will leave no more touching picture of a noble life than she has given us in "Prisoners of Conscience."

MORE SEA STORIES.

Those who have read the vigorous sea stories of William Clark Russell with too much interest to submit to finding them copied over bodily into the work of a lesser writer, will be glad to note that in "Ocean Sketches" Mr. F. W. Wendt has followed an entirely original line. Mr. Russell himself has done as much rehashing, in his later stories, as his stock of adventure will stand. It is doubly gratifying, therefore, that Mr. Wendt has altogether ignored the stirring but somewhat threadbare yarns which Mr. Russell's mates, second mates, and lady passengers are wont to spin, of hurricanes, icebergs, and mutineers, and has chosen the more prosaic theme of transatlantic travel.

Mr. Wendt's book consists of a collection of short, humorous sketches of life on board the great liners. The elderly and unattractive American heiress, eager for introductions to possible and impossible dukes; the ever present busybody, prying into the affairs of her fellow travelers, and spreading the inevitable small steamer gossip about the ship; the occasional stowaway with his pathetic story and his pathetic emptiness—all these are pictured in colors peculiarly apposite, and the newly wedded couples who always furnish such a fund of quiet amusement for their shipmates are not spared.

In this little volume of vivid sea sketches Mr. Wendt makes his début as a writer of books, though he has written operettas and short plays before. He has evidently made good use of the opportunities of observation which frequent business journeys have afforded him. We hope to see more of this writer, whose quiet humor and clever knack of caricature combine to make his sea stories really entertaining.

It takes a traveler, or one who lives in hotels, to appreciate the logical connection between the cat and the home. The story comes from London that after Stanley's return from Africa, when busily engaged in writing his story of the "Dark Continent," he used to spread his reference maps upon the floor of his room. One day he came to a pass in his work when he needed the assistance of a certain chart. He searched in his near neighborhood, but could not find what he desired. Suddenly his assistant descried Stanley's favorite cat asleep on the map, near the fireside. He began to turn the intruder off, when the great man interrupted him, saying:

"Never mind—don't disturb the cat. I'll get along without the chart until she wakes up. If you only knew how good the sight of that domestic cat, curled up in front of that bright English fire is to me, you would never chase her away."

The cat slumbered on, and not until she arose with a lazy yawn, scratching her front nails on the rug as she stretched, did the famous explorer reach for his map.

* * * *

Few people possess the ability to face a critical audience with composure. There is something disconcerting about the concentrated gaze of a large company of expectant auditors. It has been said of some of our most noted public men that they never overcame their instinctive dread of the ordeal of

public speaking, and never got upon their feet to address an audience without a momentary tremor of stage fright.

Men of marked literary ability have often been wholly wanting in the cool headedness essential to a public speaker, so that "readings" by authors from their own works have come to be considered a very dubious type of entertainment. Conan Doyle was especially disappointing when, during his visit to this country, he gave public readings from his books. On the other hand, we are told that Mrs. Flora Annie Steel possesses unusual talent for public utterances, particularly of the after dinner order. The light, jocular vein of post prandial speech making, so common with us, is not usual among Englishmen, who are proverbially of a more ponderous frame of mind. Mrs. Steel is therefore all the more conspicuous among her compatriots for her happy faculty.

* * * *

Time should receive credit for being a mellower of literature, as well as of wine. It is only when the critics are done with a book that it has a chance to be loved or praised by the masses. Such a state of affairs is not always pleasing to the author; but then, as some wiseacres say, criticism should be read by everybody and anybody but the one who prompted the attack.

We wonder how Gray felt when he read the review of his famous "Elegy": "These homely but meritorious *verses* are calculated to give great pleasure." The acute critic thought, no doubt, that he had said something pleasant about a very dull production.

One of Tennyson's early critics wrote of "In Memoriam": "These touching lines evidently come from the full heart of the widow of a military man." It is safe to assume that Sir Critic had not even taken the pains to read the poem through.

* * * *

The action of the New York *Herald* in starting a subscription fund in aid of Mark Twain has brought down upon that incomprehensible organ no little adverse criticism. It is difficult to credit the *Herald* with an honest desire to be of service to Mr. Clemens in giving such publicity to his private affairs.

If Mr. Clemens were in need of immediate help, which we consider very doubtful, the *Herald's* own subscription, sent quietly to him, would surely have sufficed until the publication of his forthcoming book brought him in the rich harvest which he is sure to reap from its sale. Such a gift, made decently and in order, bearing on the face of it the marks of good faith, would have been a deed unique in the annals of journalism. The *Herald's* loud blazonry of Mr. Clemens' hypothetical difficulties appears very much in the light of a clumsy piece of advertising, most unwelcome to the supporters of refined journalism and seemingly ruthless of the feelings of Mr. Clemens and his family.

* * * *

One of the greatest trials and tribulations of the founders of a literary club is the necessity of finding a suitable name for it. Perhaps the following story may serve as a suggestion to those laboring with this problem.

When Harriet Beecher Stowe resided in Hartford, before her marriage, she was a member of a literary circle. One of the members, in suggesting a name for it, said: "In Spanish, Columbus is called Colon. He who discovers a new pleasure is surely half as great as he who discovers a new continent. Therefore we are entitled to the name of 'Semicolons,' because we have discovered a new pleasure in this club."

The name was unanimously adopted.

* * * *

In the columns of a contemporary we note a lengthy communication from the executor of one Charles Chadband. The writer speaks feelingly of the wealth of unpublished manuscripts left by Mr. Chadband, with the express stipulation that they should be destroyed after his death. He further states that his friend's only reason for refusing to make his work public was found in the fact that he inherited the name which Dickens had made odious. It appears that Mr. Chadband was extremely sensitive as to his name, and stood in mortal terror of having it ridiculed by critics and reviewers.

The inconceivable folly of such an excuse for keeping silent goes without saying. Mr. Chadband's unpublished life work may have formed a priceless collection of manuscripts, but we doubt it. The man who has something to say usually manages to say it, in company with many others who think they have something to say but haven't.

In any case the weakness of this ostensible reason for keeping out of print is a far better basis for "poking fun" at Mr. Chadband than the sight of that name, consecrated to mirth though it is, on the title page of a notable tome.

* * * *

Weird and wonderful are the imaginings of one of our contemporaries. In speaking of the young and rising novelist, John D. Barry, this editor remarks that "every one who has read John D. Barry's 'The Little Minister' and 'Daughter of Thespis' knows that this subtle delineator of character," etc., etc. As a composite view of Scotch and American writings we think this erudite observation stands alone.

IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS,
GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS;
GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GLARE,
FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

DEMOCRATIC SIMPLICITY.

This is a fine sounding phrase, and time was when it properly described the thorough and consistent lack of pomp and ceremony which characterized the phases of our political and social life. Much of our best tradition rests on the simplicity of our governmental functions, and for more than a century we have held aloof, as a nation, from the unwieldy formalities and ponderous titular systems of European courts.

But the curious faddishness of our imitative people is leading them to ape European methods to a degree little short of humiliating; and nowhere is the tendency more marked than in the matter of names and titles. Societies of various sorts carry the art of title building to an extreme that is ludicrous. We have "supreme rulers," "great rulers," and "grand rulers"; "grand masters" and "worshipful masters"; "supreme councillors" and "commanders," and other equally imposing dignitaries. A few of the associations in question have the justification of custom so ancient that it precludes criticism; but the lesser and newer societies might well adopt a more sensible system of nomenclature, and one more in keeping with the supposed simplicity of our national customs. Yet every little band or company that starts into existence begins with its "grand ruler," its "grand supreme council," its "supreme secretary." We expect soon to have "supreme doorkeepers" and "grand janitors"!

While men are staggering under the dignity of these impressive offices, their wives are taking revenge in a manner not a whit more rational. We have women's societies, here in democratic America, with "queens" and "vice queens," and "regents" at their heads, and with lesser queens, and regents with more curtailed regencies, tapering all the way down the membership roll.

We do not care to hazard the texture of our cranium over puzzling social problems, but we cannot refrain from remarking that something is wrong in an attitude of the public mind that makes such systems of titles possible and popular. In a country where there is no kingship over any kingdom but oneself, nor any queenship but that of the wife and mother—the noblest of all—is it not grotesque that we should put the ponderous nomenclature of an imperial court into the simple functions of a woman's club?

One of these great clubs of American women sent a memorial to President McKinley some months ago, and headed the paper "To His Excellency, William McKinley, Honored Ruler." As a form of address, this was as inane as "Mr. Sam Smith, Esquire," would be. Furthermore, it was a ridiculous nondescript, and neither appropriate nor American.

THE CRAZE FOR NOVEL SENSATIONS.

There is no better evidence of the universal craving of the human animal for new and untried sensations than the testimony one may read in the erratic devices which abound at the larger expositions. The Eiffel Tower was the pioneer of a long list of weird and uncanny inventions. We do not remember to have heard this towering skeleton of steel spoken of as a true work of art. Graceful in outline when seen from an immense distance, it exhibits on closer inspection merely a tangle of beams, angle irons, and rivets. It is a ponderous array of unlovely bridge girders, hammered together to give any one who craved it the sensation of being snatched suddenly up a thousand feet into the air, and let down again.

The Ferris Wheel was another monument to the frivolity of human nature. Instead of being pulled up in a skeleton tower you were rolled up on a mammoth hoop, and rolled down again. The sensation produced by the wheel was more pronounced than that brought about by the tower, and the former was correspondingly popular.

The "chutes" marked a distinct advance—a most precipitous one, by the way. You are pulled up on an inclined railway to a dizzy height, and you prayerfully shut your eyes. There is a brief interim of semi conscious flight through space, and when you come again to your senses you are once more down on the level of mundane affairs, splashing along through the water in a flat scow. Of course all this is delightful, and that pro-

longed "all gone" feeling is paralleled only by the ecstasies of *mal de mer*.

The human trolley seen at the seaside is a most commendable sensation producer. You grasp a pair of handles fixed above your head, some one touches a lever, and you execute an impromptu flying trapeze movement through space. If, in a moment of forgetfulness, you relax your grasp on the handles, you execute an impromptu movement toward the casual ward.

The most exalted type of invention in this line is that of the giant seesaw. This combines the sensations of the tower, the wheel, and the chute. It is the old fashioned seesaw, modernized and magnified, to compete with these other sensation specifics; it swings you up two hundred feet in the air—and swings you down again.

There is a fragment of sage nursery jingle which runs:

> Hickory, dickory dock;
> The mouse ran up the clock.
> The clock struck one, and down he run;
> Hickory, dickory dock.

Unless we are much mistaken, this mystic and prophetic rhyme finds its fulfilment in these uncanny inventions of wheels and seesaw; nor is this the only instance, in the history of metaphor, of bracketing mice and men together.

We have a modest suggestion to make. We propose one step further in this succession of sensations. Let some expert builder of spider web bridges and zigzag towers erect two pedestals of a height of two or three thousand feet, and hang between them a swing—a common or garden swing, magnified. If there are any people on earth whose taste for swirling through space has not been glutted by existing novelties, let them be gathered into this swing and wafted into eternity.

MORE TALISMANS.

If you are not the possessor of a talisman, you are decidedly behind all times, ancient as well as modern—for the using of a guard against the dark powers is as old as the oldest fairy tale. Carry something you must, even though it be a horse chestnut to keep away rheumatism; or if you are not afflicted with rheumatism, carry it any way, for one never knows when rheumatism may be lurking around.

The rabbit's foot, of which we spoke a couple of months ago, is becoming so common that we cannot vouch that each and every specimen has been amputated from a luckless bunny caught in the graveyard, at the midnight hour, by a cross eyed negro on a white horse; and without all these requirements, and several more, which we have forgotten at the moment, the charm is absolutely worthless. On this popular talisman we will turn our backs, and search for something more becoming or more bizarre.

Opals, so long defrauded of their beauty right, are coming into high favor since the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India has had them set into tiaras for her numerous granddaughters. If you would follow these royal exemplars, an opal you must buy, and revel in the belief that what might be one woman's "jonah" may be your mascot. The Southern girl is hanging an old horseshoe by a silver chain, over her sanctum; the athletic girl has an arrow to kill grief; the woman who writes long letters and seals them with mottled wax has a quaint seal, the design of which is either so new or so old it has never been seen before; the temporary worshipers of Buddha have his little bronze image squatting on a table in their private room; the Corelli dreamers have a catseye to mark their belief in the mystic; while the ecclesiastical maiden earnestly informs her friends that the bones of Saint So-and-so have been found, and she is the happy possessor of the heart finger, nothing less. The craze for finding saintly bones is not outdone by the demand for owning them, and there is a fortune awaiting the genius who buys out an old graveyard, wherein he may dig to his heart's content, acquiring bones to be put on the select market as the remains of martyrs.

The stroller through Rome is sure to return with a medal that has been blessed by the Pope—the blessing being certified to by the unimpeachable evidence of the veracious tradesman who sold the medal.

Little lead images of St. Joseph are recommended as a sure magnet for attracting husbands. This talisman, it is said, never fails, and as a proof we are told the story of a young woman who kept one for five years, without success. Then, growing incensed at its failure to bring the promised partner, she threw it out of her bed room window. It fell on the head of a passing man, injuring him so badly that he had to be carried into the house from which the weapon fell. The remorseful maiden nursed him back to health, and he was so deeply impressed with her devotion that he asked her to be his wife, thus vindicating the potency of the charm.

Whatever you may decide to select as your favorite superstition, take good care to keep your weakness in front of the public. It is a waste of time to indulge it privately. At dinner, if you should happen to upset the salt, be sure that you throw three pinches of it over your left shoulder, muttering some-

thing which no one can understand. You will be then written down as one of the select superstitious.

TRAVELING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

We wish that some profoundly erudite psychologist would investigate the frame of mind which people exhibit when they start upon the eccentric and uncomfortable voyages we occasionally see described in the columns of our daily papers. First some indomitable American citizen sails for England in a small dory; another starts overland via Alaska and Siberia. One enterprising gentleman, we are informed, is undertaking a tour of the world, with his family, in a kind of prairie schooner. He proposes to camp each night in some conveniently accessible grove, or even a friendly forest or jungle. There are to be camp fires, around which the wanderers are to sleep in hammocks.

This traveler's plan is a pleasantly bohemian one, and would be delightful in midsummer under the easy road laws of America; but it is a vastly different matter to make an assault on crowded and military Europe in a gipsy wagon. The immense assurance which the conception of such a tour implies is impressive, but assurance does not count for much against the peculiar habit of thought which European officials cultivate in regard to wandering and eccentric foreigners. We predict for the courageous pair, starting out on their slow tour of the world in such a unique manner, a not altogether enviable experience.

We do not venture to include all these nomadic folk in a single category, but there must be some feeling of kinship among the people who essay Niagara in a wash tub, those who tempt the ocean by starting for England in a cockleshell boat, and those who make a tour of Europe in a good sized grocery wagon. And finally all of these people must feel, at times, one imagines, like hangers on to our great army of tramps, who go from State to State in pomp and splendor, perched on the axles of the through freight cars. For our own part, we prefer biding at home to any such erratic means of transportation.

A READY MADE FAD.

Do you want a ready made fad—one that needs no elaborating, no working up? Think what a convenience it is to order your fad all cut out and ready to put on—like a tailor made garment! Some fads give no end of trouble to the faddist, and in most cases your hobby will not come to you; you have to go to it. But the monogram fad is a brilliant and conspicuous exception.

This startlingly intellectual fad began in a humble and honest way. At first people clipped the crests and monograms of friends from notes and letter heads, each separate design possessing some special value derived from association. So many people do not display their family trade marks upon their letter paper that the collection of a goodly number of these dainty vanities from one's personal correspondents was a matter of time. To facilitate matters, therefore, enterprising manufacturers have provided extensive ready made collections of monograms and crests, engraved on ragged bits of paper cleverly patterned after torn letter heads. Your fad is thus ready to hand. Of course it is only a sham fad, but isn't there an element of sham in fads generally?

As a matter of fact, the spurious monograms form a more pleasing array than the genuine collection. Some of the designs cut from actual letter heads constitute a highly amusing and instructive study of decorative endeavor. We have before us a design which we will call "Exhibit A." It consists of a circle in a luminous pigment of olive green tendencies, surrounded by a poetic frenzy in hair lines of silver and gold; the motto is in pale and emaciated green lettering, while the crest itself displays a weird, composite effect of colors not provided for in the solar spectrum. This delightful conception is impressed upon paper of the color of condensed cream, and a stray line from the pen of the sender is in light violet. The device might be covered by a silver half dime, if, to complete the travesty, we had not already merged it in a splotch of red ink.

"Exhibit B" from our letter files is headed by three interlaced initials in black, neatly pressed into the paper by a clear cut steel die. The design is graceful, and the dignified black affords a pleasing change from Exhibit A, but the startling feature of this device is its size; a silver dollar laid centrally upon it does not quite obliterate it, but leaves rebellious little tendrils sticking out like the antennæ of a martyred butterfly.

We regret to state that both of these exhibits are specimens of native art. The foreign clippings show a zoölogical proclivity on the part of their designers. Lions rampant, bears couchant, snakes and dragons inebriate, abound. Spears and daggers illustrate the military dispositions of these creatures in a forceful manner, while claws, talons, and teeth are also thrown in to suggest the grasping dispositions of the emblazoned families.

Our native monogrammatic art may make the artistic observer permanently crosseyed, and may conduce to color blindness in the veriest tyro; but on the whole we think the European variety has a more specific action in the direction of nightmares.

ETCHINGS

SOLILOQUIES.

My interest in different forms of nature is not of the same kind. I like to gather the flowers into my hands, to bring them into my home, to be as near them as possible. I look with interest upon thorns, but I avoid them. I love to sit in the shadow of great trees, to listen to the music of waterfalls, to watch the floating cloud; but I do not attempt to appropriate any of them.

Some human beings I gather to my heart. Upon others I look as interesting studies; I would never choose them for friends. There are others near whom I like to be, without caring whether they know I am there or not. I get as near them as I can, for my benefit, not theirs.

The real poet is he who sets truth to music.

If in reading a poem I apprehend some eternal truth, and, through my ear, the rhythm helps me to keep hold upon that truth, have I not been better employed, have I not been more "practical," than if I had been reading, from beginning to end, a newspaper which records "facts" that will be contradicted tomorrow?

If a philosopher writes an essay in which he formulates the wisdom gained by observation of a hundred facts (things done), am I not practising a wise economy in reading the essay rather than the record of the hundred facts—from which, unaided, I might not gather the wisdom?

Some people do not get an idea; it gets them. It takes possession of them. Not, however, in the sense in which that might be said of a hero, a genius, or a martyr. It is not an intelligent, determined driver urging a horse along the road to a definite goal. You have seen, perhaps, a lively boy jump into his father's buggy and whip his poor horse along the road to—nowhere in particular.

Lizzie Pershing Anderson.

THE SONG OF THE REAPERS.

In the cool of early morn,
  Ere the sun has stolen away
The silvery sheen from the soft fresh green
  Of the ferns where the shadows play,
Our scythes gleam bright in the dawning light,
  As through waving fields we go;
The meadow is our battlefield,
  The golden grain our foe.

In the heat of the noonday sun
  That burns in the hot, still sky,
The reapers sing to the scythes' long swing
  Though throats are parched and dry;
For slowly all the long piles fall,
  The shining heads lie low;
The meadow is our battlefield,
  The golden grain our foe.

When the long, long day is past,
  And the stars come one by one,
As the twilight fades, our swinging blades
  Their valiant work have done.
And the moon's pale light through the summer night
  Reveals with steadfast glow
The meadow, our good battlefield,
  The grain, our vanquished foe.

G. E. Merrill.

R. S. V. P.

Maiden saintly, though no halo
  It's effulgence flings,
Seeming none the less an angel
  That thou hast not wings,
Prithee, do not faint with horror,
  Neither swoon with grief,
When I whisper I've discovered
  That thou art a thief!

Missing, once, a priceless treasure
  That my breast had graced,
Aided by a clever Cupid,
  Soon the theft I traced.
As thou hast it, wilt thou keep it,
  Bid it ne'er depart?
For to prosecute thee, maiden,
  I have not the heart.

Nellie Clare Carroll.

A HYGIENIC HOME.

My wife and I are trying hard
  To live on healthful diet;
We read the food chart by the yard,
  And run our kitchen by it;
We've banished from our bills of fare
  All that such guides condemn;
True hygiene is all our care,
  As planned and taught by them.

For breakfast, coffee is tabooed,
  Hot cakes and eggs forbidden,
And milk, since it is oft imbued
  With germs profuse, though hidden;
Bread is unwholesome, so is steak;
  Submissive to our lot,
Oatmeal and Graham gems we take,
  And drink boiled water, *hot.*

For dinner, soup will never do,
And oysters typhoid nourish;
Salads, entrées, and ices, too,
Are mere dyspeptic flourish;
Potatoes (by the last advice)
Are poisonous, we're told;
We eat rare meat, chopped fine, with rice,
And drink boiled water, *cold*.

For supper—some professors teach
'Tis best to go without it,
But since discretion's left to each,
We take our choice about it;
On chicken, waffles, tea, and cake,
We are forbid to feed;
But gluten wafers, cocoa (weak),
And prunes, are all we need.

It grieves us much our friends to view
So reckless in their diet;
Our wholesome menu we pursue
And beg of them to try it;
But appetite's ungodly sway
Their nature so enthralls,
We cannot get a guest to stay
Within our healthful walls!

P. Leonard.

THE SUPERFLUOUS SISTER.

I MET her, but I scarce know how—
So often come such chances;
A maid of high Minerva brow,
But sweet as love's romance is.

A soft blush tinged at first her face—
A débutante might show it;
That she some years of skill could trace
Who thought? But now I know it.

For deep within her eye of blue
There seemed so warm a rapture,
No seasoned beau I ever knew
Could well escape her capture.

The very rustle of her dress,
Her coy smile, and her cunning,
Might win an anchorite's caress,
She was so bright and stunning.

Of course she led me where she wished,
To many a ball and party;
And while some other beaux she "dished,"
Her love for me seemed hearty.

One day when comfits, cakes, and cream,
And rides were an old story,
I thought to realize my dream,
And end the game in glory.

And so my love I dared to tell,
And how at times I missed her;
"I'm so surprised!" said she, "and—well—
I'll surely be your sister."

"Of relatives of that quick kind,"
I answered, "I've a plenty;
To add you to the list I find,
Would bring them up to twenty."

Today I turn my weary brain,
To stocks, and market prices,
And vow I won't be fooled again
By sisterly devices!

Joel Benton.

THE THINGS FORGOTTEN.

THE beauty of the cloudless skies
Reflected in her upturned eyes;
The gentle motion of her breast;
The pearls that like the foamy crest
Of one white wave upon the sea
There caught the light continually;
The fragrance, and the touch of her
Sweet breath to my hot face; the stir
Of summer wind; and all that we
At that time said, the melody
Of mating birds—this I recall;
But she it is remembers all.
And so I love to sit apart
With her, and, feeling how her heart
Beats fondly 'gainst my own, to hear
Of things forgotten that are dear.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

BLINDNESS OF HEART.

OH, pity those who cannot see
God's image in the flower,
Nor yet perceive the soul in song,
Nor thrill at music's power;
Who see no glory in the sky,
No rainbow in the shell—
These heedless hearts, this lineage
Of poor old *Peter Bell!*

Clarence Urmy.

THE CYNIC.

After Kipling's "Vampire."

A FOOL there was, and he lost his heart
(Even as others have done);
But his foolish pride made him play a part—
(He thought her fickle, they drifted apart)—
He carried his goods to another mart
(Even as others have done).

Oh, the pride of self and the gibe of self,
And the blindness that falls like a hood
When the woman's too proud to be taken unsought—
(And now he sees that he never had sought)—
And he'd always misunderstood.

A fool there was, and he made his moan
(Even as others have done)
That he stood in this bitter world alone;
(So he punctuates folly with many a groan);
He's reaping the seed that himself has sown
(Even as others have done).

Oh, the tears that come and the fears that come,
And the sorrows that ever brood,
When he thinks of the joy that might have been his—
(And now he knows it can never be his)—
If he hadn't misunderstood!

Bret Gordon.

HIS AWFUL FATE.

THE youth stood on the ball room floor
Whence all but him had fled.
('Twas a summer hotel, and the other four
Young men had gone to bed.)

Three hundred girls sat side by side,
With hop cards in their hands;
And each one hoped to be his bride
Ere the frost was on the sands.

"The youth, oh, where is he?" we cried,
As we sipped morn's perfumed breath.
With a tear in his eye the clerk replied:
"That youth was danced to death."

Tom Hall.

CELEBRITY.

EMERGENCIES oft make men great
By shift of war or stroke of state;
But oftentimes a minor call
Shows them most pitiably small.

Wood Levette Wilson.

HE UNDERSTOOD.

ROBIN rashly kissed my hand.
Thereupon I gave command,
"Leave me, sir, or else refrain
Doing this bold deed again.
Once for all, pray understand,
You do wrong to kiss my hand."

Robin heeded my command—
Stayed, nor kissed again my hand.
Yet he doth not mope or sigh;
What can be the reason why?
This I told him: "Understand,
You do wrong to kiss—my *hand*."

Anne Virginia Culbertson.

LOVE AND SOLITUDE.

"MOST sweet," I said, "is solitude—
That fruitful banishment, whereby
We come in touch with higher good,
And hold some converse with the sky."

And verily I thought that when
I sat within my house alone,
Or walked far off from towns and men,
I made some lofty thought mine own.

But when one came to share my days—
A loved companion, ever near—
And we had learned the same still ways,
And languages that need no ear;

Oh, then, at last, I learned, through her,
How love enriches solitude,
How love is its interpreter,
The honey of its sweetest mood!

James Buckham.

THE WAIF.

WITH words as sweet as violets
I wove a dainty song for her;
My fingers stole across the frets
And set the golden chords astir.
They quivered with a passion true
That told my heart was hers alone;
But oh, her love was like the dew,
A flash at morn, at noonday flown.
Yet I will keep my lay,
And bide another day;
The bird that flies
To other skies
Returns to greet the May.

Mayhap some day her merry glance
Will fail to meet the light it throws,
Some day her happy heart, perchance,
May feel the thorn beneath the rose;
And when neglect shall pain the breast
That nature only formed for glee,
With aching heart that longs for rest
My little love may fly to me.
Then I will rise and say,
"Let naught my sweet affray;
Love's beacon burns,
My bosom yearns,
The old love lives for aye!"

Samuel Minturn Peck.

THE FIRST BORN.

SOFTLY, softly, sink to slumber,
Passion of my heart!
Every ebbing breath I number
Of my life a part!
Faintly, feeble pulses thrill;
Lonely is the vale, and still
God hath come to work His will,
Tendril of my heart!

Slowly, slowly, shade is falling,
Sunlight of my soul!
Distant voices gently calling
Sound a solemn toll;
Fragile little fingers stray—
Clutch my heart with tender sway;
God's belovèd may not stay;
Precious, precious soul!

Calmly, calmly, lie in slumber,
Passion of my heart!
Angels waiting without number
Where the pathways part;
While mine arms with anguish thrill
Round thy baby bosom still,
God hath come and worked His will,
Tendril of my heart!

Ralph Alton.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

THE present number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE may be taken as a sample of the way in which we are presenting the best contemporary literature of the day. Our list of contents for this month shows some of the great names of England and America—Speaker Reed, Hall Caine, Marion Crawford, S. R. Crockett, and Mrs. Burton Harrison, besides such well known writers as Molly Elliot Seawell, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Charles Edwin Markham, and Charles G. D. Roberts.

Mr. Reed's article, in particular, may be said to be of historical importance. The speaker's critics have charged him with disregarding the Federal constitution. They have declared that he neither cares for nor knows the organic basis of our national existence. The charge is signally disproved by Mr. Reed's careful, appreciative, and interesting study of the making of that "grandest work of the human intellect," as it has been called.

Future numbers of MUNSEY'S will show no falling off from the high standard we have set. Our program includes new novels by Stanley Weyman and Rider Haggard, and other articles and stories from the best living writers.

THE BONDAGE OF HABIT.

THE open doors of the corner drug stores are laying bare to our view, these hot days, the fact that we are a nation of slaves to habit. They disclose groups of willing vassals toasting their allegiance to their insatiable slave master in deep glasses of so called soda water.

This aërated beverage is usually a conglomeration of unutterable things masquerading as a potable compound. Even if it is all that it claims to be, it is still, at best, a mass of rich, heavy syrups, chilled to freezing point, and often composed of violently antagonistic flavors. It constitutes an unfavorable commentary on the discrimination of the drinker, and a stinging insult to his stomach. The epicure—not the noblest type of mankind—is at least wiser in his generation. He will not have his wines iced as are these insipid fountain drinks; with all his dietary excesses he respects the enginery of digestion too much to clog it with baths of ice cold syrups.

If we, as a people, realized that nowhere else in the civilized world is the soda water habit tolerated as a national trait, the syrupy aide de camp of the demon of dyspepsia might possess less charm for our imitative hordes of thirsty souls. While the reformers are thundering against the corner saloon, why do they leave out of the argument this other and equal foe of the public weal?

If it is true that we are becoming a nation of dyspeptics, the cause of this melancholy fact is not far to seek. The bolting down of hot bread stuffs and the ingestion of great quantities of freezing drinks must appear, to the limited grasp of the average digestive apparatus, very much like premeditated personal attacks, and it may not be blamed for taking offense and going on strike.

MEDDLING WITH NATURAL FORCES.

WHEN the project of cutting an open ship channel through the Isthmus of Panama first came to public notice, certain sapient Englishmen were loud in their protestations. Their claim was that if a channel were opened westward from the Gulf of Mexico, the warm currents of the Atlantic would be deflected, and the climate of the British Isles, thus deprived of the tempering influences of water and wind, would become as cold as that of other northern countries of the same latitude—Labrador and Siberia. These English alarmists were made the subject of much good natured badinage, but of late years the wide extension of meteorological knowledge, and the development of the new science of forestry, have taught us that man should be chary of meddling with the provisions of nature, lest he get himself and all his kind into serious difficulties. For instance, it is now generally believed that the criminal denudation of Western forest lands has upset the balance of the rain supply, and brought about climatic changes of portentous range. The introduction of foreign birds—notably the so called English sparrow—has proved, in every case we can recall, to be a foolish or harmful proceeding. Similar instances have been recorded in regard to European fish naturalized in our waters.

Within the last few years the ravages of the gipsy moth have been disastrous and costly in certain sections of New England. This pest is not a native of America. Two moths were let loose in a Massachusetts town, several years ago, from the laboratory of a college professor who had imported them as curiosities. As a result of this apparently insignificant event, a State commission is now

battling with every agency at its command against a winged pest which it will take years of time, and probably millions of dollars, to conquer, and which, if left to itself, threatens the entire flora, and therefore the fauna, of New England.

In England, somewhere about thirty years ago, a botanist at Cambridge dropped a specimen of an American water plant out of his window into a branch of the Cam. The weed spread through the English rivers and canals so profusely that in some streams it has established a tolerably effectual blockade. In Australia, the rabbit plague, which has become part of the history of a great colony, had a similar beginning. There is something impressive in the thought that a single man, by meddling with the natural distribution of animal life, can set in motion forces which will upset the established order of creation. There exists a marvelously developed system of relationship among all sentient beings, a precise balance between life and the conditions necessary to life; and any man or set of men, undertaking by meddlesome amendments to put this balance on a firmer basis, is in reality quaking ankle deep in a quagmire of dangerous folly.

There is a project now being urged in certain quarters that has for its object nothing less than a complete revolution in the climate of New England. It is proposed to block up the straits of Belle Isle, between Labrador and Newfoundland, and to deflect the arctic current that now chills our Atlantic coast. Could this be done, we are assured that semi-tropical verdure would appear on the forbidding cliffs of Maine, and that the average temperature of our northeastern States would be raised many degrees.

It is not our province to discuss the scientific pros and cons of this gigantic undertaking, but we cannot dismiss the matter without making this comment—that man has not thus far done honor to himself by interfering with the established order of natural laws. It is perhaps in keeping with the spirit of the times that a company of men, strong in the knowledge of their own sufficiency, should lightly and cheerfully set out to revise the Creator's handiwork; but their success might involve disasters compared to which the ravages of the gipsy moth and the Australian rabbit would be as flea bites.

SCIENCE AND BARNACLES.

We have always felt a deep and becoming reverence for electricity. Professionally, of course, editors are omniscient, but personally we have never understood it, nor do we look forward with any degree of confidence to the time when we shall understand it. We confess, nevertheless, to an abiding, though rather vague and indefinite, sense of its importance. We have known it as the source of the pale incandescent, and of the spluttering arc light; as the exterminator of the car mule, and the rival of the steam locomotive. We have known it as the transmitter of gigantic forces, and the carrier of the human voice. It seemed to us that nothing more could be expected reasonably of a power already so heavily loaded with the burdens man had placed upon it; and we were content to worship it for what it had done already, and not heap upon it the speculative burdens of times coming.

Not so, however, with the imaginative purveyor of assorted journalistic topics. When times are dull, and the small talk of the town suffices not for the demands of his daily paper, he finds an infinite variety of subtitles lurking under the generic heading of electricity. Having to deal with a subject of unknown—possibly limitless—extent, he gives his fancy loose rein, and dashes through the unexplored regions of science at a rate that would make Edison dizzy. His resultant discoveries, retailed at so much a column, become part of the newspaper education of the masses.

Thanks to the untiring energy of these vendors of small news, we have recently learned that, in addition to its properly accredited duties, electricity is to change the cuticle of the African to snowy whiteness; it is to remove hair, and cause it to grow, with equal facility; it is to penetrate our skins and kill the germs of disease without injury to the body; by magnetic deflection it is to protect an advancing army from bombs and bullets; it is to prolong human life so effectively that Methuselah will appear to have come to a premature and untimely death. In fact, there is no limit to the good things electricity has in store for us.

The men who are seriously working out the problems of science are, as a rule, modest, disinterested, and sincere. The glaring and distorted accounts of their alleged achievements which are flaunted in the newspapers are perplexing to us and must be distressing to them. We are led to doubt the real evidence of progress actually made, or to regard as trivial what is in reality the result of years of patient and genuine labor.

When a ship plows sluggishly through the water, she is put into dry dock, the slime and ooze of the salt water are stripped off, and the living barnacles are scraped from her hull. We hope that the genius of the coming century will devise a way to free science from the barnacles which cling to her for support while they impede her progress.

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"REVERIE."

From the painting by William A. Bouguereau, exhibited at this year's Salon.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII. SEPTEMBER, 1897. No. 6.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

The foundation of an American academy in Rome, and other current notes from the world of art—with engravings of some of the best canvases exhibited at this year's Paris Salon.

AN AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME.

A very important recent incident is the incorporation, under the laws of the State of New York, of an academy in Rome for the promotion and advancement of the fine arts in America. This means that an institution is to be founded and maintained in the imperial city for the benefit of American fine art students. Under favorable conditions and proper restrictions, it

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"BESIDE THE SEA."

From the painting by Edouard Bisson, exhibited at this year's Salon.

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"A LUCKY HUSSAR."

From the painting by Alonzo Perez, exhibited at this year's Salon.

will afford every advantage for advancement in architecture, sculpture, or painting.

The work of the academy is to be prosecuted in Rome, but its results will be seen in America. American students having acquired proficiency in their art in an American institution abroad, will come back to their own country to work. The principal offices of the corporation are to be in New York, and its business affairs are to be managed here. The directors of the academy are Augustus St. Gaudens, John La Farge, Edwin H. Blashfield, Daniel C. French, J. Q. A. Ward, Charles F. McKim, and Frederick

"TELLING A STORY."

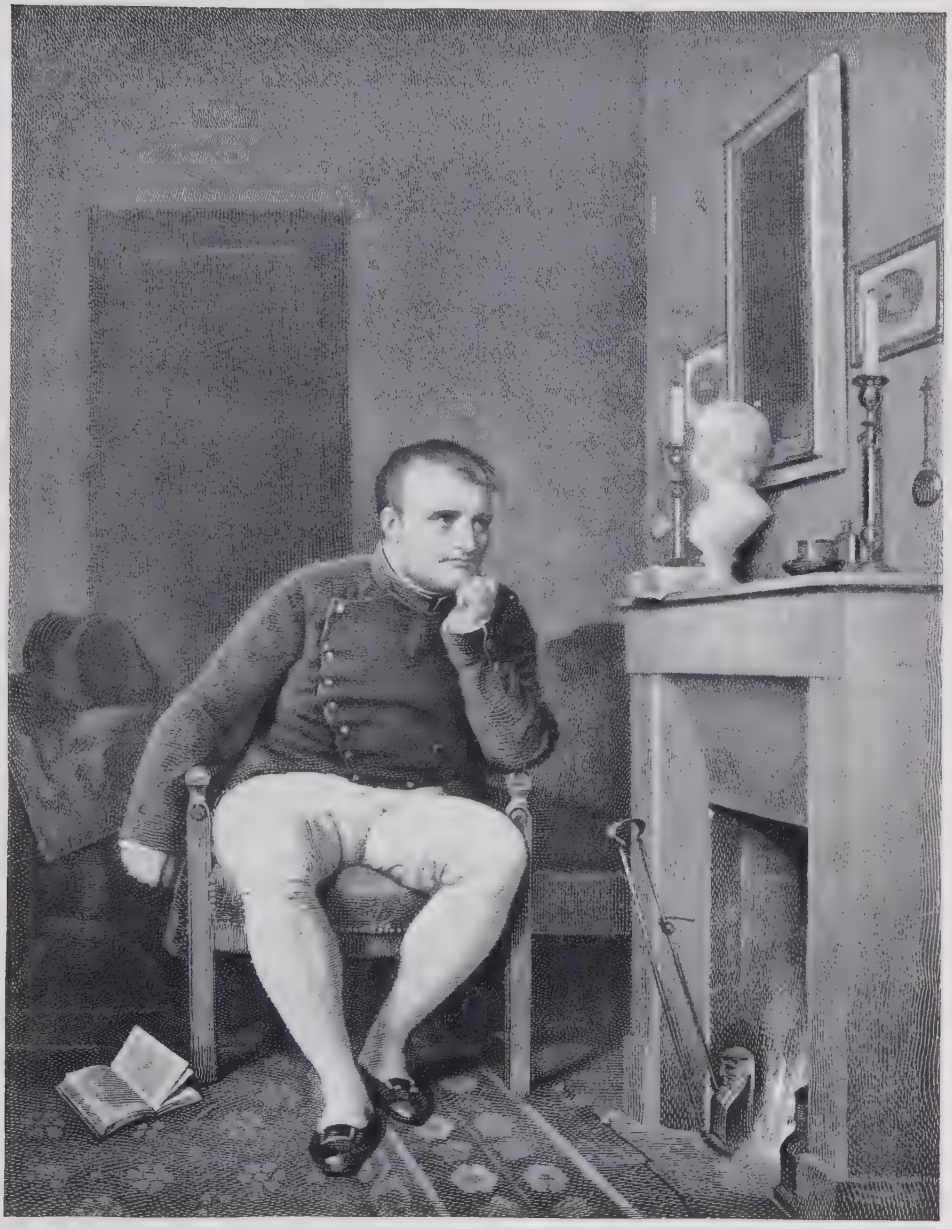
From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by Emile Adan, exhibited at this year's Salon.

"JEANNE D'ARC AND THE HEAVENLY VOICES."

From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by Jacques Wagrez, exhibited at this year's Salon.

Crowninshield of New York, Daniel H. Burnham of Chicago, and Frank W. Chandler of Boston.

It is something of a commentary on the question of "art for art's sake" in America, or at least it is a side light on the much discussed "incentive" to art in this country, that our National Academy of Design, which opens its season early in October, should offer as money prizes, to be divided among the students of all



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"NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA."

From the painting by E. A. Guillon, exhibited at this year's Salon.

its classes, just four hundred and thirty five dollars.

* * * *

A valuable collection of seventeen oil paintings depicting memorable scenes in the life of Washington has just been presented by thirty Boston men to the public library of that city. The pictures are considered to form one of the best existing collections on the subject.

* * * *

National art seems nowhere so strong as in France. The most recent indication of this is the organized movement of Pa-

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"JUST BY CHANCE."

From the painting by E. Blair Leighton—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

risian art lovers to purchase pictures for their city's great national gallery which might otherwise go into private or public collections out of the country. The society has the pleasant name of "Les Amis du Louvre."

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"BUTTERFLIES."

From the painting by Jean Beauduin, exhibited at this year's Salon.

THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

In Three Parts—Part II.

The ruinous madness of the Communistic leaders, the grotesque parody of a government they set up in Paris, and their desperate and bloody struggle against the cordon of steel and fire that daily closed in around them.

ON the 1st of April, 1871, the Commune had organized its power, as far as it ever was organized. Delegates of war, foreign affairs, justice, and so forth, were appointed, supposedly to have the administration of these departments of government; but there never was any practical administration of affairs. The chiefs thus named were men without knowledge or experience; and they acted like schoolboys come into the possession of a hundred ton gun, to use against their enemies. Nobody was quite willing to take charge of it, and nobody was quite equal to taking charge of it.

In this, as in everything else, the Commune presented a unique spectacle. Instead of a few resolute men seizing power and holding it, as the case has always been heretofore in these great convulsions, all alike seemed unable to direct the vast force of which they suddenly found themselves possessed. The names of the men who in turn succeeded each other, emerging from obscurity one day, to be engulfed in forgetfulness the next, are not worth recording, and it is a vain proceeding to follow minutely their shifts and subterfuges, their turnings and windings, their lofty assumption of power and their abject renunciation of it. Their legislative action was chaotic. Half the time they did not themselves know where power resided. Yet they assumed more than any municipal government in modern times has ever dared to assume. In 1789 the Commune overawed the National Assembly, but did not attempt to rule without it, as the Commune of 1871 did. The municipality of Paris attempted to deal directly with foreign governments, and actually claimed what the free cities of New York and London never claimed—that no soldier should set his foot within Paris without the consent of the municipal authorities.

In one thing alone were they all strong, capable, and united—and that was in the disposition to pillage, confiscate, and destroy. In one thing only were they prompt and efficient—the hoisting of the red flag everywhere; and in one thing only were they thorough, and that was in abolishing, as far as proclamations could go, every-

thing that had previously existed, from the grade of general, which was declared undemocratic, down to French grammar, which was officially declared to be a dead thing and unworthy to be practised by patriots.

To show, however, how little this Communistic band of ruffians represented Paris, it is only necessary to glance at the sham elections held on the 27th of March. Only about one fifth of the regis tered voting population of Paris took part in these elec-

GENERAL BERGERET'S STAFF.

"A collection of tatterdemalions dressed in the most theatrical costumes, and armed with pistols, knives, swords, and carbines, like pirates."

tions, and in three of the twenty arrondissements into which the city is divided, the Communist electors were overthrown. One hundred and six members of the Commune were elected, but at the first meeting only about fifty five turned

up. It became necessary, on the 16th of April, to have a supplementary election to fill vacancies. At this the showing was even worse. General Cluseret, who was then minister of war, and in command of 150,000 men, got 1,968 votes, while General Dombrowski, the commandant of Paris, got 65.

coolness of the crassest ignorance, of the destinies of the finest city in the world, is moving and amazing. These men tried to imitate the men of 1789, but genius was as scarce in 1871 as it was plentiful in 1789.

There is an axiom that the occasion produces the man, but it failed signally

A TYPICAL SCENE AT NEUILLY.

"From the day of the sortie until the armistice on the 25th of April, the wretched inhabitants lived in their cellars."

Nothing is more tedious than studying out in detail the vagaries of this alleged government. First there were nine members, called the Central Committee. After a few weeks they were set aside in favor of a Committee of Public Safety, consisting of five of the worst scamps that ever went unhung. When the collapse finally came, not more than fifty men could be found of those who claimed to have been charged with the government of Paris. The sight of the working engineer, Assi, with Bergeret, the stone mason, and Girard, the watchmaker, disposing, with the

in the Commune of 1871. No Mirabeau arose to stun the world with the thunders of his splendid eloquence. No Barras appeared to direct events by his administrative genius. No Danton was found, who by the tremendous power of his personality could rouse all France, as well as Paris, to defense, and could look on fourteen armies placed in the field within a few weeks by Republican France. No Camille Desmoulins stood forth, to move and inflame the people by his written and spoken words. There was not even a successor to Robespierre in stealthy per-

THE DEFEAT OF THE NATIONAL GUARD SORTIES.

"*The insurgents would be dispersed, and when they wanted to get back into the city they would find the gates closed against them.*"

sistence and quietly determined wickedness. All were alike commonplace in everything, except a love of evil; and in one respect only did they resemble other revolutionists—to quote the savage epigram of Danton: "In a revolution the authority ought to belong to the greatest scoundrels." They were certainly very great scoundrels, but they were vain, foolish, and weak scoundrels as well.

The French Revolution drew within its vortex the greatest minds in France. Not so the Commune. They made much of the few educated men they had, like Henri Rochefort, who was a gentleman by birth, and who, feeling his deficiencies in the matter of vituperative language, used to attend the fish markets to learn the art of scolding from the fish wives. There were among the Communists a few dissatisfied army officers, two or three men who had passed brilliant examinations, and a singularly large number of foreign anarchists, brought to Paris during the activity of the "Internationale" a few years before. Such elements may be found in all great cities, and should they get control of large bodies of armed men, like the national guard, who are reluctant to give up their arms and pay, the scenes of the Commune might be repeated anywhere.

The total absence of military leadership among the Communists is also remarkable. They fought continuously, and generally with the greatest bravery, from the beginning of April to the end of May, and never won an engagement. The government troops, although slow in being collected, yet steadily tightened the cordon around Paris, and never lost a foot of ground they had once acquired. They nobly sustained the reputation of French gunnery, and their bombardment was a very different thing from the Prussian bombardment, which Paris could have stood a good while longer had but the Parisians had anything to eat. It was said that scarcely a shot from Mont Valérien went astray or failed to explode.

The Parisians themselves showed how much more formidable was the French to

the German bombardment. During the siege by the Prussians, so careless did the people become—men, women, and children rushing forward to look at the shells as they fell—that the authorities were compelled to issue a decree that the police should arrest all persons indulging in such dangerous curiosity. No such warning was necessary when the Versaillists began to drop shot and shells into Paris. The population became so terrified, after a day or two of it, that whole quarters were evacuated, and the people in the streets ran from the places struck, instead of toward them. There were many days when the bombardment far exceeded anything known during the regular siege. It is well known that the danger from a flying shell is decreased about three fourths if the persons near its track will fall flat on their faces. When the scream of an *obus* was heard, everybody would instantly fall flat—to the amusement of the gamins, who sometimes diverted themselves by shouting in the ear of a sober citizen, "A shell!" for the delight of seeing the sober citizen throw himself flat on his face in the street, the roadway, or wherever he might be.

About the 1st of April the city began to assume the sinister appearance which grew worse and worse until in a few weeks Paris was the most melancholy looking town that the mind could imagine. The law abiding people still looked for help from Versailles, and hoped from day to day for succor. Meanwhile, the Central Committee of the Commune began issuing decrees, which caused a stampede from the city on the part of all who could get away. One of the first called upon all the men between nineteen and forty to serve in the national guard. As the better class of Parisians were very certain that the red revolution and all connected with it must eventually be annihilated, they had no mind to enter into its service—and had to devise means to escape the vengeance of the Commune then or that of the regular government afterward.

THE DEMOLITION OF THE VENDÔME COLUMN.

The easiest plan was to sneak out of the city, as the gates were opened regularly for the feeding of the millions of persons. The Communists were more than willing to let the women and children go, but they strongly objected to the men getting away from them. Nevertheless, ways were found for many to escape serving under the red flag. Men got out in empty casks sent for charcoal. Gentlemen dressed themselves up as market gardeners, and slipped past the sentries in carts. Others, disguised as drivers of *fiacres*, would manage to pass through the gates on the pretense of having been ordered to go for national guard officers

FIGHTING IN THE SUBURBS OF PARIS.

"The fighting daily grew more furious, as the Versaillists steadily and surely advanced, and the insurgents found their fortifications falling about their ears."

NEUILLY AT NIGHT.

"Neuilly was a battle ground, swept by shell and shot, and its wretched inhabitants could only come forth at night, when the horrors which met their gaze drove them back to their miserable hiding places."

doing duty outside the walls. In all, it is estimated that three hundred thousand persons left the city between the 1st and the 15th of April.

Nearly every Alsatian and Lorrainer in Paris wished to leave the city, and was willing to plead his newly acquired German citizenship to accomplish this. By the courage and ability of the American minister, Mr. Washburne, a great number of them were enabled to escape. When the Prussian embassy left Paris, Bismarck, who knew very well what manner of man the American minister was, requested him officially to look out for the interests of the Germans in the French capital. This was a difficult and dangerous business, but it was so well performed that Bismarck paid no heed to numerous hints given by Mr. Washburne, after the treaty of peace was signed, that a representative of the German government be sent

to Paris. The chancellor was shrewd enough to see that the American minister could serve him infinitely better than a German representative could—and was conveniently blind and deaf to Mr. Washburne's diplomatic requests that he be relieved from his honorable but onerous task. Bismarck was willing to supply all the money that was needed for the transportation of Germans from Paris or their maintenance there; for the extra force of clerks necessary at the American legation; for anything, in short, for which money was of use. But he was probably of the same opinion as Henry Labouchere concerning diplomats regularly trained in governmental offices: "They are little better than old women when called upon to act in an emergency." Mr. Washburne was not that sort of a diplomat, and Bismarck, having got the services of the most capable man in the diplomatic corps during a frightful emergency, very wisely retained them as long as he could—to the advantage of the Germans in particular and humanity in general.

The diplomatic corps, which left Paris in a body—except the American minister—had every reason for going. It would have been a mortal insult for any European government to have had any relations with the insurgents. Lord Lyons, the British ambassador, very justly said that, without detracting from Mr. Washburne's courage and devotion in remaining, he was differently situated from the other foreign representatives. The United States had no interest in the struggle beyond a purely friendly and humanitarian one; and it was possible for the American minister, while maintaining the closest relations with the Versailles government, and keeping an office open always at Versailles, whither he went back and forth unmolested, to remain in Paris, where his services were inestimable.

The Central Committee, which undertook to treat with foreign governments, and even with the Prussians, sent notifications to all the diplomatic corps, through its alleged minister for foreign affairs. Mr. Washburne alone responded, and was the only diplomat who ever appeared at the foreign office during the Commune. The Versailles government did not fail to give him an unofficial intimation that it was not agreeable to them that the American minister should hold communication with the insurgent government. Mr. Washburne's reply was that while it was far from his intention to do anything unacceptable to the Versailles government, he was enabled, by remaining in Paris and communicating with the insurgent leaders, to do something toward the salvation of life and property. M. Thiers and M. Jules Favre undoubtedly acquiesced in this just and reasonable view, for nothing more was said to him about it.

As for the Communist leaders, they seem to have respected the American minister when they respected nothing else. Not once were the passports he issued to persons and the protection papers he gave to property violated. He was not powerful enough to save the lives of the Archbishop of Paris, President Bonjean, and the other hostages; but he was enabled to go to them in their extremity, in the face of violent opposition, and used the word "must" to the Communal authorities, which probably no other mortal being did. When he went to ask for this permission, he said plainly to General Cluseret—who had held a brigadier general's commission in the United States army—that he "must" see the archbishop. Cluseret yielded. Later on, when the illustrious sufferer fell into the hands of the vampire, Raoul Rigault, Mr. Washburne approached Rigault with the same calm determination, and got the same permission from him.

Of the national guard which garrisoned Paris it is difficult to get an exact idea, but it is likely that the effective military force of the Commune never exceeded eighty thousand men—brave, well armed, with plenty of artillery and ammunition, but poorly disciplined and worse officered, with old and young, the active and the feeble, all huddled in regiments together without the slightest segregation. Of the rest of the national guard, which originally numbered about 250,000 men, many regiments remained loyal, while much of this vast force seemed gifted with vanishing qualities, and melted away mysteriously day by day. In the middle of April General Cluseret, the

head of the military force at the time, was issuing pay and rations to 125,000 men; but although that number was easily found when it was a question of bread and pay, a large section became invisible when fighting was the order of the day.

There were enough of them, though, to make it necessary for the Versailles authorities to collect a large force to conquer them; and having halted and hesitated and coaxed and wheedled, when the revolt was made up of a few regiments encamped on the Buttes Montmartre, the government now had to send 150,000 men to rescue Paris. The insurgents, seeing that their military force was as strong as it was ever likely to be, while the Versaillists were collecting an army in earnest, realized that they must strike a blow at once, and determined, at the first meeting of the Central Committee after the 27th of March, to make a sortie in force. The 3rd of April was fixed upon, and on the 1st of April the concentration of troops begun on the south and northwest of the city. They professed to believe that the troops of the line would fraternize with the national guard as soon as they came within sight, and proclaimed the fact that Mont Valérien would be surrendered to them without firing a shot. This last proved to be a disastrous mistake.

On the morning of April 3—a day of ideal beauty—more than seventy thousand soldiers marched out of Paris, in three columns, toward Versailles. The first column, of 35,000 men, was under the command of "General" Eudes, who had been in jail under a charge of murder until liberated by the Commune. This redoubtable leader expected to have a quiet and uninterrupted march to Versailles by the way of Reuil; but scarcely had he got his huge and unwieldy force upon the road, with the woods of Verrières on one side and Meudon on the other, when the crack of musketry was heard, and a large detachment of Versailles troops, posted in the woods, poured a galling fire into the Parisians. Then the mitrailleuses got to work, and it was seen that "General" Eudes had led his men into a *cul de sac*, where there was but one thing to do—and that was to turn around and run away.

The insurgent troops fought better than might have been expected, but they were no match for the Versaillists, who behaved with a cool courage that made their defeats by the Prussians the more remarkable. The insurgents were poor artillerists, the horses had never been under fire before, and by plunging and kicking and running rendered the guns useless. For several hours the insurgents sustained the attack, with confusion in their ranks, but without cowardice. By noon, however, the column of Eudes was in full retreat toward Paris. They halted at the plateau of Chatillon for the night, but next day they abandoned that strong position, which was at once occupied by the Versailles troops, who never gave up ground they once occupied, and so drew the wall of fire tighter every day around the city.

The column under "General" Bergeret did no better. Bergeret was a stone mason, and had no acquaintance with the art of riding. He therefore started out to the field of battle in a victoria and pair. He was surrounded by his staff—a collection of tatterdemalions dressed in the most theatrical costumes, and armed with pistols, knives, swords, and carbines, like pirates. Twenty thousand men followed the stone mason. They were to proceed by way of Mont Valérien, and fully expected this mighty fortification to be given up to them without striking a blow. Vain hope! The Versailles government had sent out a small, but picked force, to meet these men. There was a belief that they might return to their duty, if strongly appealed to. When they reached Valérien, they were totally disappointed in the attitude of affairs. The advancing column of Versaillists, composed of steady troops, and a detachment of sailors—these latter, by the way, covered themselves with glory in every position in which they were placed during the terrible days of 1870 and '71—made a resolute attack upon the mass of insurgents.

The latter wavered, when Dr. Pasquier, a surgeon much beloved in the Versailles army, obtained permission to carry a flag of truce to the insurgents. He advanced, preceded by a trumpeter with a white flag, and followed by two soldiers, toward the bridge of Combevoix. Two insurgents walked towards him. It was then

about eight o'clock in the morning, and the little group at the bridge was in full view of the many thousands of soldiers on both sides. Dr. Pasquier and the two insurgents met and talked for a few moments, when one of the insurgents, suddenly drawing his revolver, shot Dr. Pasquier through the head, and the doctor dropped to the ground and died without drawing a breath.

A shout of rage went up from the Versailles troops, as the brave man fell. Instantly firing began on all sides, and the Versailles troops charged the insurgents with overwhelming fury. Mitrailleuses were brought up with almost inconceivable rapidity, and the vigor of the attack became irresistible. The insurgents were routed at all points. The rout became a panic, and Bergeret was foremost in the flight.

Couriers had been sent back to Paris, carrying despatches, representing that the insurgents were on the way to Versailles, and even at Versailles, where they were reported to have captured forty thousand prisoners. While these wonderful bulletins were being read out at Paris, the crowd could not always restrain its laughter, although it was a dark day for the great city. The news of the forty thousand prisoners captured by Bergeret's column was received by some one's yelling: "But only twenty thousand men went out under Bergeret!" The courier, without paying any attention to this interruption, bawled out:

"General Bergeret behaved with the greatest gallantry, and had two horses killed under him!"

"Before him, you mean," cried another voice. "He went out in a victoria!"

About this time the stragglers were coming in from all quarters, beaten and discouraged. The third column, of about twenty thousand men, under the command of General Duval, had had no better luck, although it showed greater steadiness. It advanced from the forts of Issy and Vanves toward Meudon. The heights of Meudon were well provided with cannon, commanding the valley below, through which the insurgent army had to pass. A steady and well directed cannonade made bloody gaps in their ranks, but they closed up with wonderful precision. They even made a desperate attempt to scale the heights, but each time they recoiled at the muzzles of the guns, from which poured forth a storm of destruction. General Duval was killed, after showing bravery which won him the admiration of his enemies. Driven back at last, the insurgents retreated slowly, taking time to butcher the few prisoners they had captured. The gates were opened to them, and after many hours of fighting they returned, less thousands killed and taken prisoners.

The killing of Dr. Pasquier and of the prisoners had so infuriated the Versaillist troops against the captured insurgents that it was with difficulty their lives were saved. General the Marquis de Gallifet had several Communists executed by way of reprisals. It was said that at no time had the fighting between the Prussians and the French been any more desperate than in the encounter at the bridge of Combevoix, and no less than twenty one Versaillist officers were killed near that point on that fearful day.

This was the first and last sortie in force, but the fighting daily grew fiercer. Neuilly became so great a battle ground that from the day of the sortie until the armistice on the 25th of April the wretched inhabitants lived in their cellars. On the 6th of April, Bergeret, who, like the rest of the Communist authorities, reveled in proclamations, issued one in which he said: "As for Neuilly, the great aim of our adversaries, I have fortified it formidably, and I defy any army to take it." The next morning Mont Valérien waked Paris with its thunders, and Neuilly became untenable for the insurgents.

Within Paris lightning changes were taking place among the Central Committee and the military leaders. Citizen Assi, chairman of the Central Committee, who had devoted himself chiefly to the harmless amusement of driving about Paris in a splendid carriage, which six months before had belonged to M. Thiers, and twelve months before to Napoleon III, was suddenly packed off to the Mazas prison. His offense was that he reminded the Central Committee that some of their acts were not strictly legal according to their own code. He was followed to the Mazas by Citizen Bergeret, whose

military career was cut short, and his command given to "General" Dombrowski, a Polish convict, who had escaped from Siberia.

The star of Cluseret, minister of war, was now rising. He had come to the United States during the civil war, and being a plausible fellow, had insinuated himself into the good graces of Sumner, who procured for him a commission as brigadier general, in spite of President Lincoln's distrust of the Frenchman, who had "adventurer" written all over him. Cluseret immediately took out naturalization papers, and as far as could be judged, beyond drawing his pay and becoming an American citizen, his services appear to have been *nil*. He returned to Paris, and got into trouble with the authorities under the empire, but went free through the efforts of Mr. Washburne, then lately appointed minister. This turned out to be a fortunate circumstance, as Cluseret knew something of civilized warfare, and, while bad enough in all conscience, was not quite the monster that others were.

The Versaillists were daily growing stronger, and it was seen that there could be but one issue to the siege; but meanwhile, there was a shorter way of reducing Paris. This was by cutting off the supplies, as the Prussians had done. They had taken the mighty city, not by fighting her, but by starving her. Paris produces nothing, and the stoppage of supplies for one week must have starved the two million persons within her gates. But M. Thiers and M. Jules Favre chose rather to lose thousands of the bravest and most loyal of the Versaillist troops, and to permit the worst horrors of modern times to occur in Paris itself, rather than to inflict a few days of pain. Had their food been stopped, the Communists would have been as eager to surrender as any one in the city of Paris. M. Thiers had been one of the foremost advocates of the plan to make Paris a fortress and to trust to luck for the feeding of the millions. With a determined enemy like the Prussians, it did not succeed—and need not have succeeded at any time. But up to the very last days of the Commune, those who had money could get luxuries, and the Communists, having the wealth of the richest city in the world to levy upon, always had money.

As a sample of what might be obtained up to the very last days of the Commune, two bills of fare furnished to the bloodthirsty Raoul Rigault, prefect of police, and his private secretary, at the Trois Frères, the most celebrated restaurant in Paris, have been published. This is a sample of how this "friend of the disinherited classes" lived, when poverty and ruin stalked abroad in Paris:

Breakfast on May 10.	FR. C.
Nuits	15
Clos Vougeot	12
Bread	50
Hors d'œuvre	3
Sole	3
Chateaubriand aux truffes	3
Chicken	12
Salad	1 50
Cheese	75
Oranges	2
Coffee, liqueurs	4
Cigars, Cazadores	13 50
	75 25

Breakfast on May 15.	FR. C.
Pomard	5
Nuits	10
Clicquot	13
Bread	50
Hors d'œuvre	1 60
Mackerel	3
Côte provençale	3 75
Chicken	12
Salad	1 50
Cheese	50
Ices	3
Coffee, liqueurs	3
Cigars	6
	62 85

On the 4th of April, after the unsuccessful sortie, the Central Committee issued six savage decrees, which practically abolished all security for life and property in Paris. About the same time, after having proclaimed that the liberty of the press was the corner stone of freedom, they suppressed all of the respectable journals in the city. These six decrees were called the laws of the hostages, and their results were so infamous that some of the wretches who planned them afterwards thought it necessary to apologize for them. The decree relating to hostages set forth that for every Communist executed by the Versaillists three of the hostages held by the Communists should die. They proceeded to secure as hostages Mgr. Darboy, archbishop of Paris, M. Bonjean, president of the court of cassation, a number of the best citizens, and more than sixty priests.

The subsequent murder of these inoffensive persons was undoubtedly the blackest page in the whole history of the Commune. The heroic story of the victims has been told many times, but the account given by the American minister cannot be surpassed in its touching sim-

plicity. President Bonjean must ever stand as the type of the upright and unflinching magistrate. He came back to Paris after the 18th of March, when others fled from it; he declined a parole of forty eight hours to visit his family, for fear he should not be able to return in time, and laid down his life for the honor of the court he so worthily represented. Of Archbishop Darboy Mr. Washburne says: "For myself, I can never think of this illustrious martyr without being overwhelmed with emotions that I am scarcely able to express." And of the unfortunate priests, he says that they were "hunted down like wolves. Their fate seemed to me to be very hard. They remained in Paris during the siege, suffered unheard of privations of cold and hunger, visited the sick and wounded, and upheld the courage of the people."

Archbishop Darboy was arrested on the charge of conspiring with the enemies of the republic—while, in fact, he had pleaded with M. Thiers for a reconciliation with the Communists, and was deeply attached to the Parisians, always disposed to take the most lenient view of what they did. He entertained most liberal ideas on all subjects, and had carefully abstained from meddling with political affairs during the empire. He had asked the emperor to leave him as much alone as possible, frankly admitting, at the same time, that he should mention the emperor as little as possible. It is another evidence of the magnanimity of Napoleon III that he respected the archbishop's independent attitude, and held him in high favor.

The Jesuits and the Dominicans had closed their schools at the beginning of the siege and had turned their buildings into hospitals, where they faithfully nursed the sick and the wounded. The Christian Brothers devoted themselves to the work of bringing the wounded in from the field, and several of them met death while engaged in this noble work for humanity. The sisters of charity, and of other religious orders, were not behind in these labors, so worthy of the Master they followed, and like the priests, more than one of them died as true soldiers on the field of battle. But this did not save the rest from being shot down, and sometimes even torn to pieces. It is a remarkable evidence of the belief of the Communists in the ultimate goodness of these people that many of the insurgents—Cluseret among the number—sought refuge with priests and nuns when the Versaillists entered Paris, and in no case was succor refused them. In some instances, Communists remained concealed for weeks by the religious whom they had persecuted, and then finally escaped.

The next step after throwing into prison great numbers of innocent persons, especially religious, both men and women, was the confiscation of what the Communists called the treasures of the church. This meant the sacred vessels, pictures, and the like. The act gave great dissatisfaction to the lower classes, who regarded these things as their share of art and beauty. As the *Moniteur* said: "Democrats, respect democratic art, which, perhaps, the Christian religion alone has placed at the service of the poor as well as the rich." But this availed nothing. Henri Rochefort, who had let his old father subsist on a miserable pittance granted by charity, while his own profits from his newspaper were estimated at six thousand dollars a month, was foremost in advocating this confiscation. The better classes of people were excessively alarmed at it, as they foresaw the beginning of a general pillage.

Later in the month of April, religious services were prohibited, and the churches turned into meeting places for political clubs. The rage against the priests grew more fierce, and spared neither young nor old. A venerable curé more than eighty years of age, who had spent fifty years in well doing, was dragged before Raoul Rigault, the prefect of police. The old man, following the ancient fashion, mildly addressed Rigault and his associates as "my children."

Rigault, who was then about twenty seven years old, interrupted him bruskly, saying:

"Citizen, you are not before children, but in the presence of a magistrate. What is your profession?"

"I am a servant of God," answered the curé.

"Where does he live?" asked Rigault.

"Everywhere," answered the old man.

"Send this man to the Conciergerie," was Rigault's reply, "and issue a warrant for the arrest of his master, one called God, who has no permanent residence, and is in consequence, contrary to law, living in a perpetual state of vagabondage."

Rigault was of a different opinion from Napoleon, who officially recognized the Christian religion, for the reason that "no nation can exist without religion," and unluckily for the prefect of police, the world has decided that Napoleon was a man of sounder views and more imposing personality.

Fighting still continued all day and every day. Very early in April, trade and commerce were paralyzed, and the people had nothing but their savings to live on. There was absolutely no communication with the outside world. The postal service no longer existed. People were afraid to show themselves on the street. The cafés were little patronized, and had to close at ten o'clock at night, the hour when Paris usually begins to wake up. There were no cabs on the street, chiefly because most of the horses had been eaten. Poultry and vegetables could be obtained by those who had money, but few persons except the Communist leaders had money. The gamins found great amusement in clustering around the butcher shops, when ladies, who had never gone to market before, went and bought a pound or two of horse flesh, shuddering and making wry faces the while.

The insurgents tried to arouse the enthusiasm of the masses by parading soldiers—hitherto the most charming spectacle on earth to a Parisian multitude—but in vain. The artillery dashed about, and the people cursed them for getting in their way. Regiments of national guards were paraded, and the spectators laughed at their awkward maneuvers and outlandish garments. The few prisoners taken from the Versaillists were marched hither and thither, but instead of hooting them, the crowd watched them in silence, and occasionally shouted "*Vive la ligne!*" The prisoners themselves showed the greatest dislike to the Parisian populace—a new thing, for until then the French soldiers had always been acutely sensitive to their reception by the people of Paris.

Among the first treasuries which the Commune sought to plunder was, naturally, the Bank of France, one of the greatest financial institutions in existence. The story of its salvation is one of the most brilliant records of courage and address in the annals of the world. Will it be believed that this great bank, holding in its vaults a treasure of three thousand million francs, in a city given over to licensed pillage, got off with the payment of a little more than seven millions of francs to the Commune? The wonderful recuperation of French finances in 1871 and after may be attributed in a great degree to the soundness of the Bank of France—and this was achieved by the heroism and common sense of five men—the Marquis de Ploenc, deputy governor, and the four regents of the bank who remained in Paris. The governor ran away, which turned out to be a fortunate thing, as it is scarcely likely that he would have exhibited equal bravery and finesse.

On the 6th of April the Central Committee demanded possession of the bank's treasure, but the deputy governor artfully pointed out that if its securities were touched, the national guard would find worthless the notes in which the troops were paid. This was a serious consideration, and gave pause. The truth is that the loot was so vast, that no man or body of men could agree as to what should be done with it. The Central Committee appointed one of their number, M. Beslay, as a commissioner for the bank, and for fear of the people whom they professed so to love getting any of the treasure, gave the deputy governor a battalion of the national guard to defend it, while they squabbled over the prospective disposal of it themselves.

M. Beslay was as nearly respectable and intelligent as a Communist could be. The Marquis de Ploenc established the commissioner in an office at the bank, and succeeded in showing him that to loot the bank would be to turn the national guard against the Communists. The soldiers were early instructed that if a hand were laid on the treasure all their twenty franc notes would be worthless.

The deputy governor and regents could not avoid occasional requisitions, but seeing the violent jealousies and animosities among the members of the different governing bodies of the Commune, they took care to inform all of these warring factions when a requisition was made, declaring the consent of all necessary—with the result that less than eight million francs were actually paid out. They even succeeded in keeping the red flag from flying over the bank, pointing out that it was as well not to indicate too definitely to the mob where the treasure was; and as the Central Committee had no notion of sharing such plunder with the people, this suggestion was heeded. In the sixty seven days during which the Commune lasted, no colors were hoisted over the bank.

The Marquis de Ploenc did not fail to give M. Beslay credit for his behavior during this time, and the Communist commissioner was treated with the utmost leniency eventually by the Versailles government. The battalion of national guards which protected the bank was allowed, as a special mark of favor, to retain its arms.

Meanwhile there was bloody fighting going on. During the second week in April, Marshal MacMahon assumed command of the Versailles troops, and his vigor and determination were soon felt. But he was not yet strong enough to make a general attack, and the Versaillists continued to let the insurgents open the gates daily, and all day, for the admission of supplies. The Prussians so little understood this state of affairs that they repeatedly offered to lend their assistance towards reducing the city. Naturally, this was declined, but it was repeated so often that M. Thiers had grave fears that the Prussians would interfere by force.

The martial character of the French people showed itself in the Communist troops, which without leaders and without discipline, blind and ignorant, yet fought bravely. In default of commanders, they had no staying power, and carried on a sort of guerrilla warfare—but they killed a good many Versaillists. They would march out of the gates quite gaily and determinedly for a skirmish, but they could not long stand the heavy and concentrated fire of the regulars. They would be dispersed, and when they wanted to get back into the city, they would find the gates closed against them. The Central Committee was beginning to fear the effect of the continual return of beaten and disheartened soldiers. They struggled hard to keep Forts Issy and Vanves, and to regain Neuilly, but three weeks of continuous fighting found them hemmed in the closer to the ramparts.

The syndics of Paris, representing more than eight thousand merchants and traders, appointed a delegation to go to Versailles and try to arrange an accommodation with M. Thiers. They were politely received, but M. Thiers assured them that nothing could be accepted short of an unconditional surrender. But on the 25th of April, an armistice was arranged, to last from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon, that the inhabitants of Neuilly might leave the cellars of their houses, where they had lived in terror for three weeks. During all this time Neuilly had been a battle ground, swept by shell and shot and musketry, and its wretched inhabitants could only come forth at night, when the horrors which met their gaze drove them back to their miserable hiding places. The appearance of these people was pitiable in the extreme. At five o'clock they had escaped, and the battle began again with redoubled fury.

On the 29th of April, the freemasons made a great demonstration. A large proportion of them in Paris were Communists, and openly allied themselves with the Central Committee. But there was a determined and respectable minority which refused to countenance these proceedings, and repudiated them in the name of freemasonry. The Communistic freemasons assembled in a body at the Hôtel de Ville and marched, with music and banners, to the ramparts, with the intention of planting their masonic flags alongside the red flag of the Commune. The procession was, like most of the Communistic processions, at once terrible and laughable. One gigantic ruffian paraded in front, carrying a red flag and a white one, and on the latter was inscribed "Love one another"! These flags were fixed to the ramparts, and the commandant of the nearest post in possession of the Versail-

lists, himself a mason, stopped the bombardment for a short time, while he received a deputation of the masons. Finding they were acting in violation of the authorities of their order, he refused to respect the masonic flags, and they were soon riddled by musketry. The commandant, however, courteously sent a deputation to Versailles, which saw M. Thiers; but the day for making terms had passed.

The fighting daily grew more furious, as the Versaillists steadily and surely advanced, and the insurgents found their fortifications falling about their ears. Still they fought on, with a kind of savage gaiety. They had nothing to lose but their lives, and they knew, from the temper of the people and the troops, that these would be held cheaply when the day of reckoning came.

In the last days of April, the cannonade became terrific. The Versaillists had a hundred and fifty great guns trained on Paris, and they bellowed by day and night. Both sides had mitrailleuses in plenty, and a strange feature of the struggle outside the walls was the fighting between the ironclad locomotives, which each possessed. Of most of the railways leading out of Paris, the insurgents controlled a part, and the Versaillists a part. A mitrailleuse, mounted on an armored locomotive, could be run out, and could do fearful havoc; and each side practised this singular mode of warfare.

The continual screaming and bursting of shells made certain parts of Paris, especially the fine quarter around the Arc de Triomphe, almost untenable, and the arc itself was struck twenty seven times in one day. It escaped total destruction because of a platform built around it, and protected by sandbags, where the insurgents meant to make a stand, for it was now understood that it was only a question of time when they would be driven inside the walls, and a Parisian mob can never resist the delights of street fighting, in which it excels.

Within the Central Committee dissensions raged. The lie was frequently passed, and the doors of the Mazas and Conciergerie prisons began to open for men who had, a few weeks before, been hailed as the saviors of their country. On the 30th of April Cluseret stepped from his position as minister of war into a cell at Mazas, and Bergeret, who had been incarcerated on the 9th of April, stepped out. Rossel, a young engineer officer who had deserted his colors, was made minister of war in Cluseret's place, and it was not many weeks before he resigned, with the remark: "I have the honor to demand a cell at Mazas." He was unexpectedly gratified, and marched off to prison.

It is unprofitable to recount the list of scamps who held brief and chaotic terms of power during this period, but each appeared to be worse than his predecessor. Two men—Rigault, prefect of police, and Ferré, his assistant, began to acquire a horrible notoriety. Domiciliary visits, confiscations, and arrests were the order of the day. First the churches were sacked and then the houses. The first signs of the mania for destroying inanimate things manifested itself. Henri Rochefort urged the destruction of the houses of M. Thiers and M. Favre, which soon took place. Courbet, the artist, agitated incessantly for the annihilation of the Vendôme Column. Law they had destroyed, and they loudly proclaimed that property must follow. They now entered upon that stage of madness which was to culminate in the horrors of the last days of May.

Molly Elliot Seawell.

BEYOND.

A SHIP went courtesying into the west,
How strong she looked, ah me!
For the mosses are tangled across her breast,
And her jolly crew have a long, long rest
Under the moaning sea.

Anna Neil Gilmore.

A BAD CHARACTER SUIT.*

BY FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

A clever story of military life in British India—The comedy and the tragedy in the checkered career of Private George Afford and the faithful Peroo.

A FLOOD of blustering yellow sunshine was pouring down on to the prostrate body of Private George Afford as he lay on his back, drunk, in an odd little corner between two cook room walls in the barrack square; and a stream of tepid water from a skin bag was falling on his head as Peroo, the *chisti*, stood over him, directing the stream now on his forehead, now, scientifically, on his ears. The only result, however, was that Private George Afford tried unavailingly to scratch them; then swore unintelligibly.

Peroo twisted the nozzle of the *mussuck* to dryness, and knelt down beside the slack strength in the dust. So kneeling, his glistening curved brown body got mixed up with the glistening curved brown water bag he carried, until at first sight he seemed a monstrous spider preying on a victim; for his arms and legs were skinny.

"*Sahib!*" he said, touching his master on the sleeve. It was a very white sleeve, and the buttons and belts and buckles all glistened white or gold in the searching sunlight; for Peroo saw to them, as he saw to most things about Private Afford, body and soul!—why, God knows, except that George Afford had once—for his own amusement—whacked a man who, for his, was whacking Peroo. He happened to be one of the best bruisers in the regiment, and George Afford, who was in a sober bout, wanted to beat him; which he did.

There was no one in sight—nothing, in fact, save the walls, and an offensively cheerful castor oil bush which grew, greener than any bay tree, in one angle, sending splay fingers of shadow close to Private Afford's head, as if it wished to aid in the cooling process. But despite the solitude, Peroo's touch on the white sleeve was decorous, his voice deference itself.

"*Sahib*," he repeated, "if the *huzoor* does not get up soon, the captain will find the master on the ground when he passes to rations. And that is unnecessary."

He might as well have spoken to the dead. George Afford's face, relieved of the douche treatment, settled down to placid, contented sleep. It was not a bad face; indeed, considering the habits of the man, it was singularly fine and clear cut; but in youth it had evidently been a superlatively handsome one also.

Peroo waited a minute or two, then undid the nozzle of his skin bag once more, and drenched the slack body and the dust around it.

"What a tyranny is here!" he muttered to himself, the wrinkles on his forehead giving him the perplexed look of a baby monkey. "Yet the master will die of sunstroke if he be not removed. *Hai, hai!* What it is to eat forbidden fruit and find it a turnip!"

With which remark he limped off methodically to the quarter guard, and gave notice that Private George Afford was lying dead drunk between cook rooms Nos. 7 and 8; after which he limped on as methodically about his regular duty—of filling the regimental water pots. What else was there to be done? The special master whom he had elected to serve between whiles would not want his services for a month or two at least, since that period would be spent in "clink." For Private George Afford was a habitual offender.

Such a very habitual offender, indeed, that even Griffiths, the second major, had not a word to say when the adjutant and

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the colonel conferred over this last offense, though he had stood Afford's friend many a time; to the extent even of getting him reënlisted in India—a most unusual favor—when, after an interval of discharge, he turned up at his ex captain's bungalow begging to be taken on; averring, even, that he had served his way out to India before the mast in that hope, since enlistment at the depot might take him to the other battalion. The story, so the adjutant had said, was palpably false; but the silent little major had got the colonel to consent, so Private George Afford—an ideal soldier to look at—had given the master tailor no end of trouble about the fit of his uniform, for he was a bit of a dandy when he was sober. But now even Major Griffiths felt that the limit of forbearance was past. Nor could a court martial be expected to take into consideration the trivial fact which lay at the bottom of the observant little major's mercy; namely, that though, when he was sober, George Afford was a dandy, when he was drunk—or rather in the stage which precedes actual drunkenness—he was a gentleman. Vulgarity of speech slipped from him then; and even when he was passing into the condition in which there is no speech, he would excuse his own lapses from strict decorum with almost pathetic apologies.

"It is no excuse, I know, sir," he would say with a charming, regretful dignity, "but I have had a very checkered career—a very checkered career indeed."

That was true; and one of the black squares of the chessboard of life was his now; for the court martial which sentenced Private George Afford to but a short punishment added the rider that he was to be thereafter dismissed from her majesty's service.

"He is quite incorrigible," said the colonel; "and as we are pretty certain of going up to punish those scoundrels on the frontier as soon as the weather cools a bit, I think we had better get rid of him. The regiment mustn't have a speck anywhere, and his sort helps to spoil the youngsters."

The major nodded.

So Private George Afford got his dismissal, also the bad character suit of clothes which is the queen's last gift to such as he.

* * * *

It was full six weeks after he had stood beside that prostrate figure between cook rooms Nos. 7 and 8, that Peroo was once more engaged in the same task; though not in the same place. And this time the thin stream of water falling on George Afford's face found it grimed and dirty, and left it showing all too clearly the traces of a fortnight's debauch. For Peroo, being of a philosopher's mind, had told himself, as he had limped away from the quarter guard, that now, while his self constituted master would have no need of his services, was the time for him to take that leave home which he had deferred so long. Therefore two or three days after this event he had turned up at the quartermaster's office with that curious Indian institution, the "changeling," and preferred his request for a holiday. It was granted, of course; there is no reason why leave should not be granted when a double stands ready to step into the original's shoes, without payment; that remaining a bargain between the doubles.

"Here," said Peroo, "is my brother. He is even as myself. His character is mine. We are all water carriers, and he has done the work for two days. I will also leave him my skin bag, so that the presence may be sure it is clean. He is a Peroo also."

He might have been *the* Peroo, so far as the quartermaster's requirements went. So the original went home, and the copy took his place; but not for the two months. The order for active service, of which the colonel had spoken, came sooner than was expected, and Peroo, hearing of it, started back at once for the regiment. A "changeling" could pass muster in peace, but war required the reality; besides, the master would no doubt be released. He was surely too good fighting material to be left behind, Peroo told himself; yet there his hero was lying in the dust of a by alley in the bazaar, in a ragged bad character suit, while the barracks square was alive with men, not half so good to look at, talking, as the mules were laden, of the deeds they were to do!

The wrinkles on Peroo's forehead grew more like those of a monkey in arms than ever. This was indeed a tyranny! But at least the presence could be moved out of the burning sun this time, without of necessity getting him into more trouble. So a few friends were called, and together they carried George Afford into the windowless slip of a room which Peroo locked at four o'clock in the morning and unlocked at ten at night, but which, nevertheless, served him as a house. There was nothing in it save a string bed and a drinking vessel: for Peroo, after his kind, ate his food at the bazaar; but these were all that the Englishman would require for the present. So there Peroo left him in the darkness and the cool, safe for the day.

But after that? The problem went with Peroo as he limped about, filling the cook room waterpots; for on the morrow he must be filling them on the first camping ground, a good fifteen miles away from that slip of a room where the master was lying. What would become of him then?

The sandy stretches in which the barracks stood were full of mules, camels, and carts, and men of all arms belonging to the small picked force which was preparing to march with the one solid regiment at dawn on the mission of punishment.

"*Rani* (water)!" shouted a perspiring artilleryman, grappling with a peculiarly obstinate mule, as Peroo went past with his skin bag. "*Rani*, an' bring a real *jildi* (quickness) along with it! I'll take it outside instead o' in, because of them black silly's o' the doctor's. So turn on the hose, Johnnie—I'll show yer how."

"'E knows all about it, you bet," put in one of the regiment cheerfully. "Wy, 'e's bin hydraulic engineer and waterworks combined to that pore chap as got the sack the other day—George Afford——"

"Sure it was a thriflin' mistake wed the propositions his godfathers made whin they named him; for it was on and not off—erd he was, six days out of sivin," remarked a tall Irishman.

"You hold your jaw, Pat," interrupted another voice. "'E was a better chap nor most, when 'e wasn't on the lap; and Lordy! 'e could fight when he 'ad the chanst—couldn't 'e, waterworks? Jest turn that hose o' yours my way a bit, will yer?"

"*Huzoor*," assented Peroo deferentially. He understood enough to make the thought pass through his brain that it was a pity the master had not the chance. Perhaps the curve of water conveyed this to that other brain beneath the close fair curls whence the drops flew sparkling in the sunlight. At any rate, their owner went on in a softer tone, "Yes! 'E fit like fits. Looked, too, as if 'e was born to die on the field o' glory and not in a bad character suit; but as the parson says, 'Beauty is vain; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

The confused morality of this passed Peroo by; and yet something not altogether dissimilar lay behind his wrinkled forehead when, work over, he returned to the slip of a room and found Afford vaguely roused by his entrance.

"I—I am aware it is no possible excuse, sir," came his voice, curiously refined, curiously pathetic, "but I really have had a very checkered life, I have indeed."

"*Huzoor!*" acquiesced Peroo briefly; but even that was sufficient to bring the hearer closer to realities. He sat up on the string bed, looked about him stupidly, then sank back again.

"Get away, you black devil," he muttered with a sort of restless anger. "Can't you let me die in peace, you fool? Can't you let me die in the gutter, die in a bad character suit? It's all I'm fit for—all I'm fit for." Voice, anger, listless anger, all toiled away to silence; he turned over with a sort of sob, and straightway fell asleep, for he was still far from sober.

Peroo lit a cresset lamp and stood looking at him. Beauty was certainly vain here, and if the Lord was going to repay, it was time He began. Time some one began, at any rate, if the man who had fought for him, Peroo, was not to carry out his desires of dying in a gutter—dying in a bad character suit!

The latter misfortune could be avoided, however. Things were going cheap in the bazaar that evening, as was only natural when it was to be deserted for six

months at least; so it ought not to be hard to get the master an exchange for something more suitable to his beauty, if not to his death.

Five minutes afterwards George Afford —too much accustomed to such ministrations to be disturbed by the process of undressing—was still asleep, his chin resting peacefully on Peroo's best white cotton shawl, and the bad character suit was on its way to the pawnshop round the corner. It was nearly an hour, however, before Peroo, having concluded his bargain, came back with it, and by the light of the cresset set to work appraising his success or failure. A success, certainly. The uniform was old, no doubt, but it was a corporal's, and, what is more, it had three good conduct stripes on the arm. That ought to give dignity even to a death in the gutter.

Peroo brought out some pipe clay and pumice stone from a crevice, and set to work cheerfully on the buttons and belts, thinking, as he worked, that he had indeed made a good bargain. With a judicious smear of cinnabar here and there the tunic would be almost as good as the master's old one—*plus* the good conduct stripes, of course, which he could never have gained in the regiment.

But out of it? If, for instance, the Lord were really to repay Private George Afford for that good deed in defending a poor lame man—a good deed which no bad one could alter for the worse? On this point Peroo would have been a match for a whole college of Jesuists in casuistry, as he laid on the pipe clay with lavish hand, and burnished the buttons till they shone like gold.

It was gray dawn when George Afford woke, feeling a deferential touch on his shoulder.

"*Huzoor*," came a familiar voice, "the first bugle has gone. The *huzoor* will find his uniform—a corporal's, with three good conduct stripes—is ready. The absence of a rifle is to be regretted; but that shall be amended, if the *huzoor* will lend a gracious ear to the plan of his slave. In the mean time, a gifting of the *huzoor's* feet for the putting on of stockings might be ordered."

George Afford thrust out a foot mechanically, and sat on the edge of the string bed, staring stupidly at the three good conduct stripes on the tunic, which was neatly folded beside him.

"It is quite simple," went on the deferential voice. "The *huzoor* is going to march with the colors, but he will be twelve hours behind them, that is all. He will get the fighting, and by and by, when the killing comes, and men are wanted, the colonel *sahib* may give a place; but in any case there will always be the fighting. For the rest, I, the *huzoor's* slave, will manage, and as there will of necessity be no canteen there can be no tyranny. Besides, since there is not a cowrie in the master's jacket, what else is he to do?"

The last argument was unanswerable. George Afford thrust out his other foot to be shod for this new path, and stared harder than ever at the good conduct stripes.

That night, despite the fatigue of a first day in camp, Peroo trudged back along the hard white road to meet some one whom he expected; for this was the first step, and he had, perforce, been obliged to leave his charge to his own devices for close on twelve hours amid the distractions of the bazaar. Still, without a cowrie in his pocket—Peroo had carefully extracted a few annas he had found in one—a man was more or less helpless, even for evil.

Despite this fact, there was a lilt in the lagging step which, just as Peroo had begun to give up the hope of playing Providence, came slowly down the road. It belonged to George Afford, in the gentlemanly stage of drunk. He had had a checkered life, he said almost tearfully, but there were some things a man of honor could not do. He could not break his promise to an inferior—a superior was another matter. In that case he paid for it—honestly. But he had promised Peroo—his inferior—to come. So here he was, and that was an end of it.

It seemed more than once, during the next few hours, as if the end had indeed come. Somehow Peroo's deferential hand and voice extricated those wild, uncertain feet, and that weary, sodden brain, from ditches and despair; still, it was a very sorry figure which Peroo's own hasty footsteps left behind, safely quartered for the

day in a sandy bit of jungle, while he ran on to overtake the rear guard if he could. The start, however, had been too much for his lameness, and he was a full hour late at his work; which, of course, necessitated his putting in an excuse. He chose drunkenness as being nearest the truth, was fined a day's wages and paid it cheerfully, thinking with more certainty of the sleeping figure he had left in the jungle.

The afternoon sun was slanting through the trees before it stirred, and George Afford woke from the sleep of fatigue superadded to his usual sedative. He felt strangely refreshed, and lay on his back staring at the little squirrels yawning after their midday snooze in the branches above him. And then he laughed suddenly, sat up, and looked about him half confusedly. Not a trace of humanity was to be seen; nothing but the squirrels, a few green pigeons, and, down in the mirror lake behind the trees—a pool edged by the percolating moisture from the water with faint spikes of sprouting grass—a couple of egrets fishing lazily. Beyond lay a bare, sandy plain, backed by faint blue hills—the hills where fighting was to be had. Close at hand were those three good conduct stripes.

That night Peroo had not nearly so far to go back along the broad white road; yet the step which came echoing down it, if steadier, lagged more. Nor was Peroo's task much easier, for George Afford—in the abject depression which comes to the tippler from total abstinence—sat down in the dust more than once, and swore he would not go another step without a dram. Still, about an hour after dawn, he was once more dozing in a shady retreat with a pot of water and some dough cakes beside him, while Peroo, in luck, was getting a lift to the third camping ground.

Even at the second, where the sleeping figure remained, the country was wilder, almost touching the skirts of the hills. When George Afford roused himself, as the animals rouse themselves, to meet the coming cool of evening, a ravine deer was standing within easy shot, looking at him with head thrown back and wide, startled nostrils scenting the unknown.

The sight stirred something in the man which had slept the sleep of the dead for years—that keen delight of the natural man, not so much in the capture of his prey as in the chase; not so much in the mere chase itself as in its effort, its freedom. He rose, stretching his long arms in what was half a yawn, half a vague inclination to shake himself free of some unseen burden.

But that night he swore at Peroo for leading him a fool's dance. He threatened to go back. He was not so helpless as all that. He was not a slave; he would have his tot of rum like any other soldier, or——

"*Huzoor*," interrupted Peroo deferentially, "this slave is aware that many things necessary to the *huzoor's* outfit as a soldier remains to be produced. But with patience all may be attained. Here, by God's grace, is a rifle. One of us—Smith *sahib*, of G Company, *huzoor*—found freedom today. He was reconnoitering with Griffiths Major *sahib* when one of these hell doomed Sheeahs—whom Heaven destroy—shot him from behind a rock——"

Private George Afford seemed to find his feet suddenly.

"Smith, of G Company?" he echoed, in a different voice.

"*Huzoor!* The *sahib* whom the *huzoor* thrashed for thrashing this slave——"

"Poor chap," went on George Afford, as if he had not heard. "So they've kicked him! But we'll pay 'em out; we——" His fingers closed mechanically on the rifle Peroo was holding out to him.

* * * *

It was a fortnight after this, and the camp lay clustered closely in the mouth of a narrow defile, down which rushed a torrent swollen from the snows above—a defile which meant decisive victory or defeat to the little force which had to push through it to the heights above. Yet, though death, maybe, lay close to each man, the whole camp was in an uproar because Major Griffiths' second pair of *putties* had gone astray. The other officers had been content with one set of these woolen bandages which in hill marching serve as gaiters, and help so much to lessen fatigue; but the major,

being methodical, had provided against emergencies. And now, with that possibility of death before him, when his soul craved an extreme order in all things, his one clean pair had mysteriously disappeared.

Now the major, though a silent man, always managed to say what he meant. So it ran through the camp that they had been stolen, and men compared notes over the fact in the mess tent and in the canteen.

In the former, the adjutant with a frown admitted that of late there had been a series of inexplicable petty thefts in camp, which had begun with the disappearance of Private Smith's rifle. That might perhaps be explained in an enemy's country, but what the deuce anybody could want with a pair of bone shirt studs——

"And a shirt," put in a mournful voice.

"Item, a cake of scented soap," said another.

"And a comb," began a third.

The colonel, who had till then preserved a discreet silence, here broke in with great heat to the adjutant. "Upon my soul, sir, it's a disgrace to the staff, and I must insist on a stringent inquiry the instant we've licked these hill men. I—I didn't mean to say anything about it, but I haven't been able to find my toothbrush for a week."

Whereupon there was a general exodus into the crisp, cold air outside, where the darkness would hide inconvenient smiles, for the colonel was one of those men who have different towels for their face and for their hands.

The stars were shining in the cleft between the tall, shadowy cliffs which rose up on either side. Vague masses of shadow on which, seen like stars upon a darker sky, the watch fires of the enemy sparkled here and there. An enemy powerful, vigilant; and yet beside the camp fires close at hand the men had forgotten the danger of the morrow in the trivial loss of the moment, and were discussing the major's *putties*.

"It's wot I say all along," reiterated the romancer of G Company. "It begun ever since Joey Smith was took from us at Number Two camp. It's 'is ghost—that's wot it is. 'Is ghost layin' in a trew-so. Jest you look 'ere! They bury 'im, didn't they, as 'e was—decent like, in pants and coat—no more. Well, since then 'e's took 'is rifle off us, an' a great-coat off D Company, an' a knapsack off A——"

"Don't be lavin' out thim blankets he tuk from the store, man," interrupted the tall Irishman. "Sure it's a testhimony to the pore bhoy's character, annyhow, that he should be wantin' thim where he is."

"It is not laughing at all at such things I would be, whatever," put in another voice seriously; "for it is knowing of such things we are in the Highlands——"

"Hold your second sight, Mac," broke in a third. "We don't want none o' your shivers tonight. You're as bad as them blamed niggers, and they swear they seen Joey more nor once in a red coat dodging about our rear."

"Well, they won't see 'im no more, then," remarked a fourth philosophically, "for 'e's changed 'is tailor. Leastways, 'e got a service khakee off Sergeant Jones the night afore last; the sergeant took his bible oath to 'ave it off Joey Smith's ghost when 'e got time to tackle 'im, if 'e 'ad ter go to 'ell for it!"

Major Griffiths, meantime, was having a similar say as he stood eyeglass in eye at the door of the mess tent. "Whoever the thief is," he admitted, with the justice common to him, "he appears to have the instincts of a gentleman; but by Gad, sir, if I find him, he shall know what it is to take a field officer's gaiters."

Whereupon he gave a dissatisfied look at his own legs, a more contented one at the glimmering stars of the enemy's watch fires, and then turned in to get a few hours' rest before the dawn.

But some one a few miles further down the valley looked both at his legs and at the stars with equal satisfaction. Some one tall, square, straight, smoking a pipe—some one else's pipe, no doubt—beside the hole in the ground where on the preceding night the camp flagstaff had stood. That fortnight had done something for George Afford besides giving his outward man a trousseau; it had clothed him with a certain righteousness,

despite the inward conviction that Peroo must be a magnificent liar in protesting that the *huzoor's* outfit had either been gifted to him or bought honestly.

In fact, as he stood looking down at his legs complacently, he murmured to himself, "I believe they're the major's, poor chap—look like him, somehow." Then he glanced at the sergeant's coatee he wore, and walked up and down thoughtfully—up and down beside the hole in the ground where the flagstaff had stood.

So to him from the dim shadows came a limping figure.

"Well?" he called sharply.

"The orders are for dawn, *huzoor*, and here are some more cartridges I have brought you."

George Afford laughed an odd, low little laugh of sheer satisfaction.

It was past dawn by an hour or two, but the heights were still unwon.

"Send some one—any one," gasped the colonel breathlessly, as he pressed on with a forlorn hope of veterans to take a knoll of rocks whence a galling fire had been decimating every attack. "Griffiths! For God's sake go, or get some one ahead of those youngsters up there in the pass, or they'll break in a minute, and then——"

Break! What more likely? A weak company full of recruits, a company with its officers shot down, and before it a task for veterans—for that indifference to whizzing bullets which only custom brings. Major Griffiths, as he ran forward, saw all this—saw also the ominous waver—God! Would he be in time to check it—to get in front of them? That was what was wanted—some one ahead; no more than that—some one ahead.

There was some one. A tall figure suddenly appeared ahead of the wavering boys.

"Come on! Come on, my lads! Follow me!" rang out a confident voice, and the major as he ran, half blinded by the mists of his own haste, felt it was as a voice from Heaven.

"Come on! Come on! Give it 'em straight. Hip, hip, hurray!"

An answering cheer broke from the boys behind, and with a rush the weakest company in the regiment followed some one to victory.

"I don't understand what the dickens it means," said the colonel almost fretfully that same evening. Safe over the pass, the little force was bivouacking in a willow set valley on the other side of the hills. Before it lay what it had come to gain, behind it danger past. "Some one in my regiment," he went on, "does a deuced plucky thing—between ourselves, just about saves the position; I want naturally to find out who it was, and here I am met by a cock and bull story about it being some one's ghost. What the devil can it all mean, major?"

The major shook his head. "I couldn't swear to the figure, sir, though it reminded me a bit—but that's impossible. However, as I have by your orders to ride back to the top, sir, and see what can be done to hold it, I'll dip over a bit to where the rush was made, and see if there is any clue."

He had not to go so far. In one of those tiny hollows in the level plateau of pass, whence the snow melts early, leaving a carpet of blue forgetmenots and alpine primroses behind it, Sergeant Jones and the small party going to make security still more secure, came upon Peroo, the water carrier, trying to perform a tearful travesty of the burial service over the body of George Afford.

It was dressed in Sergeant Jones' tunic and Major Griffiths' putties, but the sergeant knelt down beside it, and smoothed the stripes upon the cuff with a half mechanical, half caressing touch; and the major interrupted Peroo's protestations with an odd tremor in his voice.

"What the devil does it matter," he said sharply, "what he took besides the pass? Stand aside, man—this is my work, not yours, sergeant. Form up your men for the salute—ball cartridge."

The major's recollection of the Service for the Burial of the Dead was not accurate, but it was comprehensive. So he committed the body, mortal remains of his brother soldier, to the dust, confessing confusedly that there is a natural body and a spiritual body—a man that is of the earth earthy, and one that is of the Lord from Heaven. So following on a petition to be saved from temptation and

delivered from evil, the salute startled the echoes, and they left George Afford in the keeping of the pass, and the pass in his keeping.

And as the major rode campwards, he wondered vaguely if some one before the Great White Throne wore a bad character suit, or whether Wisdom understood the plea, "I've had a very checkered life—I have, indeed!"

But Peroo had no such thoughts, needed no such excuse. It was sufficient for him that the *huzoor* had once been the Protector of the Poor.

Flora Annie Steel.

THE WILLOW STREAM.

A WONDROUS wealth of flower and fern,
Sequestered nooks at every turn,
And pools with tiny caves and dens
Enfolding timid citizens;
A stream from out whose ports of gloom
Float argosies of lotus bloom,
And arched with trees whose branches wide
Drop melodies adown the tide—
The tuneful branches whereupon
Were hung the harps of Babylon!

Today these willow boughs are hung
With instruments more deftly strung—
The fairy viol, lyre, and lute,
The elfin horn and fife and flute,
And sweeter still the pipes of Pan
Soft pressed by lips Æolian—
An orchestra that seems to be
In league with gay Terpsichore
To which the leaves all afternoon
Are dancing reel and rigadoon.

Beside the willow bowered stream
How soon come dusk and dew and dream!
Through interwoven shine and shade
I hear a night bird's serenade;
A note falls on a ripple's breast
So gently soothing it to rest;
And lo, the Lady Moon in white
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And with a kiss awakes a star—
How still the stream and willows are!

Clarence Urmy.

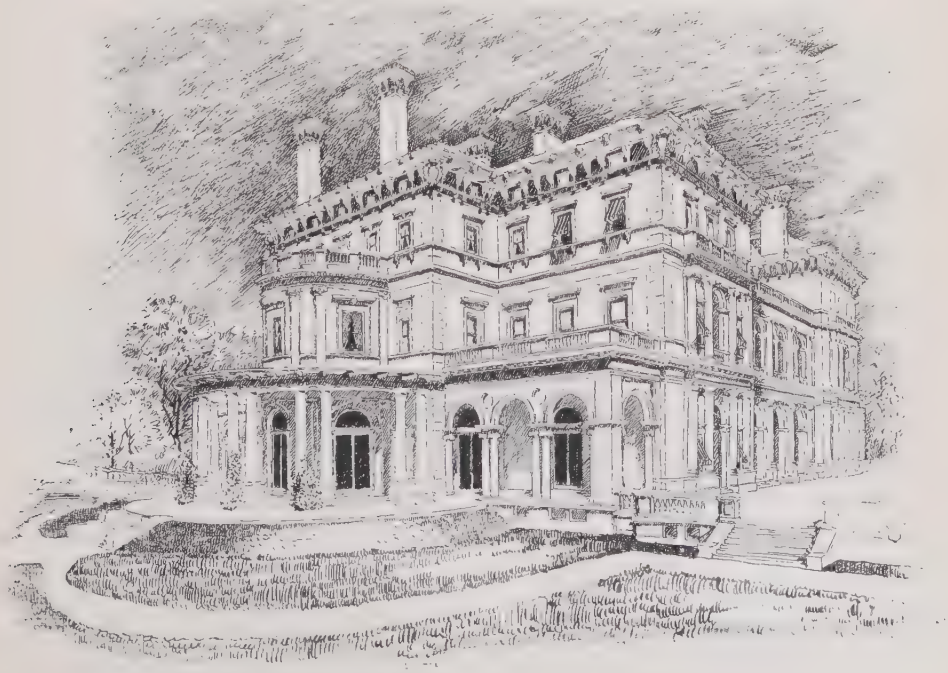
THE PALACE COTTAGES OF NEWPORT.

The seaside capital of American society, and the group of magnificent houses built there by the Vanderbilts, the Goelets, the Belmonts, and other millionaire families.

IN natural scenery Newport is one of the beautiful places of the world, and no spot in this country has been so adorned by wealth and good taste. The natural beauties have always been there, but it has taken long years for the hand of man to bring the place to its present state of artistic perfection. Before the Revolution, country seats were built there by gentlemen of fortune; and for fifty years it has been famous as our show watering place. Even during the darkest days of the war for independence it maintained its dignified gaiety. The incident at the ball given at Newport in honor of the commander in chief, when the French officers took the instruments and played, while General Washington danced to their music, was in harmony with the spirit of the place.

Today, the number and the splendor of the villas dotting Ochre Point, often called Millionaire's Point, surpass the luxurious country seats of the Roman patricians. The cliff walk, extending for two miles along the sea, shows, on the one hand, all the delights of nature's rarest charms, while on the other, the visitor is fascinated by the beauty of the cottages with their ample lawns and elaborate gardens.

The life of the Newport cottager, though formerly much simpler than now, has always been stately. Governor William Beach Lawrence, who represented the United States in London during John Quincy Adams' administration, purchased



THE BREAKERS, MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

sixty seven acres along the sea front for twelve thousand dollars, and called the property Ochre Point, from the color of the cliffs. His neighboring cottager was Bancroft, the historian. Families congenial to the Lawrences and the Bancrofts

ROUGH POINT, MR. FREDERICK W. VANDERBILT'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

gradually joined the Newport colony, purchasing sites and erecting villas at Ochre Point. It is the continued leadership of people of this sort which has given the local society its distinction.

The finest piece of architecture in Newport is the Marble House, which the late R. M. Hunt designed for William K. Vanderbilt, and which now belongs to Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont. This palace would shine like a jewel in any of the great capitals of Europe, and it gives an admirable idea of the possibilities of white Tuckahoe marble. It is a really noble example of the classical style, and might serve as a model of a modern executive mansion at Washington. The grand portico, jutting forward with its monolith columns and Roman Corinthian capitals, is so imposing that, although no wider than either of the adjoining wings, it dominates the whole front. A balustraded driveway, curving in from both sides, hides the base below the range of columns. This is in keeping with the purpose of the structure, which, if the columns soared aloft from a base exposed to the uninterrupted view of the spectator, would have the character of a public building.

As the cottagers entertain on a large

MR. H. MORTIMER BROOKS' RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

scale, and the flower of New York society is transplanted almost bodily to Newport in the season, many of the houses are provided with great banqueting halls and ball rooms. In Marble House the main entrance and stairs are of beautiful Sienna marble. The dining room, from floor to ceiling, is finished in dark pink Numidian marble, carved in life-like figures and basreliefs.

Some Newport places are not intended exclusively for summer. It was from trying to heat The Breakers in the cold weather of November, 1892, that the house was burned to the ground, and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and his family were turned out of doors. The burned Breakers was built in 1880 of brick and wood by Mr. Pierre Lorillard, who sold it to Mr. Vanderbilt, four years later, for four hundred thousand dollars. The present house, rebuilt from designs by Mr. Hunt, is a villa in buff Indiana stone—such a rural palace as an Italian prince or cardinal of the time of the Borgias might have erected. It is magnificent, and yet in perfect taste. The conditions of its location on the shelf of the Newport cliff prevent its having room to spread out; but it shows that a stately house of three lofty stories need not resemble a public building. The warm tint of the stone adds another element of beauty to the charm of The Breakers. A pleasing variety is offered in the different fronts of the cottage. On one side is a porch semicircular in form, a little like the apse of a cathedral, the ecclesiastical suggestion being carried out in the loggia on either side. Facing the garden, the house recedes in the center, the space being occupied by a two storied loggia, the seven arches of which invite one into cool and dark retreats from the heat and glare of the summer day. The interior is embellished by unsurpassed mosaic and stone work. Some of the walls are finished in light green cipollino marble. One ceiling has a mosaic center panel portraying a bathing chamber in ancient Pompeii, with an elaborately carved frame of English alabaster. In the loggia, which looks so dark from without, all is light within, from ceilings, floors, and tympani of the arches sumptuously decorated in designs of the Italian Renaissance.

BELCOURT, MR. OLIVER H. P. BELMONT'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

The residence of Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Rough Point, on the Ocean Wall, presents an attractive mixture of luxury and rustic simplicity. The first impression it gives is of a wide, rambling, irregular, and picturesque manor house of the English shires. In a burly way it asserts its superiority as a claimant to the soil of Newport over the palatial pretensions of a classic pile like Marble House, or the Renaissance elegance of The Breakers. At the same time, the architects of Rough

Point produced a fine work of art. It is solid, unpretentious, constructed on a large and liberal scale; its arrangement is artistic, felicitous, and dignified. The ball room occupies the center of the building, and extends from the first floor to the roof, having at the second story a gallery for spectators. A function here becomes famous as a picture of social magnificence, and some have been attended by more than three hundred of the leading cottagers, the arrival of whose equipages makes the shore front of the building seem like a city thoroughfare.

THE RESIDENCE OF EDWIN D. MORGAN, BRENTON'S COVE, NEWPORT.

Ochre Court, the Newport cottage of Mr. Ogden Goelet, represents what the French chateau stood for in the Middle Ages, when a combination of manor, castle, and palace was necessary. The material used, blue Indiana stone, lends itself admirably to the construction of such a building. Of course some of the accessories of the medieval chateau are dispensed with, such as outer walls, moats, ditches, and the huddle of dependent buildings. As Mr. Hunt, the architect, learned his art in the French schools, and had a romantic rather than a classical taste, it was natural that he should bend all his energies to making this one of his great successes. The atmosphere of Ochre Court is one of refinement, harmony, and repose. There is nothing added to the building which is not an integral part of the romantic and picturesque idea of the whole. The entrance gates are one of the finest pieces of decorative ironwork to be found in Europe or America. Looking through them at the front of the chateau, its severe simplicity is seen to break up into elaborated details, some of them simple devices which blend as a whole into a remarkably harmonious composition. The expanse of wall is only broken by the great window and the hatchments of embossed carvings, which, though characteristic, are at the same time subordinate.

THE GATES OF OCHRE COURT, MR. OGDEN GOELET'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

Mr. Robert Goelet's cottage was designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead and White, the well known New York architects. The site was not as ample as that of Rough Point, and the building is not spread out over so much ground. What it lacks in area, however, it makes up in height. An admirable effect is gained by the marked slope of the roof and by the artistic treatment of the chimneys, the gables, and the dormer windows. The luxuriant growth of ivy adds its decorative effect to make the cottage look like an old English manor house.

OCHRE COURT, MR. OGDEN GOELET'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

The same architects have erected for Mr. Edwin D. Morgan, at Brenton's Cove, a cottage which is a most ambitious attempt to adapt a dwelling to the exigencies of location and scene. The site is on the seaward point of a rocky peninsula, and precipitous and rugged cliffs on three sides form the foundation stones. While from the sea the house rises frowning from the rocks like some dark fortress, from the land a Greek temple appears at the edge of the cliff. There is the temple court with its inclosure of white Greek columns instead of dark pillars as on the other front. It suggests the Acropolis at the top of its famous hill at Athens.

Belcourt, the residence of Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont, incloses a large Spanish court with a commodious loggia looking down into it. Stone, brick, and plaster mixed with shells and pebbles, have been used for the outer walls. The same rough cast plaster, with timber, is the material of the inner walls, facing the court. There is no prettiness about the exterior of Belcourt; it is sturdy, rough and ready, substantial and picturesque. The galleries of the loggia and their Gothic details transport one from this prosaic time and land of practical affairs to some scene and period romantic and remote.

The cottage of Mr. H. Mortimer Brooks, at the extreme end of Bellevue Avenue, and facing the ocean, adjoins that of F. W. Vanderbilt. The place is of the old fashioned English type, spacious, simple in composition, proportioned in detail, and well adapted to its purpose of serving as a generous, hospitable homestead.

That these houses are among the show places of Newport is due as much to the social prominence of their owners as to the architectural superiority of the structures themselves; for even in the ranks of the four hundred there are places of honor given to certain members on account of an additional cipher in a fortune, or a matrimonial connection with the peerage of Great Britain. But the cliffs and meadow lands of Newport are full of cottages, any one of which would

MARBLE HOUSE, MRS. OLIVER H. P. BELMONT'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

be a fit subject for an architectural eulogium, or would serve as the summer palace of a queen seeking relaxation from the turmoil of a court in the life and pleasures of a dairy maid. But Marie Antoinette was probably more successful in finding rest at the Trianon than are the society queens who flock to Newport, for in this summer colony there is no rest from the winter's gaiety; life moves at a still quicker pace, and to the dances and dinners, teas and luncheons, of city life, are added the sports and pastimes of the country.

Society in Newport is always on dress parade, and while it concerns itself little with what the "other half" is doing, the other half takes a great interest in it, watching its every movement, following its every step. This vast other half fills hotels and boarding houses, and while it plunges into the surf, or sprawls on the sands, or wheels along the beautiful roads, it has one eye always on society. And some of the magnates, though they pretend to have a great indifference to its watchful gaze, cannot quite conceal the pleasure that such attention gives them, and add a little more pomp and ostentation to their mode of life for the benefit of *hoi polloi*.

This panorama of plutocratic life was made the subject of an essay by a distinguished foreigner not long ago, and his work was received with loud outcries in many parts of America. On all sides was heard the question: Should the existence led by those people at Newport be taken as an exponent of American life? The answer to this question is assuredly in the affirmative. The millionaire colony at Newport is a distinct feature of the community. It is one peculiar to America, too, and it offers food for thought not only to French philosophers, but to thinkers the world over.

In no other country under the sun is there to be found a society based solely on wealth. That this society should be conservative and exclusive is one of its astounding features; but that such is the case is well known. Marriages are arranged among its members with as much diplomacy as is attendant upon

MR. ROBERT GOELET'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

similar affairs among the nobility in foreign lands. It is easier, indeed, to become a member of court circles in Europe than to join this society of multimillionaires. Titles may be acquired by a moderate expenditure, and are occasionally bestowed as rewards of merit; but only the possession of the magic six ciphers will admit to this Newport colony. The certificate of admission having been passed upon by competent authorities, the fortunate holder is allowed to enter the sacred precinct, and a golden web is woven around him, so that his faults and foibles are converted into mere eccentricities or personal peculiarities.

The only demand that is made upon him is that he shall retain the original passport. Unfortunately there are many ups and downs in American life. When a man is riding easily on the crest of prosperity's wave he may build his cottage at Newport and become one of the exalted. Then comes an exciting day in the stock exchange, a corner in sugar or wheat, a clash of bulls and bears; a few inches of tape pass under the ticker, and all is gone—rank, prestige, and fortune. The first sign of this disaster is often the sale of the Newport mansion. Sometimes a desperate attempt is made to cling to this outward and visible sign of prosperity, because its loss means social ostracism; but the expense attendant upon one of these houses soon makes it impossible to keep up the show. The house and the position that goes with it are turned over to some fortunate newcomer.

When and why the term "cottage" was given to these massive piles of stone and marble is not known. Governor Lawrence and Mr. Bancroft invariably spoke of their "villas at Newport"; but in those old days life was a stately affair, and the words describing it and its adjuncts were of necessity more ponderous than those required today. Now there are "summer houses" on the Hudson, and "estates" in the Berkshires, but at Newport, where the houses are only a little less magnificent than the palaces of the mad king of Bavaria, they are termed "cottages," and the dwellers therein are known as "cottagers." One is tempted to remember Southey's "cottage of gentility" and the gentleman who "owned with a grin that his favorite sin" was "the pride that apes humility." But it would be unjust to charge these magnificent cottagers with this particular fault, for it is highly improbable that any sort of humility had anything to do with the curious misnomer.

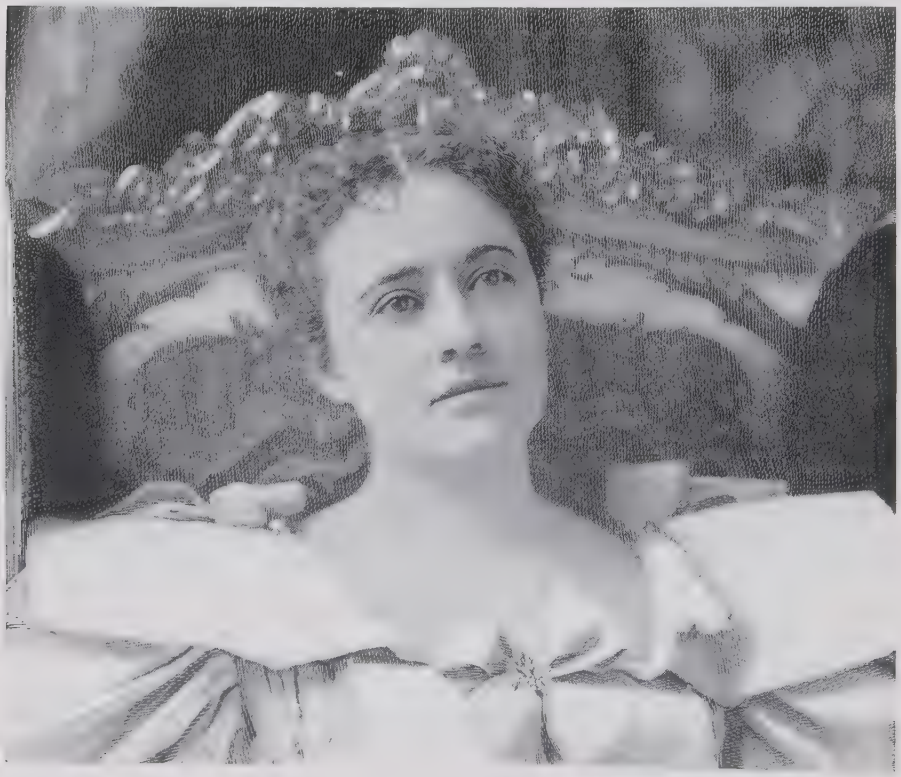
Edge Kavanagh.

AFTERNOON.

A LILAC light about her pathway narrows;
Fine points of flame from out her quiver gleam,
Till suddenly she drops her golden arrows,
And dips her feet in twilight's silver stream.

Hattie Whitney.

A BEAUTIFUL woman whose fame as a type of the "fair American" is world wide makes this estimate of her reputation: "I'm the most disappointing woman in the world; I'm a 'type.' I'm not what any one expects me to be, not what any one thinks I ought to be, not what I know I am. I'm a *type*, that's all; but



MRS. GEORGE McREYNOLDS, OF CHICAGO.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

MISS GRACE ADEL, OF SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA.
From a photograph by Carruthers, San Jose.

of what, I have never yet found two people who agree."

So frank an admission is rare among women reputed to be beautiful; it could be true only in America, where types of beauty are as varied as individuals. In the West, more than in the East or South, the variety is without end. Western photographers have taken thousands of pictures of fair women, all of which are examples of Western beauty, but no one of which could possibly be voted "the" Western type. Our Western women, like our Western literatures, are typical of only one thing—variety. There are beautiful women in Chicago whose charm of manner and grace of bearing are anything but Western, as the term is often accepted. Mrs. McReynolds, of whom a portrait is given here, is such a woman. She is the

THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR HENNIKER.
From a photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

wife of George W. McReynolds, a man in the "ups and downs of grain." As the daughter of John Hamilton Cork, prominent in transportation affairs, she has always been a belle in Chicago, and is best known in the music loving circle of the society of the Western metropolis.

California has grown famous for so many extraordinary products, that superlatives seem to associate naturally with people and things in the land of the Golden Gate. Particularly is this so with the women of the Pacific coast, though there may be less fear of confronting a difference of opinion in the use of the term "most beautiful" when one sees it in connection with so fair an individual picture as that of Miss Grace Adel. Miss Adel was born and has always lived in San José, the city of the Santa Clara valley, noted for its beautiful homes, lovely gardens, and fair women. Her mother was a noted belle in San Francisco during the early sixties. Miss Adel's charm is the perfect and simple beauty of youth. She is but nineteen years old, and her graceful figure and sweet face have all the attractions of girlhood. She is a great horsewoman, and is often seen cantering over the splendid roads of the

valley or up the Alameda. She also shines as a reader of more than ordinary attainment, and has figured prominently in amateur entertainments.

was not considered one of her best efforts. For the past year Mrs. Henniker has acted as president of the English society of women journalists, a young

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.
From a photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker is quite as well known in the world of English literature as in society abroad. She has produced several successful novels, a number of clever short stories, and many special articles. Not long ago she collaborated with Thomas Hardy in writing a sensational tale, which, however,

but important organization which includes among its members nearly all the well known newspaper women of Great Britain and Ireland. When her brother, the Earl of Crewe, formerly Lord Houghton, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mrs. Henniker frequently discharged the duties of vicereine at Dublin Castle, where

she made many friends among the Nationalists by her support of their principles. She is a woman of wide sympathies; she is devoted to animals, fond of music and poetry, and given to considering the deeper questions of life.

MRS. REGINALD ARNOLD, OF NEW YORK.
From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

In that inner and exclusive circle in England of which the royal family is the center, and where crowns and titles move as *amis intimes*, the Marchioness of Londonderry is a recognized favorite. Her beautiful face and fascinating manner, together with an intellectual individuality, make her a charming woman. In recent years she has taken great interest in philanthropic work. The nurses for the sick poor at all the Marquis of Londonderry's collieries, the clubs and recreation rooms for working girls, and the benevolent societies which she maintains in various parts of England and Ireland, show that deeds more than words are the outcome of Lady Londonderry's sympathy. During her husband's viceroyalty

MISS SADIE McFADDEN, OF NASHVILLE.
From a photograph.

of Ireland she reigned as queen in Dublin, surrounded by a brilliant court. Though not blessed with robust health, she manages amidst the whirl of social engagements to devote much time to reading; she is an accomplished musician, an artistic photographer, and a graceful horsewoman. Of all her recreations, however, Lady Londonderry prefers sailing her boat, a pleasure she enjoys almost daily while visiting her Irish home at Mount Stewart. Her English residence, Londonderry House, is one of the most beautiful mansions in London.

A recent wedding in New York, much talked of because of the beauty of the bride, was that of Miss Violet di Zerega to Mr. Reginald Arnold. Mrs. Arnold has been considered one of the prettiest young girls in the metropolis. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank di Zerega; her husband is a son of Surrogate John H. V. Arnold. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold are now traveling abroad.

Social differences between sections of the country grow less and less marked, but the bearing and beauty of the fair daughters of the South remain as dis-

MRS. FREDERICK SEVERS CLINTON.
From a photograph by Atwater, St. Louis.

tinctly Southern as are the hospitality and chivalry of its men. Miss Sadie McFadden, of Nashville, is one of these women whose beauty and personal charm have been inherited. Her mother, as Miss Annie Sims, was a famous belle in Tennessee for many years; and among the younger set in Nashville society Miss McFadden holds a similar honor. She is a tall, graceful girl with a radiant beauty and an irresistible personality.

Another Southern woman descended from a distinguished line, and inheriting many of the personal charms of her Revolutionary ancestors, is Mrs. Frederick Severs Clinton, formerly Miss Janie Carroll Heard, of Elberton, Georgia. An atmosphere of culture and refinement has surrounded Mrs. Clinton from her childhood. Music, flowers, and literature are her delight. Many of her musical compositions exhibit real talent, while her technical skill as a pianist has aroused much admiration. In Washington and St. Louis, where Mrs. Clinton has spent several seasons, she is a social favorite.

CORLEONE.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Corleone" is the latest of Mr. Crawford's remarkable stories of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the modern society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of an old Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of true love and of exciting adventure.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

CORLEONE is the title of the Pagliuca d'Oriani family, to whom a sadly diminished estate descends at the death of the spendthrift prince who had been head of the house. Besides the widow of the dead nobleman's brother, Donna Maria Carolina, there are her three sons—Tebaldo, Francesco, and Ferdinando—and a daughter, Vittoria, who has spent the greater part of her seventeen years in a convent. All but Ferdinando move to Rome, and here Vittoria meets and loves Orsino Saracinesca, whose father is Giovanni, Prince of Sant' Ilario, and whose grandfather is the aged Prince Saracinesca, the head of this old Roman family. Orsino's cousin, the Marchese di San Giacinto, who purchases Camaldoli, the Pagliucas' Sicilian homestead, in order to further a scheme for a new railroad, asks Orsino to accompany him to Sicily and take charge of the property. They are shot at by concealed foes near the Corleone homestead, and Orsino returns the fire, killing Ferdinando Pagliuca, who had objected to the sale of the estate and was determined to prevent its occupancy. Shocked by the catastrophe, Orsino returns to Rome, where Tebaldo and Francesco, unwilling to jeopardize their social position, disclaim the dead man's relationship, alleging it to be a mere coincidence of names. He formally proposes for their sister's hand, but his father emphatically refuses to consent to the match, and Vittoria's mother, encountering Orsino, curses him as the murderer of her son. When he goes back to join San Giacinto in Sicily, Orsino is accompanied by his brother Ippolito, who is a priest.

For mercenary reasons Tebaldo Pagliuca becomes engaged to Miss Lizzie Slayback, an American heiress; but both he and his brother Francesco—between whom there is mutual distrust and bitter jealousy—are enamored of a young and beautiful Sicilian girl, Aliandra Basili, who is the daughter of a notary at Randazzo, a village near the old homestead. Owing to an accident to her father, Aliandra is suddenly summoned home from Rome, where she had made a decided success as a prima donna. Francesco, who has recently had a violent quarrel with his brother, follows her to Sicily. On his arrival Concetta, a beautiful peasant girl who was betrothed to Ferdinando, arranges for him to assassinate Ippolito Saracinesca, but Francesco has no intention of risking his own safety to avenge his brother's death. His indifference maddens her and she strikes him. He clutches her rudely in his arms and kisses her. At that moment Ippolito arrives, and witnessing Francesco's cowardly attack on the girl, handles him somewhat roughly. To his amazement Concetta, whose hatred of the Saracinesca will not permit her to waste an opportunity of injuring one of them, despite Francesco's cowardly conduct, promptly accuses the young priest of having made an entirely unprovoked and unwarranted attack on Francesco. Dumfounded, Ippolito attempts no denial. On his return to Camaldoli, Orsino prevails upon him to carry a knife in the future, so that, if attacked, he may defend himself.

XXVII.

FRANCESCO was no more able to understand Concetta's conduct than Ippolito himself. He had expected a very different termination to the affair, for he knew well enough that if the four peasants had caught him as Ippolito had, they would very probably have torn him limb from limb, in the most literal and barbarous sense of the word, in spite of any sympathy they might have felt for his family until then. He vaguely understood that Concetta had saved him for his dead brother's sake, and out of hatred for the Saracinesca; but there was a sort of reck-

*Copyright, 1896, by F. Marion Crawford.

less self sacrifice in her act which it was beyond his cowardice and selfishness to comprehend. He rarely addressed the saints, but he inwardly thanked them for his safety as he rode round the outskirts of the village and the back of Taddeo's house. He was still in a tremor of fear, but he knew that he could easily twist and exaggerate the story of the ignominious beating he had received, and thereby account for his pallor and his nervousness. He knew that anything would be believed against the Saracinesca.

It would be hard to give a single reason for his having chosen to come up to Santa Vittoria to find a lodging, when he had left Rome in order to see Aliandra in Randazzo. His timidity might have had something to do with his decision, making him prefer the village where he was sure of finding friends, whatever he might do, to the large town where there was no one upon whom he could count. He had also told Basili, when he had been to see him, that he had business in Santa Vittoria. Vaguely, too, he guessed that Tebaldo might know where he was and follow him. But he had not the slightest intention of doing any harm to the Saracinesca, of whom, in his heart, he had always been afraid.

As soon as Concetta had spoken, he had known that he was safe, though it was long before the effect of his fright had passed off. After what she had said, he knew that no one in Santa Vittoria would believe any statement which Ippolito might make about the encounter; and he set himself to enlarge upon the impression she had given so as to show himself in the most advantageous light possible.

He was not injured, and his bruises, though painful, had not disfigured him, for Ippolito had struck him on the side of the head. As for his lip, he told Taddeo that Ippolito had at first picked up a stone and wounded him in the mouth with it. Taddeo was ready to believe anything, and so was his brother, the fat sacristan, who had waited for Francesco in the bridle path until a late hour, and grievously lamented having missed the fight, for in spite of his fat and his odd smile and the cast in his eye, he was fond of fighting for its own sake, except in the presence of what he believed to be supernatural and therefore irresistible.

Having eaten his supper, and refreshed his spirits and nerves with some of Taddeo's strongest wine, Francesco went to sleep in the great, old fashioned trestle bed, in sheets that smelt of lavender, though they were of coarse linen. And early in the morning he got up, feeling quite himself, and rode down to Randazzo in the early dawn. An uncomfortable sensation assailed him as he passed the wall of the cemetery, but he looked away and rode on, thinking of Aliandra Basili, and concocting the story he should tell her to account for his wounded lip. Of all things, he desired to make a good impression on her and her father, for he had come from Rome with the determination to marry her if he could.

It did not seem impossible, with Tebaldo out of the way, for she liked him, and Basili himself would think it a good thing for his daughter to marry a Pagliuca. Francesco's native cowardice had kept him out of the sort of daring mischief which gives a man a bad character. He did not gamble, he did not drink, and he could have a title, of course, according to the southern custom of distributing that sort of social distinction through all the members of a family. Aliandra might do far worse, Basili thought; and though he knew that she had made up her mind to get Tebaldo if she could, he also knew Tebaldo well enough to judge that, as the head of his family, he would try to make an ambitious and rich marriage. He frankly told Francesco that he had little influence with his daughter, but that so far as he himself was concerned, he approved of the marriage. Francesco had an equal share of the small family fortune with his brother and sister, and it had been increased by the addition of Ferdinando's, since the latter had left no will. In former times Basili had warned his daughter against the brothers, but their existence had changed since then. They now had a social position, and friends in Rome, and were altogether much more deserving of consideration.

Francesco found the notary's broken leg a distinct advantage in his courtship; for Basili was, of course, helpless to move,

in his room up stairs; and when the young man had paid a visit to the father, he and Aliandra had the house to themselves without fear of interruption. Then the two could stay as long as they pleased in the sitting room below, with the blinds half closed and hooked together; and it was a cool and quiet place, just so high above the street that people could not look in as they passed along outside.

Aliandra had been flattered by the young man's pursuit, as was natural, but she had by no means given up the idea of marrying Tebaldo. She would have preferred that Francesco should not come all the way down from Santa Vittoria every day, but she could not refuse to see him when he came. She had temporarily returned, with a good deal of pleasure and amusement, to the primitive social state in which she had been brought up, and she was no longer able to tell a servant to say that she was not at home. Gesualda, the maid of all work, would not have understood any such order. Besides, Francesco always made a pretense of having come to see how Basili was doing, and invariably went up stairs to the latter's room, as soon as he entered the house. In the middle of the day he went to the inn for his dinner, because Aliandra dined with her father, but an hour later he returned and stayed until it was time for him to ride away in order to reach Santa Vittoria before dark. It was a long ride, and as he rode the same horse every day he saved his animal's strength as much as possible.

Today, everything happened as usual. At the accustomed hour he appeared, put up his horse in Basili's stable beside the notary's brown mare, flicked the dust from his boots and gaiters, and went in to see Aliandra and her father. The stable was in a little yard on one side of the house, entered by a wooden gate from the street, and accessible also from the house itself by a side door which led down three or four steps.

The notary was in a good humor, for the doctor said that he was doing well, and hoped to get him on his feet again in a shorter time than had at first been expected. He was beginning to like Francesco, because the young man took some pains to amuse him, having an object to gain, and treated him with even more deference than the principal notary of a provincial town had a right to expect. It was amusing to be told about Rome, and to hear a great many things explained which had always been more or less a mystery to one who had never left the island. It was pleasant, too, to hear of his daughter's triumphs from one who had assisted at them all, and who now spoke with the authority of a man of the world, representing the opinion of the Roman aristocracy.

Now and then, when Francesco spoke of some especial passage in an opera by which Aliandra had raised a storm of enthusiasm, Basili would ask her what the music was like; and then, without effort or affectation, as if it were a pleasure to her, her splendid voice burst out, true and clear and fresh, and sang what the old man wished to hear. Then the peasants and people passing through the street would stop to listen, and even the ugly Gesualda, peeling potatoes or shelling pease in the kitchen, paused in her work and had a vision of something beautiful and far above her poor comprehension.

On this morning, Francesco did his best to be agreeable, though his head ached and his lip was swollen. He refused to say much about the latter. Aliandra was sure to hear, in a day or two, the story which the peasants would tell each other about the affair, and which would certainly redound to his credit. He said that he had met with a slight accident in going home, and when Aliandra pressed him for an account of it, he said that it was nothing worth mentioning and turned the subject quickly. He did not wish to let her know that he had been worsted by a Saracinesca. The peasants would be sure to concoct a story of treachery, much more to his own glory than anything he could put together, and which would probably contain a number of details that might not agree with those of his own invention.

Aliandra did not ask any more questions about it, even after they had gone down stairs and sat talking in the front room as usual. Her feeling for him had not changed at all. She was not in love with him any more than before she had left

Rome, but he still attracted her in the same rather unaccountable way, and she never felt quite sure of what he might do or say when they were alone together. Yet she felt safer in being with him in her father's house than she had felt in Rome, even under the protection of the Signora Barbuzzi.

He pressed her to marry him, at every meeting. Sometimes she laughed at him, sometimes she gave reasons why she could not accept him, sometimes she refused to listen altogether, and told him that he must go away if he could not talk more reasonably. But he was not easily discouraged; he knew how to make love better than Tebaldo, and after all, she liked him. Tebaldo, when with her, was apt to be either cross tempered or over elated, and almost too much at his ease, for he was far too much moved by her mere presence, and by the atmosphere that surrounded her, to have control of his words and his looks, as he had when he was with Miss Slayback. He was often abrupt with Aliandra, and there are few outward faults which a woman dislikes more in a possible husband than abruptness. Yet Aliandra perpetually did her best to please Tebaldo.

Francesco, on the other hand, used every means in his power to please her. It was no wonder that she liked him better than his brother. He had many of the ways which appeal to all women, and he was clever at hiding those weaknesses which they despise quite as heartily as men can. A born coward not only fears danger, but fears, above all things, to show that he is afraid, and is keenly aware of anything, even in conversation, which can show him in his true light. If he is skilful, as well as cowardly, he will often succeed in deceiving brave men, who are the least suspicious, into the belief that he is as fearless as they. He finds it far easier to deceive women, who always attach much more importance to mere words than men do.

It was a warm and sultry afternoon, for the wind was from the southeast, and had in it something of the suffocating fumes of the volcano over which it blew. The blinds were drawn together and hooked, in the Italian way, so as to let in plenty of air and little light. Aliandra had established herself on the stiff, old fashioned sofa, putting up her feet, to be more at her ease, and Francesco sat beside her, close to the window, smoking and talking to her. It was very quiet. Now and then footsteps passed along the street outside, and sometimes the sound of peasants' voices was heard, discussing prices or some bit of local gossip. Francesco had eaten his dinner at the inn and had come back, Basili was dozing up stairs on his couch, and Gesualda, the maid of all work, was probably eating oranges in the kitchen, or asleep in her chair, with the cat on her knees. There is nothing so peaceful in the whole world as the calm that descends on all things in the far south after the midday meal.

"This is better than Rome," observed Francesco, looking at Aliandra's handsome profile.

"For a change—yes," answered the singer idly. "I should not care for it always."

"I can imagine that it might be dull, if I were alone."

Aliandra turned her head slowly and looked at him gravely for a moment. Then she smiled.

"If you were alone here," she said, "you would not have the excitement of taking care of a father with a broken leg."

"Excitement!" Francesco laughed. "Yes. I imagined what your existence would be like, so I came all the way from Rome to help you pass the time."

"How merciful! But I am grateful, for though I love my father dearly, a broken leg as a subject of conversation, morning, noon, and night, leaves something to be desired."

"I suppose the old gentleman is anxious about himself and talks about his leg all the time."

"When you are not there he generally does. You do him good, I am sure."

"And so you are grateful to me for coming? Really?"

"Yes. What did you expect?"

"I would rather have less gratitude and more—what shall I say?"

"Anything you like—within certain limits!" Aliandra laughed softly.

"I might say too much, and that might offend you. Or too little, and that would certainly bore you."

"Could you not say just enough? Sometimes you say it very well. You can be tactful when you like."

"If I say that I should like more love, you will think it too much. If I say affection, it is too little, and must seem ridiculous."

Aliandra looked away from him, and rested her head against the hard back of the sofa for a moment.

"Why do you wish to marry me?" she asked suddenly, without turning to him. "You could do much better, I am sure."

"A man cannot do better than marry the woman he loves," said Francesco softly.

"He can marry a woman who loves him," suggested Aliandra, laughing again.

"You cannot be serious very long," he retorted. "That is one reason why I love you. I hate serious people."

"I know you do, and that makes me doubt whether you can ever possibly be serious yourself. Now, to marry a man who is not serious——"

"Or a woman who is not," interrupted the young man.

"Is folly," said Aliandra, completing her sentence.

"Then neither you nor I should ever marry at all. That is the conclusion, evidently. But you began by asking me why I wish to marry you. I answered you. It is simple. I love you, and I have loved you almost since you were a child. You know something about my life in Rome, do you not? Have you ever heard that I cared for any other woman?"

"How should I hear? I am not of your world, and though you know how I live, I know nothing of what you do when you are not with me. How should I? Have I allowed any of the men in society to make my acquaintance? You speak as though I had friends who might be friends of yours, yet you know that I have none. What you say may be quite true, but I have no means of knowing."

"There is Tebaldo," said Francesco. "He knows all about me, and would not be likely to attribute to me any virtue which I do not possess. Has he ever told you that I was making love to any one else?"

"No," answered Aliandra thoughtfully. "That is true."

"And he hates me," observed Francesco. "He would not lose a chance of abusing me, I am sure."

Aliandra made no answer at first, for what he said was quite true, though she did not care to admit it.

"You two are antipathetic to each other," she said at last, using the phrase because it was vague and implied no fault on either side. "You will never agree. I am sorry."

"Why should you care, whether we agree or not?"

"Because I like you both. I should wish you to be good friends."

"I am glad you include us both in one category," said Francesco. "You say that you like us both."

"Well—what of that?"

"There is a beautiful indifference about the expression. If Tebaldo is satisfied, I suppose that I should be. But I am not. I am made of different stuff. I cannot say 'I love you' in one breath, and 'I will not marry you' in the next."

Aliandra started perceptibly and looked at him. He had a well affected air of righteous contempt.

"I am in earnest," he continued, as she said nothing. "I do not know whether I could do better for myself, as you say, or not. I suppose you mean that I might marry the daughter of some Roman prince, with a dowry and sixteen quarterings. Perhaps I might, for I have a good name of my own and an equal share of the property. I do not know and I do not care, and I shall certainly never try to make any such marriage, because I will either marry you or no one. I will not, I could not—nothing could induce me, neither fortune, nor position, nor anything else in the world."

He had a very convincing way of speaking when he chose, and for the first time, perhaps, Aliandra hesitated and thought that she might do worse than accept him for a husband. She thought him handsome as he sat beside her, leaning forward a little and speaking earnestly, and she mistook his masculine vitality for real manliness, which is a common mistake with young women of little experience. Besides, he made no reserva-

tions, and Tebaldo made many. Yet it was hard to give up her dream of being a real princess, the wife of the head of an old family, for she was very ambitious in more ways than one. Francesco had said very much the same things before now, it was true, so that there was no novelty in them for her. But his importunity was beginning to make an impression upon her, as contrasted with his brother's determined avoidance of the question of marriage.

Still she said nothing, but her face betrayed her hesitation. He bent nearer to her, and spoke still more earnestly. There was no affectation in his speech now, for though his passions were evanescent, they had all the heat of his vital temperament as long as they lasted. The fact that he had carefully weighed the advantage to be got by marrying an artist who had youth, beauty, honesty, a small but solid inheritance to expect, and very possibly fame and fortune in the near future, did not make him cold nor calculating when he was close beside that beauty and youth which had at first attracted him. Her eyes softened dreamily from time to time as he spoke, and she made no attempt to withdraw the hand of which he had taken possession.

He spoke quickly, warmly, eloquently, and without reserve, for he had nothing to conceal, and nothing to fear but her refusal. The words were not carefully chosen, nor the phrases very carefully turned, but they had the accent of sincerity, for his whole being was moved, as he spoke. They had also the merit of not being too few nor too short; for that is often a merit in women's eyes. A woman loves to hear the whole tale of love, from the beginning to the end, and feels herself somehow cheated by the short and broken sentences which are often all that a strong man can command, though his hand trembles and his lips are white with emotion which the weak never feel.

In the tender shadow of the half darkened room, his eyes filled hers till she could not look away, and his speech grew softer and was broken by little silences. Aliandra was falling under the spell of his voice, of the hour, of her own warm youth, and of his abundant vitality.

The blinds, hooked together against the bars, shook a little, perhaps with the sultry afternoon breeze, and all at once there was less light in the room. Aliandra moved a little, realizing that she was falling under the man's influence.

"But Tebaldo!" she exclaimed. "Tebaldo!" she repeated, still clinging to her long cherished hope, as though she owed it a sort of allegiance for its own sake.

Francesco laughed softly, and pressed the hand he held.

"Tebaldo is going to marry the American girl with the great fortune," he said quietly. "You need not think of Tebaldo any more."

Again the blind creaked a little on its hinges. But Aliandra started at what Francesco said, and did not hear the window. She sat upright on the sofa.

"What American girl?" she asked. "I never heard of her. Has this been going on a long time?"

"About two months——" The blind creaked a third time, as he spoke.

"There is some one under the window!" cried Aliandra, lowering her voice and looking round.

"It is the wind," said Francesco indifferently. "The southeast wind blows up the street and shakes the blinds."

Aliandra leaned back again, and he took her hand once more.

"It is quite well known, in Rome," he continued. "The engagement is not actually announced, but it will be very soon. They say she has many millions, and she is very pretty—insignificant, fair with blue eyes, but pretty. He has done very well for himself."

Aliandra was silent. The news meant the absolute destruction of a project she had long hoped to realize, and with which she had grown familiar. But she knew, as it fell to pieces before her eyes, that she had never firmly believed in its success, and there was a sort of relief in feeling that she was freed from the task set her by her own ambition, while at the same time she was hurt by the disappointment of failure, and a sudden keen resentment against Tebaldo prompted her to yield to Francesco's entreaties on his own behalf. He held her hand and waited for her to speak.

The silence lasted long, for the notary's

daughter was afraid of herself and of making up her mind hastily. The blind creaked again, more loudly than before, and she turned her head nervously.

"I am sure there is some one under the window!" she said. "I wish you would look!"

"I assure you it is only the wind," answered Francesco, as before.

"I know, but please look. I am nervous. The sirocco always makes me nervous."

"It is not the weather, Aliandra," he said softly, and smiling, with his eyes in hers. "You are not nervous, either. It is—it is——" he bent nearer to her face. "Do you know what it is?"

Though he was so near, forcing her with his eyes, he had no power over her now. She could not help looking anxiously over his shoulder at the hooked blinds. She was not listening to him.

"It is love," he said, and his red lips gave the word a sensuous sound, as they came nearer to her face.

She did not hear him. The rich color in her face faded all at once, and then with a sharp cry she stood upright, pushing him away from her.

"I saw a hand on the window sill!" she exclaimed. "It is gone again."

Francesco rose also. He was annoyed at the untoward interruption, for he fancied that the hand must have belonged to some boy in the street, playing outside and climbing up a little way to jump down again, as boys do.

"It is ridiculous!" he said in a tone of irritation, and going to the window.

He looked down between the blinds that were ajar, expecting to see a peasant boy. Instead, there was Tebaldo Pagliuca's face, yellow in the sun, as though he had a fever, and Tebaldo's bloodshot eyes looking up to his, and the thin, twisted lips smiling dangerously.

"Come outside," said Tebaldo, in an odd voice. "I want to speak with you."

But Francesco only heard the first words. His abject terror of his brother overcame him in an instant, and he almost ran into Aliandra's arms as he sprang back.

"It is Tebaldo!" he whispered. "Let him in. Keep him here, while I go away through the stable yard!"

And before she could answer, or realize exactly what he meant, he had left her standing alone in the middle of the room. In ten seconds he had made sure that the gate of the stable yard was fast inside, and he was saddling his horse. It was done in less than a minute, somehow. Then he listened, coming close to the gate. He heard Aliandra speaking with Tebaldo at the open window, a moment later he heard the street door open and close, and he knew that Tebaldo was in the house.

Very softly and quickly he unbolted the yard gate. He swung it wide, reckless of the noise it made, and in an instant he was in the saddle and galloping for his life up the deserted street. It was well that he had known the house thoroughly, and that Aliandra had obeyed him and admitted Tebaldo at once.

She was braver than Francesco, by many degrees, though she was no heroine; but she was scared by the look in the man's face, as he entered without a word, and looked round the room slowly for his brother.

"Where is he?" he asked.

Before Aliandra could find any answer, the loud noise of clattering hoofs filled the room. Tebaldo was at the window almost before the sound had passed, and the thrust of his open hand smashed the fastenings so that the blinds flew wide open. He looked out and saw his brother galloping away.

He knew the house, too, for he had been in it many times, and he knew also that Basili's brown mare was a good beast, for the notary was a heavy man, and often had to ride far. Without even glancing at Aliandra, he turned to the door. But she was there before him, and held it closed, though she was frightened now.

"You shall not go," she tried to say.

"Shall not?" he laughed harshly, as his hands caught her.

He did not hurt her, for he loved her in his way, but a moment later she found herself turned round like a leaf in a storm, and the door had closed behind him. It seemed to her but a second more, and she had not been able to think what she should do, when the sound of flying hoofs passed the window again.

She ran to look out, and she saw the brown mare already far up the street. Tebaldo could ride, and he had not wasted time in saddling. Bareback he rode the mare with her halter for a bridle, as he had found her. Aliandra realized that he had no rifle. At all events he would have to overtake his brother in order to kill him, and Francesco had the start of him by several minutes.

He knew it, but he guessed what Tebaldo would do, and he kept his horse at full speed as the road began to wind upward to the black lands. He glanced behind him just before each turning, expecting to see his pursuer. But a clear start of four minutes meant a mile, at the pace he had ridden out of the town. He kept the horse to it, for he was riding for the wager of his life. But the animal had been put to it too suddenly after his feed, without as much as a preliminary walk or trot to the foot of the hill, and even in his terror Francesco saw that it would be impossible to keep the pace much longer. But he could save distance, if he must slacken speed, if he followed the footpath by which the peasants had made short cuts between each bend of the road and the next. They were hard and safe in the heat, and his horse could trot along them fairly well, and even canter here and there. And then, when he was forced to take the high road for a few hundred yards, he could break once more into a stretching gallop. If he could but reach that turn, just beyond the high hill, where Ferdinando's friend had once waited for San Giacinto, he believed that he could elude Tebaldo in the black lands.

It was a terrible half hour, and he gasped and sweated with fear, as he urged his horse up that last long stretch of the road which could not be avoided. His heart beat with the hoof falls, and the sweat ran down upon his velvet coat, while he felt his hands so cold that it was an effort not to drop the reins. But the beast had got his wind at last, and galloped steadily up the hill.

It was growing suddenly dark, and there was a feverish yellow light in the hot air. A vast thunderstorm was rolling over Etna, and another had risen to meet it from the west, hiding the lowering sun. Only overhead the air was calm and clear. The first clap of the thunder broke in the distance, and went rolling and echoing away from the volcano to the inland mountains. As he reached the top of the hill, Francesco felt the big drops of rain in his face like a refreshment, though they were warm. The thunder pealed out again from the mountain's side with a deafening explosion. He turned in his saddle and looked back.

The road was straight and long, and he could see far. Tebaldo was in sight at last, almost lying on the mare's bare back as she breasted the hills, his hand along her neck, his voice near her ear while she stretched her long brown body out at every stride.

Francesco's teeth chattered as he spurred his horse for another wild effort. He could break from the road now, just before the wide curve it made to the left, and he knew the bridle paths and all the short cuts and byways through the black lands, as few men knew them except that one man, his brother, who was behind him. In his haste to escape he had left his rifle in Basili's hall. It was so much the less weight for his horse to carry, but it left him defenseless, and he knew that Tebaldo must be armed.

The storm broke and the rain came down in torrents. His horse almost slipped in jumping the ditch to get off the main road, but recovered himself cleverly, and long before Tebaldo had reached the top of the hill Francesco was out of sight. He might have felt safe then, from almost any other pursuer. But he knew Tebaldo, and now and then his teeth chattered. He told himself that he was chilled by the drenching rain, but in his heart he knew it was fear. Death was behind him, gaining on him, overtaking him, and he felt a terrible weakness in all his bones, as though they were softened and limp like a skeleton made of ropes.

It was hard to think, and yet he had to ease his mind. Tebaldo was lighter than he, and he rode without saddle or bridle. To take the shortest way through the black lands was to be surely overtaken in the long run. It might be best to take the longest, and perhaps Tebaldo might get before him, and give him a chance to turn back to Randazzo.

But as he looked down at the path his heart sank. The heavy rain had already softened the ground in places, and his horse's hoofs made fresh tracks. There was no mistaking them. There was only one way, then, and it must be a race, for only speed could save him. Whichever way he might turn in and out of the fissures and little hollows, he must leave a trail in the wet, black ashes, which any one could follow.

Don Tebaldo's best horse was one of the best horses in that part of the country, as Francesco knew, and more than a match for the notary's brown mare, had other things been alike. But there was the difference of weight against him, and, moreover, Tebaldo was the better rider.

There was less than three quarters of a mile between them now, but if he could keep the pace, that would do. He followed the shortest path, which was also the best, because it was naturally the one most used by travelers. The rain fell in torrents, and the air was dusky and lurid. Again and again the great forked lightnings flashed down the side of the mountain, and almost at the instant the terrible thunder crashed through the hissing rain. Francesco felt as though each peal struck him bodily in the back, between the shoulders, and his knees shook with terror as he tried to press them to the saddle, and he bent down as if to avoid a shot or a blow, while his ears strained unnaturally for the dreaded sound of hoofs behind. Yet he scarcely dared to turn and look back, lest while he looked his horse might hesitate, or turn aside to another path through the black wilderness. Under the lurid light the yellow spurge had a horribly vivid glow, growing everywhere in big bunches among the black stones and out of the blacker soil. It almost dazzled him, as he rode on, always watching the path lest he should make a mistake and be lost.

Then the wind changed in a moment and came up behind him in gusts, and brought to his ears the sound of terror, the irregular beat of a horse's hoofs, cantering, pacing, trotting, according to the ground. It was fearfully near, he thought. He had just then his choice of taking to the road again for half a mile or more, or of following the bridle path that turned off amongst the spurge and the stones. There was a broad, deep ditch, and the rain had made the edges slippery and there was a drop of several feet, and little space to take off. It was a dangerous leap, but the greater fear devoured the less, and Francesco did not hesitate, but put the good horse at it. It would be a relief to get a stretching gallop along the road again.

The horse cleared it well, and thundered up the highway, as glad as his rider to be out of the intricate paths again. Francesco breathed more freely, and presently turned in his saddle as he galloped, and looked back. He could see nothing, but every now and then a gust of wind brought the sound of hoofs to him. Just as he neared the end of the half mile stretch he distinctly saw Tebaldo come up to the leap. The rain had ceased for a moment, and in the gray air he could see tolerably well how the brown mare took off. For an instant he gazed, absolutely breathless. Horse and rider disappeared into the ditch together, for the mare had not cleared it. She might be injured, she might be killed, and Tebaldo with her. With a wild welling up of hope, Francesco galloped along the road, already half sure that the race was won and that he could reach a safe place in time.

The highway was level now, for two or three miles, over the high yoke, below which, on the other side, Camaldoli lay among the trees. He settled down once more to a long and steady gallop, and the going was fairly good, for the volcanic tufa used in making the road drank up the rain thirstily, and was just softened by it without turning to mud. His terror was subsiding a little.

But all at once from behind came the regular, galloping, tramping tread of the horse his brother was riding. He turned as though he had been struck, and there, a mile behind him, was a dark, moving thing on the road. They had not been injured, they had not been killed, they were up and after him again. And again his teeth chattered and his hands grew cold on the reins.

The entrance to the avenue of Camaldoli was in sight, and he set his teeth to

keep them still in his head. It was half a mile from the entrance to the house, and little more than that to Santa Vittoria. But if he turned into the entrance, Tebaldo would cut across the fields and might catch him under the trees, caring little who might be there to see. It was safer to make for Santa Vittoria.

He passed the turn of the road at a round pace, and the good horse breasted the hill bravely. But on the smooth highway, the difference in weight began to tell very soon. Tebaldo was clearly in sight again now, stretching himself along the mare's body, his head on her neck, his voice close to her ear, riding like vengeance in a whirlwind, gaining at every stride.

Francesco's horse was almost spent, and he knew it. He had spurs and used them cruelly, and the poor beast struggled to gallop still, while the lean brown mare gained on him. The sun was low among the lurid clouds, and sent a pale level glare across the desolate land.

Before the cemetery gate, her black clothes and her black shawl drenched with the thunderstorm and clinging to her, Concetta sat in her accustomed place, bent low. Francesco scarcely saw her, as he rode up the last stretch for his life. But, as he passed her, his horse stumbled a little. Francesco thought he shied at the black figure, but it was not that. Four, five, six strides more, and the brave beast stumbled again, staggered as Francesco sprang to the ground, and then rolled over, stone dead, in the middle of the road.

Francesco did not glance at him as he lay there, but ran like a deer up the last few yards of the hill. The little church was just on the other side, and it might be open. Tebaldo was not two hundred yards behind him, and had seen all and was ready, and the lean mare came tearing on. She took the dead horse's body in her desperate stride, just as Francesco burst into the church.

With all his strength he tried to force the bolt of the lock across the door inside, for the key was outside where Ippolito had left it when he entered. He could not move it, and he heard the thunder of hoofs without. If Tebaldo had not seen him enter, the mare would gallop past the closed door to the gate of the town. In wild fear he waited the ten seconds that seemed an age. The clattering ceased suddenly, and some one was forcing the door in behind him. Francesco's lips moved, but he could not cry out. He ran from the door up the aisle.

When Tebaldo had killed him, on the steps of the altar, he sheathed the big knife, with which he had done the deed at one blow, and instantly dropped it through the old gilded grating under the altar itself, behind which the bones of the saint lay in a glass casket. No one would ever look for it there.

As if the fever that had burned him were suddenly quenched in the terrible satisfaction of murder, the natural color returned to his face for a moment, and he grew cold. Then all at once he realized what he had done, and he knew that he must escape from the church before any one surprised him. He turned away from the altar and found himself face to face with Ippolito Saracinesca, who had been at work at the back of the organ, while he was waiting for the fat sacristan as usual, and had come down the winding stairs as soon as he had heard the noise of running feet, without even going to the front of the loft to see who was there.

Tebaldo stood stock still, facing the priest, while one might have counted a score. He knew him well and was known to Ippolito. But Ippolito could not see who it was that lay dead across the steps, for the face was downwards. Tebaldo looked at the churchman's calm and fearless eyes and knew that he was lost, if he could not silence him. Before Ippolito spoke—for he was too much surprised and horror struck to find anything to say, and was rather thinking what he ought to do—the Sicilian was on his knees, grasping his sleeve with one hand and crossing himself with the other.

He began the words of the confession. A moment more and he was confessing to Ippolito as to a priest, and under the sacred seal of silence, the crime of having slain his brother. Ippolito could not stop him, for he had a scruple. He could not know that the man did not at once truly repent of what he had done, and in that case, as a priest, he was bound to hear and to keep silence for ever. Tebaldo

knew that, and went to the end, and said the last Latin words even while getting on his feet again.

"I cannot give you absolution," said the young priest. "The case is too grave for that. But your confession is safe with me."

Tebaldo nodded, and turned away. He walked firmly and quickly to the door, went out, and closed it behind him. He had already made up his mind what to do. He met the fat sacristan less than twenty paces from the church. He had known him all his life, and he stopped him, asking him where he was going The man explained.

"Don Ippolito will not need you to blow the organ today," said Tebaldo gravely. "He has just killed my brother in the church. I have turned the key on him, and am going to fetch the carabineers."

The fearful lie was spoken with perfect directness and clearness. The man started, stared at Tebaldo, and grew pale with excitement, but he could not believe his ears till Tebaldo had repeated the words. Then he spoke.

"We thought he had killed him yesterday afternoon by the cemetery," he said. "And now he has really done it! Madonna! Madonna! And another of them killed Don Ferdinando!"

"What is that about the cemetery?" asked Tebaldo. "Tell me as we go, for I am in a hurry."

"It is better that I stay," said the man. "He knows the lock, and he may be able to slip the bolt from the inside, for he is very strong. He almost killed Don Francesco last night with his hands and only a stone he picked up."

He told Tebaldo in a few words the story which the peasants had already invented.

"I am glad you have told me," said Tebaldo. "It explains this horrible murder. I will go for the carabineers at once. There is no more time to be lost. Stay here and watch the door."

He knew he could trust the man to do his worst against a Roman, and he walked rapidly into the town.

Ippolito watched Tebaldo until the door closed behind him. He was a very honorable as well as a very good man, and though as a priest he felt that he must give the murderer the benefit of a doubt, he felt as a man that the doubt could not really exist, and that Tebaldo had intentionally put him under the seal of confession in order to destroy his power of testifying in the case. The clever treachery was revolting to him.

He turned to look at the dead man, suddenly hoping that there might be some life left in him after all. He went and knelt beside him on the step of the altar, and turned his body over so that it lay on its back. He felt the sort of pitying repulsion for anything dead which every sensitively organized man or woman feels, but he told himself that it was his duty to make sure that Francesco was not alive.

There was no doubt about that. Even he, in his inexperience, could not mistake the look in the wide open, sightless eyes. He shuddered when he remembered how only twenty four hours ago he had struck the poor dead head again and again with all his might, and he thanked Heaven that he had not struck harder and more often. He looked for the wound. It was on the left side, low down in the breast, and must have gone to the heart at once. There was blood on both his hands, but very little had run down upon the steps.

He got his handkerchief from the side pocket of his cassock, and started as he felt there the sheathed knife which Orsino had made him carry. There was no water in the church, except a little holy water, and he could not defile that, so he wiped his hands as well as he could on his handkerchief, and put the latter back into his pocket.

Suddenly he realized that he ought to be doing something, and he stood up, and looked about in hesitation. He asked himself how far the secret of confession bound him, and whether it could be regarded as a betrayal to call the authorities at once. Some one might have seen Tebaldo leave the church, and to give the alarm at once might be to fasten suspicion upon him. The rule about the secrecy of confession is very strict.

The sacristan might be expected to appear at any moment, too. Ippolito looked at his watch, and wondered why the man had not come already. He was

in great difficulty, for the case was urgent. Being alone, too, he did not like to shut up the church, leaving the dead man there alone. But he was sure that the sacristan would come in a few moments. It was more than half an hour since he had sent the lame boy to find him. It was wiser to wait for him and send him for the doctor and the carabineers.

He paced up and down before the altar rail rather nervously, glancing every now and then at the dead man. But the sacristan did not come. He thought it would be charitable to straighten out the lifeless limbs and cross the hands upon the breast, and he went up the steps and did so. When it was finished, he found more blood on his hands, and again rubbed away as much as he could with his handkerchief. Once more he paced the stone floor. Then he remembered that in his excitement he had not even said a prayer, and he knelt a while by the rail, repeating some of the psalms for the dead.

He rose and walked again, and his eyes fell on the queer words in worn, raised letters on the slab in the floor—"*Esca Pagliuca pesca Saracen*"—and again he was struck by the way in which his own name, or something very like it, could be made out of the letters.

He walked down the church, intending to look out and see whether the sacristan were coming. He was surprised to find the door locked. Then, all at once, he heard the sound of many voices, speaking loudly and coming nearer. He could distinguish his own name, spoken again and again in angry tones by some one with a loud voice.

XXVIII.

IPPOLITO moved a step backwards when he heard the key turned in the lock, for the door opened inwards. It swung wide, a moment later, and he faced a multitude of angry eyes. There was Tebaldo pointing to him with an evil smile on his thin lips, and his lids falling at the angles like those of a vulture that scents death. There was the young red haired lieutenant of infantry, gazing sharply at him; there was a corporal, with three or four of the foot carabineers in their forage caps. These represented the law. But pressing upon them, around them, and past them, was also a throng of angry men, and with them half a dozen women, and some children, even little ones, and the lame boy who waited every day to call the sacristan, and the fat sacristan, with the disturbing cast in his eye. In the background, just within the door when all had entered, and leaning against the doorpost, stood Concetta, her shawl falling back from her head, her splendid eyes gleaming with insanity.

"Take him," said Tebaldo harshly. "There lies my brother, before the altar, and his blood is on this man's hands."

Then came a discordant chorus of cries and curses from the crowd.

"Take the priest of the Saracinesca! Handcuff him! Put him in chains! Curses on his soul, and on the souls of his dead!"

"He tried to kill him with a stone yesterday!"

"He has done it today, the assassin!"

"Let us burn him alive! Let us tear him to pieces! Death to the Roman!"

"Let me get my hands upon his face!" screamed a disheveled woman.

And a child, that stood near, spat at him.

Ippolito had stepped backwards before them and faced them, pale and staring in amazement and horror. He could not understand, at first. The hideous treachery was altogether beyond his belief. Yet Tebaldo's outstretched hand pointed at him, and it was Tebaldo's voice that was bidding the soldiers take him. Their faces were impenetrable. Only the young Piedmontese officer, used to another world in the civilized north, betrayed in his expression the sort of curiosity one sees in the looks of people who are watching wild beasts in a cage.

"You had better clear the church," he said to the carabineers. "This confusion is unseemly."

He was not their officer, but they at once began to obey him. The crowd resisted a little, when the big men pushed them back with outstretched arms, as one gathers canes in the brake, to bind them together before cutting them off at the roots.

"They will let him go, like his brother," growled an old man fiercely.

"They will send him to Rome, and then let him go free, because he is a Roman," said the crooked little carpenter.

And the little boy spat at Ippolito again, and dodged the hand of one of the soldiers and ran out. With protesting cries, and with many curses and many evil threats, the people allowed themselves to be pushed out without any violence.

"I am the sacristan," said the fat man, objecting; and they let him stay.

"I am Concetta," said the dark girl gravely.

"Let her stay," advised the sacristan. "She saw the priest beat him yesterday."

Ippolito had not spoken a word. He had folded his arms, and stood waiting for the confusion to end. He was fearless, but he could not realize, at first, that he might be seriously accused of the murder, and he believed that he should be set free very soon. He understood the treachery now, however, and his clear eyes fixed themselves on Tebaldo's face.

When the church was cleared, and the door fastened, the corporal stepped up to him. Two of his men had gone to examine the body, and to search for the weapon.

"You are accused of having killed that gentleman," said the corporal quietly. "He is quite dead, and you are in the church with him. There is blood on both your hands. What have you to say?"

"I did not kill him," said Ippolito simply. "When I saw that he was lying before the altar, I examined him, to see if he were dead. That is how I soiled my hands."

The two men came back from the altar. They had ascertained that Francesco had been killed by a knife thrust, but had not found the knife.

"I regret that I must search you," said the corporal, in his quiet, determined voice.

"You will find a knife in my pocket," answered Ippolito, very pale, for he saw how all evidence must go against him.

The corporal looked up sharply, for he himself was surprised. Ippolito emptied his pockets, not wishing to submit to the indignity of being searched. He at once produced the sheathed bowie knife and the handkerchief, which was deeply dyed with blood and not yet dry. Some of it had stained the yellow leathern sheath in several places. The corporal drew out the weapon, which was bright and spotless, returned it to its sheath, and then held up the handkerchief by two corners. It is very easy to wipe blood from burnished steel, provided it is done instantly, and the corporal had a wide experience of such matters. He concluded that Ippolito might have cleaned the knife with the pocket handkerchief. He handed both objects to one of his men.

Tebaldo's lids had quivered and his lips had moved a little as he looked on. It seemed as though some supernatural power were conspiring in his favor against his enemy. But he said nothing. The young officer opened his blue eyes very wide, and thoughtfully twisted his small red mustache.

Ippolito emptied the other pocket of his cassock, and produced a small volume of the Breviary, containing the offices for the spring, a little flexible morocco pocketbook, containing a few bank notes, and an ivory handled penknife.

"It is enough," said the corporal. "These things do not interest us. Your name," he added, taking out his notebook and pencil.

"Ippolito Saracinesca."

"Son of whom?"

"Of Don Giovanni Saracinesca, Prince of Sant' Ilario, of Rome."

"Age?"

"Twenty seven years."

"Your occupation?"

"A priest."

"Present residence?"

"Rome. I am staying with my brother at Camaldoli."

The corporal noted the answers rapidly in his book, and returned it to his pocket, buttoning his tunic again. Then he was silent for a moment.

"You have already given your account of the affair," he said presently to Tebaldo. "It is not necessary to repeat it. But this girl—what has she to say?" He turned to Concetta.

Gravely, but with gleaming eyes, the pale and beautiful girl came forward and faced Ippolito.

"Yesterday at sunset I was at the gate of the cemetery," she said. "This man's brother, who lives at Camaldoli, shot this Don Tebaldo's brother, to whom I was betrothed, and he is buried in the cemetery. Therefore, I go every day to the gate, to visit him. Yesterday Don Francesco came up the road and was speaking to me. He who lies there dead was talking with me but yesterday. God give his soul peace and rest! Then this priest, coming down from Santa Vittoria, fell upon him from behind treacherously, and choked him by the collar, and beat him upon the head, so that he fell down fainting. But certain peasants came by that way and lifted him up and took him into our village, but the priest went down to Camaldoli. This I saw, and this I tell you. And now two Saracinesca have killed two Pagliuca."

She ceased speaking, and her white hands drew her shawl over her head, for she was in church, where a woman's head should be covered.

"Do you admit the truth of what this girl says?" asked the corporal, turning to Ippolito.

"It is true that I beat Francesco Pagliuca with my hands yesterday afternoon."

"Do you not admit also that you killed him today, in this church, with that knife? Don Tebaldo testifies that he saw you do it."

The young priest drew himself up to his height, and his clear gaze riveted itself on Tebaldo's half veiled eyes. The good man faced the bad silently for many seconds.

"Did you testify that you saw me kill your brother?" asked Ippolito, at last.

"I did, and I shall repeat my testimony at the proper time," answered Tebaldo steadily.

But under the clear, high innocence that silently gave him the lie, his eyelids drooped more and more, till he looked down.

"Do you admit that you killed him?" asked the corporal again.

"I did not kill him."

"But you must necessarily know who did, if you did not," said the soldier. "The sacristan says that you sent a boy for him some time ago. The man is only just dead, as my men have seen. You must have been in the church when he was killed, and you must have seen the man who did it."

Ippolito had not seen the deed done, but he had seen the murderer. It would be hard to answer on the one point and not on the other, and by the very smallest slip he might unintentionally say something which might end in the betrayal of the secret told him in confession. He therefore kept silent.

"You say nothing? You insist in saying nothing?" asked the corporal.

"I say nothing beyond what I have said. I did not do it."

"And you," continued the soldier, addressing Tebaldo, "you testify that you saw this man do it?"

"I do. Those things would bear evidence without me," added Tebaldo, pointing to the knife and the bloody handkerchief, which latter one of the soldiers held by a single corner in order not to soil his fingers. "Those things, and the man's hands," he added. "Moreover, his brother killed my other brother, as every one knows, and he himself admits that he assaulted Francesco only last night. You can hardly hesitate about arresting him, corporal. The fact that he is a Roman and that we are Sicilians is hardly a sufficient defense, I think."

The corporal understood that he had no choice. He was a very sensible man and had seen much service in Sicily, and whenever there was bloodshed he was inclined to attribute the crime to a Sicilian rather than to an Italian. He liked Ippolito's face and innocent eyes, and would have given much to feel that he had a right to leave him at liberty. But he had to admit that the evidence was overpoweringly strong against the accused.

At first sight, indeed, it seemed perfectly absurd to suppose that a young churchman of a sensitive organization and educated in a high state of civilization should suddenly, wilfully, and violently stab to death such a man as the carabineer believed Francesco Pagliuca to have been; a man against whom the authorities had been warned, as being likely on the contrary to do the Saracinesca some injury, if he could; a man who had grown up in a wild part of

Sicily, imbued with the lawless ideas of the mafia; a man, in fact, who though a nobleman by birth was looked upon as a "maffeuso," and whose brother had certainly had friendly relations with outlaws. It was not to be denied that the carabineers and the soldiers were all strongly prejudiced in favor of the Saracinesca, as against the Corleone.

At the same time, the evidence was overwhelming, and was the more so because Ippolito was so obstinately silent and would say nothing in self defense beyond making a general denial of the charge. In his difficulty the corporal turned to the officer of the line, both as his military superior and as a man of higher education than himself. He wanted support. He begged the lieutenant to speak with him in private for a moment, and they moved away together to one of the side chapels.

Ippolito folded his arms and paced up and down before the carabineers, in profound and distressing perplexity. Tebaldo leaned against a pillar and watched him with evil satisfaction. Concetta went and knelt down, facing the altar, by a pillar on the opposite side, and the fat sacristan stood still in the background, watching everybody.

The lieutenant shook his head from time to time while the corporal went over the case.

"For my part," said the officer, at last, "I will wager my honor as a soldier that the priest did not kill him. But you will have to arrest him, not because of the feeling in the village, but simply because the evidence appears to be so strong. There is something here which we do not understand. But soldiers are not called upon to understand. It is always our duty to act to the best of our ability on what we can see. Understanding such things belongs to the law. I advise you to take him to your quarters and get him away from here tonight. He will make no resistance, of course."

The corporal was satisfied, though he did not like the duty, and he came back to Ippolito.

"It is my duty to arrest you," he said, in a tone which expressed some respect and much annoyance. Ippolito had stopped abruptly in his walk and turned when he heard the soldier's footsteps behind him.

"You must do what you think right," he said calmly. "I am ready to go with you."

The corporal gave an order to his men and requested Ippolito to walk between them. Then he himself opened the door of the church.

A multitude of people had assembled outside, and there were now at least three times as many as had at first followed Tebaldo and the carabineers. Many more were hurrying down from the gate, and there was the confused sound of many voices, talking angrily. But when Ippolito appeared there was silence for a moment. Then, from far back in the crowd, came a single cry, loud, high, derisive, and full of hatred.

"Assassin!"

The word rang out, and was immediately taken up and repeated by a hundred men and women, with a sort of concentrated fury that hissed out the syllables, as though each were a curse.

Ippolito faced the people calmly enough, walking between the four carabineers, who marched two and two on each side of him, and the evening light shone full upon his clear cut features and his innocent, brave eyes. He needed courage as well as innocence to bear him through the ordeal, for he knew that but for the handful of soldiers the crowd would have made short work of tearing him to pieces in their fury. For once, the soldiers were on their side against the hated Italians of the mainland. The people applauded them and their corporal, and the infantry officer, as they went by.

The children ran before, crying out to the people who were still coming down from the village.

"Here comes the priest of the Saracinesca!" they shouted. "Here comes the assassin!"

"Assassin! Assassin!" Ippolito heard the word a thousand times in five minutes. And some of the people spoke to the soldiers and the corporal.

"Give him to us, uncle carabineer!" cried the crooked carpenter. "What has law to do with him? Give him to us! We will serve him half roasted and half boiled!"

And the people who heard laughed at this and jeered at Ippolito.

"See the blood on his hands!" screamed the carpenter's big wife, suddenly catching sight of the red stains. "See the blood of Sicily on the priest's hands!"

A yell rose from all the multitude, for a hundred had heard the woman's high, shrill voice, and the rest took up the cry, so that the children who went before ran back to see what was the matter. One was the woman's child. She caught him in her strong arms and raised him up to see, as she marched along.

"See the good Sicilian blood!" she cried into the boy's ear.

"Curses upon the souls of his dead!" yelled the child, half mad with excitement.

All the people surged along together, running and jostling one another to keep the priest in sight. And the children whistled and made catcalls and strange noises, and the women screamed, and the men cursed him in their hard voices.

Bareheaded he walked between the soldiers, looking far ahead and not seeing or not wishing to see the people, nor to understand what they said. He had but one thought—not to break the faith of his priestly order by betraying the confession. Had he known that death was before him, he would not have yielded.

Suddenly something struck him on the shoulder, and he started, and his face changed. Some one had thrown a rotten orange at him, well aimed, and as it smashed upon his shoulder, some of the yellow juice spurted upon his cheek. For one moment the calm look was gone, and the clear features set themselves sternly, and the eyes flashed with human anger at the indignity of the insult. The crowd screamed with delight, and pushed the soldiers upon each other.

"Halt!" cried the carabineer corporal.

In a moment his great army revolver was in his hand, and all his men, watching him, had theirs ready.

"We are acting in the name of the law," he said, in a loud voice. "If anything more is thrown at us, we shall disperse you, and you must take the consequences."

"The orange was not thrown at you," cried the carpenter's wife.

"I have warned you," said the corporal. "Stand off, there! Fall back! Make way!" And he kept his revolver in his hand, as the people slunk away to right and left, cowed by the sight of the weapon.

After that there was less noise for a while, though he did not pretend to control that, nor to hinder them from saying what they pleased. And presently they began again, and the hissing words filled the air, and pierced the young priest's ears.

But he said nothing, and his face was cold and pale again, as he walked on, fearless and innocent, keeping the real murderer's secret for the sake of his own churchman's vow, and holding his head high amidst the insults and the jeers of the multitude.

It was a long way, for they had to march through the whole town to reach the quarters of the carabineers in the old convent on the other side. Ippolito would have marched a whole day's journey without wincing, if it had fallen to his lot, but he was glad when the wooden gates of the yard were loudly shut behind him, and he was at last free from his enemies. He looked round, and Tebaldo was gone, and Concetta, and the sacristan, as well as all the rest, except the carabineers. The officer of the line had gone home to write a despatch to his colonel, and Ippolito was alone with the carabineers.

Meanwhile the little lame boy whom Ippolito employed, and who had a sort of half grateful, half expectant attachment for the kind priest, had done a brave thing, considering his infirmity. Seeing what was happening at the church and hearing what all the people said, he quietly slipped away and limped down to Camaldoli to warn Orsino Saracinesca. It took him a long time to get there, for he was very lame, having one leg quite crooked from the knee, besides some natural deformity of the hip. But he got to the gate at last, and it chanced that Orsino had just come in from riding and was standing there, his rifle slung behind him, when the little boy came down.

(*To be continued.*) ab page 41 of Vol 18

BASKETBALL IN THE SMITH COLLEGE GYMNASIUM.

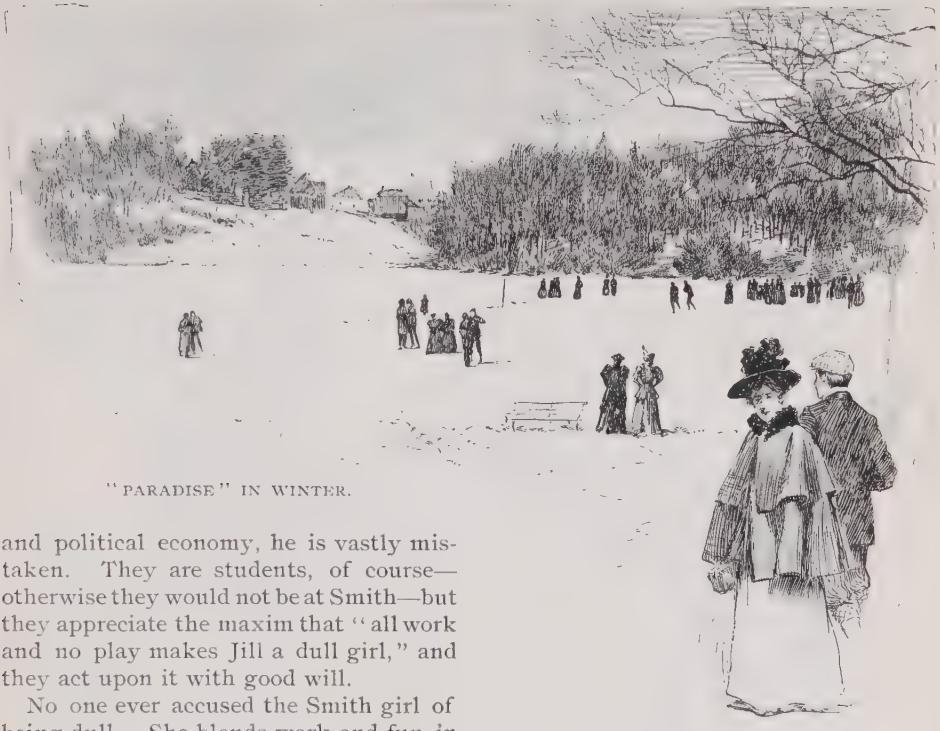
LIFE AT A GIRLS' COLLEGE.

The Smith girls at work and at play —Their college buildings, their studies and amusements, their secret societies, their customs and traditions.

THE claim is justly made for the old town of Northampton, Massachusetts, that it makes provision for a wide variety of earthly needs. It contains a lunatic asylum, an institute for the deaf and dumb, a water cure establishment—and a girls' college. In addition to these beneficent human agencies, the town is liberally endowed by nature with the gifts at her disposal. Not only is it most picturesquely placed on elevated ground near the bank of the Connecticut River, but it affords a wide view of the Connecticut valley, so that for charms within and without it is a spot to be remembered.

The town, which Smith College has made notable, consists of one principal street stretching out interminably. The college is situated at one end of the village, on an eminence commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. The buildings are well constructed, though unpretentious in comparison to some of the larger American universities. But the whole place is wonderfully attractive and homelike. It has more the appearance of a group of well kept private dwellings than that of a seat of learning, a place for work and study. And they do study, the daughters of "Fair Smith," in a manner that would put the average college man to shame. Yet if any one supposes that these young women are a set of "grinds," that they all wear glasses and masculine collars, and go about continually talking women's rights

"PARADISE" IN SUMMER.



"PARADISE" IN WINTER.

and political economy, he is vastly mistaken. They are students, of course—otherwise they would not be at Smith—but they appreciate the maxim that "all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl," and they act upon it with good will.

No one ever accused the Smith girl of being dull. She blends work and fun in such happy proportions that to her life is always interesting. She is neither a bookworm nor an idler, but keen intellectual competition and wholesome physical activity combine to bring out all that is best in her. On any bright day the campus is an extremely interesting sight. From dawn till dark it is always full of life. The girls are continually flitting from one building to another, or meeting in groups on the smooth, well kept lawn.

Here's a group of just eleven,
Talking o'er a hard exam.;
Here's a group of six or seven,
Eating ginger snaps and jam!

In pleasant weather the "Smithians"

THE MUSIC BUILDING.

THE COLLEGE HALL.

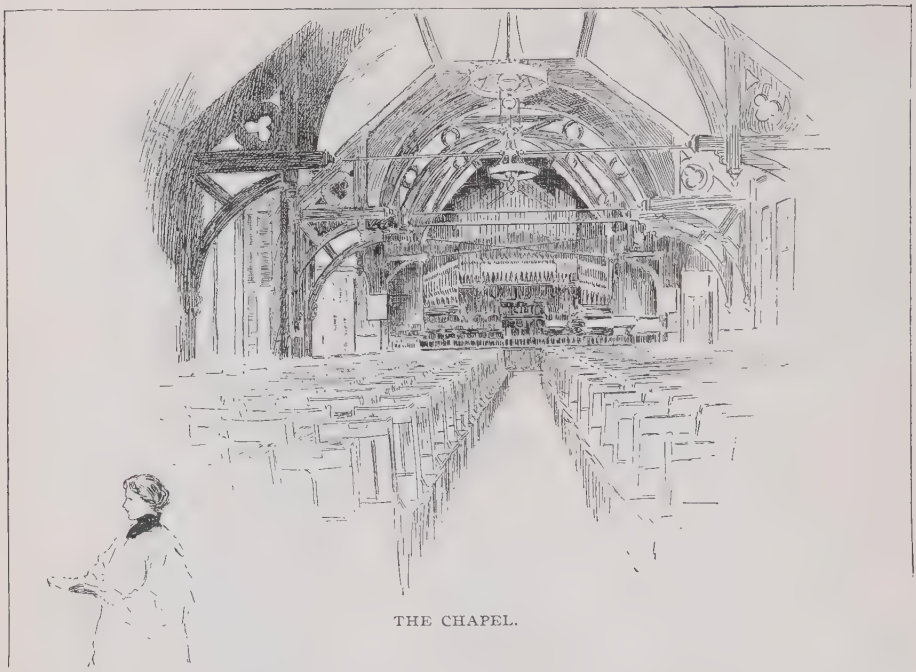
rarely wear any headgear; or if they do, it is nothing but a "Tam-o'-Shanter." When the weather is cold, they slip over their shoulders a warm golf cape, which may be as easily slipped off again on entering a recitation room. The very sensible fashion prevails of wearing skirts that escape the ground by two or three inches, while many of the girls fairly live in their bicycle costumes.

Founded in 1871 by Sophia Smith, of Hatfield, Massachusetts, the college has long since outgrown the capacity of its own dormitories, but all about the grounds houses and cottages have sprung up which, during the college year, are devoted wholly to the use of the Smith girls. The campus houses are naturally more in demand than those outside, and there is always a long waiting list of applicants who are anxious to obtain rooms in them.

The outside houses are beyond the jurisdiction of the college authorities, and the girls living in them have greater freedom than those living in the college buildings, for here such rules as "lights out at ten," "no breakfast if late," are more or less rigidly enforced.

A decided innovation in the dormitory life of Smith is the handsome building which has recently been erected outside the campus. It is a massive pile of masonry that conveys the impression of having wandered from its foundation in some large city. It has all the modern conveniences, from steam heat and electric lights to an elevator with a boy in buttons. These "improvements" are all very well in their way; but when a girl surrounds herself with all the paraphernalia of hotel existence, she is apt to find that she is not quite in touch with that democratic spirit which is one of the greatest charms of the life at Smith. The cost of living in such a dormitory is, of course, greater than in the other houses, and so, naturally, the occupants are regarded more or less as a class by themselves—as girls of means. Such a distinction is, of course, made unconsciously, but it exists nevertheless, and results in the formation of "cliques"—always an unfortunate feature of undergraduate life.

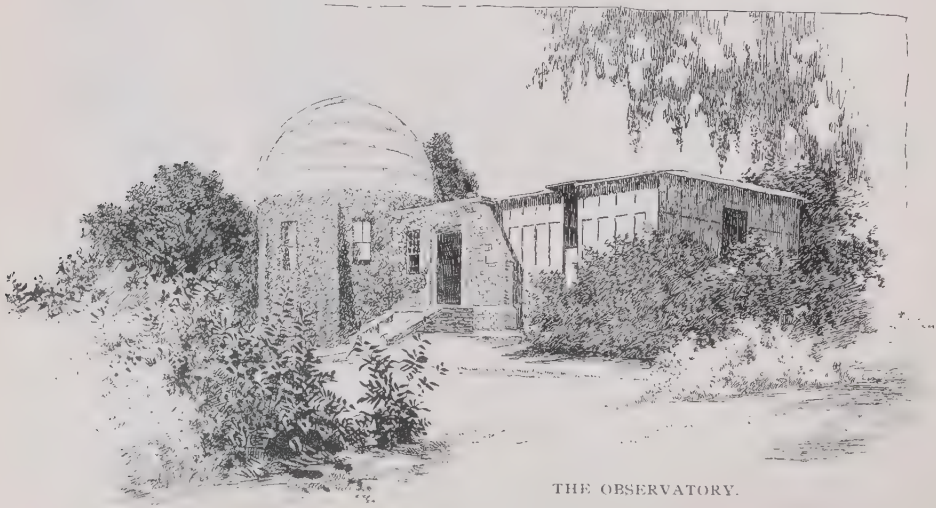
A SMITH GIRL'S ROOM.



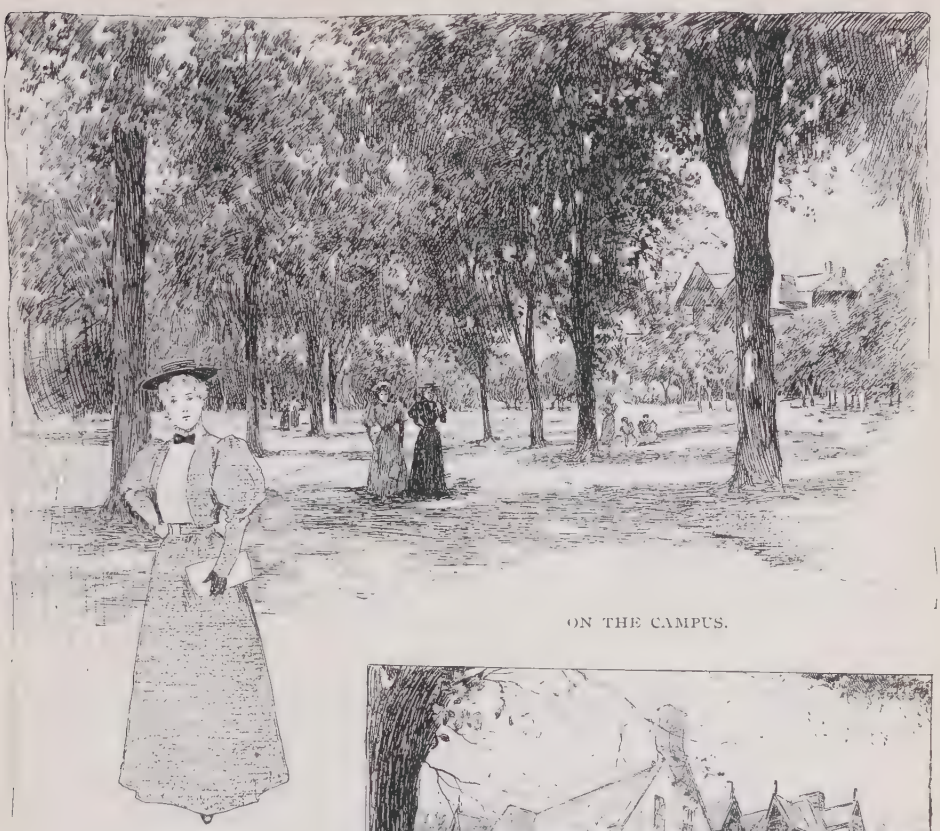
THE CHAPEL.

In the campus houses such cliques can have no existence. The daughter of the man who owns two or three railroads has no better surroundings and no more comforts than the ambitious girl who is working her way through college. Of the latter there are quite a number, and they exhibit much ingenuity in devising ways and means of self support. One girl is noted for the stylish shirt waists she makes, and her needle is kept busy in this direction. This same girl plays the piano for any dance that may be given. Another almost entirely supports herself with her camera, while a third is correspondent for several newspapers.

The curriculum at Smith is practically the same as that at any first class university, but the pastimes are vastly different. Basketball is the most popular game, and keen is the rivalry between the classes. The contests are held in the se-



THE OBSERVATORY.



ON THE CAMPUS.

clusion of the college gymnasium. Basketball is not unlike a mild form of football, and, while it avoids the danger of the latter, it is well calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of rival classes to the highest pitch. Boating and tennis are also favorite amusements in their season, and in winter there is skating, in which the Amherst students often join.

One of the first places shown to the visitor is "Paradise." This delightful spot — the name is applied, in a general way, to a pretty sheet of water and the charming, shady walks near by—is the favorite retreat of the Smith girls. On pleasant half holidays one may see many of them wending their way in its direction, laden with sofa pillows and

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

THE IVY PROCESSION.

"fudge"—a kind of home made candy, locally in great demand.

The principal secret societies at Smith are the Alpha and the Phi Kappa Psi, to either one of which a girl may be elected after her freshman year. In order to be eligible an undergraduate must possess decided talent for literature, or else be a general favorite.

Graduation time is marked by many time honored observances. The seniors wear white dresses for the last three days of the college year. One of these is known as "Ivy Day," and on it the departing class plants an ivy vine near College Hall. It is a pretty sight to see the "sweet girl graduates," all in white, marching two by two across the green campus.

Douglas Z. Doty.

THE LILLY HALL OF SCIENCE.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A FAMOUS NOVELIST AND CRITIC.

Paul Bourget, novelist, critic, and Academician, is one of the typical figures of French literature. His promotion to a place among the Forty Immortals was a triumph for the younger school, the newer literary life of France. Only a little over forty at the time of his election, he was the first Academician who belongs to the generation that has arisen since the great war of 1870—the generation that has grown up under the republic, and that scarcely remembers the days of the empire and of the revolution which overthrew it.

The Academy has always been a stronghold of tradition. It has rigidly maintained its old time rules and customs—its uniform designed by David, its stately and formal ceremonial, its military escort and beating drums that welcome a new member, its five franc fee for attendance at its regular Thursday meetings. It has always stood for conservatism in literature—for old fogeyism, its critics have dared to say; and history will probably record the election of Bourget as a landmark in its annals, much as Victor Hugo's admission was hailed as marking the first official recognition of the romantic school of the last generation.

Though Bourget's fame has been quickly won, his career as an author was not

PAUL BOURGET.

From his latest photograph by Lombardi, Sienna.

WILLIAM C. DE WITT, WHO DRAFTED THE CHARTER FOR THE GREATER NEW YORK.
From an engraving by A. H. Ritchie.

begun early in life. He was nearly thirty when his first newspaper articles appeared in the *Globe*, of Paris. His father—who at the time of the younger Bourget's birth was a mathematical teacher at Amiens, and later became principal of a college at Clermont—at first discouraged his literary aspirations, but his success was such that it speedily determined his life work. In the last thirteen years he has published a score of volumes, chiefly novels, but including sketches of travel —one of which is the record of an American tour—and critical essays. The tone of some of his writings has been censured, for he is one of those who frankly disavow the subjection of art to morals; but all of them have had a wide audience, both in and beyond France.

Perhaps M. Bourget's best achievements have been in the field of criticism—a branch of literature more highly esteemed in France than elsewhere. France, indeed, is the only country that sets her greatest minds to analytical no less than to creative work, and bestows her highest rewards upon critical genius. Half a dozen of her Academicians have won their places by such service. Of M. Bourget's style and methods an interesting specimen will be found in the present number of MUNSEY'S.

A MAKER OF CHARTERS.

It is something more than a coincidence that the man whose share in framing a charter for the greater New York was greater than that of any one of his fellow workers should have come of charter making stock. The first American ancestor of William C. De Witt was a cousin of John De Witt, "grand pensionary" of Holland, who perfected the Staats-General or league of Dutch states, after which our Federal government was in part modeled. Charles De Witt, Mr. De Witt's great grandfather, was chairman of the committee which drew up the first constitution of New York. De Witt Clinton, who contributed largely to New York's earliest and best charter, and who was mayor of the city, was of

the same family; while William De Witt's mother was a sister of Jacob W. Miller, attorney general of New Jersey, who represented that State in the Senate for twelve years during the time of Webster and Calhoun.

GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SPAIN.
From a photograph by Pearsall, Brooklyn.

The appointment of Mr. De Witt as a commissioner on the greater New York charter, and his selection as chairman of the committee on draft and revision, were not due to any ancestral influence of his name. His own record made him the man for the place. For more than thirteen years, as corporation counsel of Brooklyn, he had fought for municipal reform; and he had been conspicuous in the work of drafting the present charter of New York's sister city. Few men were available as commissioners who had had thirty years of constant study and experience in civic government. Mr. De Witt was not an applicant for the position; but he regarded Governor Morton's unsolicited appointment as a command, and, laying aside his extensive law practice, he gave more than eight months to the work without compensation. The labor it involved is almost beyond the conception of one who has never undertaken such a task. Mr. DeWitt's article, "Mold-

ing the New Metropolis," in another part of this issue, is a clear and comprehensive paper on the charter itself; his account of his labors in drawing up the document gives only a partial glimpse of the real work involved.

rented a workshop in a quiet end of the hotel, and, with the aid of David J. Dean, who had been assistant corporation counsel of New York for more than a quarter of a century, set about the task. Four stenographers and typewriters were en-

WILLIAM E. MASON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS.
From a photograph by Merritt, Washington.

"I was made chairman of the committee on draft in the latter part of June, 1896. As my colleagues were about to disperse on their summer vacations," he says with some humor, "they authorized me to make a tentative draft of a complete charter during the summer months. I transported the requisite books and documents to my cottage at Long Beach, gaged. Mr. Dean's health was not good, and he was forced to devote himself solely to the task of compilation and codification. I must have averaged four hours a day in dictation, and nearly six hours in study and in consultation with such of my colleagues as visited me, and with the heads of the departments from either city, who were constantly my guests.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JUSTICE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SUPREME COURT.
From a photograph by the Notman Photograph Company, Boston.

After six weeks of labor Mr. Dean's health broke down entirely, and he was ordered away by his physician. From this attack he died.

"By September 21 I had a complete draft of the charter ready to lay before the committee at its first meeting in the fall. It consisted of nine hundred printed pages. Without speaking of the four months which the committee spent in considering it, this preliminary labor was an enormous task."

THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO SPAIN.

General Stewart L. Woodford, our newly appointed minister to Spain, is one of those rare men whose lives have been made up of pleasant successes. In private life as well as in the service of his country, in time of peace as well as in war, his sixty two years have been filled with honors. Born in New York of ancestors who settled early in Connecticut, and who fought the battles of the Revolution, he inherited a strong love of his country—a love which caused him to resign his place as a Federal district attorney to go to the front with the 127th New York Volunteers at the outbreak of the civil war. In the field, his attention to duty and his intelligence advanced him rapidly, and for bravery in action he was brevetted brigadier general.

In politics, it is said of General Wood-

ford that he has refused quite as many high offices as he has held. He has served as Lieutenant Governor of New York State and as a member of Congress, and has long been a leader of his party. In addition to his extensive law practice, he has found time to devote to educational and humanitarian movements. He has received honorary degrees from several colleges, has been many times elected trustee of educational institutions, and has been president of the Union League Club and the New England Society of Brooklyn.

These are but a few of the honors that have fallen deservedly to General Woodford. The ability and the faithfulness which he has displayed in the conduct of so many different interests assure success for his present difficult mission.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY MARJORIE GREVILLE.
From a photograph by Walery, London.

A NEW FIGURE IN THE SENATE.

During the extra session of Congress, nothing gave the Senate so much amusement as the half dazed query of Senator Hoar, after an encounter with Senator Mason upon the perilous ground of the Cuban question. "Is this a circus?"

THE EARL OF WARWICK.
From a photograph by Walery, London.

asked the Massachusetts statesman, in apparent despair.

Every one who knew Mr. Mason as a Representative was prepared to see him shock the conservative traditions of the Senate; and no one was disappointed. Respect for the precedents of that dignified body could not bind the frank, fluent, humorous, incisive tongue of the Chicagoan. He is still "Billy" Mason, free and easy in speech and ways, hard working, shrewd and full of common sense, loyal to his friends, and one of the best story tellers in Washington. He is always ready to walk a mile to oblige a man who voted for him, and in campaign times his party finds him an indefatigable and very effective stump speaker.

Mr. Mason makes plenty of "copy" for the Washington correspondents. He is always doing original things. One day he promises a constituent, out of his own pocket, the amount of the petty salary for which the man is an applicant,

EDWARD ATKINSON, THE STATISTICIAN AND ECONOMIST.

From a photograph by Purdy, Boston.

on condition that he will cease his importunities and go home. Another day, addressed by a stranger in the President's anteroom—he is a daily visitor at the White House—he seizes a letter of introduction, supposing it to be an application for office, indorses it, hurries the astonished owner through Mr. McKinley's office, and leaves the paper on file there, before there is time to explain the misapprehension.

The Illinois Senator is a New Yorker by birth. Like many other successful men, he got his legal education while teaching a country school; then he went West, began to practise in Des Moines, and removed thence to Chicago, where he has lived for the last twenty five years, and where he made his way up from local politics to national celebrity. Promotion in public life has not made him proud—a fact which he seeks to emphasize, perhaps, by his custom of wearing the unconventional combination of a silk hat and a short coat.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES THE SECOND.

The biographers of the delightful old autocrat of the breakfast table, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, tell us that he devoted a year to the study of law and then gave it up for medicine. In this respect his son, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., succeeded where his father failed, for he has now reached the highest court in Massachusetts as an associate justice, and is regarded as one of the foremost jurists in the Bay State. He is a much larger man, physically, than his father, but has the same charm of manner among his friends, and is one of the most dignified justices on the bench. A recent address which he delivered before the Boston University Law School, advocating the divorcement of law and morals, attracted much attention in the legal profession. Although this idea is not an entirely new one with Justice Holmes, the lawyers of Boston say that it has never before been so elaborately developed or so boldly and vigorously expounded.

Judge Holmes has had an interesting career. He was just twenty when he graduated from Harvard in 1861, and immediately joined the 20th Massachusetts as a second lieutenant and went to the front. He was at Bull Run, where he was wounded, and before he was mustered out as a colonel of volunteers, at the close of the war, he had been wounded thrice. After the war he began his legal studies, and was a successful practitioner and legal author when Governor Long, now secretary of the navy, appointed him to the Massachusetts supreme court bench.

"LADY BROOKE" AND HER HUSBAND.

We are continually hearing and reading of the beautiful Countess of Warwick—who still is better known as "Lady Brooke," as she was styled before her husband succeeded to his father's earldom; of her wonderful taste in dress, of her business ventures and her social triumphs, and of the alleged enmity between her and the Princess of Wales; but of her husband little is said. Nevertheless, the fifth Earl of Warwick is a man of importance in England. He has figured respectably in politics, having been a member of the House of Commons for a dozen years before he inherited a seat in the Lords; and he has been public spirited enough to serve two terms as mayor of the little city of Warwick, which is close to his famous old home, Warwick Castle. Though he is not regarded as a very rich man, he owns a fine estate, and has a handsome London residence—Berwick House, near St. James' Palace—besides his country places. The countess, who was a Miss Maynard, brought him a considerable dowry.

It is well known that the earl is entirely devoted to his clever and beautiful wife; and in spite of some scandalous gossip to the contrary, their married life has been remarkably happy. With all her interest in society, the countess has always been fond of home life, and has spent a great deal of time with her three children, entering into their games like a young girl, and being often joined by her husband. The portrait on page 878 shows Lady Warwick and her only daughter, Lady Marjorie Greville.

A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

People who read magazines and newspapers—and who is there that does not?—have been instructed by Edward Atkinson

in the philosophy of things small and great, social and political, for more than a quarter of a century. Mr. Atkinson has probably given more good advice, written and oral, to his fellow citizens than any other living American.

You would recognize the man of figures in Mr. Atkinson almost instantly, if you should ever have occasion to go to him on an interrogative mission. Some people reckon their histories from the date of an earthquake or a great fire. The politician would probably chronicle a certain event as being after the nomination of Harrison, McKinley, or Cleveland. Not so with Mr. Atkinson. He remembers dates by figures, and never figures by dates. His days are figures. In them he exists.

Mr. Atkinson comes of an old family of Brookline, Massachusetts. In this beautiful and wealthy Boston suburb he was born, and still lives. Using a trite expression, one might say that Mr. Atkinson is a self made man; but he himself, quoting the late Francis Lieber, replies that "you might as well talk of a self laid egg." He belongs to innumerable scientific and sociological societies, American and foreign, including the famous Cobden Club of England, and several colleges have decorated him with honorary degrees. To the general public he is best known, perhaps, as the man who has presented so many curious and interesting figures in regard to the cheapest and easiest ways of cooking foods. And in these experiments Mr. Atkinson is consistent. He practises what he preaches. He wears the same clothes that he recommends the man of slender means to buy, and he eats the same food that he advises others to eat, after having cooked it himself just as he tells others to cook it.

Robert Treat Paine, the Boston millionaire philanthropist, whose features and good deeds are well known through MUNSEY'S, had an exciting and memorable railroad ride not long ago. It was a race with death. While in Washington, Mr. Paine received a telegram stating that his wife was dying at her Boston home. He immediately ordered a special train from Washington to Jersey City, over the Pennsylvania road. At 8:37 that night his train, consisting of a parlor car and an engine, left the capital. Mr. Paine offered to pay $2 a minute for every minute the train saved from schedule time, besides a handsome sum of money to the engineer; but owing to unforeseen obstacles the special did not break the record. Jersey City was reached shortly after one o'clock. A special ferryboat carried him across to the New York side, and a cab in waiting took him to the Grand Central station at break neck speed. Another special train over the New Haven line left New York Grand Central at 2:28 A. M., reaching the Hub a little after eight. A carriage galloped Mr. Paine to his residence on Beacon Hill, but grim death had outstripped him. Mrs. Paine had been dead but a few minutes when her husband arrived at her bedside.

* * * *

Six New York bank presidents are in a list of bicycle devotees recently given by a daily newspaper, among them being J. Edward Simmons, president of the Clearing House Association. Sugar and oil, too, share the amusements of banking; John D. Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil Company, and his brother, William Rockefeller, are wheelmen, and so are H. O. Havemeyer and John E. Searles, president and treasurer of the celebrated American Sugar Refining Company. Mr. Havemeyer is quite an expert, and though by no means a young man, he has ridden in to New York from his summer home at Stamford—a distance of nearly forty miles, over roads which are in many places rough and hilly.

* * * *

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia, grand uncle of the present Czar, recently sat next to Rosa Bonheur at a dinner in Paris, and at dessert they shared a double almond. When they met again, the prince forgot to say, "Philopena," and the painter reminded him that he had rendered himself liable to a forfeit.

"What shall I send you?" he asked.

"Some pretty little animal that I can paint," said Mlle. Bonheur.

Some time later, when she had forgotten the incident, there arrived at her studio, with a note from the grand duke, three huge polar bears.

THE CHRISTIAN.*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

LI.

GLENFABA.

OH, my dear John Storm, is it coals of fire you are heaping on my head, or fire of brimstone? Your last letter with its torrents of enthusiasm came sweeping down on me like a flood. What work you are in the midst of! What a life! What a purpose! While I—I am lying here like an old slipper thrown up on the sea beach. Oh, the pity of 't, the pity of 't! It must be glorious to be in the rush and swirl of all this splendid effort, whatever comes of it! One's soul is thrilled, one's heart expands! As for me, the garden of my mind is withering, and I am consuming the seed I ought to sow.

Rosa has come. She has been here a month, nearly, and is just charming, say what you will. Her thoughts have the dash of the great world, and I love to hear her talk. True, she troubles me sometimes, but that's only my envy and malice and all uncharitableness. When she tells of Betty this and Ellen that, and their wonderful triumphs and successes, I'm the meanest sinner that crawls.

It's funny to see how the old folk bear themselves towards her. Aunt Rachel regards her as a sort of an artist, and is clearly afraid that she will break out into madness in spots somewhere. Aunt Anna disapproves of her hair, which is brushed up like a man's, and of her skirt, which "would be no worse if it were less like a pair of breeches," for she has brought her "bike." She talks on dangerous subjects also, and nobody did such things in auntie's own young days. Then she addresses the old girlies as I do, and calls grandfather "Granddad," and like the witch of Endor generally, is possessed of a familiar spirit. Of course I give her various warning looks from time to time lest the fat should be in the fire, but she's a woman, bless her, and it's as true as ever it was that a woman can keep the secret she doesn't know.

Yes, the ideal of womanhood has changed since the old aunties were young, but when I listen to Rosa and then look over at Rachel with her black ringlets, and at Anna with her old fashioned "front," I shudder and ask myself, "Why do I struggle?" What is the reward if one gives up the fascination of life and the world? There is no reward. Nothing but solitary old maidism, unless two of you happen to be sisters, for who else will join her shame to yours? Dreams, dreams, only dreams of the dearest thing that ever comes into a woman's arms—and then you awake and there is no one there. A dame's school somewhere, when the old father is gone, but no children of your own to love you, nobody to think of you, scraping a little here, pinching a little there, growing older and smaller year by year, looking yellow and craned like an apple that has been kept on the top shelf too long, and then—the end!

Oh, but I'm trying so hard, so very hard, to be "true to the higher self in me," because somebody says I must. What do you think I did last week? In my character of Lady Bountiful I gave an old folks' supper in the soup kitchen, understood to be in honor of my return. Roast beef and plum duff, not to speak of pipes and 'baccy, and forty old people of both sexes sitting down to "the do." After supper there was a concert, when Chalse (the fat old thief!) overflowed the "elber" chair, and alluded to me as "our beautiful donor," and lured me into singing "Mylecharaine," and leading the company, when we closed, with the doxology.

But "it was not myself at all, Molly dear, 'twas my shadow on the wall," and in any case man can't live by soup kitchens alone—or woman either. And knowing what a poor, weak, vain woman I am at the best, I ask myself sometimes would it not be a thousand times better if I yielded to my true nature instead of struggling to realize a bloodless ideal that is not in me in the least, but only my picture in the heart of some one who thinks me so much better than I am?

Not that anybody ever sees what a hypocrite I can be, though I came near to letting the cat out of the bag as lately as last night. You must know that when I returned my back on London, at

Copyright, 1897, by Hall Caine.—This story began in the November, 1896, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

the command of John Knox the second, I brought all my beautiful dresses along with me, except such of them as were left at the theater. Yet I daren't lay them out in the drawers, so I kept them under lock and key in my boxes. There they lurked like evil spirits in ambush, and as often as their perfume escaped into the room my eyes watered for another sight of them! But in spite of all temptation I resisted, I conquered, I triumphed—until last night when Rosa talked of *Juliet*, what a glorious creature she was, and how there was nobody on the stage who could look her and play her too!

What do you think I did? Shall I tell you? Yes, I will. I crept up stairs to my quiet little room, tugged the box from its hiding place unde the bed, drew out my dresses—my lovely, lovely brocades—and put them on! Then I spoke the potion speech, beginning in a whisper, but getting louder as I went on, and always looking at myself in the glass. I had blown out the candle, and there was no light in the room but the moon that was shining on my face, but I was glowing, my very soul was afire, and when I came to the end I drew myself up and said, "*I—I* am *Juliet*, for I am a great actress!"

Oh, oh, oh! I could scream with laughter to think of what happened next! Suddenly I became aware of somebody knocking at my door (I had locked it) and of a thin voice outside saying fretfully, "Glory, what ever is it? Aren't you well, Glory?" It was the little auntie; and thinking what a shock she would have if I opened the door and she came upon this grand Italian lady instead of poor little me, I had to laugh and to make excuses while I smuggled off my gorgeous things and got back into my plain ones!

It was a narrow squeak; but I had a narrower one some days before. Poor grandfather! He regards Rosa as belonging to a superior race, and loves to ask her what she thinks of Glory. He has grown quite simple lately, and as soon as he thinks my back is turned he is always saying, "And what is your opinion of my granddaughter, Miss Macquarrie?" To which she answers, "Glory is going to make your name immortal, Mr. Quayle." Then his eyes sparkle and he says, "Do you think so?—do you really think so?" Whereupon she talks further balderdash, and the dear old darling smiles a triumphant smile!

But I always notice that not long afterwards his eyes look wet and his head hangs low, and he is saying to the aunties, with a crack in his voice, "She'll go away again. You'll see she will. Her beauty and her talents belong to the world." And then I burst in on them and scold them, and tell them not to talk nonsense.

Nevertheless he is beginning to regard Rosa with suspicion, as if she were a witch luring me away, and one evening last week we had to steal into the garden to talk that we might escape from his watchful eyes. The sun had set—there was the red glow behind the castle across the sky and the sea, and we were walking on the low path by the river under the fuchsia hedge that hangs over from the lawn, you know. Rosa was talking with her impetuous dash of the great career open to any one who could win the world in London, how there were people enough to help her on, rich men to find her opportunities, and even to take theaters for her if need be. And I was hesitating and halting and stammering, "Yes, yes, if it were the *regular* stage—who knows? Perhaps it might not be open to the same objections," when suddenly the leaves of the fuchsia rustled as with a gust of wind, and we heard footsteps on the path above.

It was the grandfather, who had come out on Rachel's arm and overheard what I had said! "It's Glory!" he faltered, and then I heard him take his snuff and blow his nose as if to cover his confusion, thinking I was deceiving them and carrying on a secret intercourse. I hardly know what happened next, except that for the five minutes following the "great actress" had to talk with the tongues of men and angels (Beelzebub's) in order to throw dust in the dear old eyes and drive away their doubts. It was a magnificent performance, you go bail. I'll never do the like of it again, though I had only one old man and one old maid and one young woman for audience. The house rose at me too, and the poor old grandfather was appeased. But when we were back indoors I overheard him saying, "After all, there's no help for it. She's dull with us—what wonder! We can't cage our linnet, Rachel, and perhaps we shouldn't try. A song bird came to cheer us, but it will fly away. We are only old folks, dear—it's no use crying." And on going to his room that night he closed his door and said his prayers in a whisper, that I might not hear him when he sobbed.

He hasn't left his bed since. I fear he never will. More than once I have been on the point of telling him there is no reason to think the deluge would come if I *did* go back to London; but I will never leave him now. Yet I wish Aunt Rachel wouldn't talk so much of the days when I went away before. It seems that every night, on his way to his own room, he used to step into my empty one and come out with his eyes dim and his lips moving. I am not naturally hard hearted, but I can't love grandfather like that. Oh, the cruelty of life! I know it ought to be the other way about; but I can't help it.

All the same, I could cry to think how short life is, and how little of it I can spare. "Cling fast to me and hold me," my heart is always saying, but meantime London is calling to me, calling to me, like the sea, and I feel as if I were a wandering mermaid and she were my ocean home.

Later.—Poor, poor grandfather! I was interrupted in the writing of my letter this morning by another of those sudden alarms. He had fainted again, and it is extraordinary how helpless the aunties are in a case of illness. Grandfather knows it, too; and after I had done all I could to bring him round, he opened his eyes and whispered that he had something to say to me alone. At that the poor old things left the room with tears of woe and a look of understanding. Then, fetching a difficult breath, he said, "*You* are not afraid, Glory, are you?" and I answered him "No," though my heart was trembling. And then a feeble smile struggled through the wan features of his drawn face, and

he told me his attack was only another summons. "I'll soon die for good," he said, "and you must be strong and brave, my child, for death is the common lot, and then what is there to fear?" I didn't try to contradict him—what was the good of doing that? And after he had spoken of the coming time he talked quietly of his past life, how he had weathered the storm for seventy odd years, and his Almighty Father was bringing him into harbor at last. "I can't pray for life any longer, Glory. Many a time I did so in the old days when I had to bring up my little granddaughter, but my task is over now, and after the day is done where is the tired laborer who does not lie down to his rest with a will?"

The doctor has been and gone. There is no ailment, and nothing to be done or hoped. It is only a general failure and a sinking earthwards of the poor, worn out body, as the soul rises to the heaven waiting to receive it. What a pagan I feel beside him! And how glad I am that I didn't talk of leaving him again when he was on the eve of his far longer journey! I have sent the aunties to bed, but Rosa has made me promise to waken her at four that she may take her turn at his bedside.

Next morning.—Rosa relieved me during the night, and I came to my room and lay down in the chillness of the dawn. But now I am sorry that I allowed her to do so, for I did not sleep, and grandfather appears to have been troubled with dreams. I fancied he shuddered a little as I left them together, and more than once through the wall I heard him cry, "Bring him back," in the toneless voice of one who is laboring under the terrors of a nightmare. But each time I heard Rosa comforting him, so I lay down again without going in.

Being stronger this morning, he has been propped up in bed writing a letter. When he called for the pens and paper I asked if I couldn't write it for him, but the old darling made a great mystery of the matter, and looked artful, and asked if it was usual to fight your enemy with his own powder and shot. Of course I humored him, and pretended to be mighty curious, though I think I know who the letter was written to, all the same that he kept the address side of the envelope hidden even when the back of it was being sealed. He sealed it with sealing wax, and I held the candle while he did so, with his poor, trembling fingers in danger from the light, and then I stamped it with my mother's pearl ring, and he smuggled it under the pillow.

Since breakfast he has shown an increased inclination to doze, but there have been visits from the wardens and from neighboring parsons, for his *locum tenens* has had to be appointed. Of course they have all inquired where his pain is, and on being told that he has none, they have gone down stairs, cackling and clucking and crowing in various versions of "Praise God for that!" I hate people who are always singing the doxology.

Noon.—Condition unchanged, except that in the intervals of drowsiness his mind has wandered a little. It appears to live in the past. Looking at me with conscious eyes, he calls me "Lancelot"—my father's name. It has been so all morning. One would think he was walking in a twilight land where he mistakes people's faces and the dead are as much alive as the living.

They all think I am brave, oh, so brave, because I do not cry now, as everybody else does—even Aunt Anna behind her apron—although my tears can flow so easily, and at other times I keep them constantly on tap. But I am really afraid, and down at the bottom of my heart I am terrified. It is just as if *something* were coming into the house slowly, irresistibly, awfully, and casting its shadow on the floor already.

I have found out the cause of his outcries in the night. Aunt Rachel says he was dreaming of my father's departure for Africa. That was twenty two years ago, but it seems that the memory of the last day has troubled him a good deal lately. "Don't you remember it?" he has been saying. "There were no railways in the island then, and we stood at the gate to watch the coach that was taking him away. He sat on the top and waved his red handkerchief. And when he had gone, and it was no use watching, we turned back to the house—you and Anna and poor, pretty young Elise with the baby. He never came back, and when Glory goes again she'll never come back either."

In the intervals of his semi consciousness, when he mistakes me for my father, my wonderful bravery often fails me, and I find excuses for going out of the room. Then I creep noiselessly through the house and listen at half open doors. Just now I heard him talking quite rationally to Rachel, but in a voice that seemed to speak inwardly, not outwardly, as before. "She can't help it, poor child," he said. "Some day she'll know what it is, but not yet, not until she has a child of her own. The race looks forward, not backward. God knew when he created us that the world couldn't go on without that bit of cruelty, and who am I that I should complain?"

I couldn't bear it any longer, and with a pain at my heart I ran in and cried, "I'll never leave you, grandfather." But he only smiled and said, "I'll not be keeping you long, Glory, I'll not be keeping you long." I could have died of shame.

Evening.—All afternoon he has been like a child, and everything present to his consciousness seems to have been reversed. The shadow of eternity appears to have wiped out time. When I have raised him up in bed he has delighted to think he was a little boy in his young mother's arms. Oh, sweet dream! The old man with his furrowed forehead and beautiful white head and all the heavy years rolled back! More than once he has asked me if he may play till bed time, and I have stroked his wrinkled hands and told him "Yes," for I pretend to be his mother, who died when she was old.

But the "part" is almost too much for me, and lest I should break down under the strain of it, I am going out of his room constantly. I have just been into his study. It is as full as ever of its squeezes and rubbings and plaster casts and dusty old runes. He has spent all his life away back in the tenth century, and now he is going farther, farther.

Oh, I'm aweary, aweary! If anything happens to grandfather I shall soon leave this place; there will be nothing to hold me here any longer, and besides I could not bear the sight of these evidences of his gentle presence, so simple, so touching. But what a vain thing London is with all its vast ado—how little, how pitiful!

Later.—It is all over. The scene has shut up, and I am not crying. If I did cry it would not be from grief, but because the end was so beautiful, so glorious! It was at sunset, and the streamers of the sun were coming horizontally into the room. He awoke from a long drowsiness, and a serenity almost angelic overspread his face. I could see that he was himself once again. Death had led him back through the long years since he was a child, and he knew he was an old man and I was a young woman. "Have the boats gone yet?" he asked, meaning the herring boats that go at sunset. I looked out and told him they were at the point of going. "Let me see them sail," he said, so I slipped my arms about him and raised him until he was sitting up and could see down the length of the harbor and past the castle to the sea. The reflection of the sunlight was about his silvery old head, and over the damps and chills of death it made a radiance on his face that was like a light from heaven. There was hardly a breeze, and the boats were dropping down from their berths with their brown sails half set. "Ah," he said, "it's the *other* way with me, Glory. I'm coming in, not going out. I've been beating to windward all my life, but I see the harbor on my lee bow at last as plainly as I ever saw Peel, and now I'm only waiting for the top of the tide and the master of the port to run up the flag!"

Then his head fell gently back on my arm and his lips changed color, but his eyes did not close, and over his saintly face there passed a fleeting smile. Thus died a Christian gentleman—a simply, sunny, merry, happy, child-like creature, and of such are the kingdom of heaven.

GLORY.

Parson Quayle's Letter.

DEAR JOHN—Before this letter reaches you, or perhaps along with it, you will receive the news that tells you what it is. I am "in," John; I can say no more than that. The doctor tells me it may be now or then or at any time. But I am looking for my enlargement soon, and whether it comes tomorrow sunset or with today's next tide, I leave myself in His hands, in whose hands we all are. Well has the wise man said, "The day of death is better than the day of our birth," so with all good will, and what legacy of strength old age has left to me, I send you my last word and message.

My poor old daughters are sorely stricken, but Glory is still brave and true, being, as she always was, a quivering bow of steel. People tell me that the poor mother is strong in the girl, and the spirit of the mother's race; but well I know the father's stalwart soul supports her; and I pray God that when my dark hour comes her loving and courageous arms may be around me.

That brings me to the object of my letter. This living will soon be vacant, and I am wondering who will follow in my feeble steps. It is a sweet spot, John! The old church does not look so ill when the sun shines on it, and in the summer time this old garden is full of fruit and flowers. Did I ever tell you that Glory was born here? I never had another grandchild, and we were great comrades from the first. She was a wise and winsome little thing, and I was only an old child myself, so we had many a run and romp in these grounds together. When I try to think of the place without her it is a vain effort and a painful one; and even while she was away in your great and wicked Babylon, with its dangers and temptations, her little ghost seemed to lurk at the back of every bush and tree, and sometimes it would leap out on me and laugh.

It is months since I saw your father, but they tell me he has lately burnt his papers, making one vast bonfire of the gatherings of twenty years. That is not such ill news either; and maybe, now the great ado that worked such woe is put by and gone, he would rejoice to see you back at home, and open his hungering arms to you.

But my eyes ache and my pen is shaking. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell! An old man leaves you his blessing, John. God grant that in His own good time we may meet in a blessed paradise, rejoicing in His gracious mercy, and all our sins forgiven!

ADAM QUAYLE.

LII.

GLORY'S letter and its inclosure fell on John Storm like rain in the face of a man on horseback—he only whipped up and went faster.

How can I find words to express what I feel at your mournful news? Yet why mournful? His life's mission was fulfilled, his death was a peaceful victory, and we ought to rejoice that he was so easily released. I trust you will not mourn too heavily for him, or allow his death to stop your life. It would not be right. No trouble came near his stainless heart, no shadow of sin; his old age was a peaceful day which lasted until sunset. He was a creature that had no falsetto in a single fiber of his being, no shadow of affectation. He kept like this through all our complicated existence in this artificial world, absolutely unconscious of the hollowness and pretension and sham that surrounded him—tolerant, too, and kind to all. Then why mourn for him? He is gathered in—he is safe.

His letter was touching in its artful simplicity. It was intended to ask me to apply for his living. But my duty is here, and London must make the best of me. Yet more than ever now I feel my responsibility with regard to yourself. The time is not ripe to advise you. I am on the eve of a great effort. Many things have to be tried, many things attempted. It is a gathering of manna—a little every day. To God's keeping and protection, meantime, I commit you. Comfort your aunts, and let me know if there is anything that can be done for them.

The ink of this letter was hardly dry

when John Storm was in the middle of something else. He was in a continual fever now. Above all his great scheme for the rescue and redemption of women and children possessed him. He called it Glory's scheme when he talked of it to himself. It might be in the teeth of nineteenth century morality, but what matter about that? It was on the lines of Christ's teaching when He forgave the woman and shamed the hypocrites. He would borrow for it, beg for it, and there might be conditions under which he would steal for it too.

Mrs. Callender shook her head.

"I much misdoubt there'll be scandal, laddie. It's a woman's work, I'm thinking."

"'Be thou as chaste as ice,' auntie, 'as pure as snow'—but no matter! I intend to call out the full power of a united church into the warfare against this high wickedness. Talk of the union of Christendom! If we are in earnest about it we'll unite to protect and liberate our women."

"But where's the siller to come frae, laddie?"

"Anywhere — everywhere! I have a bank I can always draw on, auntie."

"You're no meaning the prime minister again, surely?"

"I mean the King. God will provide for me, as in this, so in everything."

Thus his reckless enthusiasm bore down everything, and at the back of all his thoughts was the thought of Glory. He was preparing a way for her; she was coming back to a great career, a glorious mission; her bright soul would shine like a star; she would see that he had been right, and faithful, and then—then—— But it was like wine coursing through his veins—he could not think of it.

Three thousand pounds had to be found to buy or build homes with, and he set out to beg for the money. His first call was at Mrs. Mackray's. Going up to the house he met the lady's poodle in a fawn colored wrap coming out in charge of a footman for its daily walk round the square.

He gave the name of "Father Storm," and after some minutes of waiting he was told that the lady had a headache and was not receiving that day.

"Say the nephew of the prime minister wishes to see her," said John.

Before the footman had returned again there was the gentle rustle of a dress on the stairs, and the lady herself was saying, "Dear Mr. Storm, come up. My servants are real tiresome, they are always confusing names."

Before they were seated in the drawing room Mrs. Mackray had plunged into an account of her anxieties as a mistress; what care she took in the selection of strictly evangelical church people, yet how hard it was to trust the certificates which she always required of a thorough change of heart, and how often she had been deceived!

Time had told on her; she was looking elderely, and the wrinkles about her eyes could no longer be smoothed out. But her "front" was curled, and she was still saturated in eau de cologne.

"I heard of your return, dear Mr. Storm," she said in the languid voice of the great lady, but with the accent of St. Louis. "My daughter told me about it. She was always interested in your work, you know. Oh, yes, quite well, and having a real good time in Paris. Of course you know she has been married. A great blow to me, naturally, but being God's will, I felt it was my duty as a mother——" and then a pathetic description of her maternal sentiments, consoled by the circumstance that her son in law belonged to "one of the best families," and that she was constantly getting newspapers from "the other side" containing full accounts of the wedding and of the dresses that were worn at it.

John twirled his hat in his hand and listened.

"And what are you dear devoted people doing down there in Soho?"

Then John told of his work for working girls, and the great lady pretended to be deeply interested.

"Why, they'll soon be better than the upper classes," she said.

John thought it was not improbable, but he went on to tell of his scheme, and how small was the sum required for its execution.

"Only three thousand! That ought to be easily fixed up. Why, certainly!"

"Charity is the salt of riches, madam,

and if rich people would remember that their wealth is a trust——"

"I do—I always do. 'Lay not up for yourselves treasure on earth'—what a beautiful text *that* is!"

"I'm glad to hear you say so, madam," said John; "so many Christian people allow that God is the God of the widow and fatherless, while the gods they really worship are the gods of silver and gold."

"But I love the dear children, and I like to go to the institution to see them in their nice white pinafores making their courtesies. But what you say is real true, Mr. Storm; and since I came from St. Louis I've seen people who are that silly about cats——" and then a long story of the folly of a lady friend who had once had a pet Persian, and it died, and she wore crape for it, and you could never mention a cat in her hearing afterwards.

At that moment the poodle came back from his walk, and the lady called it to her, fondled it affectionately, said it was a present from her poor dear husband, and launched into an account of her anxieties respecting it, being delicate and liable to colds, notwithstanding the trousseau (it was a lady poodle) which the fashionable dog tailor in Regent Street had provided for it.

John got up to take his leave.

"May I, then, count on your kind support on behalf of our poor women and children of Soho?"

"Ah, of course, that matter—well, you see," as she gave him two fingers, "the archdeacon kindly comes to talk 'City' with me—in fact, I'm expecting him today—and I never do anything without asking his advice, never, in my present state of health—I have a weak heart, you know," with her head aside and her saturated pocket handkerchief at her nose. "But has the prime minister done anything?"

"He has advanced me two thousand pounds."

"Really?" rising and kicking back her train. "Well, as I say, we ought to fix it right away. Why not hold a meeting in my drawing room? All denominations, you say? I don't mind—not in a cause like that;" and she glanced round her room as if thinking it was always possible to disinfect it afterwards.

Somebody was coughing loudly in the hall as John stepped down stairs. It was the archdeacon coming in. "Ah," he exclaimed with a flourish of the hand, greeting John as if they had parted yesterday and on the best of terms. Yes, there *had* been changes, and he was promoted to a sphere of higher usefulness. True, his good friends had looked for something still higher, but it was the premier archdeaconry, at all events, and in the church, as in life generally, the spirit of compromise ruled everything. He asked what John was doing, and on being told he said with a somewhat more worldly air, "Be careful, my dear Storm, don't encourage vice. For my part I am tired of the fallen sister. To tell you the truth, I deny the name. The painted Jezebel of the Piccadilly pavement is no sister of mine."

"We don't choose our relations, archdeacon," said John. "If God is our Father, then all men are our brothers, and all women are our sisters."

"Ah, the same man still, I see. But we will not quarrel about words. Seen the dear first lord lately? Not *very* lately? Ah, well"—with a superior smile—"the air of Downing Street—it's *so* bad for the memory, they say;" and coughing loudly again he stepped up stairs.

John Storm went home that day light handed but with a heavy heart.

"Begging is an ill trade on a fast day, laddie," said Mrs. Callender. "Sit you down and tak' some dinner."

"How dare these people pray, 'Our Father which art in heaven'? It's blasphemy! It's deceit!"

"Aye, and they would deceive God about their dividends if He couldn't see into their safes."

"Their money is the meanest thing heaven gives them. If I asked them for their health or their happiness, Lord God, what would they say?"

On the Sunday night following John Storm preached to an overflowing congregation from the text, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."

But a few weeks afterwards his face was bright and his voice was cheery, and he was writing another letter to Glory:

In full swing at last, Glory. To carry out my new idea I had to get three thousand pounds more of my mother's money from my uncle. He gave it up cheerfully, only saying he was curious to see what approach to the Christian ideal the situation of civilization permitted. But Mrs. Callender is *dour*, and every time I spend sixpence of my own money on the church she utters withering sarcasms about being only a "daft auld woman herself," and then I have to caress and coax her.

The newspapers were facetious about my "Baby Houses" until they scented the prime minister at the back of them, and now they call them the "Storm Shelters," and christen my nightly processions "The White Cross Army." Even the archdeacon has begun to tell the world how he "took an interest" in me from the first and gave me my title. I met him again the other day at a rich woman's house, where we had only one little spar, and yesterday he wrote urging me to "organize my great effort," and have a public dinner in honor of its inauguration. I did not think God's work could be well done by people dining in herds and drinking bottles of champagne, but I showed no malice. In fact, I agreed to hold a meeting in the lady's drawing room, to which clergymen, laymen, and members of all denominations are being invited, for this is a cause that rises above all differences of dogma, and I intend to try what can be done towards a union of Christendom on a social basis. Mrs. Callender is *dour* on that subject too, reminding me that where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together. The archdeacon thinks we must have the meeting before the 12th of August, or not until after the middle of September, and Mrs. Callender understands this to mean that the Holy Ghost always goes to sleep in the grouse season.

Meantime my Girls' Club goes like a forest fire. We are in our renovated clergy house at last, and have everything comfortable. Two hundred members already, chiefly dressmakers and tailors, and girls out of the jam and match factories. The bright, merry young things, rejoicing in their brief blossoming time between girlhood and womanhood, I love to be among them and to look at their glistening eyes! Mrs. Callender blows withering blasts on this head also, saying it is no place for a "laddie," whereupon I lie low and think much but say nothing.

Our great night is Sunday night, after service. Yes, indeed, Sunday! That's just when the devil's houses are all open round about us, and why should God's house be shut up? It is all very well for the people who have only one Sabbath in the week to keep it wholly holy—I have seven, being a follower of Jesus, not of Moses. But the rector of the parish has begun to complain of my "intrusion," and to tell the bishop I ought to be "mended or ended" immediately. It seems that my "doings" are "indecent and unnecessary," and my sermons are a "violation of all sanctities, all the modesties of existence." Poor dumb dog, teaching the gospel of Don't! The world has never been reformed by "resignation" to the evils of life, or converted by "silence" either.

How I wish you were here in the midst of it all! And—who knows?—perhaps you will be some day yet. Do not trouble to answer this—I will write again soon. *Au revoir!*

LIII.

On the day of the drawing room meeting, a large company gathered in the hall at Belgrave Square. Mercy Mackray, now Lady Robert Ure, back from the honeymoon, received the guests for her mother, whose weak heart and a headache kept her up stairs. Her husband stood aside, chewing the end of his mustache and looking through his eyeglass with a gleam of amused interest in his glittering eye. There were many ladies, all fashionably dressed, and one of them wore a seagull's wing in her hat, with part of the root left visible and painted red to show that it had been torn out of the living bird. The men were nearly all clergymen, and the cut of their cloth and the fashions of their ties indicated the various complexions of their creeds. They glanced at one another with looks of embarrassment, and Mrs. Callender, who came in like a breeze off a Scottish moor, said audibly that she had never seen "sae many crows on one tree before." The archdeacon was there with his head up, talking loudly to Lady Robert. She stood motionless in her place, never turning her eyes towards John Storm, though it was plain that she was looking at him constantly. More than once he caught an expression of pain in her face, and felt pity for her as one of the brides who had acted the lie of marrying without love. But his spirits were high. He welcomed everybody, and even bantered Mrs. Callender when she told him she "objected to the hale thing," and said, "Weel, weel, bide ye a wee."

The archdeacon gave the signal and led the way with Lady Robert to the drawing room, where Mrs. Mackray, redolent of perfume, was reclining on a sofa with the "lady poodle" by her side. As soon as the company were seated the archdeacon rose and coughed loudly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we have no assurance of a blessing except 'Ask and ye shall receive.' Therefore, before we go farther, it is our duty, as brethren of a common family in Christ,

to ask the blessing of Almighty God on this enterprise."

There was a subdued rustle of drooping hats and bonnets, when suddenly a thin voice was heard to say, "Mr. Archdeacon, may I inquire first who is to ask the blessing?"

"I thought of doing so myself," said the archdeacon, with a lofty smile.

"In that case, as a Unitarian, I must object to an invocation in which I do not believe."

"Well, if the name of our Lord is a stumbling block to our Unitarian brother, no doubt the prayer in this instance would be acceptable without the customary Christian benediction."

"That's just like you," said a large man near the door, with whiskers all round his face. "You've been trimming and compromising all your life, and now you are going to trim away the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"If our Low Church brother thinks he can do better, I shall be happy to resign in his favor," said the archdeacon.

"But, sir," said another voice, "I object to both of you. Being a Catholic priest, and therefore the only clergyman present whose ordination is valid, I decline to sit here and be superseded in the sacred office by any layman."

There was a half suppressed titter from the wall at the back, where Lord Robert Ure was standing with his face screwed up to his eyeglass. But the Unitarian had risen again. "May I," he said suavely, "as the first cause of this unhappy difference, pour oil on the troubled waters? I propose that the archdeacon be requested to repeat the Lord's Prayer—I think that will be unobjectionable to the representatives of all Christian denominations."

A murmur of relief was passing over the company, when a bushy bearded man rose and said, "As an agnostic I must object to the Lord's Prayer, the very first clause of it being beyond all possibility of human knowledge."

Then there was blank dismay, and Lord Robert's face seemed to be cracking under his mustache from ear to ear.

John Storm had looked icy cold, though the twitching of his lower lip showed that he was red hot within.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in a quavering voice, "I apologize for bringing you together. I thought if we were in earnest about the union of Christendom, we might at least unite in the real contest with evil. But I find it is a dream; we have only been trifling with ourselves, and there is not one of us who wants the union of Christendom, except on the condition that his rod shall be like Aaron's rod, which swallowed up all the rest. It was a mistake, and I beg your pardon."

"Yes, sir," said the archdeacon, "it *was* a mistake; and if you had taken my advice from the first, and asked the blessing of God through good High Churchmen alone——"

"God doesn't wait for any asking," said John, now flushing up to the eyes. "He gives freely to High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, and No Churchmen alike."

"If that is your opinion, sir, you are no better than your friend the agnostic there, and for my part I will never darken your door again!"

"*Darken* is a good word for it, archdeacon," said John, and with that the company broke up.

Mrs. Mackray looked like a thunder cloud as John bowed to her on passing out, but Mrs. Callender cried in a jubilant voice, "Be captain of your own ship, laddie!" and added (being two yards behind the archdeacon's broad back going down the stairs), "If that deacon man is to be an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, there'll be a michty crush at the pearly gates, I'm thinking!"

John Storm went back to Soho with a heavy heart. Going up Victoria Street, he passed a crowd of ragged people who were plowing their way through the carriages. Two policemen were taking a man and a woman to the police court in Rochester Row. The prisoners were Reed, the keeper of the gambling house, and his wife, the baby farmer.

But within a week John Storm, in greater spirits than ever, was writing to Glory again:

The archdeacon has deserted me, but no matter! My uncle has advanced me another thousand of my mother's money, so the crusade is *self* supporting in one sense, at all events. You would be amused to see how the women of the West End are taking it up—Lady Robert Ure

among the rest! They have banded themselves into a sisterhood, and christened our clergy house a "settlement." One of my Greek owners came in the other evening to see the alterations. His eyes glistened at the change, and he asked leave to bring a friend. I trust you are well and settling things comfortably, and that Miss Macquarrie has gone. It is raining through a colander here, but I have no time to think of depressing weather. Sometimes when I cross our great squares, where the birds sing among the yellowing leaves, my mind goes off to your sweet home in the sunshine; and when I drop into the dark alleys and lanes, where the pale faced children play in their poverty and rags, I think of a day that is coming, and, God willing, is now so near, when a ministering angel of tenderness and strength will be passing through them like a gleam. But I am more than ever sure that you do well to avoid for the present the pompous joys of life in London, where for one happy being there are a thousand pretenders to happiness.

On the Sunday night following, Crook Lane, outside the clergy house, was almost blocked with noisy people of both sexes. They were a detachment of the "Skeletons," and the talk among them was of the trial of the Reeds, which had taken place the day before. "They've 'ed six months," said one; "and it's all along o' parsons," said another; and Charlie Wilkes, who had a certain reputation for humor, did a step dance and sang some doggerel beginning:

> Father Storm is a werry good man,
> 'E does you all the 'arm 'e can.

Through this crowd two gentlemen pushed their way to the clergy house, which was brilliantly lit up. One of them was the Greek owner, the other was Lord Robert Ure. Entering a large room on the ground floor, they first came upon John Storm, in cassock and biretta, standing at the door and shaking hands with everybody who came in and went out. He betrayed no surprise, but greeted them respectfully and then passed them on. Every moment of his time was occupied. The room was full of the young girls of the district, with here and there a sister out of another world entirely. Some were reading, some conversing, some laughing, some playing a piano, and some singing. Their voices filled the air like the chirping of birds, and their faces were bright and happy. "Good evening, father," they said on entering, and "Good night, father," as they went away.

The two men stood some minutes and looked round at the room. It was observed that Lord Robert did not remove his hat. He kept chewing the end of a decrepit cigarette, whereof the other end hung down his chin. One of the sisters heard him say, "It will do with a little alteration, I think." Then he went off alone, and the Greek owner stepped up to John Storm.

It was not at first that John could attend to him, and when he was able to do so he began to rattle on about his own affairs. "See," he said with a delighted smile and a wave of the arm, "see how crowded we are! We'll have to think of taking in the next door soon."

"Father Storm," said the Greek, "I have something serious to say, though the official notification will of course reach you by another channel."

John's face darkened as a ripe cornfield does when the sun dies away from it.

"I am sorry to tell you that the trustees, having had a favorable offer for this property——"

"Well?" His great staring eyes had stopped the man.

"Have decided to sell."

"*Sell?* Did you say sell? To whom? What?"

"To tell you the truth, to the syndicate of a music hall."

John staggered back, breathing audibly. "Now if a man had to believe that! Do you know, if I thought such a thing *could* happen——"

"I'm sorry you take the matter so seriously, Father Storm. It's true you've spent money on the property, but, believe me, the trustees will derive no profit——"

"Profit? Money? Do you suppose I'm thinking of that, and not of the desecration, the outrage, the horror? But who are they? Is that man, Lord——"

The Greek had nodded his head, and John flung open the door. "Out of this! Out of it, you Judas!" And almost before the Greek had crossed the threshold the door was banged at his back.

The incident had been observed, and there was dead silence in the club room, but John only cried, "Let's sing something, girls," and when a sister struck up his favorite "Nazareth" there was no voice so loud as his.

But he realized everything. "Gloria" was coming back, and the work of months was overthrown!

When he was going home, groups of the girls were talking in whispers in the hall, and Mrs. Pincher, who was wiping her eyes at the door, said, "I wonder you don't drown yourself, I do."

At the corner of the lane Mr. Jupe was waiting for him to beg his pardon and to ask his advice. What he had said of Mrs. Jupe had turned out to be true. The Reeds had "split" on her and she had been arrested. "It was all in the evenin' pipers last night," the weak creature whimpered, "and today my manager told me I 'ad best look out for another place. Oh, my poor Lidjer! What am I to do?"

"Do? Cut her off like a rotten limb!" said John scornfully, and with that he strode down the street. The human sea roared around him, and he felt as if he wanted to fling himself into the midst of it and be swallowed up. Poor champion of women, flung down and trodden on by the very woman in whose name he had worked!

On reaching Victoria Square he told Mrs. Callender the news—flung it out at her with a sort of triumphant shout. His church had been sold over his head, and being only "Chaplain to the Greek Turks," he was to be turned into the streets. Then he laughed wildly, and by some devilish impulse began to abuse Glory. "The next chaplain is to be a girl," he cried, "one of those creatures who live by their looks and throw kisses at gaping crowds and sweep courtesies for their dirty crusts."

But all at once he turned white as a ghost and sat down trembling. Mrs. Callender's face was twitching, and to prevent herself from crying she burst into scorching satire. "There!" she said, sitting in her rocking chair and rocking herself furiously, "I ken'd weel what it would come til! Adversity mak's a man wise, they say, if it doesna mak' him rich. But it's the prime minister I blame for this. The auld dolt! He must be fallen to his dotage. It's enough to mak' a reasonable body go out of her mind to think of sic wise asses. I told you what to expect, but you were always miscalling me for a suspicious auld woman. Oh, it's a thing ye'd no suspect; but Jane Callender is only a daft auld fool, ye see, and doesna ken what she's saying!"

But at the next moment she had jumped up and flung her arms about John's neck, and was crying over him like a girl. "Oh, my son! my ain son! And is it for me to fling out at ye! Ay, ay, it's a heartless world, laddie!"

He kissed the old woman, and then she tried to coax him to eat. "Come, come, a wee bitee, just a wee bitee. We must eat our supper, any way."

"God seems dead and heaven a long way off," he murmured.

"And a drap o' whisky will do no harm—a wee drapee."

"There's only one thing clear—God sees I'm unfit for the work, so He has taken it away from me."

She turned aside from the table, and the supper was left untouched.

The first post next morning brought a letter from Glory.

THE GARDEN HOUSE,
CLEMENT'S INN, W. C.

Forgive me! I have returned to town! I couldn't help it, I couldn't, I couldn't! London dragged me back. What was I to do after everything was settled and the aunties provided for?—assist in a dame's school and wage with pothooks and hangers? Oh! I was dying of weariness, dying, dying, dying!

And then they made me such tempting offers. Not the music hall—don't think that. I dare say you were quite right there. No, but the theater, the regular theater. Mr. Drake has bought some broken down old place, and is to turn it into a beautiful theater expressly for me. I am to play *Juliet*. Only think—*Juliet!*—and in your own theater! Already I feel like a liberated slave who has crossed her Red Sea.

And don't think a woman's mourning is like the Polonian laws, which last but three days. *He* is buried in my heart, not in the earth, and I shall love him and revere him always! And then didn't you tell me yourself it would not be right to allow his death to stop my life?

Write and say you forgive me, John. Reply by return, and make yourself your own postman—registered. You'll find me here at Rosa's. Come, come, come! I'll never forgive you if you don't come soon—never, never!

GLORY.

LIV.

A FORTNIGHT had passed, and John Storm had not yet visited Glory. He had heard of her from day to day by the medium of the newspapers. Every morning he had glanced down the black col-

umns for the name that stood out from them as if its letters had been printed in blood. The reports had been many and mysterious. First, the brilliant young artist, who had made such an extraordinary impression some months before, had returned to London and would shortly resume the promising career which had been interrupted by illness and family bereavement. Next, the forthcoming appearance would be on the regular stage, and in a Shaksperian character, which was always understood to be a crucial test of histrionic genius. Then, the revival of "Romeo and Juliet," which had formerly been in contemplation, would probably give way to the still more ambitious project of an entirely new production by a well known Scandinavian author, with a part peculiarly fitted to the personality and talents of the débutante. Finally, a syndicate was about to be formed for the purchase of some old property, with a view to its reconstruction as a theater, in the interests of the new play and the new player.

John Storm laughed bitterly. He told himself that Glory was unworthy of the least of his thoughts. It was his duty to go on with his work and think of her no more.

He had received his official notice to quit. The church was to be given up in a month, the clergy house in two months, and he believed himself to be immersed in preparations for the rehousing of the club and home. Twenty young mothers and their children now lived in the upper rooms, under obedience to the sisterhood, but Polly's boy had remained with Mrs. Pincher. From time to time he had seen the little one tethered to a chair by a scarf about its waist, creeping by the wall to the door, and there gazing out on the world with looks of intelligence, and babbling to it in various inarticulate noises. The little dark face had the eyes of its mother, but it represented Glory for all that. John Storm loved to see it. He felt that he could never part with it, and that if Lord Robert Ure himself came and asked for it he would bundle him out of doors.

"Boo loo! Lal la! Mum um!" As he passed up the lane he stopped at the pawnshop door and kissed the little lips as they prattled and curled, and then kissed them again as they drooped and fell, and something darkened the little existence.

But a carriage drew up at Mrs. Callender's one morning, and Lady Robert Ure stepped out. Her pale and patient face had the feeble and nervous smile of the humiliated and unloved.

"Mr. Storm," she said in her gentle voice, "I have come on a delicate errand. I cannot delay any longer a duty I ought to have discharged before."

It was about Polly's baby. She had heard of what had happened at the hospital; and the newspapers which had followed her to Paris, with reports of her wedding, had contained reports of the girl's death also. Since her return she had inquired about the child, and discovered that it had been rescued by him and was now in his careful keeping.

"But it is for me to look after it, Mr. Storm, and I beg of you to give it up to me. Something tells me that God will never give me any children of my own, so I shall be doing no harm to any one, and my husband need never know whose child it is I adopt. I promise you to be good to it. It shall never leave me. And if it should live to be a man, and grow to love me, that will help me to forget the past and to forgive myself for my own share in it. Oh, it is little I can do for the poor girl who is gone—for after all she loved him and I took him from her. But this is my duty, Mr. Storm, and I cannot sleep at night or rest in the day until it is begun."

"I don't know if it is your duty, dear lady, but if you wish for the child it is your right," said John Storm, and they got into the carriage and drove to Soho.

"Boo loo! Lal la! Mum um!" The child was tethered to the chair as usual and talking to the world according to its wont.

When it was gone, and the women on the doorsteps could see no more of the fine carriage of the great lady who had brought the odor of perfume and the rustle of silk into the dingy court, and Mrs. Pincher had turned back to the house with red eyes and her widow's cap awry, John Storm told himself that everything was for the best. The last link with

Glory was broken! Thank God for that! He might go on with his work now and need think of her no more!

That day he called at Clement's Inn. The Garden House was a pleasant dwelling, fronting on two of its sides to the garden of the ancient Inn of Court, and cozily furnished with many curtains and rugs. The cockney maid who answered the door was familiar in a moment, and during the short passage from the hall to the floor above she communicated many things. Her name was Liza; she had heard him preach; he had made her cry; "Miss Gloria" had known her former mistress, and Mr. Drake had got her the present place.

There was a sound of laughter from the drawing room. It was Glory's voice. When the door opened, she was standing in the middle of the floor in a black dress and with a pale face, but her eyes were bright and she was laughing merrily. She stopped when John Storm entered, and looked confused and ashamed. Drake, who was lounging on the couch, rose and bowed to him, and Miss Macquarrie, who was correcting long slips of printer's proofs at a desk by the window, came forward and welcomed him. Glory held his hand and looked steadfastly into his eyes. His face twitched and her own blushed deeply, and then she talked in a nervous and jerky way, reproaching him for his neglect of her.

"I have been busy," he began, and then stopped with a sense of hypocrisy. "I mean worried and tormented," and then stopped again, for Drake had dropped his head.

She laughed, though there was nothing to laugh at, and proposed tea, rattling along in broken sentences that were spoken with a tremulous trill, which had a suggestion of tears behind it. "Shall I ring for tea, Rosa? Oh, you *have* rung for tea! Ah, here it is! Thank you, Liza. Set it here"—seating herself.

At that moment there was another arrival. It was Lord Robert Ure. He kissed Rosa's hand, smiled on Glory, saluted Drake familiarly, and then settled himself on a low stool by the tea table, pulled up the knees of his trousers, relaxed the congested muscles of one half of his face, and let fall his eyeglass.

Drake was handing out the cups as Glory filled them. He was looking at her attentively, vexed at the change in her manner since John Storm entered. When he returned to his seat on the sofa he began to twitch the ear of her pug, which lay coiled up asleep beside him, calling it an ugly little pestilence, and wondering why she carried it about with her. Glory protested that it was an angel of a dog, whereupon he supposed it was now dreaming of paradise—listen!—and then there were audible snores in the silence, and everybody laughed, and Glory screamed.

"I declare on my honor, my dear," said Drake, with a mischievous look at John, "the creature is uglier than the beast that did the business on the day we eloped."

"Eloped!" cried Rosa and Lord Robert together.

"Why, did you never hear that Glory eloped with me?"

Glory was trying to drown his voice with hollow laughter.

"She was seven and I was six and a half, and she had proposed to me in the orchard the day before!"

"Anybody have more tea? No? Some sally lunn, perhaps?" and then more laughter.

"Hold your tongue, Glory! Nobody wants your tea! Let us hear the story," said Rosa.

"Why, yes, certainly," said Lord Robert, and everybody laughed again.

"She was all for travel and triumphal processions in those days——"

Glory stopped her ears and began to sing—

Willy, Willy Wilkin,
Kissed the maid a-milkin'!
Fa, la, la!

"Glory, if you don't be quiet we'll turn you out!" and Rosa got up and flourished her proofs.

But Glory had leaped to her feet and fled from the room. Drake had leaped up also, and now putting his back against the door, he raised his voice and went on with his story.

"Somebody saved us, though, and she lay in his arms and kissed him all the way home again."

Glory was strumming on the door and

singing to drown his voice. When the story was ended, and she was allowed to come back, she was panting and gasping with laughter, but there were tears in her eyes for all that, and Lord Robert was saying, with a sidelong look towards John Storm, "Really, this ought to be a scene in the new Sigurdsen, don't you know!"

John had retired within himself during this nonsense. He had been feeling an intense hatred of the two men, and was looking as gloomy as deep water. "All acting, sheer acting," he thought, and then he told himself that Glory was only worthy of his contempt. What could attract her in the society of such men? Only their wealth, their social station. Their intellectual and moral atmosphere must weary and revolt her.

Rosa had to go to her newspaper office, and Drake saw her to the door. John rose at the same time and Glory said, "Going already?" but she did not try to detain him. She would see him again; she had much to say to him. "I suppose you were surprised to hear that I had returned to London?" she said, looking up at his knitted brows.

He did not answer immediately, and Lord Robert, who was leaning against the chimney piece, said in his cold drawl, "Your friend ought to be happy that you have returned to London, seems to me, my dear, instead of wasting your life in that wilderness."

John drew himself up. His pride was wounded by the light tone of the man's familiarity. "It's not London I object to," he said; "that was inevitable, I dare say."

"What then?"

"The profession she has come back to follow."

"Why, what's amiss with the profession?" said Lord Robert, and Drake, who returned to the room at the moment, said, "Yes, what's amiss with it? Some of the best men in the world have belonged to it, I think."

"Tell me the name of one of them, since the world began, who ever lived an active Christian life?"

Lord Robert made a kink of laughter, and turning to the window, began to play a tune with his fingers tips on the glass. Drake struggled to keep a straight face, and answered, "It is not their rôle, sir."

"Very well, if that's too much to ask, tell me how many of them have done anything in real life, anything for the world, for humanity—anything whatever, I don't care what it is."

"You are unreasonable, sir," said Drake, "and such objections could as properly apply to the professions of the painter and the musician. These are the children of joy. Their first function is to amuse. And surely amusement has its place in real life, as you say."

"On the contrary," said John, following his own thought, for he had not listened, "how many of them have lived lives of reckless abandonment, self indulgence, and even scandalous license."

"Those are abuses that apply equally to other professions, sir. Even the church is not free from them. But in the view of reasonable beings one clergyman of evil life—nay, one hundred—would not make the profession of the clergy bad."

"A profession," said John, "which appeals above all to the senses, and lives on the emotions, and fosters jealousy, and vanity, and backbiting, and develops duplicity, and exists on lies, and does nothing to encourage self sacrifice or to help suffering humanity, is a bad profession and a sinful one!"

"If a profession is sinful," said Drake, "in degree as it appeals to the senses, and lives on the emotions, and develops duplicity, then the profession of the church is the most sinful in the world, for it offers the greatest temptations to lying, and produces the worst hypocrites and impostors!"

"That," said John, with eyes flashing and passion vibrating in his voice—"that, sir, is the great Liar's everlasting lie—and you know it!"

Glory was between them with uplifted hands. "Peace, peace! Blessed is the peacemaker! But tea! Will nobody take more tea? Oh, dear, oh, dear! Why can't we have tea over again?"

"I know what you mean, sir," said Drake. "You mean that I have brought Glory back to a life of danger and vanity, and sloth and sensuality. Very well. I deny your definition. But call it what

you will, I brought her back to the only life her talents are fit for, and if that's all——"

"Would you have done the same for your own sister?"

"But how dare you introduce my sister's name in this connection?"

"And how dare you resent it? What's good for one woman is good for another."

Glory was turning aside, and Drake was looking ashamed. "Of course—naturally—I meant," he faltered, "if a girl has to earn her living, whatever her talents, her genius—that is one thing. But the upper classes—I mean the leisured classes——"

"Damn the leisured classes, sir!" said John, and in the silence that followed the men looked round, but Glory was gone from the room.

Lord Robert, who had been whistling at the window, said to Drake in a cynical undertone, "The man is hipped and sore. He has lost his challenge, and we ought to make allowances for him, don't you know."

Drake tried to laugh. "I'm willing to make allowances," he said lightly; "but when a man talks to me as if—as if I meant to——" But the light tone broke down, and he faced round upon John and burst out passionately, "What right have you to talk to me like this? What is there in my character, in my life, that justifies it? What woman's honor have I betrayed? What have I done that is unworthy of the character of an English gentleman?"

John took a stride forward and came face to face and eye to eye with him. "What have you done?" he said. "You have used a woman as your decoy to win your challenge, as you say, and you have struck me in the face with the hand of the woman I love. That's what you've done, sir, and if it's worthy of the character of an English gentleman, then God help England!"

Drake put his hand to his head and his flushed face turned pale. But Lord Robert Ure stepped forward and said with a smile, "Well, and if you've lost your church so much the better. You are only an outsider in the ecclesiastical stud, any way. Who wants you? Your rector doesn't want you; your bishop doesn't want you. Nobody wants you, if you ask me."

"I don't ask you, Lord Robert," said John. "But there's somebody who does want me for all that. Shall I tell you who it is? It's the poor and helpless girl who has been deceived by the base and selfish man, and then left to fight the battle of life alone, or to die by suicide and go shuddering down to hell! That's who wants me, sir, and, God willing, I mean to stand by her."

"Damme, sir, if you mean *me*, let me tell you what *you* are," said Lord Robert, screwing up his eyeglass. "You"—shaking his head right and left—"you are a man who takes delicately nurtured ladies out of sheltered homes and sends them into holes and hovels in search of abandoned women and their misbegotten children! Why"—turning to Drake—"what do you think has happened? My wife has fallen under this gentleman's influence—the poor simpleton!—and not one hour before I left my house she brought home a child which he had given her to adopt. Think of it!—out of the shambles of Soho, and God knows whose brat and bastard!"

The words were hardly out of the man's mouth when John Storm had taken him by both shoulders. "God *does* know," he said, "and so do I. Shall I tell you whose child that is? Shall I? It's yours!" The man saw it coming and turned white as a ghost. "Yours! Your wife has taken up the burden of your sin and shame, for she's a good woman, and you are not fit to live on the earth she walks upon!"

He left the two men speechless, and went heavily down the stairs. Glory was waiting for him at the door. Her eyes were glistening after recent tears.

"You will come no more?" she said. She could read him like a book. "I can see that you intend to come no more."

He did not deny it, and after a moment she opened the door and he passed out with a look of utter weariness. Then she went back to her room and flung herself on the bed, face downwards.

The men in the drawing room were beginning to recover themselves. Lord Robert was humming a tune, Drake pacing to and fro.

"Buying up his church to make a theater for Glory was the very refinement of cruelty!" said Drake. "Good heavens! what possessed me?"

"Original sin, my dear boy!" said Lord Robert, with a curl of the lip.

"A bad plagiarism, you mean!" said Drake bitterly.

"Very well. If *I* helped you to do it, shall I help you to give it up? Withdraw the prospectus and return the deposits on shares—the dear archdeacon's among the rest."

Drake took up his hat and left the house. Lord Robert followed him presently. Then the drawing room was empty, and the hollow sound of sobbing came down to it from the bed room above.

Father Storm said prayers in church that night with a hard and absent heart. A terrible impulse of hate had taken hold of him. He hated Drake, he hated Glory, he hated himself most of all, and felt as if seven devils had taken possession of him, and he was a hypocrite, and might fall dead at the altar.

"But what a fate the Almighty has saved me from!" he thought. Glory would have been a drag on his work for life. He must forget her. She was only worthy of his contempt. Yet he could not help but remember how beautiful she had looked in her mourning dress, and with that pure pale face and its signs of suffering! Or how charming she had seemed to him even in the midst of all that deception! Or how she had held him as by a spell!

Going home he came upon a group of men in the Court. One of them planted himself full in front and said with an insolent swagger, "Me and my mites thinks there's too many parsons abart 'ere. What do you think, sir?"

"I think there are more gamblers and thieves, my lad," he answered, and at the next instant the man had struck him in the face. He closed with the ruffian, grappled him by the throat, and flung him on his back. One moment he held him there, writhing and gasping, then he said, "Get up, and get off, and let me see no more of you."

"No, sir, not this time," said a voice above his back. The crowd had melted away and a policeman stood beside them.

"I've been waiting for this one for weeks, father," he said, and he marched the man to jail.

It was Charlie Wilkes. At the trial of Mrs. Jupe that morning, Aggie, being a witness, had been required to mention his name. It was all in the evening papers, and he had been dismissed from his time keeping at the foundry.

LV.

A WEEK passed. Breakfast was over at Victoria Square, and John Storm was glancing over the pages of a weekly paper. "Listen!" he cried, and then read aloud in a light tone of mock bravery that broke down at length into a husky gurgle:

The sympathy which has lately been evoked by the announcement that a proprietary church in Soho has been sold for secular uses is creditable to public sentiment——

"Think of that, now!" interrupted Mrs. Callender.

—and no doubt the whole community will agree to hope that Father Storm will recover from the irritation natural to his eviction——

"Ay, we can all get over another body's disappointment, laddie."

But there is a danger that in this instance the altruism of the time may develop a sentimentality not entirely good for public morals——

"When the ox is down there are lots of butchers, ye ken!"

With the uses to which the fabric is to be converted, it is no part of our purpose to deal, farther than to warn the public not to lend an ear to the all too prurient purity of the amateur moralist; but considering the character of the work now carried on in Soho, no doubt with the best intentions——

"Ay, ay, it's easy to steal the goose and give the giblet in alms."

—it behooves us to consider if the community is not to be congratulated on its speedy and effectual ending. Father Storm is a young man of some talents and social position, but without any special experience or knowledge of the world; in fact, a weak, over sanguine, and rather foolish fanatic——

"Oh, yes, he's down; down with him!"

—and therefore it is monstrous that he should be allowed to subvert the order of social life or disturb the broad grounds of the reasonable and the practical——

"Never mind. High winds only blow on high hills, laddie!"

As for the "fallen sister" whom this silly person has taken under his special care, we confess to a feeling that too much sympathy has been wasted on her already. Her feet take hold of hell, her house is the way of the grave, going down to the chamber of death."

Mrs. Callender leaped to her feet. "That's the deacon; I ken the cloven hoof!"

John Storm had flung the paper away. "What a cowardly world it is!" he said. "But God wins in the end, and by God He shall!"

"Tut, man, don't tak' on like that. You can't climb the Alps on roller skates, you see! But as for the deacon, pooh! I'm no windy aboot your 'sisters' and 'settlements' and sic like, but if there had been society papers in the Lord's time, Simon the Pharisee would have been a namby pamby critic compared to some of them."

A moment afterwards she was looking out of the window and holding up both hands. "My gracious! It's himself! It's the prime minister!"

A gaunt old gentleman with a meager mustache, wearing a broad brimmed hat and unfashionable black clothes, was stepping up to the door.

"Yes, it's my uncle!" said John, and the old lady fled out of the room to change her cap.

"I have heard what has happened, John, so I have come to see you," said the prime minister. Was he thinking of the money? John felt uneasy and ashamed. "I'm sorry, my boy, very sorry!"

"Thank you, uncle."

"But it all comes, you see, of the ridiculous idea that we are a Christian nation! Such a thing couldn't have occurred at the shrine of a pagan god!"

"It was only a proprietary church, uncle. I was much to blame."

"I do not deny that you have acted unwisely, but what difference of principle does that make, my boy? None at all. To sell a church seems like the climax of irreverence; but they are doing as bad every day. If you want to see what times the church has fallen on, look at the advertisements in your religious papers—your *Church Patronage Gazettes*, and so forth. A traffic, John, a slave traffic, worse than anything in Africa, where they sell bodies, not souls!"

"It is a crime which cries to the avenging anger of heaven, sir," said John; "but it is the establishment that is to blame, not the church, uncle."

"We are a nation of money lenders, my boy, and the church is the worst usurer of them all, with its learned divines in scarlet hoods, who hold shares in music halls, and its fathers in God living at ease and leasing out public houses. *You* have been lending money on usury too, and on a bad security. What are you going to do now?"

"Go on with my work, uncle, and do two hours where I did one before."

"And get yourself kicked where you got yourself kicked before."

"Why not? If God puts ten pounds on a man, He gives him strength to bear twenty."

"John, John, I am feeling rather sore, and I can't bear much more of it. I'm growing old, and my life is rather lonely too. Except your father, you are my only kinsman now, and it seems as if our old family must die with you. But come, my boy, come, you are not a fool, though you may have behaved as such. Throw up all this sorry masquerade. Isn't there a woman in the world who can help me to persuade you? I don't care who she is, or what, or where she comes from."

John had colored to the eyes, and was stammering something about the true priest cut off from earthly marriage, therefore free to commit himself completely to his work, when Mrs. Callender came back, spruce and smart, with many smiles and courtesies. The prime minister greeted her with the same old fashioned courtesy, and they cooed away like two old doves, until a splendid equipage drove up to the door, and the plain old gentleman drove away in it.

"Wasn't he nice with me? Wasn't he now?" the old lady kept saying, and John being silent—"Tut, you young men are just puir loblollyboys with a leddy when the auld ones come."

Going to Soho that day, John Storm felt a sudden thrill at seeing on the street in front of him, walking in the same direction, an elderly figure in cas-

sock and cord. It was the father superior of the brotherhood. John overtook him and greeted him.

"Ah, I was on my way to see you, my son."

"Then you have heard what has happened?"

"Yes, Satan's shafts fly fast." Then taking John's arm as they walked, "Earthly snubs are but reminders of Him, my son, like the hair shirt of the monk, and this trouble of yours is God's reminder of your broken obedience. What did I tell you when you left us—that you would come back within a year? And you will! Leave the world, my son. It treats you badly. The human spirit reigns over it, and even the church is a Christian society out of the sphere and guidance of the divine spirit. Leave it and return to your unfinished vows."

John shook his head, and took the father into the clergy house, where the girls were gathering for the evening. "How can I leave the world, father," he said, "when there's work like this to do? Society presents to a large proportion of these bright creatures the alternative, 'Sell yourself or starve.' But God says, 'Live, work, and love.' Therefore society is doomed, and that dead man's sepulchre, the establishment, is doomed, but the church will live, and become the corner stone of the new order, and stand between woman and the world, as it stood of old between the poor and the rich."

The father preached for John that night, taking for his text, "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh." And on parting from him at the door of the sacristy he said, "Religious work can only be good, my son, if it concerns itself first of all with the salvation of souls. Now what if it pleased God to remove you from all this, to call you to a work of intercession, say to the mission field?"

John's face turned pale. "There can be no need to fly," he said with a frightened look. "Surely London is a mission field wide enough for any man."

"Yet who knows? Perhaps for your own soul's sake, lest vanity should take hold of you, or the love of fame, or—or any of the snares of Satan! But good by, and God be with you!"

When John Storm reached home he found a letter awaiting him. It was from Glory.

Are you dead and buried? If so, send me word, that I may compose your epitaph. "Here lies"—— *Lies* is good, for though you didn't promise to come back you ought to have done so, therefore it comes to the same thing in the end. You must not think too ill of Mr. Drake. I call him the milk of human kindness, and his friend Lord Robert the oil thereof—I mean the oil of vitriol. But his temper is like the Caspian Sea, having neither ebb nor flow, while yours is like the Bay of Biscay, oh; so I can't expect you to agree. As for poor me, I may be guilty of all the seven deadly sins, but I can't see why I should be boycotted on that account. There is something I didn't know when you were here, and I want to explain about it. Therefore come "right away" (Lord Bob, Americanized). Being slow to anger and plenteous in mercy, I will forgive you if you come soon. If you don't, I'll—I'll go on the bike—feminine equivalent to the drink. To tell you the truth, I've done so already, having been careering round the gardens of the Inn during the early hours of morning, clad in Rosa's "bloomers," in which I make a picture and a sensation at the same time, she being several sizes larger round the hips, and fearfully and wonderfully made. If that doesn't fetch you, I'll go in for boxing next, and in a pair of five ounce gloves I'll cut a *striking* figure, I can tell you.

But, John Storm, have you cast me off entirely? Do you intend to abandon me? Do you think there is no salvation left for me? And are you going to let me sink in all this mire without stretching out a hand to help me? Oh, dear, oh, dear! I don't know what has come over the silly old world since I came back to London. Think it must be teething, judging by the sharpness of its bite, and feel as if I should like to give it a dose of syrup of squills.

As John read the letter his eyelids quivered and his mouth relaxed. Then he glanced at it again, and his face clouded.

"I cannot leave her entirely to the mercy of men like these," he thought.

This innocent daring, this babe-like ripping up of serviceable conventions—God knows what advantage such men might take of it. He must see her once again, to warn, to counsel her. It was his duty—he must not shirk from it.

It had been a day of painful impressions to Glory. Early in the morning Lord Robert had called to take her to the "reading" of the new play. It took place in the saloon of an unoccupied Strand theater, of which the stage also had been engaged for rehearsal. The company were gathered there, and being

more or less experienced actors and actresses, they received her with looks of courteous indulgence, as one whose leading place must be due to other things than talent. This stung her; she felt her position to be a false one, and was vexed that she had permitted Lord Robert to call for her. But her humiliation had yet hardly begun.

While they stood waiting for the manager, who was late, a gorgeous person with a waxed mustache and in a fur lined coat, redolent of the mixed odor of perfume and stale tobacco, crushed his way up to her and offered his card. She knew the man in a moment.

"I'm Josephs," he said in a confidential undertone, "and if there's anything I can do for you—acting management—anything—it vill give me pleesure."

Glory flushed up and said, "But you don't seem to remember, sir, that we have met before."

The man smiled blandly. "Oh, yes. I've kept track of you ever since and know all about you. You hadn't made your appearance then, and naturally I couldn't do much. But now—*now* if you vill give me de pleesure——"

"Then an agent is one who can do nothing for you when you want help, but when you don't want it——"

The man laughed to carry off his audacity. "Vell, you know vhat they say of us—agent from *agere*, 'to do,' and we're always 'doing.' Ha, ha! But if you are villing to let bygones be bygones, I am, and velcome."

Glory's face was crimson. "Will somebody go for the stage doorkeeper?" she said, and one of the company went out on that errand. Then raising her voice so that everybody listened, she said, "Mr. Josephs, when I was quite unknown, and trying to get on, and finding it very hard, as we all do, you played me the cruelest trick a man ever played on a woman. I don't owe you any grudge, but for the sake of every poor girl who is struggling to live in London, I am going to turn you out of the house."

"Eh? Vhat?"

The stage doorkeeper had entered. "Porter, do you see this gentleman? He is never to come into this theater again as long as we are here, and if he tries to force his way in you are to call a policeman and have him bundled into the street!"

"Daddle doo;" and the waxed mustache over the grinning mouth seemed to cut the face across.

When Josephs had gone, Glory could see that the looks of indulgence on the faces of the company had gone also. "She'll do!" said one. "She's got the stuff in her!" said another, but Glory herself was now quaking with fear, and her troubles were not yet ended.

A little stout gentleman entered hurriedly with a roll of papers in his hand. He stepped up to Lord Robert, apologized for being late, and mopped his bald crown and red face. It was Sefton.

"This is to be our manager," said Lord Robert, and Mr. Sefton bobbed his head, winked with both eyes, and said, "Charmed, I'm sure, charmed!"

Glory could have sunk into the earth for shame, but in a moment she had realized the crushing truth that when a woman has been insulted in the deepest place—in her honor—the best she can do is to say nothing about it.

The company seated themselves around the saloon, and the reading was begun. First came the list of characters, with the names of the cast. Glory's name and character came last, and her nerves throbbed with sudden pain when the manager read, "and *Gloria*—Miss Glory Quayle."

There was a confused murmur, and then the company composed themselves to listen. It was Gloria's play. She was rather scandalous. After the first act Glory thought it was going to be the story of Nell Gwyn in modern life; after the second, of Lady Hamilton; and after the third, in which the woman wrecks and ruins the first man in England, she knew it was only another version of the "Harlot's Progress," and must end as that had ended.

The actors were watching their own parts, and pointing and punctuating with significant looks the places where the chances came, but Glory was overwhelmed with confusion. How was she to play this evil woman? The poison went to the bone, and to get into the skin of such a creature a good woman would have to dispossess

herself of her very soul. The reading ended, every member of the company congratulated some other member on the other's opportunities, and Sefton came up to Glory to ask if she did not find the play strong and the part magnificent.

"Yes," she said; "but only a bad woman could play that part properly."

"*You'll* do it, my dear, you'll do it on your own!" he answered gaily, and she went home perplexed, depressed, beaten down, and ashamed.

A newspaper had been left at the door. It was a second rate theatrical journal, still damp from the press. The handwriting on the wrapper was Josephs', and there was a paragraph marked in blue pencil. It pretended to be a record of her short career, and everything was in it—the program selling, the dressing, the foreign clubs—all the refuse of her former existence, set in a sinister light and leaving an impression of abject up bringing, as of one who had been *in* the streets, if not on them.

Well, she had chosen her life, and must take it at its own price. But, oh, the cruelty of the world to a woman, when her very success could be her shame! She felt that the past had gripped her again—the pitiless past—she could never drag herself out of the mire.

That night she wrote to John Storm, and next morning before Rosa had risen—her duties kept her up late—she heard a voice down stairs. Her dog also heard it, and began to bark. At the next moment John was in the room and she was laughing up into his splendid black eyes, for he had caught her down at the sofa holding the dog's nose and trying to listen.

"Is it you? It's so good of you to come early. But this dog"—breaking into the Manx dialect—"she's ter'ble, just ter'ble!" rising and looking serious. "I wished to tell you that I knew nothing about the church, nothing whatever. If I'd had the least idea—but they told me nothing—it was very wrong—nothing. And the first thing I knew was when I saw it all in the newspapers."

He was leaning on the end of the mantelpiece. "If they deceived you like that, how can you go on with them?" he said.

"You mean" (she was leaning on the other end, and speaking falteringly)—"you mean that I ought to give it all up. But it's too late for that now. It was too late when I came to know. Besides, it would do no good; you would be in the same position still, and as for me—well, somebody else would have the theater, so where's the use?"

"I was thinking of the future, Glory, not the past. People who deceive us once are capable of doing so again."

"True—that's true—only—only——"

She was breaking down, and he turned his eyes away from her, saying, "Well, it's all over now, and there's no help for it."

He tried to think what he had come to say, but do what he could he could not remember. The moment he looked at her the thread of his thoughts was lost, and the fragrance of her presence, so sweet, so close, made him feel as if he wanted to touch her. There was an awkward silence, and then he fidgeted with his hat and moved.

"Are you going so soon?"

"I'm busy, and——"

"Yes, you must be busy now."

"And then why—why should we prolong a painful interview, Glory?"

She shot up a look under her eyebrows. His eyes had a harassed expression, but there was a gleam in them that set her heart beating.

"Is it so painful? Is it?"

"Glory, I meant to tell you I could not come again."

"No! You're not so busy as all that, are you? Surely" (the Manx again, only she seemed to be breathless now)—"surely you're not so ter'ble busy but you can just put a sight on a girl now and again for all?"

He made a gesture with his hand. "It disturbs—it distracts——"

"Oh, is that all? Then"—with a forced laugh—"I'll come to see you instead. Yes, I will, though."

"No, you mustn't do that, Glory. It would only torment——"

"Torment! Gough bless me! Why torment?" and a fugitive flame shot up at him.

"Because"—he stammered, and she could see that his lips quivered; then calmly, very calmly, pronouncing the

words slowly, and in a voice as cold as ice—"because I love you!"

"You——!"

"Didn't you know that?" His voice was guttural. "Haven't you known it all along? What's the use of pretending? You've dragged it out of me. Was that only to show your power over me?"

"Oh!"

She had heard what her heart wanted to hear, and not for worlds would she have missed hearing it, yet she was afraid, and she was trembling all over.

"We two are of different natures, Glory, that's the trouble between us—now, and always has been. We have nothing in common, absolutely nothing. You have chosen your path in life, and it is not my path. I have chosen mine, and it is not yours. Your friends are not my friends. We are two different beings altogether, and yet—and yet I love you! And that's why I cannot come again."

It was sweet, but it was terrible. So different from what she had dreamed of: "I love you!—you are my soul!—I cannot live without you!" Yet he was right. She had slain his love before it was born to her—it was born dead. In an unsteady voice, which had suddenly become husky, she said:

"No doubt you are right. I must leave you to judge. Perhaps you have thought it all out."

"Don't suppose it will be easy for me, Glory. I've suffered a good deal, and no doubt I shall suffer more yet. If so, I'll bear it. But for the sake of my work——"

"Ah! But of course I can't expect—naturally you love your work also——"

"I *do* love my work also, and therefore it's no use trifling. 'If thine eye offend——'"

She was stung. "Well, since there's no help for it, I suppose we must shake hands and part."

Not until then—not until he had pronounced his doom and she had accepted it—did he realize how beautiful she seemed to him. He felt as if something in his throat wanted to cry out.

"It isn't what I expected, Glory—what I dreamed of for years."

"But it's best—it seems it's best."

"I tried to make a place for you too, but you wouldn't have it—you let it go; you preferred this other lot in life."

She remembered Josephs, and Sefton, and the newspaper, and the part, and she covered her face with her hands.

"How can I go on, Glory, to the peril of my—it's dangerous, dangerous."

"Yes, you are a clergyman and I am an actress. You must think of that. People are so ignorant, so cruel, and I dare say they are talking already."

"Do you think I should care for that, Glory?" Her hands came down from her face. "Do you think I should care one jot if all the miserable, scandal mongering world thought——"

"You'll think the best of me, then?"

"I'll think of both of us as we used to be, my child, before the world came between us, before you——"

She was fighting against an impulse to fling herself into his arms, but she only said in a soft voice, "You are quite right, quite justified. I have chosen my lot in life, and must make the best of it."

"Well——" He was holding out his hand. But nevertheless she put her hand behind her, thinking, "No; if I shake hands with him it will be the end of everything."

"Good by!" and with an expression of utter despair he left her.

She did not cry, and when Rosa came down immediately afterwards she was smiling and her eyes were very bright.

"Was that your friend, Mr. Storm? Yes? You must beware of him, my dear. He would stop your career and think he was doing God's service."

"There's no danger of that, Rosa. He only came to say he would come no more;" and then something flashed in her eyes and died away, and then flashed again.

"Yes," thought Rosa, "there's an extraordinary attraction about her that makes all other women seem tame." And then Rosa remembered somebody else and sighed.

John Storm went back to Soho by way of Clare Market, and when people saluted him in the streets with "Good morning, father," he did not answer because he did not hear them. On going to church that night he came upon a group of Charlie's cronies betting six to one against his get-

ting off, and a girl in gay clothes was waiting to speak to him. It was Aggie. She had come to plead for Charlie.

"It's the drink, sir. He's a good boy when he's not drinking. But I ask pardon for him; if you would only not prosecute——"

John was ashamed of himself at sight of the girl's fidelity to her unworthy lover.

"And you, my child—what about you?"

"Oh, I'm all right. What's broken can't be mended."

And meanwhile the church bells were ringing and the cabs were running to the theaters.

LVI.

THE rehearsals began early in the morning, and usually lasted until late in the afternoon. Glory found them wearisome, depressing, and often humiliating. The body of the theater was below the level of the street, and in the daytime was little better than a vast vault. If she entered by the front, she stumbled against seats and saw the figures of men and women silhouetted in the distance, and heard the echo of cavernous voices. If by the back, she came upon the prompter's table set midway across the stage, with a gas bracket shooting up behind it like a geyser, and an open space of some twenty feet by twenty, in front, whereon the imaginary passions were to disport themselves at play.

Glory found real ones among them, and they were sometimes in hideous earnest. Jealousy, envy, uncharitableness, and all the rancor of life, where the struggle for it is bitterest; attempts to take advantage of her inexperience, to rob her of the best positions on the stage, to cut out her lines which "scored," to impose upon her genius the twopenny halfpenny traditions, which were like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, and not to be altered—these, with the weary waits, the half darkness, the chill atmosphere, the void in front, with its seats in linen covers, suggesting an audience of silent ghosts, and then the sense of the bright, bustling, real world above, sent her home day after day with a headache, a heartache, and tears bubbling out of her eyes.

And when she had conquered these conditions, or settled down to them, and had made such progress with her part as to throw away her scrip, the old horror of the woman she was to make herself into came back as a new terror. The visionary Gloria was very proud and vain and selfish, and trampled everything under foot that she might possess the world and the things of the world. The real Gloria was not like that, yet there were points of resemblance between them, and it seemed as if the author had somehow given the visionary woman the little traits and harmless tricks of the real one that she might thereby lure her to give up her heart also.

She came near to doing it too. Sometimes during a long scene, running through the whole gamut of passion, pride, vanity, selfishness, and even sensuality, she would wake as from a nightmare with a horrible sense that the pleading, passionate, groaning, guttural voice she heard was not her own voice, and that the evil woman had dispossessed her of herself. Then she would stop suddenly, and looking round, would see the company ranged about her, silent, and with looks of astonishment.

And meantime the real woman had a far different part to play. Every morning, with a terrible reality at her heart, she glanced over the newspapers for news of John Storm. She had not far to look. A sort of grotesque romance had gathered about him, as of a modern Don Quixote tilting at windmills. His name was the point of a pun; there were cartoons, caricatures, and all other forms of the joke that is not a joke because it is an insult.

Sometimes she took stolen glances at his work. On Sunday morning she walked through Soho, past the people sitting on their doorsteps reading the sporting intelligence in the Sunday papers, with their larks in cages hung on nails overhead, until she came to the church, and heard the singing inside, and saw chalked up on the walls the legend, "God bless the Father!" She heard that he was to be allowed to have a children's treat in one of the parks, and when rehearsal was over she hurried away to the scene of it, and came upon the little ones as they were coming home and scuttling across

the fashionable thoroughfares like rats. Taking advantage of the gathering darkness, she picked up a little toddle who was whimpering and dropping asleep, and carried it across a line of carriages, and then came face to face with John Storm himself, at the curb of the opposite pavement, with another child in his arms. Dusk as it was, he saw her, but she hastened off, and he also turned away.

"Strange charge against a clergyman!" It was a low class paper, and the charge was a badge of honor. A young ruffian (it was Charles Wilkes) had been brought up on remand on a charge of assaulting Father Storm, and being sentenced to a week's imprisonment, notwithstanding the father's appeal and offer of bail, he had accused the clergyman of relations with his sweetheart (it was Agatha Jones).

Glory's anger at the world's treatment of John Storm deepened to a great love of the misunderstood and down trodden man. She saw an announcement of his last service, and determined to go to it. The church was crowded, chiefly by the poor, and the air was heavy with a smell of oranges and beer. It was a week evening, and when the organ played the choir came in, followed by John Storm in his black cassock, Glory could not help a thrill of physical joy at being near him.

The text was, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outside, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness!" The first half of the sermon was a denunciation of the morality of men. We made clean the outside of the platter, but the so called purity of England was a smug sham built upon rottenness and sin! There were men among us, damned sensualists, left untouched by the idleness of the public conscience, who did not even know where their children were to be found. Let them go down into the gutters of life and look for their own faces, and—God forgive them!—their mothers' faces, among the outcast and the criminal.

The second half was a defense of woman. The sins of the world against woman were the most crying wrongs of the time. Had they ever reflected on the heroism of women, on their self denying, unrewarded labor? Oh, why was woman held so cheap as in this immoral London of today? There had been scarcely a breach of the law of nature by women, and not one that men were not chiefly to blame for. Men tempted them by love of dress, of ease, of money, and of fame, to forget their proper vocation; and every true woman came right in the end, and preferred, to the false and fictitious labor for worldly glory, a mother's silent and unseen devotion, counting it no virtue at all.

"Yes, women, mothers, girls, in your hands lies the salvation of England. May you live in this prospect, and may God and His ever blessed Mother be your reward all through this weary life and in glory everlasting."

There was a procession with banners, cross, stars, green and blue *fleur de lis*, and gold cross, but Glory saw none of it. She was kneeling with head down and heart choked with emotion. The next she knew the service was over, the congregation was gone, only one old woman in widow's weeds was left, jingling a bunch of keys.

"Has the father gone?"

"No, ma'am; he is still in the sacristy."

"Show me to it."

At the next moment, with fluttering throat and a look of mingled love and awe, she was standing eye to eye with John Storm in the little bare chamber off the church.

"Glory, why do you come here?"

"I can't help it."

"But we said good by and parted."

"*You* did. I didn't. It was not so easy——"

"Easy? I told you it wouldn't be easy, my child, and it hasn't been. I said I should suffer, and I have suffered. But I've borne it—you see I've borne it. Don't ask me at what cost."

"Oh, oh, oh!" and she covered her face.

"Yes, the devil tortured me with love first. I was seeing you and hearing you everywhere and in everything, Glory. But I got over that, and then he tortured me with remorse. I had left you to the mercy of the world. It was my duty to watch over you. I did it, too."

She glanced up quickly.

"Ah, you never knew that, but no matter! It's all over now, and I'm a different man entirely. But why do you come and torment me again? It's nothing to you, nothing at all. You can shake it off in a moment. That's your nature, Glory; you can't help it. But have you no pity? You find me here, trying to help the helpless—the brave girls who have the virtue to be poor, and the strength to be weak, and the courage to be friendless. Why can't you leave me alone? What am I to you? Nothing at all! You care nothing for me, nothing whatever."

She glanced up again, and the look of love in her eyes was stronger now than the look of awe. He saw it, and could not help knowing how strongly it worked upon his feelings.

"Go back to your own world, unhappy girl!" he cried. "You love it—you must; you have sacrificed the best impulses of your heart to it!"

She was smiling now. It was the old radiant smile, but with a gleam of triumph in it that he had never seen before. It worked like madness upon him, and he tried to insult her again. "Go back to your own company, to the people who *play* at real life, and build toy houses, and give themselves away body and soul for the clapping of hands in a theater! Go back to the lies and hypocrisies of society, and the brainless mashers who adorn it! They dance superbly, and are at home in drawing rooms, and know all about sporting matters and theatrical affairs! I know none of these things, and I am kicked and cuffed and ridiculed and hounded down as an indecent man or shunned as a moral leper! Why do you come to me?" he cried, hoarse and husky.

But she only stretched out her hands to him and said, "Because I love you!"

"What are you saying?" He was quivering with pain.

"I love you, and always have loved you, and you love me—you know you do—you love me still!"

"Glory!"

"John!"

Then with a wild shout of joy he rushed upon her, flung his arms about her, and covered her face and hands with kisses. After a moment he whispered, "Not here, not here," and she felt too that the room was suffocating them, and they must go out into the open air, the fields, the park.

Somebody was knocking at the door. It was Mrs. Pincher. A man was waiting to speak to the father. They found him in the lane. It was Jupe, the waiter. His simple face wore a strange expression of joy and fear.

"My pore missis 'as got off and wants to come 'ome, sir, and I thought as you'd tell me what I oughter do."

"Take her back and forgive her, my lad, that's the Christian course."

His love was now boundless; his large charity embraced everything, and going off he saluted everybody. "Good evening, Mrs. Pincher. Good night, Lydia."

"Well, 'e *is* a father, too, and no mistake!" somebody was saying behind him as he went away with Glory.

The moon was at the full, and while they were passing through the streets it struggled with the gas from the shop windows as the flame of a fire struggles with the sunshine, but when they passed under the trees it shone out in its white splendor like a bride! It was a majestic night! The immeasurable vault above was silvered with stars, too, through depth on depth of space, and all the glorious earth and heaven seemed to smile the smile of love. A strong south breeze was blowing, and as it shook the trees of the park, that blessed patch of nature in the midst of the toiling city seemed to sing the song of love!

Their hands found each other and they walked along almost in silence, afraid to break the spell of their dream lest they should awake and find it gone. It seemed wonderful to him that they were together, and he could hardly believe it was reality, though the touch of her hand filled him with a strange physical exultation which he had never felt before. He seemed to be walking on cushions, and she too was swaying by his side as if her blood was dancing. Sometimes she dried her glistening eyes, and once she stopped and swung in front of him and looked long at him and then raised her face to his and kissed him.

"Whether you like it or not, your life is bound up with mine forever and ever!" she whispered.

"It had to be," he answered. "I know it now. I can no longer deceive myself."

"And we shall be happy? In spite of all you said we shall be very happy, eh?"

"Yes, that will be quite forgotten, Glory."

"And forgiven," she said, and then between a sigh and a blush she asked him to kiss her again.

"My love!"

"My soul!"

The wind swept the hood of her cape about her head and he could smell the fragrance of her hair.

He tried to think what he had done to deserve such happiness, but all the suffering he had gone through seemed as nothing compared to a joy like this. The great clock of Westminster swung its hollow sounds into the air and they went riding by on the wind like the notes of an organ, now full and now so soft as a baby's whisper. They could hear the far off rumble of the vast city which fringed their blessed island like a mighty sea, and through the pulse of their clasped hands it seemed as if they felt the pulse of the world. A angel had come down and breathed on the face of the waters, and it was God's world after all.

He took her home, and they parted at the door. "Don't come in tonight," she whispered. She wished to be alone that she might think it all out and go over it again, every word, every look. There was a lingering hand clasp, and then she was gone.

He returned through the park and tried to step over the very places where her feet had trod. On reaching Buckingham Gate he turned back and walked round the park, and again round it, and yet again. The bells tolled the hours out, the cabs went westward with ladies in evening wraps going home from theaters, the tide of traffic ebbed farther and farther and died down and down, but still he walked and the wind sang to him.

"God cannot blame us," he thought. "We were made to love each other." He uncovered his head to let the wind comb through his hair, and he was happy, happy, happy! Sometimes he shut his eyes, and then it was hard to believe that she was not walking by his side, a fragrant presence in the moonlight, going step by step with him.

When the day was near the wind had gone, the little world of wood was silent, and his footsteps crunched on the gravel. Then a yellow gleam came in the sky to the east, and a chill gust swept up as a scout before the dawn, the trees began to shiver, the surface of the lake to creep, the birds to call, and the world to stretch itself and yawn.

> Peace in her chamber, wheresoe'er
> It be—a holy place.

As he went home by Birdcage Walk the park was still heavy with sleep, and its homeless wanderers had not yet risen from their couches on the seats. A pale mist was lying over London, but the towers of the Abbey stood clear above it, and pigeons were wheeling around them like sea fowl around rocks in the sea. What a night it had been! A night of dreams, of love, of rapture!

The streets were empty and very quiet—only the slow rattle of the dust cart and the measured step of policemen changing beats. Long blue vistas and a cemetery silence as of a world under the great hand of the gentle brother of Death, and then the clang of Big Ben striking six.

A letter was waiting for John in the breathless hall. It was from the Bishop of London. "Come and see me at St. James' Square."

LVII.

SUDDENLY there sprang out to Glory the charm and fascination of the life she was putting away. Trying to be true to her altered relations with John Storm, she did not go to rehearsal the next morning, but not yet having the courage of her new position, she did not tell Rosa her reason for staying away. The part was exhausting—it tried her very much; a little break would do no harm. Rosa wrote to apologize for her on the score of health, and thus the first cloud of dissimulation rose up between them.

Two days passed, and then a letter came from the manager: "Trust you are

rested and will soon be back. The prompter has read your lines, and everything has gone to pieces. Slack, slovenly, spiritless, stupid, nobody acting, and nobody awake, it seems to me. 'All right at night, governor,' and the usual nonsense. Shows how much we want you. But envious people are whispering that you are afraid of the part. The blockheads! If you succeed this time you'll be made for life, my dear. And you *will* succeed. Yours merrily," etc.

With this were three letters addressed to the theater. One of them was from a press cutting agency asking to be allowed to supply all newspaper articles relating to herself, and enclosing a paragraph as a specimen: "A little bird whispers that 'Gloria' as *Gloria* is to be a startling surprise. Those who have seen her rehearse—— But mum's the word—an' we could an' we would," etc. Another of the letters was from the art editor of an illustrated weekly paper asking for a sitting to their photographer for a full page picture, and the third inclosed the card of an interviewer on an evening paper. Only three days ago Glory would have counted all this as nothing, yet now she could not help but feel a joyous excitement.

Drake called after an absence of a fortnight. He had come to speak of his last visit. His face was pale and serious, not radiant as usual, his voice was shaking, and his manner nervous. Glory had never seen him exhibit so much emotion, and Rosa looked on in dumb astonishment.

"I was to blame," he said, "and I have come to say so. It was a cowardly thing to turn the man out of his church, and it was worse than cowardly to use you in doing it. Everything is fair, they say in——" But he flushed up like a girl and stopped, and then faltered, "Anyhow, I'm sorry—very sorry; and if there is anything I can do——"

Glory tried to answer him, but her heart was beating violently, and she could not speak.

"In fact, I've tried to make amends already. Lord Robert has a living vacant in Westminster, and I've asked him to hand it over to the bishop with the request that Father Storm——"

"But will he?"

"I've told him he must do so. It's the least we can do. And anyhow, I'm about tired of this anti-Storm uproar. It may be all very well for men like me to object to the man—I deny his authorities, and think him a man out of his century and country—but for these people with initials, who write in the religious papers, to rail at him, these shepherds who live on five thousand a year and pretend to follow One who hadn't a home or a second coat, and whose friends were harlots and sinners, though he was no sinner Himself—it's infamous, it's atrocious, it raises my gorge against their dead creeds and paralytic churches. Whatever his faults, he is built on a large plan, he has the Christ idea, and he is a man and a gentleman, and I'm ashamed that I took advantage of him. That's all over now, and there's no help for it; but if I might hope that you will forgive—and forget——"

"Yes," said Glory in a low voice, and then there was silence, and when she lifted her head Drake was gone.

John Storm came in later the same day, when Rosa had gone out, and Glory was alone. He was like a different man entirely. His face looked round and his dark eyes sparkled. The clouds of his soul seemed to have drifted away, and he was boiling over with enthusiasm. He laughed constantly, and there was something almost depressing in the lumbering attempts at humor of the serious man.

"What do you think has happened? The bishop sent for me and offered me a living at Westminster. It turns out to be in the gift of Lord Robert Ure; but no thanks to him for it. Lady Robert was at the bottom of everything. She had called on the bishop. He remembered me at the brotherhood, and told me all about it. St. Jude's, Brown's Square, on the edge of the worst quarter in Christendom! It seems the archdeacon expected it for Golightly, his son in law. The Reverend Joshua called on me this morning and tried to bully me, but I soon bundled him off to Botany Bay. Said the living had been promised to him—a lie, of course. I soon found that out. A lie is well named, you know. It hasn't a leg to stand upon. Ha, ha, ha!"

(*To be continued.*) ab page 73 Volume 18

MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.*

BY PAUL BOURGET.

The French novelist and critic advances the claim of his countryman, Balzac, to supremacy among writers of fiction, and names "Cousin Pons" as the master work of the famous "Comédie Humaine" series.

IT is just thirty years ago that I read my first Balzac novel through. It was "Le Père Goriot." I was fifteen years old, and at the Parisian school I attended we boys were privileged to go out every Sunday. Some of us profited by this opportunity to spend the afternoon at a little reading room on the Rue Soufflot, which has since been obliterated. The rear apartment, which was the one we usually occupied, was a place of wild disorder. A great table, covered with green baize hideously disfigured with stains, occupied the center, and on it papers and magazines were heaped in riotous profusion. Scanty daylight was admitted through a skylight, so faintly, however, that in winter it was necessary to light the gas at four o'clock, and then the air in the room became almost insufferable. The mold of the books on the shelves was mingled with the fumes of coke from the fireplace, to say nothing of reminders of the kitchen that escaped from a neighboring ventilator. Some old men, miserably clothed, huddled over the fire, to save the few sous it would have cost them to keep warm at home. And yet this horrible place is sacred to me. It was there that I received one of those vivid mental impressions that are not to be forgotten.

Let me recall the circumstances. It happened that quite by chance I asked for the first volume of "Père Goriot" in one of those so called "reading room editions," which in our day no longer exist. It was seven o'clock when I found myself back on the sidewalk of Rue Soufflot, having read the entire book. The impression it made on me was so strong that I was literally trembling. The state of mind into which Balzac had plunged me was analogous to that produced by alcohol or opium. I stood still for a few minutes, in order to reaccustom myself to the reality of things about me, and to my own identity. This phenomenon of extreme mental stimulation was accompanied by such a complete lack of power to direct my movements that it took me a quarter of an hour to reach the Collége Sainte-Barbe, where I was to dine. And there were only three hundred yards to go. No book had ever before transported me to such a condition of exaltation. None has ever done it since.

One may well imagine that my first care was to obtain the other works of a writer to whom I owed impressions of such intensity. So it fell out that I read in school, under the shadow of my text books, all the volumes, one after the other, composing that famous "Comédie Humaine." If they did not arouse in me the same fever of excitement that the first had done, their impression on my mind was a profound one. My vocation as a writer dates from that period. Foolish as the confession may seem, I have for years been strengthened in this trying career by the recollection of those literary characters in whom Balzac has incarnated his own energy: the *Valentin* of the

* Under this title MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is printing a series of articles in which the leading literary men of the day discuss a question interesting to all readers of novels. Papers by William D. Howells, Brander Matthews, Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and S. R. Crockett have already appeared, and forthcoming numbers will contain the opinions of Bret Harte, Conan Doyle, Clark Russell, Ian Maclaren, Jerome K. Jerome, Anthony Hope, and others.

"Peau de Chagrin," *Daniel d'Arthez* of "Illusions Perdues." Even today, opening a volume by this enchanter is not merely to read a book; it is almost to enter another world, which, as he himself says, "fait concurrence à l'état civil." Balzac is not a novelist whom I may be said to prefer, inasmuch as he is a novelist whom it is impossible for me to compare with others. I have loved him too much, I love him too much still, not to feel towards him as towards an artist to whom one owes emotions that are incomparable.

A liking of this sort, on the part of one author for another, and lasting over such a lengthy period, is not susceptible of simple explanation. It is evident that there must enter into it too many reasons of a purely personal nature. In the present instance it is also necessary to add that this strong partiality for Balzac is not an isolated case. I have seen two of my great predecessors, of widely varying tastes, and both decidedly different from myself—the philosopher Taine and the novelist Barbey d'Aurevilly—yielding to the same influence. Then, again, one finds traces of an idolizing of this great genius in Théophile Gautier, in Charles Baudelaire, in Gustave Flaubert, in Théodore de Banville, to speak only of the dead. There is to be found here, then, a phenomenon sufficiently common to repay a search for its causes elsewhere than in the predisposition of an individual taste. For my part, when I reflect on the motives that prompt me to prefer Balzac to all the other novelists, it seems to me that I can clearly perceive at least three that appear to me scarcely controvertible.

First of all, Balzac presents to the artist of today that singular attraction of being an analytical visionary. Owing to the infinite richness of his nature, there are united in him these two apparently contradictory attributes: a magical creative power which makes even his minor characters life-like, and an acuteness of analytical discernment which, behind each of their deeds, each of their utterances, perceives the motive and brings it to light. A story teller of the Orient has no more brilliant imagination to place at the service of his fantasies, a college professor is not richer in reflections, in generalizations, and in observations with which to support his theory of the origin of species. This duality of his genius gives to Balzac's work a fascinating paradox of art which contrasts excellently with the duality from which every modern artist suffers.

Nineteenth century literature in France will have been divided, to the extreme limit of the epoch, between these two tendencies, one of which subverts the other: reflecting life in all the vividness of its movement and color, and analyzing life in order to discover its primal elements; or, in simpler terms, reproducing effects in the full vigor of their concrete reality, and discovering the causes with a precision equal to that of a mathematical science. With us, the whole history of poetry, of the drama, of romance, has been for a hundred years but an oscillation between these extremes, which appear to be so contradictory one to the other; for if you think of life in its movement and color you do not understand it, and if you understand it, you think of it as a dead thing, fixed and changeless. With Balzac, this miracle of preserving an equilibrium between fancy and fact is accomplished in such skilful fashion that it is impossible to separate in him the painter, the philosopher, the poet, and the critic. These differing elements are mingled so intimately as to make his books unique, the source of an extraordinary intellectual satisfaction to those who suffer from an inability to reconcile with each other art and science, poetry and philosophy, the stir of life and its analysis.

Here, then, I believe, lies the first of the great charms of Balzac—at least, in so far as I am concerned, and I am certain that many of his admirers agree with me. His intellect impresses us as exemplifying the fulfilment of our own ambitions. But this does not wholly suffice to explain the enchantment; it has in it—and this is the second reason I think I can discern—the fascination of sensitiveness. Balzac was not only the modern artist in the highest technical sense; he was also—with what intensity his correspondence bears witness—the modern man, animated by all the passions of our age. That which characterizes the sentimental side

of all French youth since the Revolution of '89 is that this youth is for the most part composed of plebeians who have received the education of patricians. The study of ancient literature has accustomed them to refine their impressions. They have learned no trade, they have not been trained for any one positive and particular vocation. Once out of school, they perceive, if they are poor, the impossibility of realizing their ideals within the limitations of their class; but they perceive at the same time, if they put forth energy and talent, the possibility of raising themselves to the higher class. They undertake, then, to scale the heights sustained by motives of a romantic order.

Such are the aspirants to whom the attainment of good positions in life represents the hope of success in love, of experiencing the higher emotions of joy or sorrow to the full capacity of their heart. This mingling in the fight for existence of harsh reality and fanciful meditation, this effort of the superior man, or of one who believes himself such, to create an atmosphere appropriate to his aspirations, this is the personal history of Balzac, and this is also the central theme pervading all his books.

Born in 1799, having throughout his childhood come in contact with the things and the people of the empire, he was too much disposed, like all the contemporaries of Bonaparte, to magnify the power of human energy. Was not the wonderful career of the little lieutenant of artillery who became emperor a constant reminder that nothing can resist genius in league with determination? All his life Balzac was haunted by this extraordinary example. From his twentieth year, poor, yet animated by an insatiable ambition, he dreamed of subduing the world by a lucky stroke. He embarked upon a bookselling speculation, which had the result of leaving him with the same ambition and a debt of a hundred thousand francs. It was under these circumstances that he began that wonderful "Comédie Humaine," with the fixed and constant idea of paying this debt and of amassing a great fortune besides, which should permit him to realize the dream of his youth—a marriage for love with a lady of high station, to whom he had been paying attention since he was thirty. He finally married her, but not until 1848, on the verge of his death.

This sort of mixed aspiration, in which the desire for exalted position is ennobled by a pure dream of love, in which the revolt against a commonplace destiny results in a heroic and desperate tension of all the faculties—this is the poetry of Balzac's entire work, and it is, in the main, that of a century whose constant phenomenon is a universal interchange of classes. Why should it be surprising if men educated as this author, and like him dominated by romantic aspirations in the struggle for bread, should recognize themselves in his books? He has done more, he has even revealed us of the end of the century to ourselves, and one is able to say with truth that society today resembles the "Comédie Humaine" more than it resembles the society on which that "Comédie" was modeled. Balzac has proved himself to be a prophet simply because he includes in himself all the sentiments of his time, carried to their fullest fruitage, by the amplitude and force of his personality.

The third source of his attractiveness lies in the gift of prophecy, which, passing the domain of the senses, has made of him, to quote his own definition, a "doctor of social sciences," the philosopher who has spoken in terms of deep significance of contemporaneous France, of her miseries, their causes, and the means for their mitigation. In certain of his books, the "Médecin de Campagne," the "Curé de Village," the "Illusions Perdues," the "Paysans," I find, in that which especially interests me, an intuition of political truth remarkably complete and positive. In others, like "Louis Lambert," "Modeste Mignon," the "Menage de Garçon," the "Chef d'Œuvre Inconnu," the "Muse du Département," the "Secrets de la Princesse"—I quote at random—he has showed an equal sagacity in all that concerns the realities of the literary and artistic life.

It has been said, quite wrongfully, that he has never viewed human nature except in its meaner aspects. From his works, as from those of Goethe, and those of Shakspere, one is enabled to cull an entire collection of strong and vigorous maxims.

Here is to be found an epitome of the conditions necessary to the national and individual well being of modern France, considered generally and in individual cases; and the force of his maxims is doubled by the fact that they are established, not as abstract hypotheses, but as realities viewed with that surgical eye which takes in at a glance the wound and the operation necessary to heal it. To read Balzac is to see life, to fathom it, to participate in it with one's entire imaginative powers, and it is also to learn the laws which govern its decay or its growth, its losses and its gains.

I remember one day asking Barbey d'Aurevilly which of Balzac's books he preferred. "The one I have just read," he replied, and I would willingly make that opinion my own. Nevertheless, if I were obliged to make a choice, and to state, to a stranger, for instance, which novel would give the best idea of the master's matchless style, it seems to me that I should name "Cousin Pons." It is the last one he wrote, at the age of forty seven, on the eve of being prostrated by that disease of the heart which carried him off in the full flower of his genius. It may be that he felt within himself, just at this period, the faint foreshadowings of the artist confronted by death, who does not wish to go without having given of his best fruitage. Certain it is that in no other of his novels has his genius been so full of sovereign power. Page after page is charged with impressions, with reflections, with theories. You realize that the writer is not husbanding himself for a future work, that he is giving you with a free hand the heaped up treasure of his experiences. You note, running through his sentences, the deep thought and the far reaching association of ideas which each incident arouses in him.

There is a great store of riches in this novel, which is, as one knows, the narrative of the illness of an old musician and collector of curios, who was cared for by a friend and despoiled by a vast conspiracy of rival lovers of bric-à-brac, covetous business men, and corrupt servants. You will find here, next to a theory on music, a theory on art treasures; by the side of a dissertation on the table and the kitchen, capable of making Brillat-Savarin jealous, notes on Germany and the Germans which condense volumes into a few lines, like these: "The artlessness of many of the Germans is not enduring. It has ceased. That which remains to them, at a certain age, is drawn, as one draws the water of a reservoir, from the well spring of their youth, and they use it to promote their success in all fields—in science, in art, in business—by disarming opposition." You turn the page, and are confronted with the account of the founding of a theater in Paris, which sums up in a hundred lines the causes of the rise and fall of all enterprises of the sort on the boulevard, since first there existed a boulevard and boulevardiers, scenery and wings; and pervading it all is a great breath of human nature—the human nature of Shakspere in his later works, "The Tempest," for example, when he is no longer resentful, when he no longer scoffs, when he has seen too much of the seamy and the under side of existence to reckon on anything but the knavery and the cruelty of some, the weakness and the errors of others.

"*Excuse the mistakes of the scribe*" are the last words in the book, and it seems like the last will and testament of the writer. Before such a plenitude of learning, such depth of feeling, a gush of genius so torrent-like, one is almost awed. It is no longer a work of art, it is real life placed before us, reproduced with a fidelity that leaves nothing further to be wished for, which means that there is no tomorrow for the artist. He has required and obtained too much of himself. He is ripe to leave us, because he has gone too far beyond us. It is the blossoming of the aloe, glorious, raised to the dignity of a tree, but which announces the death of the plant that has exhausted itself in this supreme effort.

Viewed as to its workmanship, "Cousin Pons" represents most completely the methods of Balzac's art. In this book, as in all the others, he has based the interest of the story on several characters, and each of these characters represents a question of the first importance in morals, in sociology, in psychology, or even in physiology. No author has gone

further than he into this doctrine of the importance of the characters, to which Goethe constantly reverted in his conversations with Eckermann.

"Cousin Pons" is a tragedy, if one may so call it, of poor relations. The outgrowth of family connections in modern society between the members of those families who are in poverty and those who have riches—this is one of the problems set forth by the book. Another is found in the results of the friendship between two old men, equally buffeted by fortune, who find in a mutual attachment all the pleasures of affectionate intercourse of which fate has deprived them. Then, the manner in which beings guided by mere instinct, such as abound among the people, are able to become, under the influence of unexpected temptations, as criminal in deed as they are honest in appearance, this is a third problem. The evolution of *Madame Cibot*, the concierge's wife, who cares for the dying musician, metamorphosed from a good woman, simple and commonplace, into a monster of rapacity and perfidy, surely constitutes one of the most extraordinary chapters in mental pathology ever put forth in literature.

A fourth problem treated in this book is that which one might class among the small vices. It is, in fact, a very small vice, and for which the moralist finds little censure—that of liking to dine too well. *Cousin Pons* has no other, he does not suspect it, but cultivates it; and all his misfortunes, and those of his friend *Schmucke*, arise from this innocent concession to a taste at first partaking of the droll, but the despotism of which finally overthrows an entire career.

Balzac reverts many times in his work to observations on the danger of small vices. Indeed, he has written two of his most famous books, the "Curé de Tours" and "Un Début dans la Vie," to illustrate the truth that blows of fate often originate in minor faults beneath which we conceal our selfishness. In "Cousin Pons," the tragedy arising from the slight moral infirmity of the hero is so cruel that we no longer think of it with a smile. In merging, as he does, the play of infinitesimal causes in the current of great ones, the novel proceeds as does nature, to whom nothing is insignificant. It resembles nature, too, in blending the pathetic with the grotesque, or rather with the picturesque aspect of life.

Sainte-Beuve, who does not like Balzac, grants him a wonderful power in depicting persons and things. "He digs out the types," he said. This creative faculty is revealed in the description of the *Pons* museum—so detailed, so precise, that we see, as by lamplight, every detail etched out in the silhouette of *Pons* and his friend *Schmucke*, the two "nut crackers," walking together on the boulevard, as well as in the striking sketches of the secondary personages, *Mme. Cibot;* the second hand dealer, *Rémonencq*, the Auvergnat; the "shyster" lawyer, *Fraisier; Mme. Camusot*, the rich relative; and the Jew broker, *Elie Magus*. And what a wondrous atmosphere surrounds these faces! What humor! What vigor in the narration! It is necessary to go to the great dramas of Shakspere, whose name comes naturally to the pen in this place, to discover a genius so strong and so genuine. I find nothing to place beside "Cousin Pons" except a drama like "King Lear"; and if I were asked which I should prefer to have written—the play or the novel—I should not be able to reply.

Paul Bourget.

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

VI—JOHN HOPPNER.

The brilliant and poetic artist who was the rival of Lawrence during the latter years of George III's reign—His favor with the king and with his son, the "First Gentleman of Europe," and some of the court beauties whom he painted.

OF the great portrait painters who were the chief glory of England's eighteenth century art, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Lawrence have been the subjects of previous sketches in this series of articles. One other famous name remains—that of John Hoppner.

Reputations have waxed and waned

CAROLINE DE LICHFIELD.

From an engraving by M. Cormack after the painting by John Hoppner.

THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

From an engraving by R. S. Clouston after the painting by John Hoppner.

since a hundred years ago. That generation considered the stiff and conventional Benjamin West as the first painter of modern times. In portraiture, Lawrence, then at the height of his career, was regarded as the great successor of Reynolds, who had just passed away. Gainsborough, also lately dead, was almost forgotten by the world at large. Several living artists—Hoppner, Owen, Romney, Beechey, and others—were ranked together as equally likely to send their work down to posterity. When Hoppner died, the chronicler who wrote the annals of the court said only: "February 21, 1810. In Charles Street, St. James

"MARCIA."

From an engraving by Thomas G. Appleton after the painting by John Hoppner.

Square, aged fifty one, John Hoppner, Esq., one of the Royal Academicians. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been pleased to appoint William

MISS RICH.

From an engraving by Robert S. Clouston after the painting by John Hoppner.

Owen, Esq., to be portrait painter to his royal highness in his room." The portrait painter to his royal highness is dead; long live the portrait painter to his royal highness!

There was a mystery surrounding John Hoppner's birth. The biographical dictionaries say gravely that he was the son of German parents, born at Whitechapel, in London, in 1758; but the gossip which has come down from those days has another tale to tell. His mother is said to have been one of the German attendants at the palace, and the fact that George III's later life was conspicuously moral does not prove that his boyhood—he was but twenty in 1758—was free of escapades. There is no doubt that from the first he was strongly interested in young Hoppner's welfare. At a very early age the

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MISS STANTON.

From an engraving by H. T. Greenhead after the painting by John Hoppner

VISCOUNTESS DUNCANNON.
From the painting by John Hoppner.

boy was put into the royal chapel as a chorister, but while Hoppner always retained a fondness for music, his chief passion was for art. The king came sufficiently close to him to discover the lad's tastes, which he would hardly have done in the case of an ordinary chorister, and took sufficient interest in him to pay his expenses in his art training.

When he was in his seventeenth year, Hoppner was entered as a student at the Royal Academy, under royal patronage. He was a most diligent student, and it is doubtful whether his young enthusiasm and admiration for Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was at this time the idol of all young painters, did not firmly fix his style then, quite unconsciously to himself. In seven years he had gained the greatest prize of the Academy, the gold medal, with an original painting from "King Lear." It was in this year that he married a daughter of Mrs. Wright, the celebrated modeler in wax.

LADY ST. ASAPH.

From the painting by John Hoppner.

At this time there were almost no real patrons of art in England. From the royal family down to tradesmen, men were willing to pay for but one sort of painting—a portrait of themselves or their families. The artist who had his livelihood to gain must perforce practise portraiture; and here again it was due in a measure to royal favor that Hoppner found an opportunity. His first pictures were bad. There is one of "Mrs. Jordan as the Tragic Muse," at Hampton Court, which looks today almost ridiculous. But always he was in the catalogue of the Royal Academy.

We do not know whom Hoppner painted in these early years. At that time everybody except persons of royal blood was

THE COUNTESS OF MEXBOROUGH.

From an engraving by Thomas G. Appleton after the painting by John Hoppner.

set down in the catalogue as "A Lady," "A Gentleman," making it perfectly hopeless to identify the canvases. But his royal patronage continued. In 1785, he exhibited portraits of the Princesses Amelia, Sophia, and Mary, and a little later became the portrait painter to the Prince of Wales, as well as to his brothers, the Dukes of York and Clarence. Naturally fashion followed in their wake, and Hoppner was called by many the greatest painter since Reynolds, although the critics and the writers who make a man's reputation were always calling out the name of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, though much the junior of Hoppner, had just been appointed the portrait painter to the king.

The two artists in a way represented the two factions at the court. The story goes that Hoppner had bitterly offended the king by adopting Whiggism. He was intensely irritable and always unhappy. In spite of his political principles, he disliked painting any but the nobility, and he seems to have been absolutely devoid of the sense of humor. He complained once that a stout city man came to him, with his rosy cheeked wife and five sons and five daughters.

"Well, Mr. Painter," said the merchant, "here we are, a baker's dozen; how much will you demand for painting the whole lot of us?—prompt payment for discount."

"That," Mr. Hoppner said stiffly, "will depend upon the size and style."

"Oh, that's all right. We are all to be touched off in one piece, as large as life, all seated upon the lawn at Clapham, and all singing 'God Save the Queen.'"

Hoppner's wife was an American, Mrs. Patience Wright, who came to London, became celebrated for her portraits in modeling wax, and was a great favorite in society. Her house was frequented by Garrick, Benjamin West, Benjamin Franklin, and all the distinguished men of the day. Hoppner was thrown into an almost intimate acquaintance with them, but it failed to give him the fine originality which flourished in the neighborhood, or the sense of dignity and refinement which made Reynolds the great man he was.

Hoppner became greatly embittered toward Lawrence, whom he regarded as an artistic rival and a personal enemy. Some people about the court thought that Hoppner's disfavor was Lawrence's gain, and that every effort was made to push the younger man out of dislike for a lost favorite. Lawrence was fairly forced into the Royal Academy by the king. But Hoppner, whose tongue was a sharp one, and who was not above making open attacks upon his foe, used to say that at least he was the painter to a man of some taste. The prince's court far outdid his father's in brilliancy, and all the beauties of Carleton House sat to Hoppner.

They left him, finally, for a most remarkable reason. If Hoppner could not attain the dignity and spirituality of Sir Joshua, at least he gave his women a sedateness and great sobriety. The ladies chafed under it a little, for this was the court of the "First Gentleman in Europe" in his gayest days, and its beauties have been truly described as "loving mirth and wine, the sound of the lute, and the music of the dance." The old king was a homely old person with a homely old court, and to these brilliant women it hardly appeared likely that his court painter would add to their charms. But the tactless and indiscreet Hoppner said the word himself. One day, in a room full of sitters, he remarked with great bitterness:

"The ladies of Lawrence show a gaudy dissoluteness of taste, and sometimes trespass upon moral as well as professional chastity."

One by one the gay ladies dropped their eyes and wondered how Mr. Lawrence would make them look. One by one they slipped away and went to the king's painter to find out. Hoppner never missed them. Orders continued to flow in upon him, and when he died Lawrence not only said, "My one rival is gone," but he forthwith raised the price of his own pictures!

The generous Lawrence also said: "You will believe that I sincerely mourn the loss of a brother artist, from whose works I have often gained instruction, and who has gone by my side in the race for eighteen years."

Hoppner painted women much better than men, although his portrait of him-

self is one of the best of his pictures. It has a sweetness and a charm of expression which must have come before he grew so irritable. His manners were exquisite, but he had a fury against any man or anything which appeared to lower his personal dignity. Once he almost fought with an intimate friend who gave his occupation as "painter" instead of "portrait painter."

His best known works were engraved by Wilkins under the title of "A Select Series of Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion." These were seven of the most beautiful women of their time.

Hoppner had a characteristic fashion of idealizing his faces, not by adding a spirit which, as in some pictures of Sir Joshua's painting, no mortal woman ever had, but by making the eyes larger, the mouths smaller, and generally exaggerating conventional beauties. His coloring was exquisitely beautiful; but he could not stop following Sir Joshua even in the matter of the choice of pigments, and he ruined his earlier pictures by too free a use of asphaltum, so that many which should be exhibiting his talent today are hidden away in forgotten galleries. But a good Hoppner is a precious possession. There is a depth of color, a brilliancy, a softness of light, which no painter of portraits has surpassed. There are several owned in private galleries in America which form the gems of the collections to which they have been added.

THE CLIMB OF LIFE.

THERE'S a feel of all things flowing,
And no power of earth can bind them;
There's a sense of all things growing,
And through all their forms a glowing
Of the shaping souls behind them.

And the break of beauty heightens
With the swiftening of the motion,
And the soul behind it lightens,
As a gleam of splendor whitens
From a running wave of ocean.

See the still hand of the Shaper,
Moving in the dusk of being;
Burns at first a misty taper,
Like the moon in veil of vapor,
When the frame of night is fleeing.

In the stone a dream is sleeping,
Just a tinge of life, a tremor;
In the tree a soul is creeping—
Last a rush of angels sweeping
With the skies beyond the dreamer.

So the Lord of Life is flinging
Out a splendor that conceals Him;
And the God is softly singing,
And on secret ways is winging,
Till the rush of song reveals Him.

Charles Edwin Markham.

MOLDING THE NEW METROPOLIS.

BY WILLIAM C. DE WITT.

The chairman of the committee which drafted the charter for the Greater New York reviews the finished work, the constitution of the second city in the world—the strength and weakness, the hopes and possibilities, of a municipal government for three million people.

I HAVE been asked to give the readers of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE a clear and concise idea of the Greater New York charter. In doing so I must portray the philosophy out of which the charter arose, its architectural design, its chief structural features, its minor gems; so that the lay and professional reader alike may have an intelligent view of the municipal government which has been constructed, as well as a clue to guide him should he undertake to consider the text of the charter itself. In doing this I shall hope to aid in the great work of municipal progress and reform wherever it is being carried on.

In designing a governmental system for a city of three million people, the constitution of the United States naturally occupied a conspicuous place among the models to be consulted. The rare combination of powers grouped in one republic; the exquisite welding of States sovereign over their domestic affairs, and, in turn, made up of towns, villages, cities, and counties, each enjoying an adequate measure of home rule, into an indissoluble Union, under a supreme federal authority—have rendered the constitution of our country the most perfect fabric of civil society the world has yet seen. No higher tribute to the organic principle upon which it was constructed could be had than that which is presented in the modern politics of England, where, under the doctrine of home rule, it is proposed to assimilate the British Empire to our federal union. It is a principle enforced by all experience. The map of Europe is now as variegated as the face of a checker board with different kingdoms and countries, although in the fourth century Europe was wholly under one dominion, and we thus know from history that progress has everywhere exacted at the hands of imperialism a division of domain and a distribution of power. Undivided and unbalanced centralism is incompatible with civilization.

The advent and the growth of municipalities mark the intellectual progress of England, and her statesmen may well boast of the fact that if Parliament were dissolved and the king driven into exile, there would still remain in the municipalities—the towns, villages, cities, and counties of the realm—sufficient power to protect the lives, property, and prosperity of the English people. The same sentiment characterized the New England of the Pilgrims in their devotion to the school district as a cradle of liberty. Any governmental system, therefore, to be agreeable to the genius of our institutions, should yield to each distinctive community an appropriate measure of home rule, while consolidating it into a common association, however large, whether imperial or republican.

This organic principle by which large states are made up of small states—*imperium in imperio*, wheels within a wheel, sustaining and not conflicting; a galaxy, not a solid; each orb moving in its sphere, yet all revolving around a central sun—is quite as appropriate to the organization of great cities, and is just as indispensable to a proper distribution of their municipal powers as it is to States. It was not made applicable to any city by the master builders of our republic, because there was no great city in the country when the constitution was formed. While the authors of the constitution

took their inspiration from the system of States then existing and the spirit of community independence which had been the mainspring of the Revolution, they knew quite well that these things had their origin in a race which had fewer acres than great men. From the Amphictyonic League, which was a league of states, to the Achæan League, which was a league of cities, the federative principle governed and characterized the political philosophy and institutions of the Greeks, and it is easy to discern, especially from the papers of Madison, that the American system remotely took its rise on those classic heights.

Beside, the theory of aggregation rather than unification has been enforced in the actual development of the present great cities of the world. "As modified by the act of 1855, the government of London, within what is known as the metropolitan area, consisted of the City Corporation, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and thirty eight vestries and district boards." Paris is divided into twenty arrondissements, with four subdivisions. Each of these arrondissements has a mayor, and has local rights and powers for local purposes. New York has already found it needful to give the trans-Harlem a separate administration of public works. At one time the horses engaged in street cleaning were stabled so far away from some parts of the city that it took them at times half a day to go and come from the locality where they were needed for the work in hand.

It would be to fly in the face of all experience to attempt to unify all the municipalities which are to constitute Greater New York under an imperial system, having no regard for the autonomy, the rights, or the local interests of the various communities. It would be to adopt the systems of Asia and to return to the dark ages.

In 1881 I drafted a plan for the consolidation of the municipalities lying about the harbor of New York within the boundaries of this State, on what is now known as the borough system, and I have advocated it strenuously ever since. It was enforced upon me by the principles and examples I have crudely stated, and it has been a great satisfaction to have it approved by all who have given careful study to the subject.

It is interesting to note that the present movement for the municipal reform and unification of London arose from an effort in Parliament to reorganize the towns of England; it being by common consent, among the statesmen of the country, assumed that these minor divisions are to be recognized in substance as well in the urban as in the rural sections of the realm.

In the report of the royal commission of 1894, appointed "to recommend a scheme for the complete municipal unity of the metropolis," we find the following trenchant statements:

> The government of London must be intrusted to one body exercising certain functions throughout all the areas covered by the name, and to a number of local bodies exercising certain other functions within the local areas which collectively make up London.
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> We are in all cases dealing with areas which possess the characteristics of town life, and the organization of their joint and several governments should be settled accordingly.
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> We believe it could be best secured by making, where the areas are conterminous, the members of the central board elected for any district *ex officio* members of the local governing body of the district.

It may be assumed from the article by the Lord Mayor of London, published in the *North American Review* for October, 1894, that there is a concurrence of the leading minds of England on this plan of consolidation—notably of Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt, consolidationists on the one hand, and of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Arthur James Balfour, and Professor Goldwin Smith, "following men like Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Sir George Grey, and Mr. John Stuart Mill, on the other hand."

The principle thus presented ought to be familiar to every American citizen. It is none other than that doctrine of community rights lying at the source of American institutions and evinced in all its manifold forms—towns, villages, cities, counties—from the old school districts of New England to the States united under the Federal constitution. It is that fundamental axiom which teaches us in all forms of government, while effectuating central and supreme power and general

unity, to preserve and develop the humbler, but not less sacred, rights of man in his closer and more familiar relations.

Proceeding upon the principle thus outlined and exemplified, the Greater New York charter divides the city into the five boroughs which nature and history had already formed; that is to say:

(1) Manhattan, consisting of the island of Manhattan and the outlying islands naturally related to it.

(2) The Bronx; that is to say, all that part of the present City of New York lying north of the Harlem, a territory which comprises two thirds of the area of the present City of New York.

(3) Brooklyn.

(4) Queens, consisting of that portion of Queens County to be incorporated into the Greater New York.

(5) Richmond; that is, Staten Island.

Power is given to the municipal assembly to subdivide these boroughs still further, in case of need. But Greater New York will start with these five grand divisions.

The need and the propriety of these divisions for administrative work will not be gainsaid by any enlightened man. We have in Mr. Joseph Chamberlain the highest authority for the statement that "a population of half a million is practically the largest number that can be governed administratively from one center with the individual attention and constant assiduity that have contributed so much to the usefulness and popularity of corporation work." It needs only common knowledge and perception to understand that all the administrative business of Greater New York could not be transacted from one City Hall, with any regard for the convenience of the people or for the expedition of public business. The striking progress in the efforts of government to bring its service nearer to the homes of the people required like effort on the part of the charter makers. To ask the residents of Jamaica, Flatbush, and Staten Island to transact all their business with the city at the New York City Hall alone, would be no less ridiculous than to compel them to mail all their letters in the New York Post Office. We have a letter box on every corner, and nobody has suggested that this distributive system has tended to the disintegration of the postal department.

I remember that while riding along the borders of a British lake, upon coming to a point where the water had flooded and excavated the roadway so as to cause much inconvenience to the coach, I said to the driver, "Why do you not have that repaired?" He replied, "We have been trying to do it for fifteen years." I said I thought it might be done in fifteen hours, at which he exclaimed, "Great heavens, man, we have to get an act of Parliament!"

In the charter before us common sense dictated the plan of aggregation, rather than unification, as indispensable to honest and expeditious administration.

Besides, it is a vulgar error to assume that only material and pecuniary interests are to be considered in the construction of a municipality. The civic pride of the people and the rivalry of sections will be potential factors in the election of good officers and in the maintenance of honest rule. Each of the five grand boroughs has an autonomy and history of its own.

To foster this spirit, the charter wisely provides that each of the boroughs shall have a president elected by its own people. He will sit in the office of the present mayor, surrounded by the administrative officers of the consolidated city. He will be on guard for the interests of his borough. In his person the spirit of the old city will survive, although blended into a grander association.

Greater New York is divided into twenty two districts, corresponding to the existing Senatorial districts, in each of which will be a local board. These bodies will hold their meetings at the city hall of the borough, whose president will preside over them. Each local board may take the initiative in all local improvements, primary in character, the cost of which is to be paid by assessment on abutting property. These include the opening, grading, paving of streets and the like. They are conducted immediately under the eyes of those who are to bear the burden, and whose self interest will prompt them to spy out bad contract work, and corrupt or unwarranted assessments.

Again, the members of the local boards are charged with the duty of furthering good order, peace, good morals, and good government in the neighborhood of their districts—not by vesting them with any separate or controlling power over these subjects, but to such an extent that they may aid the police, the judiciary, the officers of charity, or of the street department, by calling their attention to whatever requires their action. This moral or supervisory duty, in aid and in reminder of public officers, has proven of great benefit in foreign cities, where the system is carried to a much further extent than that adopted in the charter.

It is not difficult for the wealthy or the influential to make their grievances heard and appreciated; but in a city of many millions the obscure citizen, who might never be heard, either in the municipal assembly or at the administrative department, can at least make known his wants or his wrongs to the neighborhood member of his local board; and the duty and ambition of that member will be pledged to help the lowly, and to advance the good government of his constituents.

I have thus described, at the outset, the division of domain and the distribution of power incidental to that division, contained in the charter. I submit that it is in keeping with the teachings of history and the philosophy of our civilization. The civil laws and the fabrics of government, arising from the experience of mankind, follow a line of consistent progress, involving a survival of the fittest and indicative of a Single Source, just as plainly as do the physical laws and advancing species of our race; and I have no doubt that the system we have constructed in the light of experience, although complex in design, will adapt itself to every want of the vast multitudes, and to every impulse of the imperial city, and will, in practice, operate with simplicity and harmony.

The question now arises, in what way are these divisions consolidated, and how are these local boards made one with the general system? The answer is easy. The body corporate includes all the boroughs. A common mayor and common administrative departments govern the whole city, each department having offices in each borough; and the local boards are made up of the members of the municipal assembly, resident in the district.

The new municipality is, in law, a body made up of many bodies and in constant touch with all its component parts.

In order that the city may enjoy municipal independence to the full extent attainable under the State constitution, the legislative body is intrusted with every legislative power, known or conceivable, under the range of municipal jurisdiction.

In like manner the mayor and the administrative departments, the heads of which are appointed by him, hold a like unlimited measure of executive and administrative powers. To perfect these grants under the strict rule of construction applicable thereto, the charters of all the respectable cities of modern times were consulted and, with checks and balances needful to wise and careful government, nothing has been withheld from the new city, to which our allegiance was primarily due. The volume of powers granted ought to relieve the city from all need to have recourse to Albany to conduct its government in the future. The mayor and municipal assembly represent the entire corporation, and are supreme over all its branches. Here, then, is centralization and community rule in perfect accord.

On the final decision as to the formation of the legislative body, the commission was governed by the example set by the constitutional convention of 1787. The colonial or confederate Congress, of the Revolutionary epoch, consisted of a single chamber. It had proven itself inefficient even in the exercise of the limited powers with which it was intrusted. Appeals to history were made to show that such a system had been employed only in the Italian states, where it had been an instrument of extravagance and disorder, as in France, where it proved the ready instrument of the authors and actors of the French revolution.

The convention of 1787 was making a government for three millions of people. The charter commission had an equal number with which to deal.

The single chamber or board of aldermen, both in Brooklyn and in New York, had proven most unsatisfactory, even with the "slender and fettered authority" confided to it in the past; and it would have been inconsistent and foolhardy to intrust it with "the more enlarged and vigorous powers" delegated by the charter.

The commission followed the example of a convention presided over by Washington, and of whose members Lord Chatham said: "For solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general congress at Philadelphia."

If, however, the double chamber had had no such support in high authority, it would still have been indispensable from practical considerations. To make up the local boards of the various districts, it was necessary that the legislative body should consist of the number of members provided by the charter for both houses. There are to be sixty aldermen and twenty nine councilmen, making in all eighty nine members of the municipal assembly, the smallest number possible for the right construction of the local boards. Even as it is, Richmond will have only three members of her local board, and in one of the Bronx districts there will be only two members of the local board. Besides, the members of the municipal assembly in each county are made the board of supervisors for that county, and it being thus indispensable that the members of the legislative body of the city should aggregate eighty nine in number, what possible reason can be assigned in favor of seating them in one chamber instead of two?

On the other hand, how clear is the proposition that if the number is to be necessarily the same, the double house is imperatively advisable. You get a different constituency for each house; a different form and method of election; a different class of men; all the checks against hasty and inconsiderate legislation; more publicity and discussion upon each measure; and a more dignified body as a substitute for the Legislature of the State, at no greater cost and by no larger intrusion upon the jurisdiction of the coördinate branches of the government. When, in addition, it is considered that we have seated the heads of the departments on the floor of the board of aldermen and the ex mayors on the floor of the council, it is at once apparent that the grander legislature has every advantage and is open to no serious objection. It is worthy of notice that of all the critics of the bicameral system who have talked or written on the charter, each one appears in blissful ignorance of these conclusive facts.

It was evident to the men who made the charter that the Greater New York must have a constitution that will give the city all the powers necessary to conduct its own affairs. Having constructed an appropriate legislative branch, I do not think we can have failed in allotting to this body every right, power, and privilege which the history of cities and the conditions of Greater New York suggest as needful to the enjoyment of self government within appropriate limitations. We considered in this respect the constitutions of European and American cities, especially those of Paris, Berlin, and Budapest upon the continent; of Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, and London in Great Britain, and those of St. Louis, Brooklyn, and New York in this country. We have conferred upon the municipal assembly legislative authority over every subject known to municipal jurisdiction. We gathered and preserved all the legislative powers heretofore vested in New York and Brooklyn, and, in addition, intrusted the new city with the original power to build bridges or tunnels over or under the rivers within its domain; construct parks, school houses, and public buildings; and generally to execute those higher and more expensive functions needful to meet the wants arising from the rapid growth of population and the advancing greatness of the metropolis.

We have, however, respecting the mode of exercise of the powers of the municipal assembly, effected a radical and far reaching distinction between those powers which, in a judicial sense, are political, and those powers which, in the same sense, are proprietary in character.

As to everything concerning the rights,

privileges, and liberties of the citizen, the legislative body is subject to no restraint. But in respect to the large and costly range of works and properties comprised in the general term "public improvements," we have determined that the initiative, in each case, shall be with the board of public improvements, and other appropriate departments, and that the action of the municipal assembly shall be also subjected to the concurrence of the commissioners of estimate and apportionment. When the multitude and magnitude of the public works and properties of the Greater New York, at present and in the future, are duly considered—the bridges over the East River and the Harlem River, the Croton and the Ridgewood water works, Central Park and Prospect Park and the other parks, boulevards, and driveways, the number of streets and avenues paved or to be paved, or to be repaired and repaved; the vast extent of the sewer system, and so forth—it is quite obvious that these works should be primarily controlled by expert and administrative authority, so that they may be developed and distributed upon a fixed plan yielding the greatest service to the city as a whole, and designed and constructed obediently to the highest attainable scientific agencies. For this reason we thought that in the institution of new works or properties of the character described, or in the development of such as may be old, the action of the municipal corporation, on its proprietary side, should originate with the board of public improvements, or administrative department. From a like consideration of the enormous outlay of money to be constantly required by the municipal corporation in its capacity as proprietor, we thought that the action of the municipal assembly should be dependent upon the concurrence of the commissioners of estimate and apportionment, who should be always familiar with the volume of taxation and the extent of the city debt, and whose highest function it will be to guard the solvency of the corporation and to lighten the burdens of taxation. These checks and safeguards against extravagance and corruption cannot be overcome in the interest of jobbery or peculation until each department has become venal, and our people lost to all sense of public honor.

Nor are these checks in any degree an abridgment of the sovereignty of the people. The officers of the executive and administrative branches of government spring no less from the people than the members of the legislature, and it is therefore, in principle, merely a question as to which method will be more conducive to economical and honest government. These are the only restraints, apart from the veto power, placed on the municipal assembly. In short, I am sure that every one, upon reading the chapter on the legislative department, will admit that consolidation is thereby effected under a central government equipped for every emergency, so far as the future can be discerned by the past or anticipated by diligent study and forethought.

If, however, more is needed to make unification complete, it will be found in the consideration of the deputed powers of the mayor and of the administrative departments.

To the mayor is given the power to appoint all the administrative and executive officers, excepting the comptroller, who is rendered elective by the people every four years, so that the treasury and finances may be constantly in the hands of an independent department. The mayor will be *ex officio* president of the board of public improvements. He may direct the police in the enforcement of the laws, and in time of tumult or of riot he may demand the assistance of the State militia located within the city. He will have supervisory control over the various departments, and an enlarged veto power upon the acts of the municipal assembly. His power and patronage will be so great that it is no exaggeration to say that he will in these particulars, be a dignitary second only in importance to the President of the United States.

The board of public improvements is made up of the mayor, comptroller, corporation counsel, presidents of the various boroughs, each to have a vote only on matters concerning his borough; and the respective heads of the departments of water supply; of highways; of street cleaning; of sewers; and of public buildings, lighting, and supplies. In this

body all the large public works to be conducted by the various departments mentioned must originate.

I have no time to speak in detail of the various departments; of the department of finance upon which we spent so many days of investigation and of labor, assisted by the most expert financiers, and which met with the hearty commendation of the efficient gentleman who is now the comptroller of the City of New York; of the law department, in the construction of which we abolished all the special attorneyships existing in the several administrative departments of the various municipalities, and intrusted the entire law business of the city to the sole care of the corporation counsel, who is given power, subject to the limitation arising from the amount annually appropriated for the purpose by the board of estimate and apportionment, to appoint as many assistant corporation counsels or attorneys as may be necessary to attend to all the law business of the city, or any of its officers; of the department of charities, with all its great and sacred trusts, wherein we have brought the city into coöperation with the State board of charities, conformably to the new provisions of the constitution of 1894, in the composition of which we had efficient aid from the public discussions before us, and from private communications from the leading philanthropists of the State, and the foremost members of the New York Bar—Mr. Choate, Mr. Gerry, and Mr. Bliss; of the department of parks, where all the parks, great and small, plazas and public places, with their adjunctive boulevards and driveways, are placed under one symmetrical system under the control of expert architects, in which we had much assistance from men like Paul Dana, who have given years of their lives and thought to these grand properties; of the department of buildings, the chapter on which, at the public hearing, received the utmost commendation from architects, builders, and all those concerned in its practical operations.

Nor can I speak at length of the department of corrections, which underwent the examination of the various cognate officers in the different municipalities without a single objection; of the fire department, to the construction of which those most experienced—like William Cullen Bryant, of Brooklyn—suggested many novelties and betterments; of the department of docks and ferries, wherein after persistent effort to endow the city with a title to all the tideways and waste and unpatented lands within its domain, we at least succeeded in giving it the prior right to these properties, and in clothing the municipality with a primary power to control and develop the great harbor on both sides of the East River, upon both sides of the great bays, and along its ocean front, which never again can be polluted by the dumping scow, but will hereafter be washed by the ocean in its native purity and beauty; of the department of taxes and assessments, far too intricate and complicated to be discussed on this occasion, but which perhaps required more time and closer study than any other; of the departments of water supply, of highways, and of sewers; of the department of street cleaning, wherein we adopted the present vigorous and efficient system of the City of New York; of the department of public buildings, lighting, and supplies, wherein we abolished the board of electrical control, and created an agency adequate to conduct all the modern uses of electricity by wires laid underground to the exclusion of the unsightly network of overhead wires now existing in some of the municipalities, and providing the citizen with inspectors competent to see not merely that the required volume of gas or electricity is furnished, but that the gas is of the requisite quality and the electricity of the required force; of the department of bridges, in which the great East River Bridge, as well as the bridges over the Harlem and elsewhere, are handed over to the care of a single head, carefully retaining in their places those officers who, by study and experience, are familiar with the peculiar mechanism of the greater structure; of the department of health, in which we have garnered all the provisions for the preservation of the life, comfort, and health of the citizen, known to the voluminous charter of the City of New York and the other and better charters of our country; and of the department of education, constructed under the

guidance of our distinguished colleague, the president of Columbia University, assisted by the aids and advisers who naturally surround him, and which ought to be the best system of popular education known to the cities of the globe.

Among the minor gems of the charter I may mention the art commission, which, emanating with the Society of Arts and Sciences in New York, was finally, with the aid of Mr. Elihu Root, put into legal form agreeable to the constitution of the State. In this section we have, with something of the Athenian spirit, cared for public works of art, and seen to it that no public building, memorial, statuary, or work of art can be erected in any of the public places of the city without the approbation of expert and distinguished artists. I commend also the munificence with which the various institutions of the arts and sciences, situated in our parks and throughout the great city, have been treated. I like the advance which will test the drugs and medicines sold by pharmacists, not merely in search of adulterations, but so that all drugs and medicines shall be known to be of the requisite freshness and potency. I was glad to make the Sunday laws uniform, so that a gentleman may be made presentable by going to a barber openly at any time before one o'clock on either side of the Bridge; and, in a sporting spirit, I like the sections which provide for regattas on our rivers and bays, so that when a great event like an international regatta takes place, the police may clear the race course, and the flying vessels be no longer impeded by tugs or insolent craft. The measure which authorizes the issue of city bonds in small amounts, so that the humblest citizen may invest his earnings in the debts of the metropolis, is a feature of deserved popularity.

There are in my judgment only two substantial errors in the charter. The first and less important consists in the plan for laying assessments for primary local improvements after the work is done, and after it has been paid for by the issue of city bonds. The second error, which is of the first magnitude, consists in the restraint put upon the mayor's power of removal, coupled with an enlarged term and a fixed ineligibility to reëlection. I am quite sure the experience of less than ten years will bring the city back to the system proposed in the original draft, whereby assessments for first local improvements are laid upon the abutting property in advance, and their total collection made reasonably certain before a single bond is issued.

I am for a czar mayor, with a short term, and a free right to go again to the people. I fully appreciate the objections successfully urged in the commission to so powerful an officer. I acknowledge there would be danger to the independence of the departments, and that an ambitious mayor, with such power, might convert all the vast machinery of the government to the uses of his party or himself. There is a loss, too, in point of efficiency on the mayor's part from a short term, whereby he might go out of office at the very time when he was most competent for the discharge of his duties; but in my judgment these dangers and evils are of no considerable weight against the advantages arising from the centralization of all responsibility for maladministration in one man, who must, either in person or through his party, go to the people every two years. I believe that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe moves through the minds of the multitude, and in this age of free schools and ubiquitous journalism, no mayor with plenary power and full responsibility would dare to permit corruption or inefficiency to exist in any department. If he did, the people would have only one head to hit and one party to demolish.

This cardinal error corrected, nothing would remain of the subsidiary objections. It would then be wholly immaterial, in point of efficiency, whether the police department were under one head or four heads, were partisan, bipartisan, or non partisan. If the mayor had constantly the power of removal, he could at any moment put an end to discord, irregularity, or deadlock in a bipartisan police board by discharging either or all of the commissioners. A bipartisan board, amenable at all times to the mayor's power to remove, is far better than a partisan police with a bold and ambitious Fouché at their head.

Nor is there anything in the suggestion that the charter gives the police any real control over the machinery of our elections. While the heads of the bureau of elections are selected by the bipartisan board of police, and their offices are classified with that department, their relation to the elections is purely clerical and perfunctory. All the real election officers —the registers, who make up the list, the inspectors, who superintend the casting of the ballots in the boxes, and the canvassers who count the votes—are appointed by the regular committee of the political parties respectively. The returns are made to several departments, and there is not the slightest chance under the charter for the police to interfere with the voter or the count.

I have thus, in whole and part, in principle and substance, from foundation to summit, in all its structural features, presented in concise form the charter for Greater New York. My embattled energies were at it for eight long consecrated months. Since I have no selfish interest to conserve, I think I may speak of it with freedom and with pride. I shall not be a candidate for any of its offices. On the contrary, I shall be far away in foreign lands at the time of its inauguration. I beseech my fellow citizens to confide the first administration of the charter exclusively to its friends. Those who have assailed it, as well as the opponents of consolidation, should have the decency to consider themselver ineligible to the first terms. No intelligent people would, in the first instance, confide so complex a piece of mechanism to those who are ignorant of its principles, or who have declared it defective in its parts, or whose reputations, as prophets, might be enhanced by its failure. It is due to the commission that the charter be tested by its friends.

It is likewise of the utmost importance to each section, as it is to the supreme municipality, that the ablest men should be chosen to fill the various offices. These two requests being observed the charter is secure.

It is adequate to all the emergencies of the vast future. It is constructed not merely for the present, but for many centuries to come. It has in it all the virtues of existing charters and the vices of none. It will adapt itself to any extent of domain, and to any multiple of population. As well with a population of ten millions as with a population of three millions, it will give to each neighborhood the utmost care and attention, and to the imperial metropolis, as a whole, the utmost dignity and power. The form of government for Greater New York, it will be the model upon which Greater London will be constructed. Under it the City of New York at one bound becomes the mistress of the western hemisphere and the second city of the world. It should be to its people what Athens was to the Greek, Rome to the Romans, Florence to the Florentine; what St. Petersburg is to the Russian, Paris to the French, London to the English—an object of constant solicitude and of civic pride. They should preserve its honor; uphold its independence; develop its greatness.

In all these patriotic aspirations the charter will be found a ready instrument for the best results. The months are passing, and in a little while the studied page will be a living reality. Upon that reality will hang the hopes, the happiness, the prosperity of millions yet to be. In the approaching dawn of the twentieth century, the majestic fabric rises upon the tides of time. As I hail it and bid it farewell, I fervently implore the favor of heaven in its behalf, and I confidently intrust it to the patriotism and the genius of my countrymen.

William C. De Witt.

LITERARY CHAT

MR. HOWELLS' LATEST BOOK.

Any one taking up Mr. Howells' latest book in the expectation of finding a quick moving, connected, and coherent plot is speedily doomed to disappointment; but the majority of Mr. Howells' admirers do not approach his novels in any such expectant frame of mind. People who are looking for plots may find remarkable good bargains on the ten cent counter of the corner news stand, but in "The Landlord at Lion's Head Inn" the plot is quite a secondary matter. Mr. Howells' work is rarely characterized by any haste to tell his story, and the book under discussion is exceptionally deliberate in the unfolding of the theme. Plot hunters will say that it is hopelessly padded, but these people are hypercritical. As a matter of fact, Mr. Howells is merely lingering throughout the book among the rugged New England scenes he delights to sketch, and with the Yankee people of whom he writes with keen perception and good natured wit.

The Lion's Head was originally a New England farm house overlooking a ridge of the surrounding mountains worn into the semblance of the head of a lion. With enterprise characteristic of that region, the farm house is gradually remodeled into the usual rambling and hideous summer hotel. The farmer's family is consumptive, and this fact is most depressingly insisted upon; the book opens with a chorus of coughs, and we are told that the family got into the habit of sitting in the parlor (instead of the kitchen) from having it open so much for funerals. *Jeff*, the only non tubercular member of the unhappy home circle, goes to Harvard, where he endures the indignities to which a countryman is usually subjected at the great centers of liberal culture. The countryman at college plays a leading rôle in the story, and this portion of the book, bearing upon the unhappy lot of those students whom the author designates as "jay," forms an interesting exposition of the sharply drawn social distinctions at our larger universities.

A place among the most popular books of the season is generally conceded to "The Landlord at Lion's Head Inn," but it is difficult to say wherein its chief claim lies. It is a slender story, enriched by Mr. Howells' wealth of English, and by his usual scrupulous attention to the niceties, the graceful trivialities, of his art. On the other hand he occasionally breaks into this vein: "The air in the little house was close and stuffy, mixed with an odor of mold and an ancient smell of rats." The story itself is so attenuated that it is hardly visible at times, and the unfaltering pursuit of it from start to finish is as good a test as any reader could give of fidelity to the leader of a contemporary school of American fiction.

THE SEQUEL TO "LOOKING BACKWARD."

Mr. Edward Bellamy, whose "Looking Backward" commanded such wide attention a few years ago, has written a sequel to that hopeful dream of twentieth century life, continuing his scheme of universal coöperation of labor under governmental supervision at the point where he left it in concluding his first volume. The new book is called "Equality."

On laying the volume down, the first distinct impression of which the reader is conscious is a feeling of exhilaration that such glowing promises of solution for existing difficulties should be given. However chimerical these promises may be, the mere suggestion of the disappearance of all want and wretchedness from the face of the earth is an inspiring thought. Indeed, a casual perusal of the book is quite likely to leave the superficial reader with the thought that Mr. Bellamy has sketched the probable trend of twentieth century progression, and given a fairly prophetic vision of ultimate economic equality.

But mature deliberation upon the propositions of the book will render it difficult for the reader to treat Mr. Bellamy seriously. As it is preposterous to suppose that he is playing practical jokes upon his million readers, we must assume that he has set down his honest convictions, thoughtfully and deliberately. On this assumption the book should receive respectful attention from intelligent readers. Unfortunately, however, the laboring classes, to which Mr. Bellamy's propositions appeal most strongly, and among which his dicta will be most revered, are those wherein such conditions obtain that an impartial standpoint of criticism is almost impossible. Men who are none too far from the starvation point at best are not apt to weigh with discretion the pros and cons of any suggestion for economic reform. Nevertheless, Mr. Bellamy suggests a scheme of reform necessitating the utmost forbearance on the part of these people, and calling for many

decades of unanimous brotherly indulgence and concession during the period of its adoption. We must give him credit for eliminating all professed incendiary motives from his book, but this bare suggestion seems much like touching a match to gunpowder.

The problem of treating Mr. Bellamy seriously is rendered more difficult by the daring flights of his Utopian fancy. The book is too full of weighty generalities for any extended discussion of its exact data, but Mr. Bellamy gives a few figures which we are forced to take as fair samples of his scheme, and which lead to amusing conclusions. In the year 2000 each person is assumed to have a private income equivalent to $4,000, on a scale of values wherein a suit of clothes is put down at twenty cents! That is to say, machinery has so simplified production, and coöperation has so increased individual wealth, that in the year 2000 each person's annual wage is equivalent to twenty thousand suits of clothes. Taking the present cost of a workingman's suit at ten dollars, this is equivalent to an income, at the present day, of $200,000 a year per capita! Mr. Bellamy's promises are certainly liberal enough.

Then, again, he puts the value of one man's daily labor (in A. D. 2000) at $50. On a basis of twenty cent clothes, this is the same as stating that one worker—plus machinery and new fabrics and processes—is to create out of primitive elements two hundred and fifty finished suits of clothes every day. This scarcely sounds consistent with the promised short hours of labor.

Another matter which makes it still harder to regard "Equality" with composure is the attitude of the author in regard to present conditions. Any argument, to be convincing, must be based upon the best available data impartially collected; but Mr. Bellamy's premises are often open to challenge. He says of contemporary times that "while a boy's training looked forward to fitting him to earn a living, a girl was educated with a chief end of making her, if not pleasing, at least not displeasing, to men." Is this an unprejudiced review of present tendencies?

Again he says: "Religion, in a word, like industry and politics, was capitalized by greater or smaller corporations, which exclusively controlled the plant and machinery, and conducted it for the prestige and power of the firms." We need not recite other sweeping accusations which the author brings against nineteenth century methods; those we have given are sufficient to show his frame of mind in regard to contemporary society.

It is very easy to solve a problem by beginning at the solution and working backward. Mr. Bellamy has assumed the satisfactory solution of all present difficulties, and then improvised an attractive intermediate chain of reasoning to sustain his assumption. His method is not a sound one. Arguments of this sort are pleasing, but they generally end where they began, and we cannot feel that he has brought the social problem which he attacked with so much vigor ten years ago any nearer to a rational solution than it was when he wrote "Looking Backward."

None can say that Mr. Bellamy has been guilty of the literary crime of trading on his reputation, for since the publication of "Looking Backward" he has not offered any other wares for sale until this spring. Considering the phenomenal success of the earlier novel, its author's silence of ten years' duration is praiseworthy, for he must have known that any book of his, however commonplace it might be, would command wide notice and bring in a rich harvest of royalties.

Mr. Bellamy began his first book, it is said, with no idea of the magnitude of the task he had set for himself. It was his intention merely to write a fanciful and amusing story of the future, until, becoming deeply interested in his work, he ended by evolving a deliberate scheme of social reorganization. His whole mental attitude became changed, so that the narrative of his scheme, as continued in "Equality," is really the expression of his most cherished ideals.

His case is a striking instance of the founding of wide spread fame on a single book. His work up to 1887 was little known, but of "Looking Backward" nearly five hundred thousand copies were sold in this country alone, and it was translated into many foreign languages. In spite of his success, Mr. Bellamy is characterized by a modest and unassuming manner. His absorption in his work is so complete that it is said he has practically no other interests.

A NOVEL BY MR. DAVIS.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis is certainly versatile. Only a few weeks ago his "Cuba in War Time" was published, and now comes a book of an entirely different sort, "Soldiers of Fortune." He appears to be quite as much at home in portraying the stern realities of the rebellion in Cuba as in giving the lighter touches to his new but widely discussed romance.

"Soldiers of Fortune" is a strong, dramatic story of love and war. The central figure, *Clay*—the younger soldier of fortune—is kept well to the front throughout the book, and the other characters are grouped about him in a manner which proves that Mr. Davis possesses in marked degree the sense of proportion. The reader's interest is not side

tracked by irrelevant accessories, but the main line of the story is clear from beginning to end. The men and women Mr. Davis depicts are wholesome creatures, full of life and good spirits, and the book is entirely free from morbid impulses. After a course of Gertrude Atherton, we extend our thanks to Mr. Davis for writing a clean book, and we sincerely hope he will send others after it.

On the other hand, we admit that certain portions of the book occasioned unseemly mirth on our part. There is young *Clay* himself, hardly more than a boy, but having the far corners of the earth at his finger ends, and adorning his broad chest with medals won on more battle fields than are written in the life history of most veterans. Then there is the young New York girl, yet in her teens—not even a débutante—who plays a leading rôle in a South American revolution, and drives a stage coach past the ambushed enemy with all the level headedness and grit of the justly celebrated Buffalo Bill. Mr. Davis seems to have had in mind the juvenile prodigies of the dime novels, or possibly he found a model in his own distinguished career of personal prowess.

Nevertheless, the critics are saying that Mr. Davis has revealed himself at last as a "master of fiction"—all in capitals. We are not altogether convinced of the truth of this eulogy, though the book is by far the strongest piece of work its author has done. As in Mrs. Kingsley's case, his fame sprang quickly from small beginnings. "Van Bibber" was put into type to fill gaps in the daily paper on which Mr. Davis was employed as a reporter. The spontaneity and "go" of the sketches thus dashed off under pressure drew attention to them. "Gallegher" was his first conspicuous magazine contribution, and it may interest some of our ambitious readers to know that this suffered a long series of rejections before an editor could be found who looked upon it with favor. But after these first steps had been won, the young journalist began to forge ahead with accelerating pace. "Gallegher" appeared only seven years ago, and "Van Bibber" at about the same time; yet today Mr. Davis' name is as widely known, in this country at least, as almost any other contemporary writer.

MORE ABOUT OLD NEW YORK.

Not long ago we spoke of "A Romance of Old New York," by Edgar Fawcett, a book dealing with the metropolis of eighty years ago. Mrs. Augusta Campbell Watson has gone still farther back in her latest book, "Beyond the City Gates; a Romance of Old New York," and has written entertainingly of the little settlement on Manhattan Island as it was two hundred years ago. At that date the thought of Captain Kidd brought terror to the crew of every out bound ship, and Mrs. Watson's story chiefly concerns an accomplice of that notorious buccaneer, who dwelt on shore among the worthy citizens of New York. In those days the Dutch patroon held sway over his semi feudal grants, and it is the patroon's heir who, as the partner of *Kidd* and the lover of the sweet and dainty *Freida van Dycke*, forms the central figure of the romance.

Mrs. Watson's book does not exhibit any great wealth of historical embellishment, nor would it be improved by a further application of the antiquating process; but we are grateful to her for dating her romance away from our own time, and for showing us scenes and characters out of the vicinity of the conventional society novel, with its questionable morals and its aimless dalliance with hypothetical problems of sex and sect.

It cannot be said without challenge that the purely historical novel is growing in popular favor, but there is a marked tendency in recent works to grace the plot with the atmosphere of bygone days, drawing upon historical data merely to remove the story from the overtaxed purlieus of up to date fiction. This is a good sign and one to be hailed as an augury of better times.

The young heir, *Adriaen de Witte*, goaded to desperation by the fear that his dealings with *Kidd* will become known, kills the patroon in a fit of anger. The mockery of circumstantial evidence fastens the guilt upon the beautiful *Freida*, and she is convicted of murder. The craven *De Witte* has not the courage to own his crime, and *Freida* is far too loyal to her guilty lover to implicate him, even to save her own life. These two young people, the noble *Freida* and the weak and nerveless *Adriaen*, are followed with unusual fidelity throughout the stirring narrative, and "The Strength of Woman's Devotion" would have been a fitting sub title for a story which is remarkable for its strong delineation of feminine character.

Mrs. Watson is by no means unknown among bookmen, but her latest work should make for her a still wider circle of friends. She comes of the old New York family of Campbell, and her father was known as a writer of repute. Her best known book is "The Old Harbor Town," which tells of the picturesque port of New London as it was in Revolutionary days. Again, in "Off Lynnport Light" she takes us back to the early days of New England. One of her books,

"Dorothy the Puritan," is to be dramatized for the metropolitan stage.

MRS. KINGSLEY'S SERIES.

The competitive story, written for a prize, confined within the bounds of stipulated conditions, and forced to completion through the deadly stimulus of a time limit, is not as a rule a healthy intellectual product. The marks of the struggle are still upon it when it is led forth for the plaudits of the people, and the mere fact that it is avowedly a combatant on hotly contested ground brings it perilously close to the suggestion of the prize ring.

We emphasize these facts merely to call attention to an author whose first volume made a grateful exception to the majority of prize stories. Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley commenced her literary career six years ago when "Titus, a Comrade of the Cross," appeared as the winner of a prize contest. There is food for thought in the fact that Mrs. Kingsley began this really notable story with no preliminary training beyond the routine of an ordinary schooling, and brought it to full and symmetrical completion within the space of eight weeks. The plot of "Titus" dawned suddenly upon her one day, and she immediately began to write. Some say that such an occurrence as the flashing of this complete idea upon her consciousness is an inspiration; others, in more technical but no whit more intelligible phrase, might aver that the idea is merely the working out of an ever active inner consciousness—an unconscious consciousness, if you like. In whatever way one looks at the matter, the book was written, and written well, in a space of time that seems almost incredibly short when one considers that the author came to her work a novice.

Last year Mrs. Kingsley wrote a second book, also founded on biblical data, "Stephen, a Soldier of the Cross," and recently she has added a third, making a series of novels based on religious history. This latest one is "Paul, a Herald of the Cross."

Mrs. Kingsley's books have already found their way into millions of homes, and theirs is no evanescent fame. Intentionally, or by chance, she has grouped her books in climactic order. First came the story of a thief, then the history of the martyr Stephen, and now she has written about the great apostle himself. She has capped the climax of her biblical series, and it is difficult to see how she is to proceed further and avoid the pitfall of an anticlimax.

Small things have given direction to Mrs. Kingsley's talent for writing. Her mother required her to write an essay every week during her earlier years, and an uncle, to whom she has always been devoted, urged her to give herself to serious literary work, and suggested that she should enter the prize competition which resulted in "Titus." On such slender bases rested the beginning of her work. And yet, if the history of the world could be written—not the obvious, outside history of events, but the real and hidden history of motives, of ultimate causes and beginnings—we should find it to be merely a a long chain of just such small directing influences as those that sent a million copies of "Titus" into the farthest corners of the land.

MORE ORIGINAL VERSE.

If poetry is not already dead, as some of our pessimists are assuring us, it is at least rapidly dying. Those lists of "books received," which one sees so often in some obscure corner of the daily papers, contain usually a baker's dozen of volumes of alleged verse. As a rule these are virtually obituary notices of murdered art.

It has frequently been said that English words lend themselves to versifying with a degree of facility which is fatal to true poetry. Conceding this deadly ease of "poetic" expression, it is all the more astonishing that among these woebegone booklets there are so many in which the most self evident tenets of poesy are set at naught.

We received recently two volumes of original verse by one Louis M. Elshemus, which are positively startling in thought and expression. They are called "Mammon; a Spirit Song" and "'Lady' Vere." The author draws his characters with bold strokes. An example or two may be entertaining:

> Ethel,
> The one whose bulging forehead proved her obstinate,
> Seemed not to feel his favors much; but Maud,
> Whose prominent nose pronounced her ways presumptious (*sic*),
> Felt angered somewhat.

Elshemus loves to wander in the woods, as the following proves:

> There he sought for her the shoots
> That have a bloodlike tinge, are so fresh—ah, ooze
> Not from them ruby liquids!

"Ah, ooze," repeated rapidly, will keep one from yawning, though the poem itself is soporific. Evidently the promising author dislikes women:

> Deft with the oars, a champion walker's gait;
> Maud could have entered any college nine,
> So sport-fond was she.
> But alas her tongue,
> So thick and long, proclaimed her feminine.

Rising to a climax of poetic frenzy he exclaims:

So quickly may our thoughts change—aye in woman.
Yet who can read a woman's fickle mind
He is a marvel.

These disquieting books remind one of the blare and fizzle of a safety valve. Those who are unluckily near are annoyed by a noisy, spluttering flow of wasted vapor—and then comes the interval of grateful quiet. Possibly the publication of such formless and senseless stuff operates as a safety valve upon the scribbling impulses of unemployed people, but those whose tympana are easily jarred will do well to stand at a distance.

"LADS' LOVE."

We saw recently in a comic weekly a cartoon which possessed the unique merit of being genuinely funny. It depicted a man carrying in his hand a diminutive booklet of Scotch tales, and upon his shoulder the ponderous dialect lexicon by aid of which he hoped to interpret the kailyard stories.

It is a matter for rejoicing that "Lads' Love," by Mr. Crockett, although it is a dialect story, may be read without the aid of such an unwieldy ally. It is a fresh and breezy tale of country life and country lovers. It is good to read about the strong and noble type of woman exemplified in *Nance Chrystie*, and the strong and wholesome men from among whom her sturdy lover *Alec* is drawn.

The book abounds in unexpected bursts of merriment, sallies of light and unforced wit. We admit that we are ill prepared for this exposition of Scotch nature. Here and there appears a capital practical joke, a quick touch of humor, more typical, we should have said, of our own Yankee lads than of the sedate and serious Scotchmen with their pious jokes and noiseless laughter. If Mr. Crockett's portrayal of Scotch life in its lighter moods is strictly accurate, we have been doing the sons of Caledonia an injustice in assuming them to be devoid of a spontaneous vein of facetiousness approaching to comicality. At the same time, we think that "Lads' Love" is no more illustrative of the usual vein of Scotch merriment than the pranks of *Huckleberry Finn* are typical of the fun of the average American school boy.

The following poem by George Du Maurier illustrates, as perhaps nothing else could, the passionate devotion of the artist author to music. He has called it "Music and Death," and coming, as it did, so soon before he joined the great majority, it appears particularly significant:

Kindly watcher by my bed, lift no voice in prayer,
Waste not any words on me when the hour is nigh;
Let a stream of melody but flow from some sweet player,
And meekly will I lay my head and fold my hands to die.

Sick am I of idle words, past all reconciling,
Words that weary and perplex, and pander and conceal;
Wake the sounds that cannot lie, for all their sweet beguiling—
The language one need fathom not, but only hear and feel.

Let them roll once more to me, and ripple in my hearing,
Like waves upon some lonely beach where no craft anchoreth;
That I may steep my soul therein, and craving nought, nor fearing,
Drift on through slumber to a dream, and through a dream to death.

* * * *

A poet need not live until the gray hairs come in order to bring forth his *chef d'œuvre*. Keats died at the age of twenty three, and though he considered his name "writ in water," every lover of verse knows the true worth of his poetry. At sixteen "Robby" Burns had given the world evidence of his genius by writing his "Songs of Childhood," and the beauty loving Shelley gave us "Queen Mab" at eighteen.

In prose, however, the best work has been done in more mature years. Great novelists, especially, have matured late in life. Thackeray was fifty when he published "Vanity Fair." Dickens, Scott, and Bulwer were all well advanced in middle life when they gave us their best books. A poem may be all the sweeter for having been written before the poet's love of beauty was dulled by the struggles and disappointments of manhood; but that keen insight into human nature which is the foundation of all enduring fiction comes only with the passing of years.

* * * *

Mr. Robert Hichens makes one of his characters say, "Why, my best romances come straight from my liver! My pathos springs from its condition of disorder and my imaginative force is only due to an unnatural state of body which I can deliberately produce by drinking tea that has stood a long while and become full of tannin." As a bit of satire this is delicious; taken soberly, it is not inappropriate to much of Mr. Hichens' own work. In any case, it is suggestive of a possible school of novelists of the melancholic order who might induce the necessary physiological condition by a diet of pâté de foie gras and Welsh rarebit.

MAXINE ELLIOTT AND HER SISTER.

If managers' intentions are carried out, playgoers will have an opportunity to make an interesting comparison during the coming season. Both Nat Goodwin and Sol Smith Russell promise to include "The Taming of the Shrew" in their repertoires, intrusting the part of *Katharine* to their respective leading ladies—Maxine Elliott and Blanche Walsh. Miss Elliott has not acted in New York since the spring of 1896, and metropolitan theater goers will have a warm welcome for her when she opens with Mr. Goodwin at the Knickerbocker. It was in Gotham that she made her humble start, and although but few years have passed since then, she had reached an enviable goal before she tried other fields, eighteen months ago.

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT.

From her latest photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.

Miss Elliott's beauty, to be sure, has done much for her, and yet, on the other hand, it is a constant drag on her pride of achievement. She is an ambitious woman; one who burns to win high rank in her profession by art that appeals to the mind, not by attractions that merely please the eye. And her work at Daly's bore evidence to the sincerity of her

MAXINE ELLIOTT.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

purpose in this respect. The coming season will set the seal upon her conquest in this worthy field, where fairness of countenance is but the adjunct to inborn talent.

Miss Elliott returned from Australia in the spring, and has spent the summer in Europe. She will probably be seen first in Mr. Goodwin's great success, "An American Citizen," not hitherto presented in New York. This is a light comedy, written especially for Nat Goodwin by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, who did it while she was in London during the summer of 1895. Some time ago Mrs. Ryley told a representative of the *Dramatic Mirror* the characteristic instructions she received from the actor for this play.

"'Go home and write me a comedy,' said he, 'and don't let me see it till it is finished.'

"'Good clothes?' I queried.

"'No,' he answered.

"'Wig or no wig?'

"'No wig.'

"'Nat Goodwin or somebody else?'

"'Nat Goodwin.'"

Accompanying Maxine Elliott's portrait we present one of her younger sister Gertrude, who now plays in the same company. She made her first appearance two seasons ago,

with Marie Wainwright, and won much praise for her work as the maid in "The Love Chase." Critics have made special mention of her distinctness of utterance. She now only as a member of Sir Henry's company, and hope I shall not be looked upon in any other light. But when I come back as a star, why——" And the item continues:

JULIA ARTHUR AS "DRUSILLA IVES" IN "THE DANCING GIRL."

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

is considerably shorter than her sister, whose height somewhat limits her versatility.

JULIA ARTHUR AND "A LADY OF QUALITY."

On the 21st of November, 1895, there appeared in a New York newspaper an article about Julia Arthur, in the course of which she was quoted as saying: "I am back here

"Miss Arthur finished this sentence with a look indicating that she had fully resolved to return in that form."

The months have rolled round, and after another sojourn in England as a portion of the Irving organization, Miss Arthur has come back to us, and as a star, too. Circumstances of special interest attend her advent, for she

introduces to the stage a story which would have challenged unusual attention of itself, even without the extraneous notoriety which clings to it by reason of the dissension between author and manager as to who should create the title part.

The very pretty quarrel between Mrs. Burnett and the Frohmans regarding "A Lady of Quality" is still a matter of newspaper memory, with Olga Nethersole as the championed favorite on the managers' side, and an actress of quite untested abilities representing Mrs. Burnett's preferences—because, we are told, this good lady had met her and promised to lend a helping hand in her career! The matter was finally adjusted by both parties giving up, although in a strict sense it is only Mrs. Burnett who was defeated, as the Frohmans, in backing down from their stand, also backed out from producing the play. Julia Arthur was the compromise, and her handling of the wilful *Clorinda* will be awaited anxiously. Mrs. Burnett has rewritten the part, in order to make it more closely adapted to its first exponent.

Miss Arthur is a Canadian by birth, and belongs to a family of which several members have gone on the stage. She began when she was only eleven, and has played an immense repertoire, including all the famous gallery of Shaksperian rôles. All her laurels were won under the flag of the United States till she went to England some four years ago, and began to add to them as part and parcel of the London Lyceum. She was associated with leading rôles in A. M. Palmer's stock at the epoch of "Saints and Sinners," "Lady Windermere's Fan," and Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Mercedes," in which last she achieved what some critics have regarded as her greatest triumph. During Ellen Terry's illness last winter she played *Imogen*.

MAUDE ADAMS.
From her latest photograph by Dupont, New York.

A PLAYER WHO IS WELL BELOVED.

The success of Maude Adams is one of the pleasantest incidents in the theatrical history

ELLEN BEACH YAW.

From her latest photograph—Copyrighted by George Stechel, Los Angeles.

of the decade. She is such an altogether healthful specimen of humanity, and so devoid of all affectations, that one cannot but be glad over her prosperity. Brought up in the atmosphere of the playhouse, Miss Adams has no taint of it clinging to her garments.

offense, but infinitely harder to keep within bounds when only the simulation of the condition is called for. Her success in just this one particular showed Miss Adams to be both a born actress and a true gentlewoman.

Two other parts stand out from the number

W. J. LE MOYNE.

From his latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

To every new part, to each night's repetition of an old part, she brings a freshness, a zeal, that conveys no suggestion of study or effort. Then she never fails to win the sympathy of the best people in the audience; no matter what the character, she exhales an atmosphere of refinement that instantly makes her one of them. Her very first part with John Drew—*Suzanne*, in "The Masked Ball"—proved her powers in this line, for she was required to pretend to be tipsy. It is sufficiently difficult for a woman to enact a genuine depiction of intoxication without giving

of those she has created while leading woman of the Drew company—one that of sweet *Jessie Keber* in "The Bauble Shop"; the other, her last season's success—*Dorothy*, in "Rosemary," of which Mr. Parker, one of the authors, wrote: "Miss Adams puts into it such an amount of personal genius, such an individuality, as, I am sure, neither my friend and collaborator, Mr. Murray Carson, nor I, had ever conceived the part capable of containing."

As the public has often been told, Miss Adams was born in Salt Lake City, but per-

NANCY McINTOSH IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL."
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

haps it is not so generally known that her mother (Mrs. Annie Adams, who plays in her daughter's company) was also born there, her father being one of the pioneers. Mrs. Adams played lead in the stock company of the local theater for several seasons.

With the opening of the present season Maude Adams inaugurates her career as a star, Robert Edeson being her leading man. Her success will be especially gratifying to the public, in whose heart she has made for herself so enviable a place.

ELLEN BEACH YAW AND SOME OTHERS.

Human nature has its weaknesses, and it would be folly to deny that there will be a larger audience to greet Jean de Reszke and Mme. Nordica, reconciled and singing together at the Metropolitan in '98, than if there had been no quarrel previous to their reappearance. Dissensions seem to have replaced stolen diamonds as a mine of treasure to the operatic press agent.

Just how much race horses had to do with M. de Reszke's forgiving mood we shall doubtless never know, but it *is* known that just previous to the "kiss and make up" episode, two of his stable had won prizes at the English races, one of them very unexpectedly. In fact, during the past year the distinguished tenor's gains from the turf have footed up some $30,000. His training stables

are on his Polish estate, at Borovno, and are managed by his younger brother Victor, who is said to possess an equally fine tenor voice, but to prefer bucolic pleasures to the applause of the multitude.

covering nearly four octaves. She is a native of New York State, but her home is now in California. Under competent management, one that would lay stress on the artistic rather than the phenomenal qualities of her voice,

ELLALINE TERRISS IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL."
From a photograph by Ellis, London.

Our portrait of Ellen Beach Yaw shows another remarkable singer who has not yet gone on the operatic stage, although she has for some time been appearing in concert, and her rendering of the mad scene from "Hamlet" has aroused much enthusiasm. Her voice is a soprano of extraordinary range, she should make an impress on the musical history of the decade.

—

A UNIVERSAL FAVORITE.

The actor who was most missed from the reorganized Lyceum stock last autumn was Le Moyne—"the old reliable," as he might well

be called, for though of late his parts had been frequently to his distaste, he never suffered this disinclination to affect his industry in extracting all there was in them. His voice—never to be disguised—was certain to send a pleasant anticipatory thrill through the audience whenever it heralded his coming from the wings. He was many men during his long term at the Lyceum, and he was happy, to use the player's term, in them all; but out of the lengthy list there crops a universal favorite—genial, hapless, tipsy *Dick Phenyl* in "Sweet Lavender." Here was an exhibition of art so finished that it seemed nature itself, and no matter who might play the technical "leads," Le Moyne's *Dick* was always in the van.

Mr. Le Moyne made his first professional appearance just forty five years ago on the 10th of May last, and did it at such short notice that he was obliged to rely on two prompters, one on each side of the stage. He was *Friar Laurence* in "Romeo and Juliet," and things were no better with his second venture, in a farce, the lines for which he was forced to read from his hat. His theatrical career was interrupted by the civil war, throughout which he served honorably. Later, he was a stand by at the old Madison Square Theater under both the Mallory and the Palmer directions. He went over to the Lyceum with Dan Frohman, and was in the first play produced there in the stock season—"The Wife," playing *Major Homer Q. Putnam*, a member of the G. A. R.—three letters very dear to Mr. Le Moyne's heart. Herbert Kelcey was also in this cast—it was away back in 1887—and it is a pleasant resoldering of old ties that will find Mr. Le Moyne, during the coming season, in the company of two of his Lyceum associates—Mr. Kelcey and Effie Shannon.

The play for the new organization has been written by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, which should be a guarantee of its excellence, and the warmest wishes of a wide circle of admirers desire success for this opening attraction at Wallack's. Mr. Le Moyne's part is that of a gay, butterfly sort of old fellow, who dyes his hair and considers himself irresistible with the ladies.

TWO FIGURES IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL."

Among our portraits this month are two from "The Circus Girl," the newest musical comedy to achieve success on both sides of the Atlantic. The photographs represent participants in the two casts—Nancy McIntosh in the name part at Daly's, New York, and Ellaline Terriss, who fills in the London Gaiety bill the rôle played here by Virginia Earle.

Miss McIntosh, who is sister to Burr McIntosh, the original *Taffy*, is an American girl who began her theatrical career on the other side under the most kindly auspices—none other than those of W. S. Gilbert. She started at the top and has remained there. She had sung in only one part in London—the prima donna's rôle in "His Excellency"—when she came with that opera to America, the winter before last, and after a brief experience in Philadelphia, she became a leading member of Mr. Daly's company. She replaced Dorothy Morton in "The Geisha," and was *Hero* in "Much Ado About Nothing." Her voice is singularly sweet and clear, and her present environment is a happy one.

Ellaline Terriss is the daughter of William Terriss, the English actor who first came to this country with Irving, and afterwards became identified with melodrama at the London Adelphi. He is now appearing at the Haymarket in a prominent part in "A Marriage of Convenience," which John Drew is to produce here. His daughter was first brought to the notice of Americans in the early summer of 1894, when she appeared at Abbey's in the title rôle of "Cinderella." Her husband, Seymour Hicks, played one of the jealous sisters. He is also in the English cast of "The Circus Girl," having the part that falls here to Cyril Scott.

Miss Terriss' last visit to the United States was with "His Excellency," when she achieved renown for her "Umpty—aye" song. Both she and Miss McIntosh are charming women to meet—low voiced and of particularly modest bearing.

STAGE NOTES FROM LONDON.

Our London correspondent sends us the following review of the summer situation in the dramatic world of the British metropolis.

"'A Marriage of Convenience,' which is being played by Mr. William Terriss and Miss Winifred Emery at the Haymarket, is pretty with its Louis XV costuming, but if it comes to America, and you have anything else to do—stay away. It is light and pleasant, but it has no more substance than a rather long baked soufflé. Miss Emery is a beautiful woman, who created the part of *Renée* in 'Under the Red Robe,' and she plays her rôle in the translation of Dumas' old 'Marriage Under Louis XV' with charming grace and tact; but the play is better adapted to private theatricals than to a metropolitan stage. As there is only one scene, and the costumes are picturesque, it can be recommended to amateurs. Miss Emery, who is Mrs. Cyril Maude in private life, wife of the actor and manager, has already visited America with Henry Irving's company. She

has been on the stage since she was eight, and has played at all of the principal London theaters.

"Sarah Bernhardt is here, playing 'Lorenzaccio,' and also 'Camille' in the dress of its own time, besides the rest of her repertoire. 'Lorenzaccio' is as disagreeable as any play she has ever put before the public, and while it was a great success in France, it is not such here, nor will it be in America. It is a novelty to see Bernhardt taking the part of a boy, and she does it as she does everything, with the wonderful shading which only genius could teach her. She appears as a young Florentine, but he is interesting to the normal Anglo Saxon mind only because she personates him. A virtuous youth, of weak body and strong will, becomes the most degenerate of the followers of Alessandro de' Medici, Duke of Florence, that he may find an opportunity to kill him, and he does it, after he has stolen his mail shirt, and while a bravo holds his victim's hands.

"We hear a great deal about Bernhardt coming to America to make money. The seats for her performances in London are a guinea apiece, which is more, I think, than ever was charged in America. But as you know, nearly all theater prices are a little higher here. The regular tariff for orchestra stalls—the same exactly as our orchestra chairs—is ten shillings and sixpence.

"'The Princess and the Butterfly,' which will soon be seen in New York, is still on at the St. James, played by George Alexander, Julia Neilson, and a very good company. George Alexander has never been in America, and we hope he will not come in this play. He is too good an actor to have his first engagement among us meet with anything except enthusiatic success, and it is not our opinion that 'The Fantastics,' as this play is very appropriately named in its sub title, will be a hit. We congratulate America that this should be so. We are too primitive a people, yet, for the exact phase of civilization which Pinero has depicted to touch our sympathies. A woman approaching forty who wants the love of a boy is rather an object of ridicule with us. Julia Neilson steers clear of ridicule, but she makes comedy —a result which is inevitable, and which the author doubtless intended.

"Mr. Alexander reminds us of Henry Miller, except that he has a sense of humor which Mr. Miller lacks. In that respect he has some of the salt which we have thought peculiarly American. Miss Neilson is as handsome as she was in 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith' when she was John Hare's leading lady. Mr. Irving, who is the son of Sir Henry, acts the part of her lover admirably. Fay Davis, the girl of all languages, is a young American who has made something of a hit in this play. She came to London as a drawing room entertainer. Oddly enough, the name of the character she impersonates is *Fay*, and somebody calls attention somewhere to the extreme suitability of the cognomen.

"'The Princess and the Butterfly' may be the 'smart' play in New York—for a limited time; but it will never be another 'Rosemary,' or 'Under the Red Robe.'

"Sir Henry Irving as *Napoleon* is something to wonder at in anticipation. After you have seen it, you wonder how you supposed that Irving had any limitations. His makeup is marvelous. He does not look like the pictures of the little Corsican, but he does something better: he suggests him as a living man. In other renderings of 'Madame Sans Gêne,' the woman's character has entirely predominated; in this, it is that of *Napoleon* about whom the interest centers. Irving transforms his own dominating individuality into that of the emperor, and he keeps the audience's thoughts upon him. Ellen Terry plays the part of *Sans Gêne* with a trifle more abandon than might have been expected, particularly in the washerwoman scene. Julia Arthur, who is the American addition to Mr. Irving's company, makes a beautiful picture as *Elise Bonaparte*, and acts her one scene with spirit and cleverness. Like everything at the Lyceum, the play is superbly mounted, the costumes being magnificent. There are forty three actors named in the program.

"The Lyceum is the best house in London in which to see a representative audience. The theater hat has no existence in any London playhouse, except in the lowest priced seats, railed off to themselves. A hat would be as odd as at a ball, for everybody goes in the fullest evening dress—the rule being much more stringent than at the Metropolitan Opera House in the height of the season, for a woman in a high necked gown is a curiosity in a London theater. Diamond coronets are commoner than collars. It gives the house a splendid appearance, making an American audience seem poor in comparison."

As an example of the difficulty that exists in obtaining good plays, listen to the remark of a star, who recently played a brief season in New York. He was inviting a young dramatist to come to the theater to see him act in the piece on which he had been obliged to rely throughout the season.

"You will note in it," he said, "every quality a good play ought not to possess."

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THE DICTATRESS OF COVENT GARDEN.

Opera as it was done in London this year afforded the American who happened to know something about it and its workings other emotions beside wonder. Thankfulness might be mentioned as one of them. In America we had spasms of indignation over Jean de Reszke's desire to "run things," and a few more spasms over his comparative success in doing so; but his influence in New York is as moonshine compared to the sun of his glory in London. When Mr. Grau has passed through the business difficulties which are likely to take all of his attention for the next few months, and gets into condition to give opera again, the season after next, he will doubtless begin to feel that after all America is not a bad place to live in, even if a man is forced into bankruptcy now and then. At least, when he manages an opera, he is allowed to open his own doors when he wants to.

We believe, too, that if Mr. Grau were to tell the facts concerning his own state of mind, he would confess that one of the joys of his managerial career would be to see the people of the United States and the people of London learn enough of musical criticism to realize that Jean de Reszke is not only not the one good tenor in the world, but is actually not a good one at all, compared to the real tenors who have been heard in England and America. The people of other countries discovered it some time ago—the music lovers of continental Europe, who are not bound by fashion or taken with posing and costuming. We have nothing whatever to say against M. de Reszke's social qualities. They have made him fashionable friends in London, and it is fashionable people who control opera there. But why New York, and Chicago, and the other cities in America, should pretend, at London's instigation, that they like something which in their hearts they cannot like, is one of the mysteries of a faddy age. The booming which has blown the De Reszke bubble to its present proportions has bankrupted an American opera company, and has put the London season at Covent Garden a hundred thousand dollars in debt.

We have nothing as curious in America as the way in which opera is managed in London. The control of it appears to be in the hands of Lady de Grey, who is the wife of an earl, and who has a fancy for this sort of thing. She hears singers during her morning hours—almost anybody who chooses to come before her. This has never been known to advantage the singers, but it amuses Lady de Grey, and fills in her morning. Then she takes a casual look over the wardrobes, and if a prima donna has a preference for puffed sleeves she is usually put into plain ones. Lady de Grey's management of the wardrobe was so clever that at the "state performance," during the Jubilee, Mme. Melba and Marguerita Macintyre were found quarreling over one gown, which finally appeared on the two ladies in different parts of the evening. The energetic countess personally asked most of the stockholders to take their shares, and when the state performance came tickets were only let out to the elect, under her direction, with the result that it was like a De Gray reception to which royalty was induced to come, to get a satin program with the heads of the four generations of the queen's family printed on it.

The performance was in reality a most beautiful and magnificent one, the performers being London society. Nobody paid any attention to the stage. There were flowers, and diamonds, and uniforms, and royal tableaux to dazzle the eyes, and this was the acme of opera. Music? The *Telegraph* gave four long columns to the evening, and thirty lines to the music. Let us pray that by the time we get opera again we shall cease to be so hopelessly Philistine and middle class as to take our opinions of singers from the restless wife of an earl who has nothing to do but exploit her flatterers.

TWO FAMOUS FAILURES.

To struggling vocalists, the will-o'-the-wisp that carries weary hearts over all the bogs and brambles is the hope that some day they will have the good luck *arriver*. "*Arriver*" is the elegant and Frenchy translation of a racy phrase of our own which will readily be recognized.

The ambitious aspirant looks with deep envy at the lucky singers that have reached the pinnacles of fame, and sighs: "If I could only 'get there,' my troubles and disappointments and failures would be all ended." But this last season has seen a pathetic proof of the instability of the footing held by two of the world's favorites. Greatness is no safeguard against humiliation and defeat. Melba and Nordica have both had serious and signal artistic disasters this year. They

have not been dethroned from supremacy, because there are no worthy pretenders to their places; but they have scored failures that must have caused bitter heartache and tears, the more bitter for the publicity of their ill fortune.

Mme. Melba, at the instigation of over zealous friends, and spurred by an ambition thoroughly worthy, however ruinous, hoped to demonstrate her ability to sing one of the heavier Wagnerian rôles. The opera chosen for her entrée into the realm of Wagner was "Siegfried." As *Brunnhilde* her part is not long—she does not appear until the last act; but the first phrase sung showed that the singer and the rôle were hopelessly incompatible. This proves nothing to the detriment of either. But Wagner has been insisted upon as the test of a singer's real operatic greatness, and Melba could not help feeling that she was dismally and publicly defeated. Shortly afterwards, she found that the state of her health necessitated a change of air, and her defection was one of the causes that brought about the collapse of the opera season in America.

Melba is as great a singer as before; for purity of tone and flexibility of voice she is still unapproached among the public vocalists of the world. But her preëminence did not avail to protect her from a misadventure of crushing weight.

So Nordica, who is more versatile than Melba, possessing a larger voice and more dramatic variety, and having been considered, for these reasons, really our first contemporary soprano, has met, nevertheless, with a serious disappointment. Hailed in America as the greatest of all the *Isoldes*, called to Bayreuth by Wagner's own wife to sing in his own theater, she went to Paris with every right to expect a triumph. But whoever attempts to prophesy the attitude of the French public reckons without his fickle host. It is only the plain, blunt truth to say that Paris would have none of her. The French critics, who delight to cast epithets like "magnificent, superb, inexpressible, exquisite," upon mediocre vocalists, received this regent of song with utter indifference, patronized her with half hearted attention, and sealed her doom with faint praise. So Nordica withdrew from Paris with the same dejection in which Melba dropped her Wagnerian repertoire.

It would be utter toadyism for us to base our own opinions of this wonderful artist upon the whim of a foreign town notorious for provincialism, and for mobbing its actors one day in rage and mobbing them the next day in idolatry. America has reached a point where it can make up its own artistic mind for reasons good and sufficient in themselves. None the less, Nordica failed of an important conquest, and is doubtless inconsolable. She left Paris, to fall, like Melba, into an illness that threatened her very life.

The struggling vocalist, then, should cease idle envy of those who seem to have "arrived," for no one arrives finally and conclusively. This may seem poor consolation, indeed, in one light; but on the other hand it should convince the aspirant that the true end of art is in the effort rather than the attainment, in the hard won progress rather than the destination, and in the pure joy and glory of battle for one's artistic creeds and personal salvation.

THE M. T. N. A.

The Music Teachers' National Association has a name weighty enough to anchor a much larger craft in the harbor of security; but it is threatened with serious mutiny.

There is every reason for the existence of such an organization, and the general lines of the present association are the correct ones. The separate States have their own conventions, and a national congress is capable of infinite good to the cause of American music. But as faction and rebellion have had to be quieted in our body politic, so this body artistic seems about to pass through a test which must result in dissolution or solid success.

The division in the association is not along a Mason and Dixon line, but between East and West. The West claims that the East is inclined to be supercilious and grasping, and the East retorts that the West lacks power to keep the movement alive. When the M. T. N. A. met last year in Denver, it showed signs of hopeless languor and the promise of a speedy death from inanition. Mr. H. W. Green, of New York, thought he could infuse life into it, and was elected to its presidency. The result was the recent convention in New York—an affair planned on a grand scale with a complex program arranged on the lines of a three ring circus. There was a restaurant on the ground floor of the building, a large and a small concert room, a department for a music trades exposition, a woman's saloon, and a roof garden for conferences. The New Yorkers called the gathering a huge success; the Chicagoans styled it a "chaotic vaudeville."

However one may complain of details in such an undertaking—even the Chicago World's Fair was not without its faults—it must be confessed that much important work was accomplished. It was so generally admitted that the convention was a marked improvement upon that of 1896, that the same president and the same meeting place

were chosen for next year, in spite of a rival ticket and the claims of Omaha.

The defeated faction is so loud in its complaints, however, and each side musters such distinguished and influential supporters, that the dispute is more than the petty squabble always to be expected when two or three artists are gathered together. But the dissolution of the organization would be such a setback to the progress of national musical interests, that it is to be hoped that the malcontents, will decide to drop recrimination, and unite in putting their shoulders to the wheel.

OUR CHAMBER MUSIC.

Perhaps the purest and highest expression of musical art is to be found in chamber music. It is necessarily the most intellectual effort on the part of the composer. In orchestral compositions, the accidental effects produced by brilliancy of color among the various instruments are often extremely fine; but in chamber music every voice must have a meaning, every effect must be sincere and logically accounted for. Some of the masterpieces of the classic composers are of this order.

Of recent years cultivated music lovers have religiously attended the Kneisel Quartet concerts, which at first used to draw a mere handful of people to Chickering Hall. The earliest promoters of chamber concerts in this country had to work for art and art alone. Thus, when Mr. Thomas and Dr. Leopold Damrosch gave concerts in old Steinway Hall, only the critics and a few personal friends went to hear them.

Musical cultivation is to be estimated, not so much by the attendance at operatic performances, where so many attractions exist aside from the music, not so much from our Philharmonic and Symphony concerts, where an artist of renown usually appears, as from the steady increase of subscribers to our chamber concerts. The Kneisel Quartet has been warmly praised abroad, and ranked with the foremost music of the world. Our other permanent quartets, such as those of Arnold, Dannreuther, and Kaltenborn, do much excellent work in making known a great number of compositions. During the coming season there will be a series of free chamber concerts in Carnegie Hall.

WOMEN COMPOSERS.

There are few arts or sciences in which women have not won high places for themselves, but in music their success has lain within sharply defined limitations. As interpreters of great compositions they have achieved the foremost rank, but as creators their rank has never been of the first order. A notable pioneer in this latter direction appeared in the person of Mlle. Chaminade, who came into prominence some five years ago.

Much excellent work has been done by some of our leading women pianists in arranging the works of great composers. Conspicuous instances are found in Clara Schumann's editions of her husband's works, and in those of Tausig by his wife. Julia Rivé King, too, has made some arrangements which are popular among pianists, and Adèle Aus der Ohe has composed a number of clever sketches for the piano. Among these is a suite of special musical merit, which may properly be classed with the best compositions of the day.

Mlle. Chaminade carries the palm among women composers. Her work shows true feminine grace and beauty, while at the same time she possesses a knowledge of the elements of her art which is truly masculine. She has written, besides many songs and works for the piano, sonatas for violin, piano, and 'cello, trios, quartets, an orchestral suite, and a concerto for the piano which is worthy of Saint-Saëns. It is bright and melodious, holding the attention from start to finish. The orchestration is strong, but does not overbalance the piano. The chief point in her work is the logical and musicianly construction.

During the Teachers' National Convention, a trio by Mlle. Chaminade was performed, which put far into the background the many compositions by American women rendered at that time. The native work showed great energy, perseverance, and thought, but little real music.

THE MANUSCRIPT SOCIETY.

Dr. Gerrit Smith, who has been president of the Manuscript Society for eight years, has this summer resigned the post for the reason that he found its duties encroached too much upon his own time and upon his professional work. Dr. Smith has labored hard for the success of the society, and has done much to make it what it is—one of the most valuable features of our local world of music. Its purpose—to find real talent among aspiring composers and to give them opportunities for setting their work before the public—is an excellent one. It has helped to raise the standard of musical culture, and to create an atmosphere as congenial to music lovers and students as that of foreign centers of the art. Under Dr. Smith's guidance its influence has steadily grown, and his resignation was received with much regret.

We wish the society a continued prosperity under its newly elected president, Mr. Reginald De Koven.

IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS,
GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS;
GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GLARE
FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

A PLEA FOR THE MINORITY.

As one who does not ride a bicycle, the writer desires to know whether there is not some admitted age, sex, condition of servitude, or other excuse that may be urged for not using the wheel. When he "took up" with the photographic fad, he was called upon to give reasons for his faith; but he never felt justified in asking his fellow creatures to stand and deliver arguments why they did not dabble in pyro and hypo. Yet in several—nay, in many cases, has he been called upon to deliver his own justification for refraining from locomotion by means of the air shod wheel. He has tried various pleas. He has said he "didn't want to," "didn't like it," "hadn't time," "couldn't learn," "found that it hurt him," "had plenty of other things to do"—but all these availed nothing. The answers were usually in the form, "Nonsense!" and often with the additional remark, "It will reduce your flesh"—an adding of insult to injury.

What, then, is a valid excuse for not riding? May an honest man pretend that he has a wooden leg or tendencies to lumbago or plumbago? Or must he say that he can't find a brand of wheel that suits him? What shall be the defense adopted by the cheerful old fogey who thinks he prefers to walk, and fears the frisky wheel?

LAST YEAR'S WHEEL.

One of the most puzzling of the minor problems of bicycling is the proper disposition of last year's wheel. It is the girl cyclist who has found the most pleasing and original solution of the question. Her home is adorned, just now, in a style no decorator ever dreamed of until this year of 1897. It is full of bicycles in every stage of dissection; wheels to the right of you, wheels to the left of you, wheels all around. Front forks stare at you from darkened corners, so gilded and beribboned that, like French hashes, it is difficult to discover what they originally were. Chains confront you that have been twisted into wonderful and fearful shapes. Hat racks that once were handle bars, and handle bars that now form backs to chairs (as uncomfortable as they are unique) seem to glance at you with pity for your ignorance. Above and beyond all gleam the wheels themselves, which have cast off their shackles of rubber, and now shine forth resplendent with gilt, resembling nothing so much as miniature suns. The tires have been inflated and gilded, and form new fashioned frames for old fashioned pictures. The balls have been taken out of the bearings and have been polished until there was nothing left to polish—after which they were laid in her pin tray as souvenirs of her labor.

"But the bicycle seat?" asks the visitor breathlessly; "what does she do with the seat?"

The bicycle girl is equal to even such an emergency as this. If you would learn the intricate workings of this young woman's brain, look toward that corner where hangs a strange begilded object encircled with broad blue ribbon. "A patent duster holder—a new parlor toy for the baby?" Nothing of the kind. A *bona fide* bicycle seat, now dignified by the name of chair. Pretty to look at? Yes—and no doubt quite safe—for the other fellow.

Of all the countless parts that go toward the making of wheels, the lamp is perhaps the most dear to the heart of its owner. Not only does she utilize her own of last year, but those of her friends from whom she can beg, borrow, or steal. Golf enthusiasts pale; stamp collectors wither and die; devotees of the Horse Show sink into oblivion before the grasping, swooping, beguiling possibilities of the bicycle girl in search of headlights to swell her ever increasing number. One particularly popular fashion is the arrangement of lamps to resemble a swan. The glass varies in color, and inside is placed a tiny wax candle. The variegated tints, red, yellow, and green, shine out when they are lit, and make the astonished beholder believe himself witnessing a display of Chinese fireworks.

But the most unique and delightful part of the scheme is the fact that the bicycle girl calls her friends about her *en masse*, and makes them help with the gilding, hanging, and be-

ribboning, and, like Yankee Doodle, who called his feather macaroni, dignifies this laborious slavery as a "bicycle decorating house party"!

A GIRL'S AGE.

Habit still clings to the idea that a girl's age is either her pride or her shame; a thing for which she is to be incessantly applauded, or which is to be softened off and made as easy for her as possible. The humorous papers still represent the world as making jokes about Miss Elderleigh and Miss Passay, but, as a matter of fact, Miss Elderleigh and Miss Passay do all the joking there is on the subject themselves. The girl of the period has no more reticence about her years than she has about her appetite, displaying both with humorous frankness, and having only scorn for the old fashioned person who would shroud her birth year in mystery.

"I'm twenty nine; and if I couldn't get the better of that fact in people's eyes, I'd give up society and take to boys' clubs," said one young woman. "Girls who fib about their age are practically acknowledging that their only power is their youthfulness, and that there is nothing else in them. Well, it's their fault if it's true!"

Sweet seventeen is still the age of supreme charm from the public standpoint, but, as individuals, we all know better. A girl in her teens is too imperfectly acquainted with herself to be interesting, and, by the modern standards, she must be interesting, even though she is beautiful. Her conversation is always concrete, and generally impersonal, in spite of youthful egotism, while the present ideals call for the abstract and the personal. Her vitality and freshness can no longer counterbalance this lack, for there is not now such a decided contrast between her and her older sister in this respect. A national influx of common sense has granted the latter a new lease of youth, and the disappearance of the tradition that one must be an old maid because one does not marry has given her a rejuvenating freedom from responsibility.

From twenty three to twenty eight, or, some say, from twenty five to thirty, are now the best years of a girl's life, her climax of power, for she is then gaining valuable mental ground without serious outward loss. She has discovered others, and is beginning to discover herself. The first wild, restless vanity is over, and yet the world still glitters with possibilities. She has not caught up with her future, and things are still worth while.

It is not self denying honesty that makes her proclaim her age to all who care to hear it. It is the unconscious knowledge that with every year lost, there is also a year gained.

WATER ON THE BRAIN.

Godliness may be going out, but cleanliness has certainly come in. The old fashioned family bath tub, tinny and uninviting, and depending on a limited boiler that could supply but one hot bath a day, is becoming as inadequate as the family best hat. Nowadays each individual claims a right to a separate altar of cleanliness, white within and blue without, set on little dachshund legs and shrined in mermaid tiles. The chic girl takes a cold plunge before breakfast, trifles with a needle bath after exercise, luxuriates in a hot dip at night, and spends her stray half hours in her own private steam box. She is fond of referring to these devotions, taking as much satisfaction in airing them as her parvenu rival does in the mention of her maid; and she would feel indelibly disgraced should but a single day pass leaving her untubbed.

There was one girl whose social career was haunted by a dark secret. She could not, would not, and did not take a cold bath before breakfast. Her friends all felt that there was something inscrutable about her, but she kept her own counsel so well that they put it down to a love affair, and included her, unchallenged, in everything pertaining to *the* set. On going to visit in a very English household, she was confronted, on the first night, by a grim tub planted on a splashable rug in the center of her room, and flanked by a heap of towels and two great pitchers filled with water that was icy cold even then. She shuddered as she thought what its temperature would be in the morning. For several hours she lay awake tormented with the dread of that ordeal. She might possibly have brought herself to confess her weakness to her hostess, but she felt that she never could face the servants of the household.

Towards dawn, a sudden idea came to her. Jumping up, she emptied both pitchers into the tub and dropped in the soap; then, going back to bed, she slept soundly. When the maids entered in the morning they found the towels soaked, the rug deluged, the water a foamy lather, and the young lady so fresh and rosy that it was evident she belonged to the very inmost circle, the golden bullseye of society.

It is hard to acknowledge that we are still ablutionary parvenus, but our pride of cleanliness betrays us. We cannot yet take it as a matter of course, and we still want to show visitors the beautiful new bath rooms we have had built in, for servants as well as for

the family. It is not so very many years since every household had that terrible thing known as "bath night," and referred to it frankly, never dreaming what a shocking stigma it put on the other six nights of the week. The children were tubbed all around on Saturday evening, not so much because it was necessary as because that was the hereditary custom.

The new standard shows a new stage of national refinement. If more such fads would come over from England, we could cry "*Viva* Anglomania" with good grace.

GIFTS AND THEIR MAKERS.

The delicate bit of stamped linen, with its accompanying skeins of silk, which has hitherto found a corner in every summer maiden's trunk, has disappeared, and in its place are to be found hanks of heavy Scotch wool, with four short bone knitting needles—because the only up to date fancy work this year is the knitting of golf hose.

The outward and visible reason for this renewal of an old time industry is that golf stockings are an absolute necessity in everybody's bicycle costume, and those made by machine are not always of suitable coloring or design. But the inward and spiritual explanation of the summer girl's willingness to undertake the arduous task of knitting these accessories of her own and her friends' costumes is that she knows that the contrast between the heavy dark yarn and her fair white hands is most attractive. And then this same yarn must be wound into balls, and to be so wound it must be "held." Cupid is an adept on the tight rope, especially when the strand is a bit of wool passing from the sun brown hands of an adorer to the white fingers of the adored.

An amusing story in connection with this knitting craze comes from a near by watering place. A young woman who numbers her adorers by the score was very free with her proffered gifts of golf hose, and the number of pairs that she turned out was simply amazing, especially when one considered the "hanks" that had to be held, and the clumsiness of the men who held them. For the skeins seemed to get into the most inextricable tangles, and to require an immense amount of time and patience for their unraveling. But her needles clicked unceasingly, and she apparently had no trouble with dropped stitches or intricate patterns. Her progress was not visible, but all might see that in the morning she commenced a stocking and toward evening she had reached the end of the work. Other girls looked upon her with envy, until one afternoon the German governess of her small sisters appeared on the veranda, and approached Miss Helen with the finished mate to the stocking in that young lady's hands.

"I have just finished this one," she said, "and you seemed to be so anxious to have them both done by this evening that I thought I would better come for that which you were at work on."

The words were in German, but the accompanying gesture and the finished stocking told the tale. There were many uplifted brows in the little circle of knitting maidens, and the feminine portion of the group, at least, knew how and by whom Miss Helen's gifts were made.

COSTUMES AND "STORIES."

It is extremely doubtful whether humanity offers to the angels a more diverting spectacle than that of a person who takes himself or herself too seriously. A woman, however, being more versatile than the average man, has many more ways of manifesting her inordinate respect for herself, and is therefore infinitely more amusing than the male egotist. But the combination of "new woman" and "new journalist" appears to be the very acme of egotistical humor. The desire of "new journal" editors to secure women's descriptions of morbid scenes and characters is perfectly comprehensible to all who understand the functions of a decadent newspaper, but that female writers should be unable to resist the temptation to exploit their own vagaries and describe their costumes, in the course of a narrative having a hanging or prize fight for its subject, is at times inexplicable.

These little details are given with such consummate art that the reader is led to assume that their recital is absolutely essential to the story. For instance, a murderer with the noose around his neck is placed on the trap. Just before the black cap is drawn over his features, the sympathetic female witness to the execution observes that the eyes of the condemned man gaze admiringly at—the flowers on her new spring hat! This is his last view of mundane things, and the story would, of course, be incomplete without the mention of such an important particular. The hat and flowers are therefore described, and woe to the copy reading dolt who strikes them out with his blue pencil!

Mr. Andrew Lang has said that in literature "the story's the thing," and for many years this statement has been equally true with respect to "old journalism." But when a female "new journalist" undertakes an investigation of fact, it is invariably the female writer's costume first, and the silly old story afterward.

ETCHINGS

TRADITION.

In the world dwelt a giant.
His name was Tradition.
All men bowed before him.

Lo, one day came a man,
And defied the giant,
Who crushed him with quick, huge hands,
Till red blood spattered the green grass;
While all the slaves shrieked, "Fool!"

Years passed, and men,
Looking on his white life, said:
"There lived a hero!"

But the man was dead.

Ernest Neal Lyon.

THE PRICE.

My better half desired a wheel;
I argued and I thundered,
But yielded when she said to me
'Twould only cost a hundred.

The price for so much pleasure seemed
Quite small to me; I wondered
Where else such joy could be obtained
With but a paltry hundred.

With it she ordered her a suit
That half my income sundered;
Yet pointed to her wheel with pride—
That only cost a hundred.

My market bills began to rise.
I thought some one had blundered;
But no, 'twas due to that new wheel
That only cost a hundred.

Repair men came and "sundries" men;
My bank account they plundered;
And yet how glad I am to feel
That wheel cost but a hundred!

Tom Masson.

MAIDEN HAIR.

We roamed within the woodland,
She and I, to gather ferns;
We wandered where the brooklet
Makes many bends and turns.

But all in vain; the dainty things
Evaded every look;
We searched in vain each mossy bank,
And every shady nook.

Quite wearied with our search, at length
Our steps we homeward turned,
But stopped to take, beneath a tree,
The rest we well had earned.

Success at last our efforts crowned,
When home we reached—for there
Upon my coat lapel was found
This bit of *maiden hair!*

Elizabeth A. Martin.

IN LILLIAN'S EYES.

In Lillian's happy eyes, ah me!
Two dimpled cupids there I see,
Peeping out in sweet surprise;
When from a joyous dream I start,
Their cruel arrows pierce my heart,
As I look in Lillian's eyes.

Within her eyes, like some clear sky,
Is written "stay," is written "fly,"
While the cupids, wondrous wise
And imp-like, dance in fiendish glee,
And swear there is no hope for me,
As I look in Lillian's eyes.

Yet if perchance I touch her hand,
Soft falls the light o'er sea and land,
Like the glow of summer skies;
The stars the glad earth seem to greet,
And life's a song divinely sweet,
When I look in Lillian's eyes!

Thomas H. Herndon.

SHE GAVE ME AWAY.

I told my bride about the cake
My darling mother used to make;
And then with sighs and many a pout
My poor wife went the house about.

I told her of the bread I ate
When I was aged some six or eight,
And of the cookies sweet and round
That in the jar I always found.

Alas, my mother came to stay
A week with us the other day;
She gave our kitchen just one look,
And sighed, "How I wish *I* could cook!"

Tom Hall.

AS THE BUGLE CALLS.

Spurred and booted, saber clanking,
Goes my love to war.
Would I keep him safe from danger,
Him whom I adore?

Never! Let him brave the battle!
In the fiercest strife
I would have him try his saber,
Risking limb and life!

I would glory in my soldier—
And how could that be
If I hid him safe from danger,
Kept him home with me?

Go, my lover, fight and suffer!
And when to my side
You return with war won honors
I shall weep for pride!

Spurred and booted, saber clanking,
Goes my love to war;
Would I keep him safe from danger,
Him whom I adore?

Elizabeth Harman.

CONSISTENCY.

She has commanded me to sing,
And I've consumed my taper
In fruitless efforts at the thing,
And spoilt a quire of paper.

Yet were I not a simple goose
I'd waste not any pages,
But turn her aviary loose
From half a hundred cages!

A song, indeed! The little bird
She wears upon her bonnet
Once sang a note as never stirred
In lyric strain or sonnet.

And she to ask of me to sing
Whose sex helped to throttle
A billion songsters! Waiter bring
A hot bird and a bottle!

Joseph Dana Miller.

ROUNDEL.

When dew hung heavy on the grass
I met a lady in the lane;
She came where fields of waving grain
Hide meadow brooks as clear as glass.

The night before, her eyes, alas,
Had told me that my suit was vain—
When dew hung heavy on the grass
I met a lady in the lane.

But as I stood till she should pass,
Those eyes, as rainbows shine through rain,
Flashed this—that I might love again;
And all the world held but one lass
When dew hung heavy on the grass.

Walter Winsor.

A DIVORCE.

They had walked along together
Side by side, o'er life's rough road;
Never had they shirked a duty;
Each had borne an equal load.

Often had they tramped together
Through earth's mire and mud and slush;
Always true and faithful comrades
In life's mad and merry rush.

Now they have grown old together;
Each is feeble, sad, and worn;
Life has used them very roughly;
Many hard knocks have they borne.

Now, when they should help each other,
When fond words should cheer each heart,
Unresponsive, cold, and silent,
They have drifted far apart.

Yes, 'tis sad to see them lying
On either side the muddy road—
My cast off rubbers, which, so faithful,
Long have borne life's heavy load.

Grace Eleanor Comstock.

BOATING SONG.

We'll sing full many a lusty stave
To the rhythmic lap of the rippling wave;
For the heart is strong and free and brave
That throbs with the throbbing tide.

'Tis a life that merrily speeds along,
A life that knows nor care nor wrong,
For the heart is brave and free and strong
That bounds with the bounding tide.

John Carleton Sherman.

TO A DELFT CLOCK.

Most provoking of all clocks,
There you sit, with warning face.
Yet you cost me many "rocks"
Ere I bore you from the case
At the jeweler's, to this room,
Where you tick for Mabel, who
Thanked me sweetly, with the bloom
Of a blush—not meant for you.

Though your works are guaranteed
Accurate, for years to last,
You have quite erratic speed,
Now too slow and now too fast.
On the fireplace mantel low,
Oh, exacting chaperon,
Why so fast, and never slow,
When with Mabel I'm alone?

Ten o'clock you indicate
Ere the evening's half begun,
And I know it's not so late;
Yet you say my call is done.
But should other men be there,
And I fain would have them go,
Clock of Delft, will you declare
Why you run so very slow?

Ed L. Sabin.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

AMONG the more recent literary reputations, there is none more notable than that of Flora Annie Steel. Her stories have power and originality—qualities that called the world's attention to Kipling, Weyman, and Stephen Crane, and that seem likely to rank Mrs. Steel with them as a figure in contemporary fiction. The critics are watching her with interest, and our readers will find it worth while to read the specimen of her work given in this number of MUNSEY'S, "A Bad Character Suit."

France, as represented by Paul Bourget, probably her most widely known literary critic, this month contributes to our discussion of the "best novel" a plea for the work of her famous son, Balzac, who did for his countrymen what Charles Dickens did for England. Ian Maclaren, Anthony Hope, Jerome K. Jerome, and Conan Doyle will continue the discussion in later numbers.

Three millions of New Yorkers, and a good many more who are not New Yorkers, are interested in the movement which is shortly to result in the formal creation of a new American metropolis, the second city of the world. On an earlier page we print an important article by William C. De Witt, the chairman of the committee which drafted the Greater New York charter, briefly sketching the magnitude of the task, and estimating its possible results.

Our serials, by Hall Caine and Marion Crawford, are now rapidly drawing to a close. Stories by three of the first novelists of the day—Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, and Rider Haggard—have been engaged for MUNSEY'S, and will be published during 1898 and 1899. So will many other contributions of the highest literary merit and the widest general interest.

DEGRADING ALMA MATER.

THE one purpose which, above all others, was cherished by the founders of this nation, was the establishment of an educational system so abundant and so complete that a type of highly cultivated intellect might obtain among the entire American people, not limited to any class. A scheme of popular education was slowly developed, and every available resource was made tributary to this one purpose. As a result we have, today, a public school system which is, in many respects, unrivaled among European nations.

Supplementing the work of the common school came the primitive colonial college, growing apace with the phenomenal extension of kindred national interests, until now we have hundreds of institutions for the higher education, some of them extending the territory of progressive scientific thought, and others presenting the best opportunities for historical research. Few of the sage provisions of the nation's early architects command such respect as we accord to the broad intelligence which insured this solid educational groundwork.

In view of the vital importance of our collegiate institutions, the attitude of the average young man toward his alma mater is far from satisfactory. Within a year, many discreditable college episodes have appeared in print. In New York, a number of students were found gambling with cards in the college library. A body of Yale undergraduates formally sent the good will of their university to their favorite contestant in a prize fight. The fair fame of another college was more seriously tarnished by the mysterious death of the victim of a hazing gang. We hear of scandals which have been hushed up by the influential families of the undergraduates involved in them.

The average young man, to whom his alma mater should be as sacred as his nation's flag, is willing to bring disgrace upon the former at the dictate of his lightest whim, while he resents any fancied insult to the latter with instant bravado. Recently we saw two fairly typical reports in the same paper of the results of alleged youthful ardor; the first was the smashing of furniture by a disorderly crowd of college "men" on a Sound steamer; the other was the senseless defacing of a statue in a public park.

Thanks to the forethought of our forefathers, we have ample provision for general culture of a high order among the people, but the wisdom of our college builders and the expedients of police law seem equally futile against the versatile rowdyism of the young men themselves when they assign to their trained wits the task of bringing odium and discredit upon the name of alma mater.

HONORS WITHOUT HONOR.

WHILE we are speaking of the discredit too often brought upon our colleges by their undergraduates, mention may be made of a kindred evil. We refer to the questionable custom, to which some of our best universities

have given a certain degree of sanction, of issuing alleged honorary degrees. Formerly these degrees were bestowed upon men who had distinguished themselves along purely scholarly lines, and the compliment paid them, if superfluous, was at least a harmless one, and above suspicion as to its motives. But during the past few years the custom has grown until it is a matter of shameful record that the highest scholastic honors in America have been offered to men distinguished primarily as money getters—offered not in recognition of intellectual attainments commensurate with the dignity of the degree, but in payment, unconfessed but palpable, for financial aid.

In a country like ours, where there are no "peers of the realm," and where no one can even write "honorable" before his name without a challenge to good taste, the hallmark of a great university is a recognized and coveted mark of distinction. The genuine doctorate of such an institution is a pledge of many years of the keenest intellectual competition, a guarantee of notable scholarly achievements, and the guinea stamp of a cultivated mind. The spurious doctorate —what melancholy satire to call it honorary! —stands for nothing but a sordid struggle for recognition, guarantees nothing but the ability to make money contributions, and testifies to a questionable exertion of personal influence. This system may be dominant in politics, but should never have been allowed a foothold in the hallowed precincts of our universities.

The honorary degree, scarcely American in its inception, has become in many cases positively degrading in its bestowal. It throws the stigma of disdain at once upon the conferring board who are mercenary enough to bring their wares down to the level of the machine shop and the meat market, and upon the recipient whose vanity is so short sighted that it allows him to accept so palpable a travesty as a mark of distinction—a travesty which no seal or signature can possibly make honorable.

TO PERFECT THE HUMAN TYPE.

Two New York reformers, according to the newspapers, have started a novel movement for the betterment of the human race. They urge that the beneficent law of the survival of the fittest has been upset by man's interference with the course of nature. Under the existing social order, it is the unfit, rather than the fit, who are the parents of each new generation. The improvident and the reckless rush into matrimony, while the prudent and the intelligent hesitate to undertake its responsibilities. The slums swarm with children, while on Fifth Avenue a baby is almost a curiosity. Nature destroys her failures, and slays her cripples and incapables; man's mistaken tenderness protects the weak, provides for the helpless, and keeps alive the diseased, to transmit their tainted blood to a widening circle of posterity. The result must infallibly be a lowering of the physical, mental, and moral standard of the race.

These observations, of course, are not new, and they are likely to meet with no more general acceptance than they have received before. The alarm is not wholly a baseless one; but it is doubtful whether humanity is more seriously imperiling its own destinies at the present time than in earlier ages. How to meet the emergency, if it can be called an emergency, is a problem still more certain to elicit opposing opinions. The subject is a difficult and delicate one. To some minds, it may seem only practical common sense to argue that improvement in the human type is no less feasible, and far more important, than improvements in the breed of horses or dogs; to others, such a suggestion may sound almost sacrilegious.

It is amusing, perhaps, but certainly not surprising, to read that the latest propagators of these advanced views, with their insistence that only people of first rate physique should be allowed to marry, are a recently wedded couple. Their ideas of the stern duties of parents toward their children, and of the community toward both—they hold that deformed and sickly infants should be electrocuted—are not founded upon experience of the parental relation. Their equipment for their self appointed task of revolutionizing modern society is scarcely a thorough one.

A WESTERN "NEW WOMAN."

THE recent indictment of a Colorado woman, on the charge of making false returns of an election at which she acted as judge, is, of course, a regrettable incident; but a single case of the sort will scarcely serve the most extreme conservative as the text for a new diatribe against the admission of her sex to a share in the responsibilities of public affairs. Indeed, the wide publicity which the press gave to so comparatively unimportant an occurrence is a decided testimonial to the average of feminine honesty. Fraudulent practices on the part of male election officials are, unfortunately, too common to excite more than local comment.

That one woman should have failed in a position of trust no more proves her sex unworthy of such positions than the occasional downfall of a "pillar of the church" proves that the professedly religious are morally worse than the professedly irreligious.